THE DENTON JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
WM. HENRY LEGG,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE, OR TWO DOLLARS, if not paid within ONE MONTH of the time of subscribing, or renewal of subscription. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months. A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered a new engagement. These terms will be strictly adhered to.

Denton Journal.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Teaching, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

VOL. 27. DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875. NO. 41.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILL be conspicuously inserted on the following terms: ONE SQUARE (SIX LINES, SOLID MEASUREMENT,) will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion: Longer ones in the same proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly. Proceedings of public meetings, and personal communications are matters chargeable at half the rates of advertising. All advertisements are collectable on first insertion.

Md. & Del. Rail Road

FALL ARRANGEMENT,

On and after Monday, Oct. 19th, 1874,

Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

LEAVE.	
Easton,	9.00 A. M.
Woodland,	9.15
Cordova,	9.25
Hillsboro',	9.40
Ridgely,	9.50
Greensboro',	10.10
Goldsboro',	10.25
Henderson,	10.40
Marydel,	11.00
Slaughter's,	11.15
Kenton,	11.39
ARRIVE.	
Clayton,	11.45
Wilmington,	3.30 P. M.
Philadelphia,	5.25
Baltimore,	8.15
New York,	10.25

GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE	
New York,	11.55 P. M.
Baltimore,	7.30
Philadelphia,	8.30
Wilmington,	10.10
Clayton,	1.00 P. M.
Kenton,	1.20
Slaughter's,	1.35
Marydel,	1.50
Henderson,	2.05
Goldsboro',	2.15
Greensborough,	2.40
Ridgely,	2.50
Hillsborough,	3.05
Cordova,	3.20
Woodland,	3.35
ARRIVE	
Easton,	3.50

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty (30) minutes before the starting of the trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

oct17-tf J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

REMOVAL!

We inform our friends of the Eastern Shore that we have removed from 168 W. Pratt Street, to the Spacious Warehouse,

216 WEST PRATT STREET,
ONE SQUARE ABOVE,
Between Charles and Hanover,
BALTIMORE.

Having enlarged our facilities, we are now prepared to offer a large stock of

Superior Clothing,

at reasonable prices.

Soliciting a continuance of your kind favors, we remain,

Very truly yours,
HARTSBERG & STEIFEL.

feb7-6mos.

THOS. H. KEMP. JAS. W. WADDELL.

KEMP & WADDELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

WILL practice Law in the Courts of Caroline and all other counties on the Eastern Shore, and give especial attention to settlement of estates and collection of claims.

KEMP & WADDELL.

I am living upon my farm three miles from town and will be home on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week, ready to transact all business desired by my friends. I will be at my office in Denton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week, and any business left with Mr. Waddell will receive my prompt attention.

jan30-y. T. H. KEMP.

BLACKSMITHING.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he is still doing all kinds of Blacksmithing, at his shops in Hillsborough, with neatness and dispatch. All kinds of machinery repaired in the best style. New locks put on old guns, and guns repaired generally. All work done at usual prices and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

PLAIN HORSE SHOEING	$1.25
STEEL TOE "	1.50

On all work except Horse-shoeing from 5 to 15 per cent. will be allowed for the cash.

SAMUEL SNEED.
Jan 2 1875-1y. Hillsborough, Md.

CHEAP
BOOTS & SHOES.

THE undersigned would call the attention of the public to his supply of

BOOTS & SHOES,

both of his own and city make, which he is now offering in the store house lately occupied by Thos. Cooper, adjoining the Post Office in the town of Denton. His stock comprises a supply for both gentlemen and ladies wear, which he will sell

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Of his own manufacture he can say with confidence none can be found superior to it. His workmen are experienced and skilled.

Repairing done promptly and satisfactorily. The patronage of an impartial public is respectfully solicited.

jan3-1y. WM. T. SHEWBROOKS.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Farmers and Grangers.

WM. N. CALVERT & CO,
Flour, Grain, Lumber and General
Commission Merchants,
89 SOUTH STREET,
BALTIMORE, Md.

