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

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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.

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST.

GREENSBOROUGH, MD.

Will visit Felton every second and fourth Tuesday in each month. [my2-y

Dr. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.,

Will hereafter visit Greensborough the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. jly29y

W. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL PRACTICE IN THE COURTS OF THIS AND THE ADJACENT COUNTIES.

Office on his farm in the upper District. Will attend in Denton on Tuesdays, and Greensboro' on Saturdays, from 9 o'clock, A. M. [mr21

GEORGE M. RUSSUM

HAS RESUMED THE PRACTICE

of the

L A W,

AND WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED TO HIM

Oct. 30—y

JNO. E. PEARSON,

CARPENTER and UNDERTAKER,

DENTON, MARYLAND,

Will faithfully execute all work entrusted to him. *Charges moderate.* [fe21-y

AUCTIONEERING.

J. TYLOR

HAS RESUMED

The Auctioneering Business,

And respectfully solicits a share of patronage from the public. He may be found at his residence, Denton, Md. [ap11-tmy1'68

AUCTIONEERING.

THE subscriber having taken out license as Auctioneer will call sales of all kinds at short notice. Persons having property to sell will find it to their advantage to call on the subscriber as I guarantee to give satisfaction.

COLLINS TATMAN,

mr7-tf near Denton.

AUCTIONEERING.

THE undersigned, having taken out license as an AUCTIONEER, is now ready to cry sales at action. Terms moderate.

dec13-5m JAS. HIGNUTT.

MILLER & KEMPER,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Foreign & Domestic Hardware,

No. 96 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

Corner of Camden Street,

BALTIMORE, MD

G. W. MILLER, late Edge-Tool Manufacturer, No. 7. Camden Street;

JOHN KEMPER, late with H. W. Webb, Pratt Street. [fe28-1y.

Highly Important.

ISRAEL & CO.,

PHOTOGRAPHERS

125 *W. BALTIMORE ST.,*

BALTIMORE, MD.

GREAT REDUCTION IN OUR PRICES.

Cartes and Vignettes $2.50 per dozen, formerly $5.

☞ Particular attention paid to copies of deceased persons. [apr25-1y

MRS. WHEELER'S NURSING SYRUP for Children teething at ALBURGER & SON'S.

GARDEN SEEDS, just received, and for sale by J ALBURGER & SON.

Poetry.

ARRIVAL OF MAY.

Come, let us away,
For radiant May,
Sweet May has come again,
With dancing light,
And flowers bright,
To deck the grassy plain.

Gay birds are singing,
Loudly are ringing
Their sweet notes over the hill;
The warm sun's light,
Cheerful and bright,
In beauty shines on the rill.

The low, gentle breeze
Glides through the trees
With a soft, musical sound;
Streams leap lightly,
Their waters gleam brightly,
And all looks cheerful around.

Cattle are lowing,
Gentle winds blowing,
Children are out at play,
And often arising
Their voices and praising
God for the return of May.

—*Waverley Magazine.*

A Christian's Voyage.

I am floating on the stream of time,
Towards an unknown shore;
I'm but a frail and tender craft,
And scarce can guide my oar.

Temptation's tide sets round me strong,
And bids me go astray,
But wisdom's sun of righteousness
Awakes to show the way.

Fierce winds of worldly pleasures blow,
From every quarter near;
Kind mercy's compass, cheering hope,
Is mine, I have no fear.

High breakers rise, I'm asked to give
Ere I can pass this sea;
Take all I here on earth possess,
Charity lives in me.

Ah! land at last, 'tis true I'm here,
Heaven's blessed shore at last,
Eternity shall find me here,
Faith's chain will hold me fast.

—*Waverley Magazine.*

"SENT BY EXPRESS."

Minnie Harlan was alone in the world—her mother just buried.

She was a beautiful brown-haired girl, with soft, shy eyes of violet gray; rosy lips set to a firmness far beyond her years. For after all she was scarcely seventeen, and so Deacon Gray was telling her, as he sat by the fire spreading his huge hands over the tardy blaze, and asked:

'What are you going to do to earn your bread and butter, child?'

