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Editors and Proprietors.

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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.

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TEMPLE LODGE, No. 128, A. F. & A. M., J. W. Kerr, Master, holds its communications on the second and fourth Tuesday in every month at 7 o'clock, P. M.

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

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. oct7-y

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

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
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,
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(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar19-1y.

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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.

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

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairy shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The gentle rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through the winter hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them dead.

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into immortal bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad the scene of sin and strife,
Sing now in everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again:
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the bounded universe
Is life—there are no dead.

THE LETTER.

"Any letters?" asked the Widow Wadsworth, turning from the counter to the corner of the window over which swung a placard bearing the legend "Post Office" upon it, and glancing through her spectacles at the small row of jars which were made to do duty as letter-holders. "Any letters for our house, to-day, Mr. Bristol?"

Mr. Bristol, the senior of that name, who was too rhumatic to weigh groceries, was deaf as a post, and had perhaps the least natural talent for the reading of dubious scrip that could be found in the person of any living man; and besides this, could never find his spectacles—roused himself from a nap in which he had been indulging, looked bewildered, and seemed for a moment dubious as to what he should do next.

But seeing that Mrs. Wadsworth's eyes were fixed upon the jars, decided that she wanted a letter, and reaching up, slowly took a few of them down, and with much deliberation, spread them before her like a pack of cards,

"I've put my specks some'rs," he said, "but where I dunno. Look 'em over and sort out for yourself what's yourn, Mrs. Wadsworth."

This was old Mr. Bristol's usual style of performing the business of country postmaster,

And as it was an honest place, little harm came of it.

Often people carried their neighbors' letters to them, when they happened to pass their gates, and the only registered letter that ever yet had been sent to Kornhill was considered an insult to the community at large.

"They might ha' knowed no one would ha' meddled with it" said the postmaster.

And the farmers talked the matter over as they jogged home side by side in their wagons, and the Summer visitor who did the strange thing was made to feel the indignation of her hostess.

But that was long after the evening on which Mrs. Wadsworth asked if there were any letters for "her house."

Peering over the little row spread before her, she saw there was one—a small envelope—addressed in a delicate hand to "John Wadsworth."

"That's our John," said the old lady.

"Who can have writ to him?"

There were no more,

She put her single epistle into her pocket, pushed the rest towards Mr. Brostol and nodded at him.

Mr. Bristol nodded in reply, rejarred the letters, perched himself upon his stool and went to sleep again.

Then the younger Bristol helped the old lady into her chaise, handed in her basket of groceries, and she drove away, with the letter in her pocket, and a queer feeling, half fear and half anger, at her heart, as she said over and over again, talking aloud to herself, as the old white horse plodded along the lonely road towards home—

"Who has writ to John, I wonder?"

Maggie, the maid, came out to carry in the basket, when Mrs. Wadsworth stopped at her own gate, and she herself walked into the kitchen.

There was a great fire there, and on it the kettle was boiling, steam rushing from its spout in one long stream.

Before the fire Mrs. Wadsworth stood and warmed her hands.

"I wonder who has writ to John," she said. "If I thought it was the girl, I'd throw it into the fire."

Then a story she had heard of some one who had feloniously opened an envelope by holding it over the steam of a kettle occurred to her mind.

"I wonder whether it would open that way," she said. "It couldn't be of any great harm just to satisfy myself that it isn't from her. John is but a boy, and I'm his mother. I think, according to law, I'd have a right. I ought to, anyhow."

Then the hand that held the letter outstretched itself.

The stream of steam beat against the flap of the envelope.

In a moment or so it hung loose, limp, and wet in her hands.

"I'll go and put my bonnet away," she said, in an unnatural sort of tone, and hurried up stairs.

"I'm his mother," she said again, as she sat down in her chair, and drew the letter from the envelope. "It's right I should know."

Then she cast her eyes over the writing.

There was not much of it.

Just this—

"DEAR JOHN:—I know, after my conduct, it is my face to write first. I was naughty. Please forgive me. Isn't that humble enough? And if you do, come and take me to the picnic to morrow.

Your own, SALLIE."

