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J. MARION EMERSON,

Editor and Proprietor.

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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.

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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 Maryland.

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. [mr21

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.

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

F[illegible]'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWERS

ALBURGER'S.

Poetry.

The Heart's Guests.

When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day—
There we shall sit and ponder
On the dim and shadowy past;
Within the heart's still chamber
The guests will gather fast.

The friends in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
Again to hold communion
As in the days of yore.
They may be stern and sombre,
They may be young and fair,
But the heart will have its chamber,
The guests shall gather there.

How shall it be, my sisters?
Who, then, shall be our guests?
How shall it be, my brothers?
When life's shadows on us rest?
Shall we not 'midst the silence,
In accents soft and low,
[illegible]
And words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that still chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold,—
When age has cast its shadows
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day.

"PLAYED AWAY HIS HOME."

"I am sorry to hear that William Jackson intends opening a billiard saloon here,' said one of my neighbors, as his family rose from the dinner-table.

"Why, father," said a bright looking young man, "billiards is a beautiful game, and, I think, a very gentlemanly one—I shall be glad to have the opportunity of learning. Will will keep a very respectable saloon, and will not allow the common run of loafers at his table."

"I know it is called a beautiful game and a gentlemanly game, James," said his father, "but it is a very fascinating game, and even if no betting or gambling or urinking is allowed there, I hope you will never learn to play. I can tell you a sad story which I know to be true showing the danger of first steps. In my native town, one of the quietest of our New England villages, a would be enterprising young man, who wished to introduce a few city customs among our people, opened a billiard saloon in the basement of a large store, had good tables, and intended keeping a very respectable, quiet place where the gentlemanly game might be played without molestation.

"A friend of mine, George W—, had a great desire to learn the game. He was a young lawyer of some ability, had a most excellent wife, three little children, and though not at all rich, by constant industry earned a very comfortable support for his family. When his wife first learned that the saloon had been opened, she entreated him not to learn the game; 'you cannot afford either the time or the money, George,' she said; if you have any leisure, do let your family have the benefit of it.

"But George paid no heed to his wife's entreaties; he began by slipping into the saloon when no one was round, and would play one or two games a day, and then quit. Finally, every evening was spent there, and in less than ten years that man had PLAYED AWAY HIS HOME AT EIGHTEEN PENCE A GAME, and yet he neither gambled nor drank to an excess.

"One can hardly realize how great the fascination was to him, and how easily he yielded. Business, of course, dropped off, at first gradually, for often he could not be found in his office, and his clients did not care to follow him to the billiard saloon; family expenses of course went on, money paying out all the time and none coming in. By-and-by, to raise money, he mortgaged his office, and then his law books This eased matters for a while, but he did not take warning; then his house, the home of his wife and children, was mortgaged and finally sold to pay his debts. He went on; became a miserable, worthless fellow, the victim of a billiard saloon, and in a short time died a wretched death, 'without hope and without God' in this world or the next.

"Will not God require of him, or of any of us, to give Him an account of time [illegible] ing in this so called 'gentlemanly game?' Do not many play away their homes, and play away their own souls and hope of hereafter, as did my infatuated friend George W—?"

"Father," said the young man, with tears in his eyes, "I thank you for this lesson. By God's help I will not yield to the infatuation, I will never learn to play the game of billiards."

USE OF BOOKS.—We should read books not to quote them, but to strengthen our intellects and suggest thoughts of our own. We fatten a sheep with grass, not to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but that he may feed us with mutton and clothe us with wool.

BE just, but trust not every one.

BUTTER MAKING.

We give the annexed article on butter making, prepared we believed, by a Chenango county, N. Y, dairyman:

