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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

Register in Bankruptcy,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practice in the Courts of Caroline.

Dr. H. C. KEMP

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity He may be found at all times, when not professionally engaged, at the Drug Store, or at the Hotel.
my9-6m

T. J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST.

GREENSBOROUGH, MD

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



Dr. P. STACK,

DENTIST,

DENTON, MD.,

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

Jno. D. Kemp,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

WILL practice in the courts of this and the adjoining counties.
Office, next door to residence, Main street.
may9-y

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

AUCTIONEERING.

Jo. 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.
JAS. HIGNUTT.
dec13-5m

JNO. E. PEARSON,

CARPENTER and UNDERTAKER,

TEMPLEVILLE, MARYLAND,

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

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'S.

SCARFS for sale sale at
H. BLACKISTON.

Poetry.

THE LASSIE AND HER LOVER.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen!
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has 'popp'd the question' to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover.
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter dear,
There's no use now a-talking;
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption, too!
The dirty, ugly drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a rover!"

"'Old Grimes is dead,' you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely!
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only
Surviving heir to all that 's left;
And that they say is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma—
About six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly.
Remember, then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley."

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

Many years ago a celebrated Italian artist was walking along the streets of his native city, perplexed and desponding in consequence of some irritating circumstance or misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising and surpassing beauty that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angel face before him.

"That face I must have," said the artist, "for my studio. Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?"

The little boy was glad to go and see the pictures, and pencils and curious things in the artists room; and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy looking just like himself smiling from the artist's canvass

The artist took a great deal of pleasure in looking at that sweet, innocent face.—When he was troubled, or irritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to that lovely picture on the wall, and its beautiful, hopeful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again. Many a visitor to his studio wished to purchase that lovely face; but, though poor, and often in want of money to buy food and clothes, he would not sell his good angel, as he called the portrait.

So the years went on. Oftentimes as he looked up to the face on the glowing canvass he wondered what had become of that boy.

"How I should like to see how he looks now! I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true, or wicked and abandoned? Or has he died and gone to a better land?"

One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a young man whose face and mien were so vicious, so depraved, so almost fiend-like, that he involuntarily stopped and gazed at him.

"What a spectacle! I should like to paint that figure, and hang it in my studio opposite the angel-boy," said the artist to himself.

The young man asked the painter for money, for he was a beggar as well as a thief.

Come to my room and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you what you ask, said the artist.

The young man followed the painter and sat for a sketch. When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go; but his eye rested upon the picture of the boy; he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

"What troubles you, young man?" said the painter.

It was long before the young man could speak; he sobbed aloud, and seemed pierced with agony At last he pointed up to the picture on the wall, and, in tones which seemed to come from a broken heart, said:

"Twenty years ago you asked me to come up here and sit for a picture, and that angel face is the portrait. Behold me now a ruined man; so bloated, so hideous, that women and children turn away their faces from me; so fiend-like that you wanted my picture to show how ugly a man could look. Ah! I see now what vice and crime have done for me."

The artist was amazed He could scarcely believe his own eyes and ears.

"How did this happen?" he asked.

The young man then told him his sad and dreadful history; how, being an only son and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he went with bad boys, and learned all their bad habits and vices and came to love them; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed to wicked places till all was lost, and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal; was caught and imprisoned with the worst criminals; came out still more depraved to commit worse crimes than ever before; how every bad deed he performed seemed to drive him to commit a worse one, till it seemed to him that he could not stop till brought to the gallows.

It was a fearful tale and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop, offered to help him, and tried his best to save him But, alas! it was too late. Disease, contracted by dissipation, soon prostrated the young man and he died before he could reform. The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy; and when visitors asked him why he allowed such a hideous looking face to be there, he told them the story, saying as he closed:

"Between the angel and the demon there are only twenty years of vice."

The lesson of this tale is in the tale itself. You who read it can tell what it is. Think of it often and heed it always.

Anecdote of Stephen Girard

Stephen Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said he "intended to do well by Ben Lippincott" So when Ben got to be twenty one, he expected to hear the Governor say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?" "Yes, yes I know you are," said the millionaire; 'and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade.

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out; but, recovering his equilibrium he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so. 'I am in earnest;' and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden. became an apprentice and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to his counting room. Mr. Girard pronounced them first-rate, and demanded the price. 'One dollar,' said Ben, 'is as low as I can live by,' 'Cheap enough; make out your bill.'

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check of $50,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story. 'There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living.'

HINDOOS BURNING THE BODY OF THE DEAD.—Immediately after the person is dead, and in many cases before this event, preparations are made for burning the body. Sometimes the wood is brought and placed beside a sick person while he is living. About three hundred pounds of wood are sufficient to consume a body. A hole is dug in the earth by one of the relations of the deceased, over which the wood is placed. The body is then laid on, and the heir-at-law having lighted some straw, walks around the pile three times, with face averted, touches the mouth of the deceased with the fire; after which those present set fire to the pile, and the body is consumed. In some parts of Hindoostan the body is buried in the earth, and the funeral services are said to be very solemn and affecting. The officiating Brahmin on these occasions addresses the respective elements in the following language:

"O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed; by thee he was sustained; and unto thee he now returns!