"It is from that girl," said Mrs. Wadsworth. "It's from her. And things have gone so far, and he hasn't told his mother a word. Oh, how hard it is to bear. That girl I don't want John to marry; but of all girls, that one."

And she rocked to and fro.

"There's been a quarrel," she said at last, "and she's written this to make up. If he never got it he'd never speak. I know his pride. She comes of a poor lot. I hate her; she's a bad wife for John. I think it my duty not to give it to him. I'll think it over."

Then she opened the drawer of her bureau in which she kept valuables or money, and thrust the letter in and locked it up.

She had time to think the matter over before John came in, for he was late, and "that girl" grew more distasteful to her every moment.

"Going to the picnic, John?" she asked, as they sat over their tea.

And John answered that he hadn't thought of it,

"I'd go, if I was you, and take your cousin Miranda," said the old lady. "She expects it, I think."

John, only moved by the remembrance of Sallie Barlow, and a wish to make her jealous, agreed to the proposition.

He took Miranda to the picnic next day and Sallie was there, and saw them together; and remembering her note, written in a moment of softness, when the wish to recall certain angry words she had said to John, was strong upon her, she grew sick with shame.

She had held out her hand in reconciliation, and he had not taken it.

Could anything make a woman more indignant?

After that she had never even looked at him.

Old Mrs. Wadsworth, having kept John's letter a few days, felt that too much explanation would be necessary were she to give it to him after so long a delay.

Besides, it would be well for her son that he should not see it.

He would of course, marry his cousin Miranda—only a good cousin—a girl she liked, and who would never set herself up above her mother-in-law, a girl who did not, like Sallie, look aggravatingly stylish.

But John did not marry Miranda.

No one will ever know now whether Miranda would have accepted him or not.

After a while she married a Mr. Wiseman, who was better off than John, and old enough to be his father.

And Sallie, too, married.

While her heart burnt with resentment against her old lover, she chose a new one, a dark, moody, silent sort of man, who carried her away to the city, whence there came rumors now and then that she was not happy—that her husband led a wild life.

Once some one declared that he was a very madman in his jealousy, and locked her in her room at times.

But no one knew whether it was true or not.

Her parents would never say anything about her.

As for John Wadsworth, he had gone to church to see her married, and had gone home with a headache.

The next day he was delirious.

A brain fever had set in, and the doctor's shook their heads over him.

What he said in his delirium only his mother understood, but if she could have undone the deed that she had done, she would have thanked Heaven.

For weeks he lay at death's door, and then a pale shadow crept about the house the wreck of bright, handsome John Wadsworth.

His beauty was gone, and no one felt quite sure about his mind.

He answered sensibly enough when spoken to, but voluntarily he never spoke.

After a while he felt strong enough to go and work at his trade once more, and did what his mother suggested, and she grew used to his altered ways.

And so matters rested when, ten years from her wedding day, Sallie came back to her father's home in a widow's cap.

And the people of Kornhill then learned that her husband was dead, and began to wonder whether he had left her any money.

John, working in the office, saw her as she passed on the opposite side of the street, and he stood for a moment staring at her.

Then he left his work, and started for home.

His mother saw him coming.

He tramped over the beds of flowers, and trod down the young corn.

He sought no path,

As the bee flies, he sought the doorway at which his mother stood staring at him, and walked into the kitchen past her without a look.

"John, my boy," said the old woman "what is it?"

He made no answer, but went to his room and straight to bed.

For hours he never spoke to her.

Then he began to babble.

He uttered Sallie's name.

He reproached her with inconstancy.

He called her tender names in one breath, and cursed her in the next.

Then he gave one wild cry and sprang up in bed and dropped back again, with his eyes staring toward heaven.

He was dead.

The mother knew that before they told her so.

The next day a coffin stood in the low-ceiled parlor, and in it lay a pale statue with closed eyes, all that was left of John Wadsworth.

One by one the friends and neighbors came softly in to look at him, and went away more softly, often in tears.

At last came one woman—a fair woman in a widow's cap and veil,—who stood longer than the rest looking at the still, white face, and at her own request, was left alone with it, while curious people in the other room wondered whether it was true that Sallie and John were once engaged and had quarreled—for this was Sallie, in her widow's weeds, who had come to look at John for the last time.