To make fine, high flavored butter requires a very nice process, one which, in reality, but few, in comparison with the number engaged in the business, carry out in its manufacture. Nice butter is a dainty luxury, which most of us appreciate; I will not say all, for if all did, I am sure there would not be much poor butter found in our markets. Probably not one-fourth of all the butter that goes to market is of a prime, high order; and to this fact must be attributed the exceeding high price we get for our prime butter, and in turn, the high price has a tendency to raise the price of the poorer grades; so that in consequence of there being so much poor butter, we have to pay too much for good, and, as will be seen, too much for the poor. Now, if all our butter was prime, we should have neither the high nor the low-priced, but a mean between the two. To make butter in its highest state of perfection, many things are to be considered [illegible] be succeed with great care, & well cared for winter and summer. The field which they graze in should not be too high, neither too low; if too high there is not so much heart in the grass; it is apt to be poor and stinted, and too wearisome for the cows to travel over. If too low and wet, the grass is flashy and the milk will be too many parts water. Warm, dry lands are the best for the dairy purposes; yet low lands are very beneficial during the dry seasons. Cows will do better not to change them from one field to another unless from a day to a night pasture. Cold water and cool, dry cellars, or milk-houses, are necessary.—Close attention must be paid to the milk that it does not stand too long, and milk things must be scalded daily. Strain the milk all together in a tin vessel sufficiently large to contain one milking, and stir the milk a little before putting it into pans or pails. The milk of some cows is very rich, while the milk of others is very poor, consequently the latter will sour first; and some will be very yellow, while others is very light colored; hence we readily discover the necessity of straining [illegible] color, and changed at the same time, and it will make enough more butter to pay the trouble. Set the milk in a cool place, and whether in milk house or cellar, fresh air must be supplied in the cool of the day.

As soon as the milk changes a little, or even before, pour off the cream, and about one-half of the milk, into the churn or tin vessels at night, when it can be done without injury to the cream, as early in the morning is the best time for churning. The cream should be well stirred together on putting into vessels or churns, and, in ordinary weather, may stand a few hours before churning. It is necessary indeed that the churns should be kept perfectly sweet; and to do this effectually, they should not be made of soft wood, but of the best of oak The flavor of butter is often injured by cream standing too long in bad churns, and not know the cause of it. A wire screen should be used to cover the cream in the churns instead of the lid, as the exclusion of the air has a tendency to make the butter taste of the churn. The temperature of the cream for churning depends somewhat on where the churning is done. Sixty-two is about right in summer, and in cold weather sixty-four or five. If the cream is too warm reduce the temperature with cold water, and if too cold raise the temperature by heating the vessels containing the cream in hot water; by no means put the hot water into the cream. Pour in plenty of cold water while the butter is gathering. The butter should be washed perfectly clear of butter-milk before salting. Ashton salt is the best for butter. It should not be salted sufficiently at the first working; by a handful, say, to ten or fifteen pounds.—After working the salt through the butter properly let it remain in the house till the next morning; work it over again, at the same time adding a little more salt, and it is ready for packing in the firkin, which should not hold over eighty pounds, to suit the market. The salt that is put in the last time of working, will dissolve after it is packed in the firkin, and instead of the butter sticking to the trier, a nice, clear sweat will rest on the back of the same, which pleases the buyer exceedingly [illegible] at the same time as tasting, "That is right, good enough to eat with our warm biscuit and honey."

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.—Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, fleeing from all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty years will take good care of you.

Sheridan at Home.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes a pleasant sketch of a visit to the house of the Sheridan family in Somerset Ohio. The family now consists of the father and mother, P. H Sheridan, John L. Sheridan, Michael V Sheridan, and the daughter and sister, Mary, who about two years since, was married to Capt. John Wilson, who is a native of Perry county, but served through the war in a Michigan regiment. Mary is the only daughter, and since her marriage she and her husband live in the house with her parents. John Sheridan, father of the General, is apparently about sixty-five years of age, of sanguine temperament, a rugged, muscular, honest-looking Hibernian, and not afraid of work. He can be seen almost any time cultivating or improving the little farm of 20 acres that is now his care and pride.—John L. is a lawyer by profession, and has recently removed to Columbus, Ohio. Michael V. has a commission in the army, and is of duty at New Orleans.

Concerning Sheridan's youth, we quote [illegible]