"O Fire! thou hast a claim on our brother; during his life he subsisted by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body; thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence!

"O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wert one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him who has now taken an everlasting flight."

INVENTION OF NEW SAILS.—The Italian newspapers are quite elated over the alleged discovery of a new method of propelling vessels by sails, said to be the invention of a young gentleman of education, named Felice Vaglia. Should the new invention be perfected it is expected that it will revolutionize all previous systems. Among other advantages, it is claimed for it that the amount of canvas heretofore required will be greatly reduced; and that a contrary wind, by the new rig, can be made to propel the vessel nearly, if not quite, as well as a fair one; or, strictly speaking, *all* winds will be favorable. The sails, instead of being bent permanently on the whole length of the yards, are bent on to a series of travellers which run in and out af grooves in the yard by working luff-lines and head-lines, the luff-lines drawing the sails inward toward the mast, and the head-lines stretching them out along the yards.

I Don't Care.

Indeed, Mr. Upstart, 'don't care.' So says the strutting fop, the idler, lounger, loafer. So says the vain, giddy, flirting novel reader—the impudent miss to her mother, *I don't care.' I'll* do as *I* please, read what *I* please, dress as *I* please.'—So says the unruly, disobedient urchin.—So says the iron-hearted rumseller. The cruel oppressor, 'Let me alone, I'll do as *I* please, kill or no kill—*I don't care.*'—'*I don't care,*' says the tippler and smoker. '*I* don't care,' says the profane swearer and Sabbath breaker. 'Who's a better right?' 'How does this sound, young friends?'

Little readers, do you ever say to your parents, teachers, or any one, '*I don't care?*' O shame! shame! Care, yes, you should always care; care to do good, to do what is right, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report. Care to be affable, courteous, industrious, neat, obedient—temperate in all things.

You should care to keep good company, read good books, and shun the evil. You should care to fear God and keep his commandments, to acknowledge him in all your ways—to do justice, love mercy and walk humbly, glorify God in things. These are the things you should care for daily and hourly.

There is no surer mark of a lazy, trifling, impudent, insignificant, good-for-nothing chap, than this same 'don't care-ism;' to hear him drawl out, when he does something wrong, 'I don't care.' It is not a forerunner of every evil? of everything base, mean, low-lived, corrupt, shameful?

Whenever we hear a boy or girl, or any one, making use of the expression, 'I don't care,' it forcibly reminds us of the proverb of Solomon: 'A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fools back.'

SAVAGE HUMAN LIFE.—Carelessness of human life is perhaps the most prominent characteristics of barbarism, notwithstanding that the living sometimes expresses regret for the departed. The widow of an Andaman-Islander wears his skull by way of a jet necklace; and the Feejeans themselves burn their skin into blisters, and cut off the end joints of the small toe and fifth finger, in order to express a decent sorrow. And yet these last-named people are not only cannibals, but epicures in human flesh. "The greatest praise they can bestow upon any delicacy is to say it is as tender as a dead man." They are so fastidious as to dislike the taste of white men (which is fortunate for the missionaries), to prefer the flesh of females to that of males, and to consider the arm above the elbow, and the thigh, as the best joints. They have no term for a corpse that does not signify something edible; and human flesh is known among them as "long pig." Slaves are fattened up for their great entertainments, and almost always roasted alive; and the Chief of Raki-raki, who is very particular in his eating, is said to have devoured nine hundred persons himself, permitting no one (greedy dog!) to share them with him.—It is to be noticed that the Feejeans have an immense abundance of provisions, and are therefore cannibals from choice. A mere gratification of the palate actuates them; but with the man-eating Maori or New Zealander, such is by no means the case. The bodies which they prefer after a battle are not those of plump captive maidens, but of the most celebrated chiefs, no matter how old and dry. They believe that they thus appropriate to themselves not only the material substance, but the spirit, ability, and glory of the person devoured; and, on the other hand, a Maori above all things dreads this fate, since his soul is hereby extinguished, and all his own advantages go to magnify his foe.

STRIKE THE KNOT.—"Strike the knot!" said a gentleman one day to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his axe over a log which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then, looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the axe, he struck a few sharp blows on the knot and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he returned the axe to his son, saying:

"Always strike the knot!"

That was good advice. It is good for you, my children, as it was for the boy to whom it was first given. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school?—Have you got to face a difficulty? Are you leaving home to live for the first time among strangers? Strike the knot!—Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold lion hunter looks in the face of a lion.—Never shrink from a painful duty, but set right up to it and do it. Yes, strike the knot! Strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties.

—The man who forgets a great deal that has happened has a better memory than he who remembers a great deal that never happened

—Scandal is fed by as many streams as the Nile, and there is often as much difficulty in tracing it to its source.

Maxims of Life.

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of the mind.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person look them in the face.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured but by your own actions.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind.

Never play any game of chance.