And as she stood there, with thoughts for which there are no words trooping through her mind, an inner door opened and an old woman crept in.

It was Mrs. Wadsworth, broken down at last, and with strange, restless light of an unsettled intellect in her light blue eyes.

She held an old letter in her hand, and it rustled, as she slowly crossed the room and stood beside the coffin.

"John," she said, "here's your letter, I've been thinking it over, and since you take it so hard, you'd better have it. I only kept it for your own good, John. She ain't the girl for you—but you take it so hard. Wake up, John; here's your letter."

But the frozen white hands lay still upon the chest, and other small, living, woman's hands grasped it instead.

Sallie knew her letter, and knew all the story now.

"Here's your letter, John," she whispered. "Oh, John, John!" and she laid it softly under the white flowers upon the bosom, and stooping, kissed the waxen hands and brow.—"Oh, John, John!" she said again, and let her black veil down over her face, and went her way.

And the gossips who stared after her, as she passed down the street, wondered again if she had ever been engaged to John Wadsworth.

But none of them ever knew.

The grave keeps its secret,
So also does a woman's heart.

DANIEL WEBSTER, in a discussion on the influence of the press spoke as follows: "Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. The first were always superior to the last in debate, composition, and general intelligence."

There is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

How slow the hands creep over the dial—how the brain throbs as we work and wait for the coming hour which will release us from labor! Life is but a trial—a sentence—an imprisonment for those that toil; and were it not that the Angel of Saturday Night, like some heaven-sent fairy, comes each week to release us from over-taxing work and lead us to rest with the loved ones, death would be sweeter than life even without its golden rewards for those who try to be good and noble.

To-night we are too worn and weary to write as we would like. We are like thousands who all the week have toiled beyond their strength to earn comforts for the dear ones, and who now feel to envy those who sleep behind marble head-boards in the "silent city"—but for the good time coming when we can be with the one who waits our coming, and whose smile is ever more life-giving than spring. The hours seem long as we watch the dial-face—for the welcome that awaits us has in it that lures to the happy eternal by mellowing the heart, purifying the soul and giving us confidence in each other.

Sometimes we think life is not worth the living. It is not to many. It would not be to any of us but for the unspoken beautiful which draws us captive to the hearth and fender. As love comes to us, so we give in return each with accumulating interests.—Smiles are born of happy hearts.—Happy hearts are born of better natures, Smiles brighten our pathway, and when the dearest eyes of all the world look into ours, so full, strong, deep and earnest, we could, should, and would dare any danger, face any death, or wrestle with any fate which stood between us and the only earthly reward there is to life.

We are weary, but only of toil.—Others are weary. Strong men are trembling in their muscle to-night, for they have battled severely all the week to keep want and hunger from the sacred circle where gathered those hearts day by day run more and more into each other. Young men with hearts full of embryo happiness, golden dreams in which warm lips, love-lit eyes, trusting hearts and future homes of their own are mixed floating, as incentives to strive with earnestness—they are weary. But the day will be more so; when they will go slowly to their homes with bent forms, as do thousands who will rest in their graves before their come to any of us another Saturday Night.

The wate her by the hearth is weary. She, too, has toiled all the week. That clean floor, that well kept hearth, and fender, the snowy linen, the clean dishes, the sweet shelves in the pantry and cupboard, the clean windows; that look of home cheerwhich should make every earthly heaven; that tidy, sweet loveable look, no matter for the years, tell that she too has labored and is weary. Then' good man, working man and brother in toil, be kind' speak kindly, lovingly, to the one who has worked for you as you have for her.—She is the one who cares most for you—who in heart is the dearest—she is to you as you are to her—two silken strands weaving together to bless or to curse, as you will. The world cares not for you. Not one of us is of account to the world, for it moves whether we do or not—it was here when we came—it will be here with all its cold, selfish indifference when we die, and centuries after we are forgotten, except the deeds we do are worth remembering. After a time will come the final Saturday Night to all of us, and the only ones who will weep and mourn, as we would for them, will be the ones who welcome us to the hearth and fender—who loves us far more dearly than pen or words of ours can tell—who have often been weary, but always entitled to more rest and happiness than any of us have here below.

