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GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,
Editors and Proprietors.

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

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

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Attorney-at-Law,
DENTON, MD.
oct7-y.

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,
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DENTON, MARYLAND.
jly10-tf.

Maj. Wm. E. Stewart,
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CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,
EASTON, MD.,
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar19-1y.

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E. HAMPSON,
FASHIONABLE HATTER,
189 West Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
jul22-y.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY A. E. S.

Oh, the gladsome bells of Christmas,
Ringing through the frosty air,
Chiming, rhyming, ringing, swinging,
Driving out all thought of care!

Merry Christmas bells, proclaiming
Joyful news of "Peace on Earth,"
Swelling out, and boldly telling
Tidings of the Saviour's birth!

Prayerful bells of Christmas morning,
Making spirits upward soar;
Winging prayers, and heavenward bringing
Hearts that thought to pray no more!

Joyous bells that ring a pæan
To our rescended King!
Pealing gladly, while we, kneeling,
All our adoration bring.

MATCH MAKING.

"I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived!"

And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how few of us really know what we mean?

"I engaged myself once when a girl and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took that conceit out of him and sent him about his business."

The voice was now a trifle sharp.—What wonder, with a galling memory?

"No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing machine?"

"Annoyed at your logic, most likely," said my friend, a bright-eyed young matron, as she threaded her needle.

"My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent."

"I am glad you are satisfied," was the laconic answer.

It was quite evident by the expression of the dressmaker's face that she had formed her own opinion about my friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject.

of the establishment.

"What other folks do, I suppose."

"But you can't work forever."

"Can't say that I want to."

"Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man—"

"I don't want. I don't want any man. I tell you, Mrs. Carlisle, I would not marry the best man that ever lived, if he was as rich as Crœsus, and would die if I didn't have him. Now, if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress."

That there was something behind all this I well knew. My friend's eye danced with fun; and as Miss Kent fitted the waist she threw me a letter from the bureau.

"Read that," she said with a knowing look. "It may amuse you."

This is what the letter said:

MY DEAR JENNIE.—I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must be, however, one stipulation about my visit: you must promise to say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty-five years ago to-day, I wrecked my whole life.

"Better embark in a new ship, hadn't he?" put in Jennie, *sotto voce*.

So unsuitable was this marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life. Your old cousin, MARK LANCING.

"Rich, isn't it?" said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure whose back happened to be turned.

I shook my head and laughed.

"You'll see," continued the incorrigible.

"See what?" inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of our pantomime.

"That particles which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course an alkali and an acid—don't you think this sleeve is a little long, Miss Kent?"

"Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying about alkalies and acids, Mrs. Carlisle? The other day at Professor Beynton's I saw some wonderful experiments."

"Did they succeed?" inquired Jennie, demurely.

"Beautifully."

"So will mine. I never botched a job in my life."

"I don't think I quite understand you," said Miss Kent, perplexed.

"No? I always grow scientific when talking about marriage, my dear."

"Bother!" was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week Cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing thought of in connection with the gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man, Jennie told me and for fifteen years carried a load of misery that few could have endured. Death came to his relief at last, and now the poor fellow honestly believed himself an alien from domestic happiness.

Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature; fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look like it, and as rotund and fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked at him, I defied anybody to see one and not be immediately reminded of the other. True, he had more of the polish which comes from travel and adaptation to different classes and individuals, but he was not a whit more intelligent by nature than was the bright little woman whom Jennie determined he should marry.

"I was surprised you should think it necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark," cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side looking out of the window. "The idea of my being so ridiculous!" and in the same breath, with a wink at me, "come let us go to my sitting room. We are at work, there, but it won't make any difference to you, will it?"

Of course Cousin Mark answered "No," promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

"This is my cousin—Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent," and Mr. Lansing bowed politely, and Miss Kent arose, dropped her scissors, blushed and sat down again. Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements and then proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud an article from the *Popular Science Monthly*, drawing Miss Kent into discussion as deftly as was ever fly drawn into the web of the spider.

"Who is that lady, Jennie?" Cousin Mark inquired in the evening.

"Do you mean Miss Kent?" said Jennie, looking up from her paper. "Oh, she is a lady I have known for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?"

"She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman."

Under other circumstances Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only querried, "Do you think so?" and that ended it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing-room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there; and after a week he became as familiar as this:

"If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article;" and this is what Miss Kent would say.

"Oh, am never too busy to be read to. Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it."

After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in, hoarse with a sudden cold, Miss Kent bustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should never forget to his dying day; but one dose cured him. After this Miss Kent was really a wonderful woman.