Avoid temptation through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run in debt unless you can see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

MILLIONAIRES.—New York boasts of her millionaires, among whom the wealthiest are set down as follows:

Wm. B Astor is sixty-five years old; worth fifty millions; a round faced, pleasant, quiet mannered gentleman; owns two thousand dwellings, and is a lenient landlord.

A. T. Stewart is sixty, thin, nervous, dignified; worth thirty millions and liberal in cases of benevolence which appeal to his sympathies.

Commodore Vanderbuilt is white haired, red cheeked; seventy, worth forty millions, drives a fast horse, keeps a fast boat; controls two fast railroad companies with fast men, and gives away his money very lavishly.

August Belmont, twenty millions, coarse, stout, filthy and very German.

James Gordon Bennett, five millions, 73 years old, dignified in manners, broad scotch accent, benevolent to the poor.

George Opdyke, five millions, fifty, but looks younger; an agreeable gentleman.

—When the summer day of youth is slowly wasting into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back thro' the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter us and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathering together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will be worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

HARD ON NASBY.—An honest Vermont Democrat, in conversation relative to the faults of the President, candidly admitted that one of his greatest mistakes was the appointing of "that fool, Petroleum V. Nasby, his chaplain; he may know enough to keep a post-office, but he wasn't fit for a spiritual adviser."

This reminds us of a like "conversation" we heard of as having occurred in the southern part of this county, wherein a "deluded lamb" stated that "Nasby is a d—d fool, if he is a democrat, to write such letters as he does; he might know they do the party more harm than good. —*Canton Register.*

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—We heard a conversation between two young ladies of this place, the other day as we passed along the street, that is too good to be lost.—Speaking of a certain young man, one remarked that he was very handsome but she could not have respect for a young man who spent his time in idleness, especially in times like the present. Why, said she, 'I would rather be buried alive than to marry a man who had neither industry nor energy. I would not even allow such a one to wait upon me.' A sensible girl, and one who deserves a good husband.—*Culpepper Observer.*

QUEENS.—Of sixty-seven queens of France, only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery and sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest. The pillow of royalty is, indeed, filled with thorns.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

—Some people use one-half the ingenuity to get into debt, and the other half to avoid paying it.

—Why was the rebellion like a promissory note? Because it was put down with black and white.

—A modern tourist calls the Nagara river "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

—A doctor detained in court as a witness, complained to the judge that if he was kept from his patients they might recover in his absence.

—"My opinion is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man that dies upon washing day does it out of pure spite."

—A lady being asked to waltz, gave the following sensible and appropriate answer,—

"No, I thank you, sir, I have hugging enough at home.

—A tipsy loafer, who mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night, exclaimed,—

"I'll be blessed if somebody hain't stuck an advertisement on the moon!"

—The death of a Mormon Bishop is thus announced: He was thirty-seven years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven small children to mourn his death.

—An honest Logansport German got excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, and exclaimed,—

'If my vife runs away mit anoder man's vife, I shake him out of her preeches, if she be mine fadder, mine Got.'

—A young lady member of a california lodge of Good Templars, showed a proper spirit of independence, on being remonstrated with for drinking cider. Said she: "I love cider; it is a necessity with me; I must have it. If the lodge decides we must not drink it, I shall eat apples, and then get some good-looking fellow to squeeze me, for I can't live without cider.

—A good thing is told of the President in Raleigh. While responding in a feeling manner to the welcome given him, he used the expression: "Let us, my dear friends, repair the breaches"—and before he could add "made by the war," an old woman exclaimed, with perfect delight: "Bless the dear man, he has come home again to work at his old trade!"

—Josh Billings, in his advice to a young lady as to how she should receive a proposal, says,—

"You ought tew take it kind, looking down hill with an expreshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop is over, if yure luver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind of take its own course."

—A man was recently blessed by an addition to his household. The next morning the happy father took his four-year old boy to the upper room to see the little brother, who was quietly enjoying his first morning nap with his little mouth open. All were quietly watching the elder brother, desirous to catch his first observation. With eyes firmly fixed at the new comer, and with a countenance showing trouble within, after a few moments of silence, he defiantly exclaimed, 'I should like to know who pulled out baby's teeth!'

—The subject of impression at first sight was being talked over at the supper table, when the lady whose duty it was to preside "over the cups and tea," said she always formed an opinion of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct

"Mamma," said the youngest son, in a shrill voice that attracted the attention of all present,

"Well, my dear, what is it?" replied the fond mother.

"I want to know what was your opinion of me when you first saw me?"

The question gave a sudden turn to the conversation.

DOCTOR ABERNETHY.—Doctor Abernethy rarely met his match; on one occasion he fairly owned that he had. He was sent for by an inkeeper, who had a quarrel with his wife who had scarred his face with her nails so that the poor man was bleeding and much disfigured. Abernethy considered this an opportunity not to be lost for admonishing the offender and said,—

"Madam, are you not ashamed of yourself, to treat your husband thus—the husband, who is the head of all—your head, madam, in fact?"

"Well, doctor," fiercely returned the virago, "and may I not scratch my own head?"

Upon this, her friendly adviser, after giving directions for the benefit of the patient, turned on his heel and owned himself beaten for once.

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