"Philip H. Sheridan was born in the city of Albany, New York, in February, 1831. His parents are natives of Ireland, County of Kerry. Their oldest child Patrick, was also born in Ireland. About the year 1829 John Sheridan and wife, with their first born bid farewell to their native land and came to America, their adopted and chosen home. They first located at Albany, New York, where as before stated, Philip Sheridan was born. They resided here about 5 years. While Philip was very young his parents removed to somerset, Perry county, Ohio. The parents in quite limited circumstances, and Phil's early experiences was that of other boys similarly situated.—When the turnpike was being built thro' Somerset, Phil's father used to own and drive a cart. Men of Phil's age tell us that they have often seen him hanging on his father's cart, and once and a while he would get to drive, he would be highly delighted. Phil must have been regarded as a very very honest boy, for while very young in years he was taken by John Talbot, a hardware merchant to serve in his store. He served Mr. Talbot satisfactorily about two years. After leaving Mr. Talbot, the subject of our sketch went to stand in the store of D. Whitehead, a dry goods merchant of Somerset. Here we believe he remained until he was appointed a cadet at West Point. General Thomas Ritchie, a farmer, living five miles east of Somerset, had been elected to Congress for the district composed of Perry, Morgan and Washington. Mr. R. was a good judge of character. He was acquainted with young Sheridan; took a fancy to him, and proposed to send him to West Point.—Young Sheridan was willing, and his parents agreed to it. The lawyer who drew up the papers in the case told me they were not very sanguine that he would be accepted, on account of his size. He was very small for his age. But he was duly accepted, and took his place as an humble student at this great military school. In due course of time he graduated, received an appointment and was placed on duty west of the Rocky Mountains.—Here, in some encounter with the Indians he won and received his first promotion. There was much opportunity to achieve military distinction there; but at length the war come on, and his subsequent military career is well known. An incident is related by a friend that will give some little insight into his character as a boy. A travelling bookseller was stopping with his books at a hotel in Somerset. Philip Sheridan, then about 9 or 10 years of age, stepped up, and in a loud, clear, yet respectful tone, inquired; "Have you anything on the human voice?" The man had not the kind of book desired, but the inquiry was a little unusual for a boy of that age. We asked men of about the same age as Phil., and who knew him in Somerset when a boy, what they remembered of him, and the general reply is that they remember him as a short-legged little boy, who could run or jump in the dust or mud equal to any boy of the town; that he was a manly little fellow, an inveterate talker, and as "sharp as there was any use of" The talking part, as we all know Phil. has left off He must have said it nearly all when he was a boy.

THE OTHER SIDE.—Once in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said:

"Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill; now, mother, who took her on the other side?"

"On the other side of what, Alice?"

"On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side, mother; she was so little she could not go alone?"

"Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children into His arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

DESPISE not any man's condition.

Be Kind to the Old.

We know not the author of the subjoined article, but specially commend it to our youthful readers:

O, be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what sufferings they have endured, how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous and unreasonable? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them—rebuke them not, for, doubtless, many and severe have been the crosses and trials of earlier years; and, perchance, their dispositions, while in the "spring time of life," were more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? Then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others that now thou renderest unto them.

Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thy hand; lest, when age has set its seal upon thy brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, [illegible] may be found those who will wait on thee unwillingly, and who will feel relieved when the coffin lid has covered thy face forever. The old must soon pass from this to another world. Is it a world of bliss? Then, though they may have much to cheer them through the remnant of their earthly existence, be kind, very kind, to them, for they have many sorrows to endure, before they seek the abodes of happiness; have yet to pass through 'the valley and shadow of death.' Is it a world of woe to which they are hastening? Have they no hope of heaven? Then be doubly cautious how thou addest a single drop to the cup already full; for surely they have enough to bear, if their prospects for both time and eternity are shrouded in gloom.

The Number Three.

When the world was created, we find land, water and sky; sun, moon and stars; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb; Peter denied his Saviour thrice—There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednego were secured from the flames of the furnace. The ten commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days. Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S.—"in hoc signo." There are three conditions for man—the earth, heaven and hell. There is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there were three graces; Cerberus with his three heads; Neptune holding his three-toothed staff; the oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod: and the nine muses sprang from three. In nature we have male, female and offspring; morning, noon and night; trees group their leaves in threes; there is the three leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a ground swell. We have fish, flesh and fowl. The majority of mankind die at thirty-three.—What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable. It is a common phrase that three is a lucky number.

A Story to Swearers.

A gentleman once heard a laboring man swear dreadfully in the presence of a number of his companions. He told him it was a cowardly thing to swear so in company, when he dared not do it by himself. The man said he was not afraid to swear at any time or any place.

"I'll give you ten dollars," said the gentleman, "if you will go into the village churchyard, at 12 o'clock to-night, and swear the same oaths which you have uttered here, when you are alone with your God."

"Agreed," says the man, "'tis an easy way of earning ten dollars."

"Well, you come to me to-morrow and say you have done it and the money is yours."

