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...of Current News, Literature, Poetry, Agriculture and Local Affairs.

DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1870. NO. 23.

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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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Medical Card.

DR. J. A. BOOTH has returned to Denton, and offers his professional services to the public. When not professionally engaged, he may be found at his drug store. [jan25-tf.

GEO. H. 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. jan1-y

ROBT. J. JUMP. WM. S. RIDGELY.

JUMP & RIDGELY,

ATTORNIES AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [ja16-y

J. SMITHERS,

DENTIST,

Denton, Md.,

Will Visit Greensboro' every Saturday and Federalsburg every Wednesday.

Teeth extracted without pain by Nitrous Oxide Gas. Particular attention given to regulating and preserving children's teeth.

Teeth filled, cleaned and artificial teeth inserted to the satisfaction of the patron. Patronage solicited.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Office—Room occupied by Dr. Stack. [aply

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. MYERS,

PRACTICAL

Watch and Clock Maker,

SILVERSMITH,

JEWELLER, &c.,

DENTON, Md.

BUY YOUR HARNESS

FROM THE SUBSCRIBER

IN GREENSBOROUGH

IF YOU WANT GOOD HARNESS,

AT A VERY LOW PRICE

J. P. FIEROE.

J. W. LOCKERMAN.

AUCTIONEER,

FEDERALSBURG, MD.,

Has been out license as auctioneer, is prepared to cell sales at auction in Caroline, Talbot and Dorchester counties. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. [je10-1y

MILLINERY.

Mrs. R. A. SISK

Has Just Opened a Full Stock of

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

Of the very Latest Fashions,

Come and See. [oc20-y.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

Fall and Winter Millinery.

MRS. N. A. HUTSON

Having just returned from the city with a fine stock and assortment of MILLINERY GOODS, is prepared to supply the demands of the ladies of Denton and vicinity, at reasonable rates.—Place of business—her residence on Gay street, directly back of Mr. Ed. Pritchett's Cabinet Shop, Denton. [oct27-tf.

The Great Choptank

HOTEL,

ALEX. STEWART, Pro'pr.

DENTON, MD.

Is now open to the accommodation of the public. No pains will be spared to give general satisfaction.

Comfortable stables and a No. 1 ostler.

Opposite the Court House.

ja14-y.

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY EXECUTED

AT THIS OFFICE.

Our Loved Ones Never Die.

They live, the loved companions of the heart,
Though hidden from our view,
And oft the blessings that their smiles impart
Our faltering steps pursue.

We feel their presence as a living light
About our pathway shed;
And oft we hold, in watches of the night,
Communion with the dead.

Our dead! we call them so, forgetting
Our loved ones never die,
But live where love, no buried hopes regretting,
Looks on a cloudless sky.

They weave about our hearts a golden chain;
They beckon us, with shining hands, to come
Unterrified across death's dusky main,
And give us promise of a better home.

They whisper peace to us when grief and pain
Call the wild tempest of our passions forth;
They sing to us a sweetly soothing strain,
And teach us lessons of divinest worth.

We're ne'er alone. In sorrow's darkest hour
They walk with us and whisper loving words
That drop into our hearts with soothing power,
Waking to music its most silvery chords.

There is no winter in their friendship dear;
No dreary autumn to our hearts they bring;
Though flowers of summer fade and wither here,
Their love knows only a perpetual spring.

It buds and blossoms on the tree of life,
And heavenly zephyrs bear its breath away
To where we wander on the shores of strife,
And we look up and greet the perfumed day.

They walk with us, the loved of other days,
Unseen, it may be, by our mortal sight;
They tread the airy paths where morning strays,
And talk with us in dreams by day and night.

Why should we droop, then, 'neath our load of care?
Or falter in the path we're called to tread?
Have we not strength the heavy cross to bear?
With such high fellowship, what need we dread?

SHE WAS ONLY A SHOP GIRL.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Gloves, sir? Yes, sir. What number?"