C. B. Jones, Salesman, formerly of the firm of Brown, Jones & Co., and Chaplin & Jones.

Our charges are one cent per bushel on grain, as the time has come to return to old prices. Respectfully soliciting the patronage of the general public, we assure you all consignments will receive faithful attention. All sales be immediately reported, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

Give us a trial to prove that your interest can be served by us. Yours truly,

nov21-2m. WM. N. CALVERT & CO.

HORSEY, BRO. & BATTEN,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Boots, Shoes and Hats,
Have removed to the spacious warerooms
238 West Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
ALL ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT AND SPECIAL ATTENTION.
OUR GOODS ARE UNIFORM AND PRICES LOW,
an9-y.

Wanted.

I desire to buy a farm of 300 or 400 acres. Price not to exceed $5,000 or $6,000. Will pay half cash, and the rest in city property. Any one wishing to correspond in regard to the matter will address

JAS. MAGNER,
dec26-tf. 1204 S. 16th St., Phila.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

H. H. GOLDSBOROUGH. WM. G. ROBERTS
GOLDSBOROUGH & ROBERTS
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
EASTON, MD

Will practice in Talbot, Queen Anne's, Caroline and Dorchester Counties. [oct19-1y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DENTON, MD.

Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather, opposite the Court House.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.

mar19-1y.

DR. W. H. DOWNES, DENTON, MD

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Denton and vicinity. Can be found at all hours in the rear room of Col. R. C. Carter's office, unless professionally engaged.

Teeth extracted without pain.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Residence on Main street opposite the M. E. Church. [sep5-1y.

STAGE ROUTE.

HAVING purchased the mail route from Denton to Ridgely, I am now prepared to accommodate the travelling public on the most reasonable terms. My hack is large and comfortable and in thorough repair, and my horses are always FIRST CLASS. I hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of public patronage.

sep26-y. J. H. COULBOURN.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.

Offers his services to the public to call sales in Caroline and adjoining counties. He flatters himself, if employed, that he can give entire satisfaction. [de21-y

ESMA LOWE,
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MARYLAND.

HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline county. His long experience will enable him to render satisaction in each inslance. [feb21-tf.

500 FARMS FOR SALE!

IN CAROLINE, QUEEN ANNE'S AND TALBOT COUNTIES, MD.

From $10 to $50 per Acre.

Address MANCHA & BRO.
feb21-y. Ridgely, Md.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
Attorney-at-Law.
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,
EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c.

nov9-1y.

Maryland Homestead
AND
SETTLERS AGENCY.
FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO
WM. S. RIDGELY,
Denton, Caroline Co., Md.

REAL ESTATE OWNERS who wish to sell this season will do well to communicate with the subscriber at his office in Denton on Tuesdays and Saturdays. In consequence of arrangements with influential parties at the North considerable immigration is anticipated the coming season to our county and all who place their property at an early date in my hands, as attorney for sale, will have an opportunity afforded to realize upon it.

I desire descriptions as soon as practicable, that are not exagerated, with reasonable terms and fair prices. Upon this basis I propose to operate. I desire my efforts to be mutually beneficial to both seller and buyer. Upon my part I offer the pledge that a most extensive communication will be opened with Northern and Western men and if any of my clients have property they desire to sell they shall be put in the way of purchasers. By a thorough correspondence and intimate association with responsible parties at the North, I am prepared to carry to the very doors of large and desirable sections all information respecting properties in my hands for sale as attorney.

I shall issue a special catalogue of all such properties the last of the present month, for distribution among my correspondents at the North. All who wish to sell and have not made other arrangements will do well to communicate with me at once.

If you have the right kind of property and the right kind of prices I can render you service.

WM. S. RIDGELY, ATT'Y.,
feb6-tf. Denton, Md.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

COULD, DUKES & CO.
No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Balt.

Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.

Consignments of
Grain, Wool, Fruits, &c., respectfully solicited.

feb22-y.

Removed to Media.

Swithin C. Shortlidge Boarding School for young men and boys, is now open at Media, Pa., 13 miles from Philadelphia, is one of the finest school buildings in the State, heated in all stories, and lighted with gas, building 100 by 50 feet, porch all around 55 lodging rooms, large school room with five class rooms, ample bath and water-closet accommodations, 10 trains daily from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction, home care, good table guaranteed.—Special attention to backward pupils. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Penna. [jan30-1y.

DEATH.

