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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

F. W. RIDGELY. CHAS. F. MACLARY.

RIDGELY & MACLARY,

Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

Merchandise Generally,

RIDGELY, CAROLINE CO., MD.

☞Grain, Fruit, or other produce sent to our Warehouse will receive prompt attention.☜

aul-tf

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.

my3-6m

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.

dec13-5m JAS. HIGNUTT.

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

CHALFANT'S COCOA-CREAM for the hair for sale by J. ALBURGER.

Poetry.

Hand and Heart.

I met her in the woodland ways,
A simple maid, untaint of art,
And wooed her through the sunny days,
To give me there her hand and heart.

I told her of my fair estate,
How in high places she should shine
The richest matron's peer and mate,
If she would add her troth to mine.

"You ask too much," replied the maid;
"It may be, in your modern art,
An empty form—a trick of trade—
This coupling of the hand and heart.

"But I am of another mind—
Fair words with me, fair sense command.
Were I to give my heart inclined
I had no need to sell my hand.

"I may be foolish, but I hold
That she—howe'er the bargain's made—
Who gives herself for rank or gold
Makes but a meretricious trade.

"If you would win me, you must sue
In other fashion. You must prove
Not that your fortunes, but that you
Are fair and worthy of my love."

So, walking still the woodland ways,
I used no other guile or art
Than love; and, after many days,
I won the maiden's hand and heart.

From the "Wide World."

Trials of a Housekeeper.

BY J. R. D.

Have I ever told you of the time I had keeping house alone? No? Then I will. A little more than a year ago—it was in January I believe, my wife received a letter from her sister, who lived in N——, to come and see her, as she was quite sick. Having read the letter she looked at me, as much as to say, 'What shall I do?'

'Go!' said I, 'by all means.'

'But what will you do?'

'Do! why, keep house by myself to be sure. I warrant you I shall have the best of the bargain.'

She smiled incredulously—if there's anything I dislike, it's an incredulous smile—and said:

'I think we had better get a servant while I am gone; we can't afford it all the time, you know, but this won't be long.'

'No,' said I, 'I don't want any servant; I can keep house with the exception of baking and one or two other things, as well as any girl; besides, you would be getting jealous of me if I had one.'

So it was settled that I should keep 'Bachelor's Hall' while May was away. She went the next morning. At noon I found no difficulty in making a good dinner, for she had left plenty of victuals cooked. At evening I thought I would have something extra for supper, and bought some oysters. I boiled them half an hour and concluding that they must be done, took them up.

They were as tough as leather.

'Not cooked,' said I, and put them down again; after another half hour I tried them again. 'Tougher than ever; what can be the matter? I don't believe they are good for anything. That oyster dealer is a villain to give me such things.'

However, I ate the broth, what there was of it—for it was nearly all boiled away, but the oysters I was obliged to throw out.

After I had eaten, there were the dishes to be washed.

'Plague take them!' said I, for the unfortunate termination of my oyster-supper had made me cross; but it will never do to get discouraged the first day. So, at the dishes I went; and after scalding one finger and breaking two dishes, I succeeded in getting them satisfactorily washed, wiped and put away. Having bound up my scalded finger I went to bed. The first thought that entered my head, after having snugly ensconced myself between the sheets, was, that I had forgotten to fasten the doors and wind up the clock.

Having accomplished these, and got well chilled through in the operation, I went back to bed in a particularly amiable state of mind. Thus ended the first day.

The next morning I awoke much refreshed, at precisely ten minutes of the time that I should be at the office.—Breakfast was out of the question: so hastily dressing, I hurried off. On my way I thought if May only knew this, it would be quite a proof of her saying, 'if it were not for me you would be late every morning,' which saying, by the way, I have always indignantly denied, and do still, for all are liable to oversleep themselves at times.

At noon you may guess I lost no time in hurrying home; a comfortable home it was; no fire, for I had forgotten to attend to it in the morning; the water-pipe burst with the cold, and the water and ice about three inches deep on the kitchen-floor.

'This is cheerful,' said I, and some vague doubts concerning my house-keeping skill flitted easily about my mind for a few moments 'seeking rest and finding none,' for I soon dispelled them and consoled myself at the same time by saying, 'it's just mere luck, nothing else, sometimes the fire will keep in this stove two days without care, but to-day it wouldn't because I needed it. I always was an unlucky fellow.' Having made a fire, I attempted to eat something, but the bread was frozen hard, the butter was like stone; everything that had before been liquid was solid, and everything before solid had become like flint.

I went to one of the neighbors and asked for some dinner, telling my circumstances.

'Well,' said Mrs. Jones, 'you're welcome to such as we've got; it ain't much, for I ain't been feelin' very well this mornin'.'

