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J. M. EMERSON. E. W. EMERSON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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A failure to notify us of a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a renewal of the same; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates:

1 square (8 lines)	3 insertions	$1 00
1 "	6	2.00
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1 "	6 months	5.00
1 "	12 "	8.00
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Notices of marriages and deaths inserted free, but all obituaries are chargeable at our usual advertising rates.

☞ All advertisements collectable on first insertion.

JOB PRINTING.

Our office being supplied with a large assortment of JOB TYPE—and a press for the purpose—we are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work at short notice and on reasonable terms.

IMPORTANT

TO THE LADIES.

Mrs. S. R. BYRN

HAS just returned from Baltimore, and opened at her store, on Main street, opposite the residence of Mr. John R. Fountain, a large and well selected assortment of

New Goods

to which she invites the attention of the ladies of Denton and vicinity, feeling assured that she can suit all who may give her a call. Her stock consists, in part, of a large assortment of

WORSTED GOODS,

SUCH AS

BREAKFAST SHAWLS, SONTAGS, TWILIGHTS, HOODS, CAPES and JACKETS for children, LEGGINS, ARMLETS &

Balmorals at Reduced Prices.

—ALSO—

FANCY ARTICLES

consisting of

FLUTING,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
BUTTONS in variety,
MAGIC RUFFLINGS,
INSERTION and EDGING,
FANCY EMBROIDERING BRAID,
BEREGE for VEILS,
CORSETTS,
HOOP SKIRTS,
HOISERY, SKIRT BRAIDS,
KNITTING and SPOOL COTTON,
Handkerchiefs, Collars & Cuffs for ladies and gentlemen, Kid Gloves, Gauntlets, Silk Gloves and Mitts, Ribbands a good assortment, Belting different styles, Waterfall Pads, Hair Pins, Hair Brushes & Combs, Tooth Brushes, Portmonies, Elastic, Extracts and Pomades, Lilly White, &c.

Thankful for past favors, she again solicits the patronage of the public. Give her a call.

nov8-6m S. R. BYRN.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

BLACKISTON & SAULSBURY

Take great pleasure in informing the public that they have just returned from the city and offer to the public the largest, best and cheapest stock of

Goods

that we have ever before opened. We name in part,

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
BOOTS and SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,

and a large assortment of NOTIONS, &c.

We invite all who are in want of goods to call and examine our stock. We will sell our goods as cheap as they can be bought in the county, and we will try our best to give satisfaction to all who may favor us with a call.—We return our thanks to all who have favored us with their custom. We wish them, and all of our citizens, a pleasant Christmas and a happy New Year. [dec20-tf] B. & S.

Christmas Has Gone!

—BUT—

J. ALBURGER & SON

HAVE still on hand a large and fresh supply of Cakes, Candies, Crackers, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Currants, Citron; Dates, Apples, Cheese, Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Meal, Salt, Lard, Coal Oil, Concentrated Lye, Plain and Fancy Pipes, Cigars, Tobacco, Snuff, Powder, Shot, Patent Medicines, &c., &c.

Please call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. We are determined not to be undersold. All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods. [jan31-y

GEORGE M. RUSSUM

HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE

Of the

LAW,

AND WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIM

Oct. 30—y

BEST GILLING TWINE at [jan24-2m.] B G. STEVENS.

Poetry.

The Flight of Time.

Each year flies faster than the last,
No matter if we smile or sigh;
If skies be clear or overcast,
If babes be born or parents die,
Time speeds his flight with swiftest wing;
Months come and go with bloom and blast—
If mourner's weep or minstrels sing,
Each year flies faster than the last.

The spring doth come and violets blow,
And summer hath its passing breath,
And autumn's fruit and winter's snow
Marketh man's life from birth till death—
We know the reaper draweth nigh
And grim old Time is hurrying past,
For youth and age both testify,
Each year flies faster than the last.

Who says that love hath aught to do
With staying Time upon his wing?
He throws a garland, it is true,
And strives to bind with bridal ring.
But time stays not for love or bloom,
Nor droops his wing in storm or blast—
And from the cradle to the tomb
Each year flies faster than the last.