The words fell with a tired little sigh from the lips of the young girl who stood behind the counter, and caused Douglas Lennox to take a second look into the sweet face, and dark grey eyes which met his for the first time.

Bending over the box of gloves which she had taken down for his inspection, the young girl sighed again, and Douglas hastily rose from the stool upon which he had lazily dropped.

"I am ashamed to sit when you are standing," he said; "I am sure you must be very tired. Are you not?"

That young girl would have refused to notice a remark from most strangers, upon any subject except their purchases, but there are some people we instinctively feel we can trust, and Douglas Lennox's kind voice and frank, honest face, effectually disarmed resentment. She looked up and said:

"Rather tired. I have been on my feet all day," and the faint smile which dimpled the corners of her mouth, added, in the young man's eyes, to the winning beauty of her face.

"But surely you can sit down when you have a spare moment!" he said, somewhat indignantly.

The young girl shook her head. "No, not in business hours."

"It is a shame," said Douglas, "I have heard that such abominations existed in our city, but I never really believed it."

"It is allowed in some stores," said the young lady.

"Then why do you not leave your place here, and go to such one?" asked Douglas.

She gave another faint smile. "If you had been a shop girl for four years, and knew the difficulty of getting a situation, you would not ask that question." Then hastily pushing a second box of gloves towards him, she added, in a lower tone:

"Mr. Sheldon is coming this way. I should lose my place here if he heard what I said. Please look at the gloves."

And Douglas, not stopping to examine whether he got the number he wanted or not quickly selected two or three pairs, paid for them and left the store.

But he carried with him the image of the sweet-faced shop girl, and it haunted him, unaccountably, all day.

"Poor little tired thing!" he said pityingly, "I wish she were my sister, and then she needn't work so hard."

Once or twice he curled his haughty lip at the idea of himself, the aristocratic Douglas Lennox, who was sole master of a handsome place upon the Delaware, who counted his money by thousands, and who had been for several seasons the lawful prey of all managing mammas and matrimonially-inclined daughters in "society," should be wasting so many thoughts on a little shop girl!

But if he was aristocratic, Lennox was also Democratic, and had no false notions about the disgrace of labor. The little shop girl held the same claim to honor in his mind that she would have held had she been a queen.

And when, rather early next morning, he took his way to the same store, Douglas acknowledged to himself that his purchase was merely an excuse, and his real object an honest interest in, and a warm desire to see again, the winning face which had haunted him since yesterday.

That she recognized him Douglas felt sure from the faint, sweet smile, which again dimpled the corners of her small mouth.—But he said nothing except about the goods. He looked at her, however, with an earnest glance of honest admiration, and when, in making the change, her soft hand accidentally touched his, it sent a thrill through his whole frame.

"Whew!" he said to himself, lifting his hat, and drawing a free breath as he left the store. "Douglas Lennox, I believe in my soul you're captivated at last! And that, too, by a little shop girl whose name you don't even know! Wonder what sister Bel would say!" And as he thought of his stylish sister entering that very store, and perhaps trading with that very little girl, entirely unconscious that her brother's eye had ever rested admiringly on the sweet face, Douglas laughed aloud.

Well, after the little speech he made as he left the store, I think you can imagine about what followed. It was astonishing how many little purchases Douglas found he could not do without, in the next few weeks. And from dropping in at any store he happened to pass, he only went to one particular store. And if it so happened that he was waited on by any other than one particular clerk, he had the blues all day in consequence.

How earnestly he longed to learn her name nobody knew but himself. He dared not ask her, and he did not know how else he should learn. But "fortune favors the brave," you know, so one morning, while he was busily selecting some cambric handkerchiefs from a box, the proprietor of the store came up and addressed her, calling her "Miss Romer."

Douglas flashed a quick, pleased glance at her, and the color deepened on the young girl's cheek as she met it with her eye.

"Miss Romer," he repeated. "I am glad I have learned your name, because you reminded me of my sister." (Oh, Douglass! it wasn't because she looked like her then!)

"I have no sisters, or brothers either," said she, sadly.