'No wonder,' thought I, when I saw the dinner, 'that you are not well, if this is the kind of food you live on.' The dinner consisted of the following:

Item—on a deep-blue plate, some cold boiled potatoes and turnips, also, a generous piece of salt, fat pork.

Item—a piece of bread about three inches thick, six long and four wide.

Item—a tea-cup half full of molasses, and about one-fourth full of bread-crumbs.

I managed to eat a potato and a small pice of bread, and by hypocritically thanking Mrs. Jones for my dinner (?) departed. All the afternoon, as you may suppose, I felt rather hungry, but I determined to have a good supper and thus make up for the day's deficiency.

That evening I bought some beef-steak, and having got it nicely cooking, I sat and watched it, hissing, sputtering, and sending forth its savory steam with considerable satisfaction, when jingle went the door-bell.

I hurried to the door and there was Mrs. Darrell! the greatest gossip of the neighborhood.

'Good evening, Mr.——,' said she.

I returned her salutation rather coolly, for I disliked her; nothing daunted, however, she proceeded:

'Wife at home?'

'No.'

'Will she be in soon?

'Don't expect her to-night.'

'Indeed, out of town?'

'Yes.'

'Where has she gone? if I may be bold enough to inquire.'

'To N——.'

'Dear me, you don't say! when do you expect her?'

'When she comes,' said I, for I thought she had asked questions enough, and I saw that the only way to get rid of her was to cut her short by giving her no satisfactory answer.

'You needn't act as though you wanted to snap my head off,' said she.

'Good evening,' said I, and shut the door.

When I returned to the kitchen I found my beef-steak fried hard and beginning to burn; a few moments more with Mrs. Darrell and I should have lost my supper. It is an old saying that 'hunger is the best sauce,' and I proved its truth that night. I ate only as a man who had been deprived of his breakfast and dinner could eat, in fact, I ate until I could eat no more, and having washed the dishes without a single mishap, retired, pretty well pleased with my housekeeping abilities after all. I had slept soundly for some time, exactly how long I don't know when I heard a noise as if every door in the house had been violently dashed open, accompanied by the most terrific yells; presently the door of my chamber flew open and in stalked an old man with powdered wig, knee-breeches, blue coat, and green spectacles.

Slowly advancing towards the bed, he deliberately seated himself upon my breast, and placed his long, bony fingers around my neck. Oh, the horror of that moment! What a fearful weight oppressed me! I tried to shake it off—as well might Sinbad attempt to shake off the 'old man of the sea,' I could not move a muscle. I tried to cry out, but his fingers clutched my throat so tightly that I could only gasp. His eyes seemed to glare from behind green spectacles like burning coals of fire.

I lay and gazed out helplessly at them until they seemed to dart out flames towards me, then my own eyes seemed to emit a sudden gleam, and then all was darkness; but still that awful [illegible] on my breast seemed to increase, and the grasp on my throat to tighten, and I seemed to be sinking slowly to an immense depth, when, with a start, I awoke!

The winter sun was shining brightly in at the window, and May was bending anxiously over me, asking what the matter was.

'Only a dream,' said I, 'and I have an awful headache. But why are you here so early?'

'Sister got better, and thinking you needed me most I came home,' said she.

And sure enough I did need her most, that headache was the forerunner of a fever, from which I did not recover for six weeks.

One day after I had recovered, and we were sitting together, May asked:

'Don't you think your ideas about housekeeping were a little at fault?'

'Just a little,' said I, and thus the matter ended.

—Compound Rating—Being blown up by one's wife, and her sister chiming in.

Union in Death—The Rest After the Battle.

The Louisville *Journal*, referring to recent attentions paid to graves of dead soldiers, has the following:

"In Cave Hill Cemetery are two large burying lots thickly dotted with graves, which always arrest the attention of the visitor. In these two lots respectively, lie buried the Federal and Confederate dead, who, during the late war, died in our midst, or who have since been brought here for interment. In strolling among these graves, the visitor will see many unfamiliar names on the simple headboards, with a brief inscription under each telling of some distant home where sadness still reigns weeping over the memory of him who lies here buried amid strangers.—Again, the plain, black letters will reveal an old familiar name, and, working themselves into a vision of the half forgotten past, will recall the memory of some boyhood friend, and the mind, leaping from the recollection of the bright, joyous boy, so full of life and brilliant hopes, will clear the unknown intervening years of manhood, and sink down in sorrow on the mound of earth that now holds him in the embrace of death. Or, perhaps, the inscription may bear the familiar name of one who was himself a stranger; a name that we have heard moaned out upon the listening air by some sorrowing mother or brokenhearted wife. These suggestive recollections will so work upon the mind that the visitor will fondly linger over the graves of those whose names and lives were totally unknown, and investing each with a strange interest, imagination will work out a life history of each of the silent sleepers. Each lived and loved, and is now mourned over. Each impelled by the same impulse, rushed to arms. Each fought and fell. But those who were once arrayed in deadly hostility to each other now lie peacefully side by side—The slayer and the slain may be here together, but the past is forgotten, and their dust commingles. To the warriors here gathered the battle of life is over, the truce is sounded, and the peace of death is declared.