[Selected from the "Wide World."]

THE FALSE OATH.

BY THEO. WILLISTON.

Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has in the moment of its perpetration
Its own avenging angel.—*Schiller.*

"Edmond, where are you going?—Can't you remain with me this evening? I am so sad and lonely," and the young wife turned a pleading face towards her husband just going out of the door.

"No, my dear little wife, I cannot stay," he answered, quickly, "business, you know!—business before pleasure!"

"Oh, yes, I know," she returned with a sigh, "but how can business keep you out so late, so many nights?"

"Oh, well, you women don't know anything about it," he replied, "so keep up a good heart. I'll be home soon," and off he went.

Mrs. Blanchard went to the window and thoughtfully watched him going down the street, then returning, rolled her easy chair up to the table and curling herself into it, prepared to read. But the interesting book had lost its attraction; the words persisted in running into one indistinguishable line, as her thoughts persisted in monopolizing her attention. At [illegible] and soon he entered the room.

'What, still up, little wifey?' he exclaimed, 'this won't do! You'll be getting sick on my hands if you persist in sitting up so late every night.'

'No matter,' she answered, 'I cannot go to sleep when you are out, you know. And how has business prospered this evening?' she asked, looking at him steadily.

'Oh, so, so!' he answered, evading her look and taking up the book from her lap, ostensibly to examine it. 'Everybody is so deucedly busy just now, that I cannot hasten my affairs to a consummation so quickly as I could wish.'

'No, I suppose not,' drily rejoined his wife.

The words were very quietly uttered, but the manner, and the accent struck him as peculiarly strange and not without meaning. Looking at her suddenly, she still appeared as pleasant and unconcerned as ever, and he thought himself mistaken.

For several evenings he went out, always fondly rebutting her protests by pleading business, business! till her red lips pressed themselves white with a determination.

One evening, after bestowing his usual kiss and going out, had we been observers, we should have seen her snatch a hood and cloak concealed behind the sofa, and throwing them quickly about her, hastily followed him. He kept down the bustling street, all unconscious of the shadow, and passing upon Washington Street, hailed a metropolitan car. Mrs. Blanchard followed him into the car, so disguised by her wrappings and the dim light, as to be unrecognizable. At the Common he got out, she followed at the opposite end, and he did not notice the detective that distantly kept within his wake. Near the fountain he sat down beside a lady, whom he greeted very tenderly, and they conversed low and long together, the poor wife, with clasped hands over her bosom, regarding them with anxiety. She could not get near enough for the purpose of hearing their conversation, without exciting their notice, so she could only conjecture and marvel upon this singular meeting. Soon they arose and closely wended, arm in arm, towards Tremont Street. Walking a short distance they went into a saloon, and Mrs. Blanchard followed and seated herself shrinkingly near them. Then she heard their infamous words.

He told his companion that his wife was unkind and unloving, (the loving wife shuddered) that she had begun to question and suspect him, and that he feared their attachment could not remain long unknown, that nothing on earth must part them, and if the worst should happen they would fly together. Much more he said and the stricken wife heard.

Unable to listen longer, she arose to go, but not until she had contrived to obtain a glimpse of the regal face with its cruel, treacherous eyes, and knew that the serpent was beguiling the man. She crept out into the night air, clinching her hands and calling upon God to crush her. How she returned home, she scarcely knew, but when, at midnight, her wretched husband returned, she was apparently asleep, and he laid himself to rest beside her, breathing a sigh of relief at her unconsciousness. But no balmy sleep visited her eyelids. She tossed and turned with fever, and once arose upon her elbow and looked at the man, reposing as if sin had never thought of marring the purity of his soul. The moonlight fell upon his face, bathing it with such glory, that Amy almost doubted her senses—she must have been dreming—such a face could not deceive. Alas! but those cruel, false words!—he was indeed a very viper. How could she live? what was life worth to her now? The following day she was too ill to rise, and the unsuspecting, hypocritical husband left her, tenderly expressing the wish to find her well and happy at the dinner hour. His wishes were as law, for Amy was up and dressed most charmingly. Her sweet face flushed with excitement, rosebuds entwined among the glossy bands of auburn hair, soft lace enveloping the snowy neck, and a brilliant smile irrading the lovely features. Edmond thought she had never appeared so enticing. He did love her spite of his contradicting conduct. But he was infatuated with a beautiful fiend, and as he resolved to remain with his own, true wife, he heard a siren voice calling him and saw a pair of passionate eyes looking into his own. He could not resist the imaginative appeal, and shame to him! he did not try. But he was restless with indecision. He did not dare to look at his wife, her beauty was so strange and bewildering and he was thrilled by the calls of two loves, but the false love, the false eyes triumphed. Oh, fool! that he could not see that he was steering between Charybdis and Scylla! that he could not withstand the syrens' voice that was leading him on to certain doom!