The stars that disappear at morn,
O, think not they are fled;
They are not lost they are not gone,
But, 'mid the glory shed
Around them by the source of light,
They shine more sweetly than at night;
It is the night that's dead.

And thus the loved who disappear
Pass like the morning's flight,
But walk in paths so sweet and clear,
As blind us with the light—
They sit upon the azure day,
They float on twilight's downy gray,
And on the clouds at night.

O, deep and wondrous heart of man,
Strange fount of my joy and woe;
In this sad life no eye may scan
Thy current's ebb and flow!
But in the glorious world to come
The voice of discord shall be dumb,
And thou thyself shall know.

A FEARFUL COMPACT;
OR,
THE PHYSICIAN'S PLOT.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

CHAPTER I.
THE PLOT IS LAID.

"It is all over.

"Yes—and I am a beggar."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"That you are a beggar?"

"Yes."

"I thought you was his heir, and that I, when he had drawn his last breath, could salute you as the owner of Glendale."

"I thought I was until a few hours ago. Curse him! I hope he is in such a tenement now as to pay him well for the way he has treated me."

"And the heir is?"

"My precious cousin, Lucia."

There was a profound silence for the space of a minute between the two men.

Luke Carleton sat with a look upon his face which showed as plainly as the words he had spoken, the bitter thoughts which filled his mind.

Before him stood Simon Grant, the physician who had attended his uncle in his last illness.

The patient had just breathed his last, and they had just left the room of death for Luke's own, where the conversation had taken place which we have recorded.

Simon Grant felt almost as much disappointment at this announcement of his friend Luke could have felt himself.

And there were good reasons for this.

He had lent the expectant heir large sums of money at a ruinous rate of interest, and had looked for his pay when Ralph Carleton should have breathed his last.

That moment had come, and in the announcement now made, all his hopes were dashed to the earth.

The sums he confidently expected were lost forever.

There was no hope that Luke Carleton would pay them, for he had hardly a dollar in the world.

All would be a dead loss to him.

A thought came suddenly to his mind, and he said:

"All is not lost to you yet. There is another chance. You have only to take it and win, after all."

"What is that?"

"Your cousin Lucia."

"She has got the money. Smith, the lawyer, has told me all about it. He made the will."

"But it is lucky that it was in her favor."

"I don't see it. I had rather anybody would have had it than she. You must think that I am a fool to want her to have a chance to triumph over me."

"You are a fool if you don't secure the money after all."

"How can I do it?"

"Of course there is but one way, and you are not so blind that you cannot it. Make her your wife with as little loss of time as possible."

Luke Carleton burst out into a laugh.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, Luke. With you and I it is anything but a laughing matter."

"Lucia Melross would not marry me under any circumstances. We have never been friends. Besides, she knows too much about me, and my habits.—Rather than do it, she would give up every cent of the property."

"Is this so? Is there really no hope in this direction?"

"None in the least. Everything is lost to me. I am sorry for your sake, as well as my own. It will be a long day, Simon, I'm afraid, before you will see the color of your money again. But I cannot help it. Had I been the heir you would have been repaid to the last cent."

Again there was a minute's silence. There was a look of deeper despondency upon the face of Luke Carleton, while upon that of the physician, there was a certain something, which spoke of dark and evil thought, such as ill-befitted his calling.

Once more the silence was broken by his saying:

"Who would be the heir in case of her death, Luke?"

The young man glanced up quickly into the face of his companion.

"I should be," he said. "That is, if she, too, should not make a will. We are all there is of the family. If I had not been the spendthrift and man I have it would have been mine.

"It may be now."

"How? I have told you there is no earthly prospect of making her my wife."

"She may not live. She is far from being well and strong. If she should die suddenly, without a chance to make a will, all would be yours."

"Yes. There is no doubt of that."

These two men looked at each other in faces. They uttered no words. There was was no need of their doing so. Each read the other's thoughts. They were black and wicked enough. There was murder in the heart of each.

"This is a desperate case, and need a desperate remedy," Simon Grant.

"We must not lose the game for which we have been playing so long. Your cousin is unwell, and needs a prescription. I told her so only a little while ago. She has injured her health by watching with her uncle. Let the matter to me, and I will bring everything around all right, after all."

"There is my hand upon it. Do so, and every cent I owe you shall be repaid."