'I don't know—I haven't thought.—Mamma had an uncle in New York, who——'

'Yes, yes,—I've heard tell about him; he was mad 'cause your mother did not marry to suit him, wasn't he?'

Marian was silent. Deacon Gray waited a few minutes, hoping she would admit him to her secret meditations; but she did not, and the Deacon went home to tell his wife that 'that Harlan gal was the very queerest creature he had ever come across.'

In the meanwhile Marian was packing her few scanty things into a little carpet bag by the weird flickering light of the dying wood-fire.

'I will go to New York,' she said to herself, setting her small pearly teeth firmly together.

'My mother's uncle shall hear her cause pleaded through my own lips. Oh! I wish my heart would not throb so wildly! I am no longer meek Minnie Harlan; I am an orphan, all alone in the world, who must fight life's battles with her own single hands.'

Lower Broadway, seven o'clock, P. M. What a babel of rushing wheels, hurrying humanity, and conglomerated noise it was! Marian sat in the corner of an express office under the flare of gas lights, surrounded by boxes, and wondering whether the people ever went crazed in this perpetual din and tumult. Her dress was plain—gray poplin, with a shabby, old-fashioned little bonnet, tied with black ribbons, and a blue veil, while her only article of baggage, the carpet bag, lay in her lap. She had sat two hours, and was very, very tired.

'Poor little thing,' thought the dark-haired young clerk nearest her, who inhabited a sort of wire cage under a circle of gas lights. And then he took up his pen and plunged it into a perfect Atlantic ocean of accounts.

'Mr. Evans.'

'Sir?'

The dark-eyed clerk emerged from his cage with his pen behind his ear, in obedience to the beckoning finger of his superior.

'I have noticed that young woman sitting here for some time—how came she here?'

'Expressed on, sir, from Millington, Iowa—arrived this forenoon.'

As though Minnie Harlan were a box or paper parcel!

'Who for?'

'Consigned to Walter Harrington, Esq.

'And why has she not been called for?'

'I sent up to Mr. Harrington's address to notify him some time ago; I expect an answer every moment.'

'Very odd,' said the gray-haired gentleman, taking up his newspaper.

'Yes, sir, rather.'

Some three-quarters of an hour afterwards, Frank Evans came to the pale girl's side with an indiscribable pity in his hazel eyes.

'Miss Harlan, we have sent to Mr. Harrington's residence—'

Minnie looked up with a feverish red upon her cheek, and her hand clasped tightly on the handle of the faded carpet bag.

'And we regret to inform you that he sailed for Europe at twelve o'clock today.'

A sudden blur came over Minnie's eyes—she trembled like a leaf. In all her calculations she had made no allowance for an exigency like this.

'Can we do anything further for you?' questioned the clerk, politely.

'Nothing—no one can do anything now.'

Frank Evans had been turning away, but something in the piteous tone of her voice appealed to every manly instinct within him.

'Shall I send you to any other one of your friends?'

'I have no friends.'

'Perhaps I can have your things sent to some quiet family hotel.'

Marian opened her little leather purse and displayed two ten cent pieces, with a smile that was almost a tear.

'This is all the money I have in the world, sir.'

So young, so beautiful, and so desolate! Frank Evans had been a New Yorker all his life, but he had never met with an exactly parallel case to this. He bit the end of his pen in dire perplexity.

'But what are you going to do?'

'I don't know, sir. Isn't there a workhouse, or some such place, I could go to until I could find something to do?'

'Hardly.' Frank Evans could scarcely help smiling at poor Minnie's simplicity.

'They are putting out the lights and preparing to close the office,' said Minnie, starting to her feet. 'I must go somewhere.'

'Miss Harlan,' said Frank quietly, my home is a very poor one—I am only a five hundred dollar clerk—but I am sure my mother will receive you under her roof for a day or two, if you can trust me.'

'Trust you!' said Marian looking at him through violet eyes obscured in tears, 'Oh! sir, I should be so thankful!'

'How late you are, Frank! Here give me your overcoat—it is all powdered with snow and—'

But Frank interrupted his cherry cheeked mother, as she stood on tiptoe to take off his outer wrappings.

'Hush, Mother! There is a young lady down stairs.'

'A young lady, Frank!'