Their spirits are enrolled in one vast army, under the mightiest of all leaders; their bodies are silently mouldering away, side by side, into a common dust. A few weeks ago, over the graves of the Confederate dead, gentle hands tenderly strewed flowers in memory of the dead. More recently the same token of respect was paid to the memory of those who had belonged to the Federal army. In a few days more all of these beautiful flowers will fade away and die, and the gentle winds that breathe upon all alike, will waft them off in a common throng and fling them off in a common grave, to perish together like all of earth; and there is something strangely grand in the thought that all these differences of life, which to us seem so momentous should so soon sink into nothingness in this great inevitable reunion.

Josh Billings at a Watering Place.

Josh Billings writes from Long Beach, N. J., to the Troy *News* as follows:

"Arrived here just in time tew see the Atlantik Ocean, which iz now on exhibishun and dewing a good bizziness, to full houses. Took a bath at onst, and was astonished tew find the water so saltuous; enquired the kause of an intelligent natiff, and he informed me he didn't care; I think he lied. There iz about one hundred and sixty thousand human beings, and other folks, here now, az near az I kan git at it; I kounted till I got tired, and then estimated. It is perfectly harte renting tew see the females here in serch of natural protecktors. I kounted 16 yesterday in one pile, they awl sighed as I passed bi them, with down cast eyes. I felt sorry for them, but couldn't help them, for I am thoroughly marrid, and intend tew remain so. There iz two breezes here, a sea breeze and a Jersee breeze and I advise aul persons tew use the sea breeze for the other is so much up before it reaches here, that it soon uses up everybody after it gits here. Yesterday I went out krabbing and ketched a peck of them, they bite sideways, hang on like a dead hoss shoe, they make good vittles enuff, but they aint profitable tew eat, if you kount your time wuth enny-thing. The bathing iz luxurious, and the bathers resemble mermades, half men and half wimmen; they out dress in the choktaw kostom, and when they emerge from the water yu kant tell which is who, unless you ask them. There iz 21 hotels, and they are prinsipally bilt out doors, tew give the guests az much brinaqueous air az possible. The lodging rooms are small, but handy, each one haz a door tew them, and a looking glass on the wall, and two washboles and a towell.—Dinner is served at 2 o'clock, and opens with soup, and shuts up with huckleberry. The servants are generally black, but menny of them have lived so long amung the whites that they begin tew adopt our kuller. The beach, bi moonlite, is worthy ov a philosopher. Lovers meet here from all parts of the kuntry tew vow and sware, and menny a hart comes here tuff and hearty goes home smashed, and bleeding luv at every pour."

Mercantile Maxims.

The way to get credit is to be punctual. The way to preserve it is not to use it too much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust to no man's appearance—it is deceptive—perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exterior. Rogues unusually dress well. The rich are plain men. Trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned; make him pay quickly, if there be any virtue in the law. Be satisfied, before you give a credit, that those you give it to are safe men to be trusted. Sell your goods at a small advance, and never misrepresent them, or those who you once deceive will beware of you second time. Deal uprightly with all men, and they will repose confidence in you, and soon become your permanent customers. Beware of him who is an office seeker. Men do not usually want an office where there is anything to do. A man's affairs are rather low when he seeks office for support. Trust no stranger. Your goods are better than doubtful charges. What is character worth, if you make it cheap, crediting all alike? Agree beforehand with every man about to do a job, and if large, put it into writing. If any decline then, quit—or be cheated. Though you want a job ever so much, make all sure at the onset; and in cases at all doubtful make sure of a guarantee. Be not afraid to ask it, it is the best of responsibility, for if offence be taken, you have escaped a loss.

Origin of the Floating Icebergs in the Atlantic.

The valleys of Greenland are all filled with glaciers, of which some have an enormous extent. They are always in motion, sliding downward like rivers of nearly solid matter, which have their outlet in the sea, only their motion is exceedingly slow, not exceeding about 100 feet for the whole summer season. The lower extremities of these glaciers, reaching the ocean, are buoyed up by the deep water, and then are broken off from the rest of the mass, when they slowly drift away to the South. They sometimes have an extent of several miles, and are really mountains of ice—icebergs—of which about seven-eighths is in water and less than one-eigth exposed above the surface. These floating ice-mountains often carry enormous blocks of rock, torn from the mountain side along which they have moved, and drop those rocks when and where the iceberg is finally lost. In this way geologists explain how boulders and erratic rocks happen to be found where there are no similar formations—namely, by icebergs, at a time before the present surface of the continents were upheaved from the depths of the ocean. It is known that this is one of Agassiz's favorite theories; he supposes that the whole earth was covered with glaciers.