"I must have more than that."

"How much do you want?"

"One-half, if I succeed."

"That is too much."

"Very well, then. Go with nothing if that suits you better."

"Then you will get no more than I."

"I will wait and watch my chance. If you ever have anything, I will get my pay."

"There is little prospect for you. I shall be as poor as a church mouse all my days.

"Then you had better consent to my terms."

"I will do it. I would have no hand in this myself. I confess as I dislike her for robbing me of what was justly mine, I would not harm her."

"You need not. You are simply to hold your peace, and leave everything to me."

Thus the horrible plot was laid and the villains separated.

CHAPTER II.
A DOUBLE GAME.

When Simon Grant had turned his back upon his confederate, he communed with himself somewhat in this fashion:

I may as well have the whole of the property as half. Glendale is a fair place, and Lucia Melrose would make any man a good wife. I did not think that I would marry as yet, but circumstances seem to force me to it. I must not lose that which is rightfully mine. It would be serving Luke Carleton right that he got not a dollar of the property on which he had laid expectations. The game I will play shall be a double one. If I can win Lucia and the whole, I will do so. If I cannot bring this about, I must take the other course, and be content with half.

Thus coolly did the villain think over his plans. If he could win Lucia Melrose to become his wife, and thereby secure all the property to himself, he would do so. If he could not, he would take her life, and share the blood-money with one of her own kin, who was as great a villain as himself.

He hoped to be able to carry out his first plan, for he had no desire to share the money with Luke.

He had not the least liking for Lucia Melrose. He would only make her his wife to carry out his own selfish ends. A woman whose life he could deliberately plan to take that he might secure a debt, he could feel no attachment for, more than any murderer for his victim.

If he could marry her, it would be a good triumph over Luke.

It made no difference to him that he had always professed to be his fast friend. If he stood in his way, he would sacrifice him as quickly as though he was his bitterest enemy.

The funeral services over the dead master at Glendale took place at the appointed time. People said that the only sincere mourner there, outside the servants, was Lucia Melrose. Luke Carleton sat through it with a scowl of hate upon his brow, and this deepened visibly when the dead man had been laid to his long rest, and they had gathered once more in the parlors to hear the will read.

He had been correctly informed as to its contents. Aside from a few legacies to the servants, Glendale and all the dead man possessed was given to Lucia Melrose.

Lucia herself was probably the most surprised person in the room. All others who were greatly interested had been apprised of the contents of the will beforehand. All that she knew was what her uncle had one day said to her, that he should provide well for her. This would have been no more than her due; but she had never once surmised but what Glendale would have been given to her cousin Luke.

She glanced towards him, and could plainly read what was passing in his mind. He felt that he had been robbed of what was justly his. Rising from her seat, she said, with a glance at him, and then at the lawyer:

"I would not speak slightingly of him who is gone, but I think he has been unjust towards my cousin Luke. I shall not accept all that has been given me. One-half of everything I renounce in favor of him. Mr. Smith, I wish you to see that the papers are made out at once."

"This cannot be done, my dear lady," the lawyer, blushing. "Your uncle tied the property up so that it is impossible for you to dispose of it. You cannot sell it, or give it away."

There was a pained look upon the face of Lucia. There was no possible way, then, for her to make amends for what she felt was her uncle's injustice.

"I am obliged to you for your kind wishes," said Luke, ironically. "You have robbed me of what was justly mine. Take it, and enjoy it. I am left a beggar, but that need not spoil your pleasure or your triumph."

"Luke, you are unjust!" she cried. "I knew nothing of this. I know not why our uncle done as he did. It was no work of mine. I knew that he was offended at some of your ways, but I never dreamed that he would attempt to punish you in this manner."

An angry retort was on the lips of Luke, but a look given him by the lawyer, silenced him. It told him as plainly as words could have done, that this was not the time or place for the display of the bitter feelings that filled his soul.

Little more was said by either of the parties, and in a short time they broke up. No one was satisfied with the will of the dead man, unless it was the servants, who rejoiced in the legacies left them, and the lawyer, who felt that his patron had pursued the right course.—He expected the ill-will of Luke Carleton, for he knew that he would think that he had been influential in bringing about this state of affairs. But he cared nothing for this. The dead man had done with his property what he chose, and he could not but think that he had made a good disposal of it.