Soon after dinner, as he began his accustomed preparations for going out, she said, very decidedly:

"I wish, Edmond, that you would remain with me this evening. I do not believe you need go. Indeed! I do not believe that it is business that calls you away. Besides, I am ill and do not wish to be left alone."

He turned with astonishment, her voice and manner were so unusual.

'Not business!' he exclaimed, 'of course it is! What else could keep me away from your own sweet self?' and he endeavored to put his arm around her waist.

She retreated with ominous looks, and retorted with a hoarse laugh, 'not so sweet but that you have another sweeter still.'

'Sweeter still!' he ejaculated, 'what do you mean?'

'Oh, you know well enough my meaning,' jerking out her words.

'I know?' he stammered.

'Yes, you know! who is that lady—that infamous woman?'

'What lady?' paling. 'I know no lady.'

'Yes, you do, and you dare not deny it!'

'Why, certainly I can,' he said, then as if he thought her joking; 'but I have the general acquaintance of many ladies, Amy. How could we exist—'

'Stop!' she broke in, 'so you have no particular regard for any individual woman other than your wife?'

'I have not! I love only you, Amy!'

'Will you swear to it?' she cried, vehemently.

'I will.'

Astonished at his falsehood, enraged by his perfidy, she stood as if dazed, then snatching a Bible from the table and presenting it to him, she almost shouted, 'Swear!' He hesitated.

'Why, Amy, what has got into you tonight? What do you mean by such conduct, such a proposal?'

She only answered, 'Swear!'

'No,' he said, 'I will not, for you are out of your senses. You must be very ill.'

'I am indeed!' she exclaimed. 'I have been wronged, mocked to illness; and if my accusation be false, your conscience will easily let you take this oath.' Her eyes blazed with wildness, and her whole form trembled with fury. In fear, and not knowing how to escape, how to allay her anger and suspicions, he took the book and deliberately perjured himself—swore a false oath!

'And you have dared to swear upon this Holy Book,' she hissed, smiting it with her hand, 'that you love no other woman than your wife! Oh, perjurer! your oath is not sufficient to make me blind! Add, if you dare, 'I hope God will strike me dead if my oath be false!'

It was a terrible test, and Edmond felt as if the finger of God already touched his shoulder. His wife's terrific anger, so unlike her usual sweetness, totally unmanned him, and he was only anxious to make her believe in his integrity; but he could not take that oath, and his eyes implored her mercy. She laughed frantically as she noticed his hesitation. She had no mercy—she was enraged, and *'quid furous femina pascit'*—what will not a raging woman demand?

'Amy,' he tremblingly asked through ashen lips, 'will you believe me if I comply with your fearful request?'

'Will I?' she hotly exclaimed. 'I shall have to, for that oath is stronger than the one taken by Annanias and Sapphira, and you dare not provoke your Creator as they did. If you have already lied, you dare not clinch the falsehood by such an oath!'

Tremblingly and laboriously he stammered, the white froth gathering upon his lips, 'I hope'—then stopped.

'Go on!' she urged, with a ghastly, vindictive smile. 'why need you fear, if your soul be white—if your words are true?' Oh can she be a woman?—a gentle, tender woman? Will she not relent, or is she a fiend incarnate?

'That God—will—oh, Amy, do not exact this dreadful test!'

'Why not?' she moaned, but implacably.

'Will strike me dead—if I have uttered—a falsehood!'