'Yes, Mother—expressed from Iowa to old Harrington, the rich merchant. He sailed for Europe this morning, and she is entirely alone. Mother, she looks like poor Blanche, and I knew you wouldn't refuse her a corner here until she could find something to do.'

Mrs. Evans went to the door and called cheerfully out—

'Come up stairs, my dear—you're as welcome as the flowers in May! Frank, you did quite right; you always do.'

The days and weeks passed on, and still Minnie Harlan remained an inmate of Mrs. Evans' humble dwelling.

'It seems just as though she had taken our dead Blanche's place,' said the cozy little widow, 'and she is so useful about the house, I don't know how I managed without her.'

'Now, Minnie, you are not in earnest about leaving us to-morrow?'

'I must, dear Mrs. Evans. Only think, I have been here two months to-morrow, and the situation as governess is very advantageous.'

'Very well, I shall tell Frank how obstinate you are.'

'Dear Mrs. Evans, please don't! Please keep my secret.'

'What secret is to be so religiously kept?' asked Mr. Frank Evans, coolly walking into the midst of the discussion, with his hazel brown eyes sparkling archly.

'Secret!' exclaimed Mrs. Evans, energetically wiping her dim spectacle glasses, 'Why Minnie is determined to leave us to-morrow.'

'Minnie!'

'I must, Frank. I have no further right to trespass on your kindness.'

'No right, eh? Minnie, do you know the house has been a different house since you came into it? Do you suppose we want to loose our little sunbeam?'

Minnie smiled sadly, but her hand felt very cold and passive in Frank's warm grasp.

'You'll stay, Minnie?'

'No.' She shook her head determinedly.

'Then you must be made to stay,' said Frank, 'I've missed something of great value lately, and I hereby arrest you on suspicion of the theft.'

'Missed something!' Minnie arose, turning red and white. 'Oh, Frank, you never can suspect me!'

'But I do suspect you. In fact, I am quite sure the article is in your possession.'

'The article?'

'My heart, Miss Minnie. Now, look here; I love you Minnie Harlan, and I will be a good and true husband to you. Say, be my little wife!'

So Minnie Harlan, instead of going out as a governess, according to the programme, married the dark-haired clerk in Ellison's Express Office.

They were quietly married, early in the morning, and Frank took Minnie home to his mother, and then went calmly about his business, in the wire cage under the circlet of gas light.

'Evans?'

'Yes, sir.'

Frank, with his pen behind his ear, as of yore, quietly obeyed the behest of the gray-headed official.

'Do you remember the young woman who was expressed on from Millington, Iowa, two months since?'

'Yes, sir—I remember her.'

A tall, silver-haired gentleman interposed with eager quickness—

'Where is she? I am her uncle, Walter Harrington. I have just returned from Paris, where the news of her arrival reached me. I want her—she is the only living relative left me.'

'Ah! but, sir,' said Frank, 'you cannot have her.'

'Can't have her! What do you mean? Has anything happened?'

'Yes, sir, something has happened; Miss Harlan was married to me this morning.'

Walter Harrington started.

'Take me to her,' he said hoarsely. 'I can't be parted with my only relative for such a mere whim.'

'I wonder if he calls the marriage service and wedding rings mere whims?' thought honest Frank; but he obeyed in silence.

'Minnie,' said the old man in faltering accents, 'you will come to me and be my daughter of my old age? I am rich, Minnie, and you are all I have in the world.'

But Minnie stole her hand through her husband's arm.

'Dearest uncle, he was kind to me when I was most desolate and alone. I cannot leave my husband, uncle Walter, I love him.'

'Then you must both of you come and be my children,' said the old man doggedly. And you must come now, for the great house is as lonely as the tomb.'

Frank Evans is no longer an express clerk, and pretty Minnie moves in velvet and diamonds; but they are as happy as they were in old days, and that is saying enough. The rosy cheeked Mrs. Evans has cast aside her old name, and is known now as Mrs. Walter Harrington. Mr. and Mrs. Harrington are growing older and feebler every day, and their two children are the sunshine of their declining years.