A few weeks went past, without much change at Glendale. Luke Carleton was there but little. He seemed to absent himself from the place, because by so doing he could give his cousin pain. She had consulted anew with the lawyer, to find if there were not some way practicable in which she could turn over to him a portion of that to which she had fallen heir. But he stoutly maintained that there was not, and, moreover, he bluntly told her he was glad that it was so. He did not deserve any mercy at her hands.

Dr. Grant came often. He professed to be greatly exercised as to the state of her health.

But it was not long before it became evident to Lucia that he had another motive. The attentions he paid her were too marked for her to be mistaken.

He had never paid her any before, and it was now plain what his motives were. She was an heiress, and it was Glendale that he wanted. She knew something of the previous state of affairs between him and her cousin, and she felt sure that, being disappointed there, he had turned to her from a merely mercenary motive.

In spite of the coolness of her manner towards him, he persisted in his attentions. He became her very shadow, seeking her at all opportunities. Again and again she tried to shake him off, but without avail. He haunted her as closely as the Old Man of the Sea did the sailor.

One day the avowal came, which she could not help expecting. He made her an offer of his heart and hand. Promptly she refused him, telling him that once for all he need not hope for a change in her sentiments. They were not fitted for each other, and she could never become his wife.

He went out from her presence with black thoughts in his heart, and a dark frown upon his face.

"One of my plans failed," he muttered to himself. "The other shall not. I will have my own again, at least.—Lucia Melrose, you shall rue the day you scorned me as you have."

Luke Carleton met him an hour later, and accused him of trying to rob him of his portion, notwithstanding the compact they had made.

"You need not have any fears there," he answered. "She will never be my wife. The agreement we have made shall be carried out at once. To avoid suspicion, I have done as I have.

Luke Carleton was not satisfied.—Cold-blooded villain as he was, he distrusted another like him. But for a little time he would wait, and see if he made his word good.

CHAPTER III.
FROM THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH.

As has been stated before, the health of Lucia Melross was none of the best, and Aunty Mason was greatly exercised in her mind in regard to her.—Aunty was an old domestic, who had served her late master well and faithfully for nearly forty years. Lucia had always been her pet and favorite and now that her master was gone, all her affection was centred upon Lucia, his successor to the house.

One day Aunty Mason took it upon herself to send for the doctor. The first intimation Lucia had of this procedure, was his being shown into her room where she was lying upon a sofa. She started at his appearance, but by no word or look did he give her to think that he remembered that which had so recently passed between them.

He examined her symptons for a few minutes, and then proceeded to deal out some medicine. This done, he gave her directions for taking it, and then took his departure.

Lucia followed the course he prescribed for a number of days, but found that the prescription he had left, was doing her more harm than good. A strange feeling about the region of the heart, coupled with a weakness such as she had not felt before, oppressed her. It did not seem that her malady was worse, but that these new things were added to it.

She would have thrown by the medicine before this time, had is not been for Aunty Mason. The old lady was [illegible] for her, and wanted everything done that was possible.

One day a visitor was announced, which brought a bright flush to the cheeks of Lucia, pale as they had been for a few weeks past. It was a young man whom she had known a few years before, and whom she had thought much of. He was a medical student then, and she had since heard that he was climbing fast toward the summit of his profession. She had been glad to hear this, for in her inmost heart she cherished for Carl Benson a feeling akin to love.

The servant showed him in, and the meeting between them was cordial.

One thing alone marred the joy Carl felt at the meeting. It was the pale face of Lucia, and the evident indisposition that she felt.

A half hour went by in pleasant converse, and then Lucia, glancing at the clock, exclaimed:

"It is time I took my medicine. I must tell Aunty to prepare it. She is coming now. She is so careful of me that she is afraid to trust me to myself."

The old lady made her appearance and the draught was soon prepared.—As she held it in her hand, in the act of raising it to her lips, Carl arose, and taking her hand in his, placed the fingers of the other upon her wrist.

"What are you taking?" he asked.

"I don't know the name," answered Lucia. "It is something prepared for me by Dr. Grant."

"Do not swallow it. Let me see what it is composed of. If I am not greatly mistaken, you are taking something that is doing you a vast amount of evil."