"Have you not?" said Lennox, pityingly. "I should be very lonely without mine, though I have but one sister. Now that I have learned your name, may I tell you mine?"

"If you please," said Miss Romer.

"It is Douglas Lennox, at your service.—Please consider the owner your friend, Miss Romer," said the young man so gravely and kindly that she could not be offended.

"Thank you," she said, simply. Then, pushing the box of handkerchiefs near him, added, "Do these please you?"

Douglas was very quick to take the gentle reminders which she sometimes gave him that he was prolonging his stay, so he turned his attention to the handkerchiefs.

It chanced that Miss Romer still let her hand rest upon the edge of the box. It was a very small, white hand, with little dimples at the joints, and pink, shell-like nails; and Lennox, who was a passionate admirer of pretty hands, longed to clasp them in his own, and press them to his lips. But he was a chivalrous gentleman, and would no more have taken any liberty with the humble shop girl than with the highest lady in the land.

About this time Douglas took to early morning walks, which generally led down Chestnut street. Whether the fact that he occasionally met Miss Romer on her way to the store, and once or twice walked with her, had anything to do with the matter or not I can't say. But after such occasions I do know that the spirits of Mr. Douglas Lennox improved considerably.

One Sunday afternoon, near sunset, Douglas left a lively circle in his sister's parlor, and went out for a quiet walk by himself.—He entered one of the parks, and was strolling through the sunny, green paths, when his heart gave a quick bound at the sight of a trim little figure in blue, resting upon one of the shady seats. For a moment he hesitated, then he crossed over and spoke.

"Good evening, Miss Romer."

Mis Romer rose with the lady-like grace which had long ago told Douglas that she was used to cultivated society, and returned his salutation. And then they sat down together, and yielding to the calm Sabbath evening influences, they fell into a quiet talk naturally as if they had been old acquaintances.

They talked of themselves, and Miss Romer told Douglas that her home had been in New Haven, and her father a gentleman of means, who had lavished upon her, his only child, every advantage which money and taste could procure. She told him of the death of her father and mother in a single week, and how her father's estate proved involved, and left her penniless and alone.

She told him how she had sought for some means by which to support herself, and how she had finally obtained her situation in Mr. Sheldon's store and kept herself in comfort.

And Douglas told her that he, too, was an orphan, only himself and Bel left; but he touched very lightly on the wealth that was his, least he should give her pain.

While they talked, Miss Romer dropped her fan, and Douglas, picking it up, saw written upon the plain, ivory handle the name, "Helen Romer."

"Helen was my mother's name," he said reverently.

"Was it? It is mine, too," said Miss Romer in pleased surprise.

"I am glad it is yours," said Douglas.—And he fell to thinking how often he had written his mother's name, "Helon Lennox," and how much he would like to write it with an "R." between the names.

They sat very still a little while, hardly talking at all, and forgetting the lateness of the hour until the gleam of the sea-lamps close by startled Miss Romer.

She hastily rose, saying, "I did not know it was so late. I must go home at once."

Douglas rose, too, saying, "May I accompany you?"

She hesitated a moment, her color came and went, and then she said, looking up with a pleading glance, "I had rather you did not, Mr. Lennox."

Douglas flushed then, but he asked gently, "Will you tell me why?"

Helen was silent, the crimson deepening in her fair face, and presently Douglas repeated his demand in a firmer tone. "Please tell me why, Miss Romer.

"Because, Mr. Lennox, a young girl in my position cannot have the friendship of a gentleman in yours without—without—" she hesitated and could not go on.

"Without making herself a mark for idle and thoughtless tongues, I suppose you mean?" asked Douglas with a dash of bitterness in his tone.

She bowed her head in assent.

Douglas quickly asked another question, "Miss Romer, I have sought your society a good many times lately. Have I been the cause of any such pain to you?"

Helen seemed deeply agitated, and did not reply until the young man said entreatingly, "Tell me, Miss Romer."