A PISCATORY INUNDATION.—Yesterday morning the villagers of Neenah and Mensha were greatly astonished at the report that the numerous mills and manufactories that line the races were compelled to stop work. Such a thing as the water failing here, coming as it does directly from Lake Winnebago, never heard of before, and the cause of such an unlooked-for effect was earnestly sought.—And here the most wonderful phenomenon we have even been called to chronicle was made manifest. Our reporter, who furnishes the facts, hastened to the race in Neenah, where he was told by millers who had investigated the matter that the waterwheels were unable to revolve, because they were clogged with fish. Unwilling to believe such an absurd statement, he proceeded to investigate for himself, and with the following result: Commencing his investigations at the cotton factory, and going from thence to the extensive Batic Print Works on the race, our reporter found the flumes and entire race alike filled with fish. All of the races in Neenah and Mensha, and both branches of the Fox river, were literally filled with fish, to the exclusion of the water, which was thrown back by this great fish dam till the banks were in danger of overflowing. As soon as the news spread, thousands of people flocked in from the villages and country to see the strange sight. Oshkosh and Appleton furnished their share of visitors.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S ANSWER.—A great and learned Atheist once met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him:

'Where are you going?'

'To church, sir.'

'What to do there?'

'To worship God.'

'Pray, whether is your God a great or a little God?'

'He is both, sir.'

'How can he be both, sir?'

'He is so great, sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and so little that He can dwell in my poor heart.'

The Atheist declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes the learned doctors had written upon the subject.

Marriage Under Difficulties.

Some time since a gentleman called on the clerk of one of our neighboring county courts to get a marriage license. It was given him, and the circumstance passed from the mind of the clerk until three weeks afterwards the same gentleman called for another license, bringing his first to have it cancelled. Upon being questioned in regard to the former license, he said he "did not marry that gal because she was too smart" for him; she wanted to know much money he had, what he was going to do with it, where he was going to take her, &c., &c., and he had concluded that it was best not to marry a gal that knew so much. The license for "gal" No. 2 was given, and he went off perfectly happy, but returned the next day for *another* license, to be married to still a different lady. This time he gave as a reason for not having used the second license that "gal" No. 1 had heard of the second engagement and gone to the priest and told him that *she* was engaged to the gentleman, and forbid the performance of the ceremony; "but," said he, "I've got her this time; she don't even know that I am acquainted with this gal, and I'm going straight home and get married before she has time to know anything of it. If anything, however, should happen to prevent this marriage, I'll be back again to-morrow for another license, for there are a whole field of gals after me." But he succeeded in his last effort and did not return again. These facts were related to us by the clerk of the court.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

HOW FALSE REPORTS MAY ORIGINATE.—A curious illustration of this is found in an anecdote told in a lecture by Mr. Spurgeon, entitled 'Sermons on Candles.' A minister in America lived opposite one of the deacons of his church. A report got abroad that the minister had been seen to beat his wife, and the matter was brought before a deacon's meeting. There the minister said he had traced the spreading of the report to the deacon's daughter. The good man, the deacon, said he would not have spoken but his daughter's name having been mentioned, he must then state that when he was going to bed on a certain night he did see (through the window blind of the lighted room) the minister beating his wife, and heard her scream. The minister was nonplussed; but he requested that the wife might be sent for and questioned. When she arrived she explained the whole matter.—She said, "Don't you recollect there was a rat in the room that night, that it got up on my dress, that you got frightened and took the poker, that I could not stand still, but ran around the room you running after me with the poker? This is the explanation of the whole affair"—Well, then, he (the lecturer) would remark to his hearers the next time they heard a story against a good man, let them say at once, 'There is a rat at the bottom of it, I know,' and that some simple explanation may account for the whole thing.

MONEY—*How to Keep It.*—The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost as certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort than he who, as his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing actual and fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is, "Money goes as it comes." Let the young take a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

THE RELIGION OF CHRIST is distinguished from all others by its great truthfulness and joyfulness in private experience. There have been other religions that had the power of stirring up zeal, intense activity, fanaticism, and of bringing men, by cities and nations, into campaigns of religious effectiveness, such as it was; but none other has been like the Christian in entering into the hearts of the poor, the desolate, the ignorant, the wicked, one by one, and separately, and stirring up there, not simply a new life of purity, but such hopefulness, such joyfulness as brought all the powers into a very summer of growth and efficiency. All this has been peculiar to the Christian religion.