He took the cup from her hand, and touched his tongue to its contents.—Another moment and a horrified look came upon his countenance.

"What is it?" asked Lucia, aghast at the look which was upon his face.

"*It is poison!*" he answered, in a solemn tone. "This Doctor Grant is either a fool or a deep-dyed villain. A dozen draughts such as this I hold in my hand, taken within a couple of hours, would take the life of the strongest man. As I said before, the man is either a fool, or else he is deliberately attempting to take your life."

A sudden thought came to Lucia, giving her a terrible start. Was Dr. Grant seeking to take her life, in revenge for her refusal of him? Or was he and her cousin banded together to remove her, so that Glendale might be theirs.

At this moment there was a fearful outcry outside and in another moment a servant rushed in with an affrighted face.

"Master Luke is killed!" he cried.

"How? Where is he?" they all cried in a breath.

"Down by the stables. His horse threw him. He wants to see Miss Lucia. He says he cannot die until he has seen her."

"Then he is not dead. Perhaps he is not even seriously hurt. Lead the way at once."

The servant did as requested, and they made their way to the spot where Luke Carleton was lying.

It needed but one glance to tell them all that he was wounded unto death.

"Lucia," he gasped, "I am dying."

"I hope not, Luke, she said, kneeling beside him.

"But I am. I have but a few moments more to live. Beware of Doctor Grant. He and I conspired to take your life. I know that he has commenced to do his work. He tried first to win you for himself—the traitor! He did not mean to share Glendale with me. Look out for him!"

These were the last words the wounded man uttered. There was a convulsion ashly paleness of the face, and the spirit went out to its Maker.

In some way Simon Grant heard of Luke's death and the confession he had made, before steps could be taken for his apprehension, he fled away, and embarked for foreign parts. But he never reached the port of his destination. The ship encountered a gale, and in the midst of the midnight darkness, and at the height of a terrible tempest, he fell overboard, and found a watery grave.—Although he fled from the just wrath of man, it was not fated that he should escape.

The excitement incident upon her cousin's death, brought Lucia to a sick bed, and for a long time she hovered as it were between life and death. But thanks to Providence and the will of Carl Benson, she recovered her health again, although it was not for twelve months.

In a year's time she repaid her physician for his treatment of her, by becoming his wife, and tranquility and happiness once more hovered over Glendale, and made it their abiding-place.

A TEDIOUS COURT CASE.—The Elkton *Whig* gives an account of a case just settled by the Circuit Court of Cecil county which has been in the courts for forty-seven years. The judgment of the Circuit Court was reversed by the Court of Appeals in the first place, the case remanded and it has been hanging in the Circuit Court of Cecil county ever since till settled by compromise by the heirs of Thomas Ricketts paying $100. The expenses of the case in the Court of Appeals cost the defendants some $200, and other expenses incident to the suit will swell the sum to $500, the original debt being $30, which Thomas Ricketts was willing to pay could find no one to whom he could legally pay it.

THE EASTERN SHORE.—A movement is on foot to get up a descriptive pamphlet of the Eastern Shore of this State, and have it printed in large numbers for general distribution among capitalists and immigrants about to invest and settle elsewhere. The pamphlet is intended to show up the chief features of the Peninsula, its advantages, climate, soil, improvements, educational facilities, etc. We are glad to see that our Eastern shore friends are alive to their interests. There is no spot of earth outside of Anne Arundel county more favored by a kind Providence than the Eastern Shore of Maryland.—*Annapolis Gazette.*

THIRD TERM.—In an editorial on the third term question the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that "in this case all sound reason is on the side of the popular tradition, and of the line of honored precedents which makes two terms the limit of a President's lawful ambition. All the arguments that have been advanced to show that it is irrational only prove it inflexibly founded in reason. No President could set himself against it without liability to the charge of presumption, and no political party could run athwart it without sacrificing its prospects of success."

A Pennsylvanian boasts that he makes a soap that would "wash a politician's character white as snow."—There must be some "lye" about that soap.

A MICHIGAN man has raised five lemons on a tree in a hot-house. It took four tons of coal and he sold the lemons for twenty cents.

A Spanish proverb says: "A kiss without a moustache, is like an egg without salt."

Next to no wife, a good wife is best.

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