"A little," she answered, falteringly, then once more looking up at him with a pleading glance which touched his heart, she added, "But I know you did not intend it, and I have been trying all the evening to get courage to tell you that when we part here, it had better be for good."

The young man's resolution was instantly taken.

You shall not tell me any such thing, for I do not mean to part with you at all. I understand what you mean, and I would rather give my right hand—yes, my life—rather than injure you. But I suppose even a shop girl may have an honest lover, a husband and a home. Miss Romer—Helen—if I offer you these, will you accept them?"

Helen Romer trembled so that she was obliged to sit down again. "You cannot mean it," she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Lennox, don't trifle with me!"

Douglas sat down beside her, and took in his own one of the little hands he had longed so to hold and caress. "God knows I would not trifle with you, dear girl," he said solemnly; "and He knows I *do* mean it as I never meant anything in my life before. I have loved you, Helen—let me call you so—ever since the first time I noticed you in the store, and I have longed to take you away from your toil, and surround you with luxury. I am able to do this, Helen, for I am wealthy, though I would not tell you so before."

"And I am only a poor girl, with nothing to offer in return," said Helen, softly.

"Nothing! You have the most precious possession that ever comes to a man in the world—you have a woman's heart, my darling! Will you give me that?"

And Helen, blushing deeply, but brave and fearless in her confidence in him, raised her clear eyes to his, and answered:

"If you will take it, Mr. Lennox."

And Lennox, too deeply moved to speak, drew her close to his heart, as they sat in the thick shadow, and pressed his first kiss upon her lips.

Helen's days of wearying toil were over, but she never forgot, while reigning queen of her husband's princely home, how his love sought her out when she was "only a shop girl."

And many a young girl who stood in her former position found a true friend and ready helper in the beautiful and petted wife of Douglas Lennox.

Earl Fitzwilliam and the Honest Farmer.

A farmer called on the the Earl Fitzwilliam to represent to him that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had during the winter very frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustainsd I will repay you!" The farmer replied, that anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty pounds would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest, however approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled the wheat was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said; "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is most promising, and I have therefore brought the fifty pounds back again."—"Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for one hundred pounds saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which to admire most, the honesty of the farmer on the one hand, or on the other, the benevolence and the wisdom displayed by the illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

THE VICTIM OF EXPERIMENTS.—The dog has ever been the miserable victim of most cruel experiments by the anatomist and philosopher, and when a tax was laid on his head, a general massacre of the species took place. Every one has observed that dogs, before they lie down, turn themselves round and round several times. Those who have had an opportunity of witnessing the action of animals in a wild state, know that they seek long grass for their beds, which they beat down and render more commodious by turning around in it several times. It would appear, therefore, that the habit of our domestic dogs in this respect is derived from the nature of the same species in a wild state. This is a curious fact, and serves to prove how the instinctive habits of wild animals are retained by their domesticated progeny.

CHRISTIANITY requires us to do good to men, to make them happy; to conceal their faults, to publish their excellences, to rejoice in their prosperity, and sympathize in their troubles, and, in all things, to treat them as we should, in like circumstances, desire ourselves to be treated.

Hopes and disappointments are the lot and entertainment of human life; the one serves to keep us from presumption, the other from despair.

BETTER to be surprised for too anxious apprehensions, than to be ruined by too confident a security.

Steam on Common Roads.