Ay, Jennie was an arch-plotter.—She let them skirmish about, but not once did she give them a chance to be alone together—her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidences—until the very evening preceding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle, whom the fond mother did not like to leave quite alone with his nurse.

"We are compelled to be gone a couple of hours; but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you cousin?"

"Certainly, if Miss Kent will like it," replied the gentleman.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of this room was a large closet, with a large blind ventilator, and out of this closet a door leading to the back stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was informed that Mr. Carlisle was going to the lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby, and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor via the back gate and garden. In vain I protested.

"Why you goose," laughed Jennie, "there'll be fun enough to last a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make a noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let him." The wily schemer had taken the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside, so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, as still as two mice, we awaited results.

Cousin Mark (as if arousing from a profund reverie)—What would you like to have me read?

Miss Kent—Oh, I'm not particular.

Cousin Mark—Here is an excellent article on elective affinities; how would you like that?

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took my breath away.

Miss Kent—Who is it by?

Jennie (clear in my ear)—That's to gain time, see if it isn't.

Cousin Mark—It's by a prominent French writer, I believe.

Miss Kent—I don't think I care for a translation to-night.

Cousin Mark—Nor I; nor reading of any kind. This is my last evening in New York, Miss Kent.

Miss Kent—I hope you enjoyed your visit.

Jennie (into my head this time) She's as shy as a three-year-old colt.

Cousin Mark—I did not think I should feel so sorry about leaving.

Jennie—He is the wreck you remember.

A long silence.

Miss Kent—I think I hear the baby.

Cousin Mark—Oh, no. You are fond of babies, arn't you, Miss Kent?

No answer from Miss Kent.

Cousin Mark—I have been a very lonely man, Miss Kent, but I never realized how lonely the rest of my life must be until I came here to this house.

Jennie—Oh, how lonely!

Cousin Mark—Now I must return to my business and my boarding-house. Think of that, Miss Kent—boarding-house—boarding-house for a man as fond of domestic life as I am, Miss Kent.

Just then we distinctly heard a little kind of a purr, which sounded very much like a note of intense sympathy from Miss Kent,

Cousin Mark—I have friends in San Francisco, of course, but no fireside like this, nobody to care for me if I am ill, nobody to feel very badly if I die.

Jennie—that'll fetch her.

Miss Kent (voice a little quivering)—I wish we lived in San Francisco.—You could always call upon me if you needed anything.

Jennie in convulsions.

Cousin Mark (abruptly)—If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week.

Miss Kent—Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would folks say?

Cousin Mark—I don't care for folks, Miss Kent. If you'll go, we'll have a house as pleasant as money can make it. You shall have birds and flowere and all the scientific monthhes you want, deuced if you shan't—and you shan't—and you shall never sew a stitch for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg, and there was that little old maid, who wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the man's breast who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but it's my opinion that they remained in just that position until we rang the bell half an hour atter.

"How did you know?" I asked of Jennie.

"My dear," she answered, "my whole reliance was upon human nature; and let me tell you, Goosie, whatever else may fail, that never does."

"Why Miss Kent, what makes your face red?" inquired Jennie, upon entering; "and, Cousin Mark, how strangely you look! your hair is all mussed up."

"And I hope to have it mussed often," said Cousin Mark, boldly. "Miss Kent and I are to be married next week."

Jennie laughed till her face was purple, and when I went up stairs Miss Kent was pounding her back.

FORBEAR to sport an opinion on a subject of which you are ignorant, especially in the presence of those to whom it is familiar. If it be not always in your power to speak to the purpose, it certainly is to be silent; and though thousands have remembered with pain their garrulity, few have reason to repent their silence.

Twenty-Three Odd Popular Superstitions.

The following superstitions, handed down by tradition from the past, are fervently believed in, in many parts of this country, and by people who rank among the most intelligent:

Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

Yarn spun by a girl under the age of seven years possesses extraordinary virtues. Linen made of it furnishes the best bandages for gouty patients, and when wrought into garments forms a complete coat of mail, not only against bullet and dagger, but even agaiust the more formidable operations of witchcraft. The very yarn itself can be wound into unerring musket balls.

When a mouse gnaws a gown, some misfortune may be apprehended.

When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him.

The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster.

Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some present the same day.

Women who sow flax seed should during the process, tell some confounded lies, otherwise the yarn will never bleach white.

Beggar's bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

When women are stuffing beds the men should not remain in the house, otherwise the feathers will come through the ticks.

To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child.

If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar he becomes fearful.

The first tooth cast by the child should be swallowed by the mother to insure a new growth of teeth.

A child grows up proud if suffered to look into a mirror while less than twelve months old.

To eat while a bell is tolling for a funeral causes toothache,

The following are omens of death: A dog's scratching on the floor, or howling in a particular manner and owls hooting in the neighborhood of the house.