For the space of a minute, a terrible silence reigned. Amy stood transfixed, glaring with horror and fear upon him.—Suddenly he clasped his hands convulsively over his heart and staggered into a seat, while his face became the color of death.

Amy!' he gasped.

She sprang towards him, all the old gentleness returning.

'Oh,' he panted, *'I am dying! It was a false oath!* Forget it!—forgive me, for God will never,' and his head fell back.

She screamed for assistance, and besought him to look at her!—to speak to her!—to forgive her wickedness, her cruel fierceness! But he answered not a word—he was dead. Annanias and Sapphira met him on the other side.

Advice to Parents.

Parental affection naturally inquires what it can best do for the welfare of its children in future years, and when the bosom which now throbs with love to its offspring shall be cold in death. Many plans are laid, and many days and hours of anxious solicitude are spent in contriving ways and means of rendering children prosperous and happy in future life. But parents are not always wise in the provisions which they seek to make for their children; nor do they always seek direction and counsel from God in this matter. The best inheritance for children is a good education, good and virtuous habits, unbending principles of moral conduct, and justice to the great human family. This is the best inheritance for children, and which all parents should be most anxious to lay up for them.

Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money, left by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladder and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will not need the bladders.

Give your children a sound education, see to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be more valuable than the wealth of the Indies.—You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources, and the blessing of God, the better for him.

Marriage Vows.

"I'll tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far toward preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage: the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me," said Louisa, anxiously.

"The first is this: Demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremonny is over, a solemn vow, and, promise yourself, never, even in jest, to dispute or express any disagreement. I tell you never!—for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearings is the great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession costs you some tears. Farther, promise faithfully and solemnly never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other, but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, brother, sister and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that the third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one another. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which will indeed make you as one. O, if the newly married would but practice this spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy which are now miserable. —*Knicke bocker.*

Josh Billing's Essa on Swine.

Hogs generally are quadriped.

The extreme length ov their antiquity haz been fully discovered, they existed a long time before the flood, and hav existed a long time since.

There is a grate deal ov internal revenue in a hog, thare ain't much more waste in them, than thare iz in a oyster.

Even their tails can be worked up into whissells.

Hogs are good, quiet boarders, they always eat what is set before them, and don't ask enny foolish questions.

They never hav enny disease but the meazles, and they never hav that but once, once seems to satisfy them.

There iz a grate menny breeds amongst them.

Sum are a close corporation breed, and sum are built more apart, like a hemlock slab.

They used to have a breed in New-England, a few years ago, which they called the striped hog breed, this breed waz in high repute among the landlords, almost every tavern keeper had one, which he used tew show tew travellers and brag on him.

Sum are full in the face like a town-clock, and sum are az long and lean az a cow-catcher, with a steal-pinted nose on 'em.

They kan awl rute well, a hog that kant rute well haz been made in vain.

They are a short lived animal, and generally die az soon az they git fat.

The hog can be larnt a grate menny cunning things, such az highsting the front gate off from the hinges, tipping over the swill barrels, and finding a hole in the fence to git into a cornfield, but thare ain't enny length to their memory, it iz awful hard work for them tew find the same hoal to git out at, espeshally if yu are at all anxious thay shood.

Hogs are very kontrary, and seldom drive well the same way you are going, they drive the most the other way, this haz never been fully explained, but speaks volumes for the hog.

AFFLICTIONS.—A merchant was one day returning from market, carrying a small valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this he was much vexed and murmured because Providence had given such bad weather for his journey. He reached the borders of a thick forest, and what was his terror at seeing, on one side of the road, a robber with levelled gun aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain the gun did not go off, and the merchant, putting spurs to his horse, fortunately escaped. As soon as he found himself safe, he said,—

"How wrong I was not to endure the rain patiently! If the weather had been dry and fair, I would probably not have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve my property."

It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us only slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater and of longer duration.

VIRTUE.—The creation of the sculptor may moulder in the dust—the wreath of the bard may wither—the throne of the conqueror may be shivered by an opposing power into atoms—the fame of the warrior may be no longer hymned by the recording minstrel; but virtue—that which hallows the cottage and sheds a glory around the palace, shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of heaven and repeated down to earth. The rock-breaker who possesses it is more noble than the intriguing statesman.