We have heretofore given an account of the steam engine invented by Mr. R. W. Thomas, of Edinburgh, for use on common roads. The experiment has been tried before, but has not been commercially successful. Attempts were made to realize it long before the introduction of railroads, but the great weight of the carriage caused the wheels to sink into some sorts of roads and to slip on others. It is claimed that the invention of Mr. Thomas has accomplished the desideratum of practical use. It will be remembered that in this engine "the tires are made of bands of vulcanized India rubber, about a foot wide and six inches thick. This soft and elastic material carries the weight of the steamer (about four and a half tons) without injury. The wheels do not sink into the road, and they pass over the surface stones without crushing them. Like many useful inventions, these tires closely resemble, if they were not directly suggested by, natural objects designed for a like purpose. The feet of the elephant and camel, as is well known, have soft cushions which are much less damaged by hard roads than solid hoofs are.—Mr. Thomas' carriage floats, as it were, on its flexible supports, neither sinking nor crushing as it proceeds, and consequently requiring far less power to propel it than if it had rigid tires. Experiment has shown, in truth, that it demands scarcely any more power for soft or loose roads than for well-paved streets. Among the performances of this engine, it drew a large wagon, weighing, with its load of flour, ten tons, up a steep lane, full of holes and ruts, and rising with a gradient of one in twenty. There is no jar in riding on the vehicle, and the sensation is described as being like driving over a smooth, soft lawn. After being in use for some time there was not the least appearance of wear on the surface of the tires. It ran with ease and security over fields where there were no roads, even when the surface was quite rough. This engine was built in 1867, and has been taken to Japan to be used for drawing trains of wagons between two ports."

It is stated that the results of experiments with this invention have been verified by scientific authorities, and that they go to show that this machine, or one constructed on the same principles, is what is best adapted to the vast plains in the United States west of the Mississippi river. In all thinly settled and level districts they would prove of great help to communication. A country like that west of the Mississippi, presenting vast spaces of such a character, with little stone or low timber, offers the exact advantages for such a method of transit. If it can be secured, it will meet a great demand in that section for lines of communication traversing the great trunk railroads, where steam carriages can be employed without incurring the cost of rails. The frequent experiments to produce steam vehicles which can travel on common roads indicate the want that is felt for some system where steam may be used without involving the outlay for rails and sleepers, excavations and embankments, and supersede horse flesh at least upon cross roads and those which are tributary to the great trunk railroads.

A Lump of Brown Sugar.

Do you eat brown sugar because it is cheaper? If you do, buy a microscope, and examine a lump of the next you take home. "Astonishment" will be hardly the word to express the feelings you will have at the result. Lest you may not get the microscope, allow us to describe what you can see. Under a powerful glass, there will seen myriads of horrible monsters as large as beetles, and having the appearance of crabs.—Four dreadful legs, with clawpincers at the ends of them, jointed in four parts as with armor, and bristling with sharp-pointed spears, are in front of the monster, and his head has a long pyramidal form in two joints, with five finger tips at the terminus where the mouth should be. The body is oval-shaped, and marked almost exactly like that of a crab, only upon the rims of an inner circle upon the back there are twelve more of those long, sharp spears, with two at the tail, and four snake-like tentacula, exceedingly fine in the articulation, and no doubt intended, like puss's whiskers, to be feelers, to warn the animal of danger. The reverse side shows the ugliness of the beast even more than the obverse; but it also shows the wondrous mechanical genius of the maker of it. Each limb is provided with a mass of muscle at the base of it, which gives the impression of immense power, and over the muscle there is a case of armor through which it shows. These creatures are eager, restive, and ravenous; always falling foul of each other, or attacking great lumps of sugar, as large in reality as a mathematical point. With the pincers attached to the end of each proboscis they take hold of and tear each other, repeating in their small way the enormous tragedies of Tennysons' primal monsters. A spoonful of this raw, coarse sugar was dissolved in about three times the quantity of water, when, as with a conjuror's rod, animalcules sprang to the surface and floated there, swimming about and down, like the beasts that wriggle in soft water tubs, and finally turn into mosquitos.—They can be seen with the naked eye, but not in their entire hideousness. It has been proved that in every pound of unrefined, raw sugar, there are one hundred thousand of these acari.

WHEN you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellencies which command attention and respect.

EVERY MAN ought to endeavor at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself; and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

ALL men in their hearts covet esteem, yet are loth that any one should discover their fondness of being esteemed; because men would pass for virtuous, that they may draw some other advantage from it besides virtue itself.

Gleanings.

A roaring trade—Keeping a menagerie.

Beauty, unaccompanied by virtue, is a flower without perfume.