A BACHELOR and a young lady bought some tickets in partnership, in a lottery at the recent Sanitary Fair at Milwaukee, agreeing to divide the proceeds equitably. They drew a double bedstead, a baby-crib and a lunch-basket and the question is how to divide them, or whether they shall not use them jointly.

WHY is an amiable and charming girl like a letter in deep thought. Because she's A musing.

A RESPECTABLE-looking lady, with a little child arrived at Louisville, Ky., and stopped at one of the first class hotels.—She sat down by the side of another lady at the table, and was recognized as "a person of color." Lady No. 2 was highly indignant, and reported lady No. 1 to the proprietor of the hotel, who informed the latter that she must leave. It was in vain that she offered to pay her bills, and comply strictly with the rules of the house; it would not do to have a "nigger" lady boarder, and she was turned off.—Here is the sequel: Both ladies were known to another person in the house, who said that No 1 was the half-sister of No. 2, and thought Mrs.—— ought not to be so hard upon her sister. The ladies are married, we understand, and both consider themselves highly respectable.—They were born on the same plantation, had the same father, but one had a white mother, while the mother of the other was unfortunately yellow.

A FELLOW went to the parish priest and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost.

'When and where?' said the pastor.

'Last night,' replied the man, 'I was passing by the church, and up on the wall I beheld the spectre.'

'In what shape did it appear?' inquired the priest.

'It appeared as a great ass.'

'Go home and hold your tongue about it,' rejoined the pastor, 'you're a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow.'

A DECENT farmer's wife, after having her child baptized in church, waited in the vestry till service was over to have the registrar's certificate endorsed in the usual manner. The minister, not being quite sure of the date, said in an interrogative tone:

'This is the twentieth, I think?'

The worthy matron, understanding the querry to refer to the number of her family, very indignantly retorted:

'I think, sir, you're very impudent, for it's only the thirteenth.'

'MAY I be married, ma?' asked a young Miss of sixteen.

'What do you want to get married for?' inquired her mother.

'Why, ma, you know the children have never seen any one married, and I thought it might please them a little—that's all.'

'Nonsense!—you can't fool me,' remarked the old lady, with a significant shake of the head.

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING CLUB.—Suppose a woman's hoops to be of the ordinary dimensions—say about six feet in diameter—the sidewalk four feet wide, and the mud two feet deep, and that you have on a new pair of $14 boots, glittering with Mason's polish, ought you to tip your hat to the lady and step off into the mud, and then wade out and pass on without getting mad?

'BOYS,' exclaimed uncle Peter as he examined the points of the beast, 'I don't see but one reason why that mare can't trot her mile in three minutes.'

They gathered around to hear this oracular opinion, and one inquired, 'what is it?'

'Why,' he replied, the distance is too great for so short a time.'

'MR. SMITH,' said the counsel 'you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?' 'No, sir, I held the candle for one who did.' 'Ah, the court understood you differently.—They supposed that the discourse came from you.' 'No, sir; I only throwed a light on it.'

A REBEL paper says: "Bennie sounds pretty well for a little urchin, but when he becomes a man we give him the full title, Benjamin. Thus, in the early stages of the great rebellion, the Rebels were called Johnnies, now we call them Johnson men."

A MISSISSIPPI negro worked on shares. When asked the amount of his profit, he replied:

'Nuffin. I worked for de seventh, and de boss only made a fifth, darfor, I got nuffin.'

'REPRESENT me in my portrait,' said a romantic young lady to a painter, 'with a book in my hand—and reading aloud. Paint my servant, also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him.'

A BRIGHT little girl, in playful anger, caught hold of an older sister, saying:—'Now I'll shake the sawdust out of you,' thinking the human species was got up on the same plan of her doll.

'IF it wasn't for hope the heart would break,' as the old woman said when she buried her seventh husband, and looked anxiously among the funeral crowd for another.

AN exchange says: 'Lovers, like armies, generally get along quietly enough till they are engaged.'

THE man who sees no virtue in another has none himself.

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