The time passed on; midnight came.—The man went to the grave yard. It was a night of pitchy darkness. As he entered the graveyard, not a sound was heard; all was still as death. Then the gentleman's words, "alone with God," came over him with a wonderful power. The thought of wickedness he had committed, and what he came there to do, darted through his mind like a flash of lightning. He trembled at his folly. Afraid to take another step, he fell upon his knees, and instead of the dreadful oaths he came to utter, the earnest cry went up, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The next day he went to the gentleman and thanked him for what he had done, and said he had resolved not to swear another oath as long as he lived.—*Miss Barber's Weekly.*

Phunnygraphic.

The Yankee Peddler.

There is a sheriff residing in Illinois, who was taken in and done for on one occasion, He made it a prominent part of his business to ferret out and punish peddlers for travelling in the State without a license; but one morning he met his match in the person of a genuine Yankee peddler.

"What have you got to sell—anything?' asked the sheriff.

"Yaas, sartin; what d'ye want? Got razers fust; that's an article you need, Squire, by the looks of your baird. Got blackin', too; 'twill make them old boots of yourn shine so't you kin shave in 'em almost. I've got Balm of Ciumby, too, only a dollar a bottle; good for the h'ar, and assisten poor human natur, as the poet says.'

And so he rattled on. At length the sheriff bought a bottle of the balm of Columby whether he wanted anything else, that functionary replied that he did—he wanted to see the Yankee's license for peddling in the State of Illinois, that being his duty as sheriff.

The Yankee showed him a document fixed up good and strong, in black and white. The sheriff looked at it and pronounced it all right. Then handing the bottle back to the peddler, he said,—

"I don't think, now that I've bought this blamed stuff, that I shall ever want it. I reckon I might as well sell it back to you again. What will you give for it?'

"Oh, the darn stuff is no use to me; but seein' it's you, sheriff, I'll give you twenty-five cents for it.'

The Sheriff handed over the bottle at this large discount from his own purchase, and received his change.

"Now,' said the peddler, "I've got a question to you. Have you got any peddler's license anywhere about your trowsers?'

"No, I haven't any use for the article myself,' replied the Sheriff.

"Hain't, eh? Wal, I guess we'll see about that pooty darn soon. Ef I understand the law, it's a clean case that you've been hawkin' and tradin' with me—offering the Balm of Columby on the highway. I'll inform on you darn'd if I don't now!'

The Yank was as good as his word.—When he reached the next village he made his complaint, and the sheriff was fined eight hundred dollars for selling without a license.

He was afterwards heard to say that you might as well try to hold a greasy eel as a live Yankee.

—A Kentucky editor makes the following statement:—"Our stock of paper has fizzled out, or nearly so; our paper maker is in a state of suspension, or ought to be; the 'small fry' are after a holliday, or will be; and the editor is *tight*, or may be before another supply of paper is obtained; hence we publish a half sheet instead of a whole one, and exclude therefrom everything except necessary news, nonsense, and new advertisements.'

A BASHFUL young man escorted an equally bashful young lady home. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel she said, entreatingly:

"Jehiel, don't you tell anybody you beaued me home.'

"Sara,' said he emphatically, "don't you mind; I'm as much ashamed of it as you are.'

—A forlorn fellow thus says plaintively: 'When Sally's arms her dog imprison, I always wish my neck was his'n; how often would I stop and turn, to get a pat from a hand like her'n; and when she kisses Towser's nose, oh! don't I wish I were those.

AN Ohio editor refused to speak to the toast, "Woman," saying that woman is able to speak for herself, and any man who undertakes to do it for her will get into trouble. Sensible!

"PA, I know why that old-fashioned pistol of yourn, that grandpa fit with in the Revolution, is called a horse pistol.'

"Why, my son?'

"Because it kicks so.'

—The following is a copy of the sign upon an academy for teaching youth in one of the Western States: "Freeman and Hugs. *Freeman teaches the boys, and hugs the girls.*

—A sailor, in attempting to kiss a pretty girl, got a violent box on his ear.

"There,' he exclaimed, 'just my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs.'

"MY dear doctor,' said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes.'

—An editor, puffing air-tight coffins, says: "No person, having once tried one of these coffins, will ever use any other."

—President Johnson is now in possession of two B's—Old Blair and Jerry Black.

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