"He-winks-at-the-sky" is the name of a famous western brave. He generally writes it H. W. A. T. Sky."

January promises to be prolific in high-life in New York weddings, and irrepressible. Brown expects to have his hands full.

George Eliot says; "Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter."

"Tom," said a man to his friend, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hand now-a-days." "Tom," answered the other, "I find it more difficult than dangerous."

Nebraska, not to be outdone in the way of queer girls, produces a damsel who speaks four languages, chews and smokes tobacco, plays the most difficult music on the piano, swears, dances superbly, and takes whiskey "straight."

It is five years since nitro-glycerine came into use. The one thousand seven hundred persons whom it has killed or maimed for life, and the millions of property which it has destroyed, may be styled recommendations of its efficiency.

The receipts at the Treasury are falling off considerably, in consequence of the reduction made in the tax and tariff bills of last winter. The expenditures are nearly the same; consequently, the reduction of the public debt will not be near so large hereafter as it has been.

Mr. Agassiz says that in certain Amazonian tribes, on the day of his marriage, while the wedding festivities are going on, the bridegroom's hands are tied up in a paper bag filled with fire-ants. If he bears this torture smilingly and unmoved, he is considered fit for the trials of matrimony.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

A big stout man came into our sanctum last night (says a Texas editor) carrying what we first took to be a kit of mackerel or a keg of molasses, but we found out afterwards that it was a great potato weighing thirteen pounds. It was raised near Eagle Lake, Colorado county, by a colored man named Isaac Herman.

Conversation between inquiring stranger and steamboat pilot: "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest Mountain about Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed, why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

An idea of the vast business interests of New York City may be gained from the statement that there are three hundred and twenty-four companies for manufacturing, one hundred and fifty-two for mining purposes, ninety-three steam-railroad companies, thirteen horse-railroad companies, thirty-three petroleum companies, and twelve telegraph companies.

Two gentlemen of opposite politics meeting, one inquired of the other the address of some political celebrity, when the other indignantly answered: "I am proud to say, sir, that I am wholly ignorant of it." "Oh, you are proud of your ignorance, eh, sir."—"Yes, I am," replied the beligerent gentleman, "and what then, sir." "O, nothing, sir, nothing; only you have a great deal to be proud of, that's all."

A Frenchman said to an American, "T'ere is von word in your language I do not comprehend, and all ze time I hear it. Tattletoo, tattletoo—vat you means by tattletoo?"—The American insisted that no such word exists in English. While he was saying so, his servant came to put coal on the fire, when he said, "There, John that'll do." The Frenchman jumped up, exclaiming: "Tare, tattletoo, you say him yourself, sare; vat means tattletoo?"

A very careless man threw a kiss to his little daughter in the store. Another man's wife stood in the range, and thought the kiss was meant for her; so she made a similar demonstration. Her husband just then came upon the scene, and witnessed the transaction. He was very mad, and his anger caused him to attack the father of the aforementioned little daughter. The result is an assault and battery case, which bids fair to furnish food for gossip in Schenectady for some time to come.

The Abingdon *Virginian* says: "We have in our possession an old razor that was shaved with the last time on the bloody field of King's Mountain in 1781, and on the morning of that great battle, by four persons, three of whom were killed. Their names were Edmundson—the father and four sons. Two sons survived. The razor belongs to the estate of the late General Wm. E. Jones. The sons who survived brought the razor back with them, and said they had all shaved with it on the morning of the battle."

An enterprising settler in Nebraska, who has an eye to the future, gives the following account of his doings: "I am planting 100 acres in walnuts; what will they be worth in twenty years? Each acre will have at least 6 0 trees making 65,000 in all. For lumber, ties, fence-posts, or fuel, $3 a tree may certainly be called a very low figure, which will give nearly $200,000. Can anything be planted on that same land which will pay as large a return? And all the labor required is breaking up the land and planting." What is said of the walnut is equally true of the pine, which in fifty years will be 100 feet high and three feet in diameter.

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