I would rather be in his place—I would rather have the inward glory with which the poor man is crowned, than overshadow the world with martial banner. I would not exchange his lot for the reputation of a Byron, the eloquence of a Mirabeau, or the intellect of a Bacon. I may be despised here—but if I possess it, then I shall tower above them all, when the guilty shall tremble in their secret places, as they behold the heavens roll together as a scroll.

WHY is an axe like coffee? It must be ground before it can be used.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A BARGAIN.—*Little Frank*—'Great Cæsar, mother, what a big apple!'

Mother—'It's wicked, Franky, to say Great Cæsar. I've often reproved you for using this bad word, which you have learned from the boys in the street, but you keep on repeating it. Now I will tell you what I will do. I will give you five cents not to say 'Great Cæsar' any more.'

'It's a bargain mother,' cried the little four year old, and the money was paid.

Two or three days afterward little Frank came running into the house from his play on the street, his eyes glistening and his cheeks red with excitement, 'Mother, mother, I've learned a new word from the boys. It's 'Great Peter.' Give me five cents more, and I'll quit saying that, too.'

A LOVE LETTER.—The following copy of a love letter is interesting:—

DEC'R THE 23, 1866.

—BELUVID GURL,—You air the darling of my heart; the appil of my i. I loves you tendly and trooly, and if you can only luve me we can be happy. Rite to me, my derest, and let me no when I can se you, and tell you on my bended nees all that's in my heart. Send your ancer to ———213,———Street, and beleve me, ever your oan ——— ———.

A QUAINT old Methodist preacher of Texas, years ago, used to announce his text thus,—

'You will find my text in the eighth chapter of Isaiah, ninth verse. And ef you don't find it thar, you will find it ef you hunt the book through from Genesis to Rivelations; an ef you don't find it then, you will find a great many things which will do you a power of good.'

A YOUNG farmer having purchased a watch, placed it in his fob, and strutting across the floor, says to his wife:

'Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that will not be disturbed and broke?'

'I do not know of a safer place,' replied his wife, 'than in our meat barrel. I am sure no one will think of going there to disturb it.'

GRAND DISAPPOINTMENT.

I thought her mine; I thought the world
Shone forth with joy for me;
I didn't dream in after years
Its folly I should see.

But so it proved. I sought her hand—
(I really thought I'd get her)
But oh! alas! her answer came—
"Her mother wouldn't let her!"

'DOCTOR, what shall I do to keep me from hurting my nose when asleep?' asked a long nosed alderman of his physician, intending the question to be a very funny one.

'I think,' gravely replied the doctor, 'that you should have a few hinges made in it, so as to fold it up like a two-foot rule when you go to bed.'

A PRINTER not long since, having been 'flung' by his sweetheart, went to the office to commit suicide with the 'shooting-stick.' The thing wouldn't go off. The 'devil,' wishing to pacify him, told him to go into the sanctum, where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He says that picture of despair reconciled him to his fate.

A STORY is told of a Newburyport voter, at the last municipal election, who received a dollar to vote a certain ticket Being slightly fuddled, he dropped the greenback into the ballot-box, and crowding the vote into his pocket started off with the impression that he would 'go and take something.'

'SAL,' cried a girl, looking out at the upper story of a grocery, addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, 'we've all been to camp-meetin' and have been converted; and so when you want milk on a Sunday you must come round to the back door.'

A PROFESSOR, lecturing upon heat, observed that one of its most conspicuous properties was the power of expanding all bodies. A student arose and asked,—

'Is that the reason why the days in warm weather are longer than those is cold?'

'MY good fellow,' said one man to another, slapping him on the shoulder, 'you are one of the men we read of.'

'How so?' inquired the other, 'where did you read of me?'

'In the police report.'

'You had better ask for manners than money,' said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar-boy, who asked for alms.

'I asked for what I thought you had the most of,' was the boy's reply.

'WELL, Dick,' said a doctor to a polite man whose wife he had been attending, how is your wife?'

'She is dead, I thank you.'

WHY did Adam bite the apple? Because he had no knife to cut it.

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