How to Avoid Calumny.—"If one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he hath truth on his side, and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee." When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ah," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato, being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said "I shall live so that none will believe them." Hearing at another time that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him, he said "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest, as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny.

The Breath.—In a life of fifty years a man makes upwards of five hundred millions of respirations, drawing through his lungs one hundred and seventytons weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons of deleterious carbonic acid; and a quantity of ten cubic feet of air per minute is required to supply him with the amount of oxygen necessary for the performance of this function, while the constant change of the atmosphere is evidently imperative to get rid of the products of respiration and the effluvia from the body.

—Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry, the wreck of health may be repaired by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness, even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, and stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of a wasted life?

—There are three thousand six hundred and sixty-four known languages now used in the world. Of these, nine hundred and thirty-seven are Asiatic; five hundred and eighty-seven European; two hundred and seventy-six African; and one thousand six hundred and twenty-four American languages and dialects.

—Buy fair, sell fair, and love the fair. By so doing, you will stand a fair chance of leading a fair life.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

The Mystery.

Two darkies had bought a mess of pork in partnership, but Sam having no place to put his portion in, consented to entrust the whole to Julius' keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam said:

"Good-morning, Julius, anything happen strange or mysterious down in your vicinity, lately?"

"Yass, Sam, most strange thing happen at my house yesterlastnight. All mystery, all mystery to me."

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I tole you now. Dis mornin' I went down in de cellar to get a piece ob hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and I put my hand down in de brine an' felt round, but no pork dere—all gone. couldn't tell what bewent with it; so I turned up de barl' an' Sam true as preehin de rats had eat a hole clare froo de bottom ob de barl', and dragged de pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said—

"Why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dats de mystery—dats de mystery!"

Rustic Courtship.

I hitched my cheer up close to hern, shet my eyes, and shudderin'ly sed:

"Sally, I've bin a hankerin' arter you for a long time—that's so! I love you from the foot of your sole to the head of your crown, and I don't keer who nose it. E pluribus onions!"

With that she fetched a serceeh, and arter a while she sez:

"Uriah!"

"Sally," sez I.

"Yes," sez she, a hidin' of her face.

"Glory! ga-lory!" sez I, "I kin jump a ten-rail fence. Hooray—hooray!"

And with that I sorter sloshed myself down by her and clinched. Talk about yer nightbloomin' serious! Oh, my!—Oh, broomstraw with sorgum lasses on em! of Sally's daddy hadent hollered out—'It's time for all decent folks to be in bed,' I do believe I'd stayed all nite.

—A Welsh girl once applied to a clergyman to be married. The clergyman asked her what property her husband possessed. The answer was:

'Nothing!"

'And are you not better off?' he asked.

The reply was in the negative.

'Then, why in the name of common sense do you dare to marry?'

'Your reverence,' said the girl, 'I have a blanket, and Jack has a blanket; by putting them together we shall both be gainers.'

The clergyman had nothing more to say.

—'Now, gents,' said a Yankee one day at dinner, 'guess I'll show you somethin' that no critter in this room ever seed afore, and not a critter livin ever will see agin, D'ye bet?'

The bet was made, and the Yankee took a nut off the dessert plate, and cracking it, held up the kernel between his fingers and thumb.

'Now, gents, I calculate none of yer ever seed that kernel afore, and (swallowing it) I guess you'll never see it again. Please fork over.'

—An old minister, while one day pursuing his studies, was suddenly interrupted by his wife asking him the question—one which has puzzled the oldest divines—'do you think we shall know each other in heaven?' Without a moment's hesitation he replied,—

'To be sure we shall. Do you think we shall be bigger fools there than we are here?'

—A young lady school teacher of Indianapolis was, last Sunday, endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow. Just then a small boy asked—'Did he give milk?'

—To plunge a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary birds, a half dozen moonbeams, fifteen yards of silk, an ice cream, several rose buds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she won't melt, it will because she can't

—A gentleman, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said, 'You have all heard of a man drowning—how does that happen?' The ready answer was, 'Cause he can't swim.'

—An elderly maiden, who had suffered some disappointment, thus defines the human race:—Man: a conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco, smoke, confusion, conceit, and boots. Woman: the waiter, perforce, on the aforesaid animal.

Said a young fellow indignantly when called a boy,—

'Don't you call me a boy; I've chewed tobacco these six years.'

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