Buttoning the coat awry, or drawing on a stocking inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the day.

White specks on the nails are lucky,

He who has teeth wide asunder must seek his fortune in a distant land.

He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom.

Domestic harmony must be preserved when washing day comes, in order to insure fine weather, which is indispensible, as that ceremony is generally performed out of door.

When children play soldiers on the roadside, it forbodes the approach of war.

Whoever finds a four-leaf trefoil—shamrock—should wear it for good luck.

By bending the head to the hollow of the arm the initial letter of the name of one's future spouse is represented.

Courage in Every-Day Life.

Have the courage to discharge a debt when you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without what you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary for you to do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even when you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced he lacks principle. A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities but not with his vices.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for duplicity, in whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for your new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses,

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means—not beyond.—*Welcome Visitor.*

Governor Tilden.

George Alfred Townsend thus gossips about our next President: Mr. Tilden's manner is that of a fine old man, just between the leisure of fresh retirement from business life and the broad responsibilities of an opening public career. No man was ever better qualified, socially and by fortune, to succeed to the control of the country than he. He is rich and without a dependent family or relatives. I never appreciated more thoroughly the advantage of old bachelorhood than when looking at Gov. Tilden, with his fine, straight secretary, Pelton, who was the son of Mr. Tilden's sister, and Pelton's bride Mrs. Pelton, who will probably do the honors of the White House. The newspapers had been filled for months with stories of Gov. Tilden seeking a wife to be mistress of the Executive mansion, where here, already domesticated, was interesting a lady as he could find—a handsome easy, amiable blonde, thoroughly accustomed to receive general society, and as well qualified to put people at ease as Harriet Lane or Nellie Custis We have had no President, except John Quincy Adams, whose conversance with literature, music history, art and publicanism has been like Tilden's. I had expected to his library full of dry documents, such as are found in the sanctums of political editors, but his books were those of a rich amature bibliologist, some of them slowly put together, as autographs and engravings accumulating, and these were methodically kept until they could be bound. Mr. Tilden's fortune has not been affected a particle by the camgaign. He had no voluntary sponsor, like Jay Gould, to come forward with a purse and was too prudent and discreet to waist his own means. Although he lives as elegant as any gentleman in America, his appetites are simple, and he requires no lackeys near him. His parlors are neatly half a block in depth. When he wanted anything he got up and walked for it without calling, and he seems to know where every book and plate and autograph belonged among thousands.

Women.

Oh! the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious. Title and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moment, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even gaunt poverty, menaces with his skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smiles. Time cannot mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress: it follows the prisoner into his dark cell and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and, in the silence of midnight, it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hands of a loved one is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the portion administered by the same hand loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassing woman's first great frailty, had planted His jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like interest should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and the crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

READ AND HEED THIS.—Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready-made with manhood or womanhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes always a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, consciencious yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualties? When he was a boy. Let us see the way a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at breakfast and late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of the weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—gentlemen.

THE most laudable ambition is to be wise, and the greatest wisdom is to be good.

The Cure for Gossip.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply, culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because, and only because, they have nothing else to talk about. As we write there comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them in galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a book store or a library with a fresh volume in their hand. When we meet them they are full of what they have read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of their conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed, and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They had something to talk about; they knew something and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and, of course, an impropriety. They had no temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject very much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and culture. And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is always malicous or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart, and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility; and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it.—It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split to pieces by it. Neighbors are made enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, and is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

Homely Maxims for Hard Times.

Take care of the pennies,
Look well to your spending.

No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor.

The art is not in making money but in keeping it.

Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when there are a great many, make a great waste.

Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber.

A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute.

When you begin to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane.

The ale jug is a great waste.

In all other things keep within compass.

Never stretch your legs further than your blanket will reach, or you will soon be cold.

In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdy fineries.

To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks.

A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it.

Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going.

If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank.

Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

They had been very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarreled, and were too proud to make up. He called afterward at her house, to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door, And and he said; "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe? Is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied, "pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally.

"Yes, the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding; "on very particular personal business," and he proudly turned to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the last step, but who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.

TO YOUNG MEN.—The road up hill may be hard, but at any it is open, and they who set stout hearts against a stiff hill shall climb it yet. What was hard to bear will be sweet to remember. If young men would deny themselves, work hard, live hard, and save in their early days, they heed not keep their noses to the grind-stone all their lives as many do. Let them be teetotlers for economy's sake. Water is the strongest drink; it drives mills; it is the drink of lions and horses; and Samson never drank anything else. The beer, wine, and tobacco money will soon build a house and make their fortune.

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