Let us love best those who are dearest and kindest, and most in sympathy. Very soon there will be no going forth on Monday morning—no more use for the little tin pail—no more use to walk with rapid steps lest we be late. Instead of listenig to the noises outside—of looking closely with eye and brain upon the work we have to do; instead of toiling for those we love and for ourselves, there will be a little room, with perhaps a few pictures therein—a weary watching of shadows on the wall—a nervous, tiresome, restless turning upon a sick bed, as we lie like infants, helpless in the care of the loved ones. Then the hours will fly, oh! so swiftly, as we are called to look with eyes of life upon those who are left behind to weep, and pray and mourn. Then we will like panoramas pass by the work we have done, the plans made and results accomplished—the streets of the city, with their staring and glaring walls, will fade out—the changing scenes of earth will melt out and float down the turbid waters of the past, the only pictures engraven on our hearts being the faces, the forms, the smiles, the whispers of the loved ones we hope soon to meet; and the only credentials for His beautiful land and a home where none but loved ones enter, the good acts, the kind words and noble deeds—great or small, given by us to the ones who with us are ever weary, but ever needing the love and kindness we who are strong fail at times to give.

When this day comes there will be no more weariness, while the prayers of those who will mourn our departure will bear us to the land of the leal, where we can rest or return in spirit to guard and bless those dear to us now.

Life is nothing—but for those we love it would not be worth the living. Then let us all who are men be better, truer, more deserving. Let us take more care of ourselves—of our health—of our earnings—that those who look with joy for our coming may be glad, and by faith, love, kindness deserved, and trusting sympathy, help us all to reach the Eternal Island of the true—where there will be no more labor—no more oppression for the poor, no more robbing of those who toil for the benefit of those no doubt—no more vain watchings, and no more *Saturday Nights*.—"BRICK" POMEROY.

Remedy for Trouble.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake and think about them. You want to sleep—calm sound sleep—and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, you go loafing all day to tell Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil your temper and your breakfast the next morning and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency since first Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly as well as leaving no disagreeable sequelæ, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure more complaints than any other nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.—*Rural New Yorker*

Vulgar words.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles.—The utmost care on the part of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we can not think of being so much exposed to peril. we can not imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the "next thing to swearing," and yet, "not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader! keep your mouth free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil," for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

A farmer at Colusa, Cal., made a profit of $200,000 on his last wheat harvest.

It is better to encourage what is right than to punish what is wrong.

Time will only hang up his scythe when he has no mower.

Napoleon's Wonderful Memory

The Emperor Napoleon was at Erfut. A legion of kings and princes had come to humble their crowns before his regent royalty. At one of the soirees which he gave at this brilliant court, the coversation turned on an ancient pontifical bull, about the date of which there was some doubt. An Austrain prelate indicated a period which the Emperor contested. "I am better informed than your majesty on such subjects," said the prelate, "and I think I am certain of what I state."

"And for my part," replied the Emperor, "I do not say I believe; I say, I am certain you are deceived. Beside the truth may be easily ascertained; let such a work be brought, and if I am wrong, I will hasten to acknowledge it."

The book was brought. The Emperor was right. The whole assembly was astonished at such excellent memory on the part of one whose head was constantly occupied by a crowd of other subjects.

"When I was a Lieutenant," said the Emperor, "When I was a Lieutenant," produced a singular effect on all present, all the representatives of the old monarchies looked et each other smiling.

"When I had the honor to be a Lieutenant of artillery," continued the Emperor in a louder tone, "I remained two years in a garrison in the city of Dauphin, which had but a single circulating library. I read three time the whole collection, and not a word of what I read at that period ever escaped me. The title of the book which has just been brought figured the list, I read it with the rest, and, as you have seen, I have not forgotten its contents."

Heaven.

A living divine says: "When I was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls, and domes and spires, and with nobody in except white angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died; and I thought of a great city, with walls, and domes, and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow that I was acquainted with. Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the flock continually grew. But it was not till I had sent one of my little children to his Grandparent—God—that I began to think I had got a little in myself. A second went, a third went, a fourth went; and by that time I had so many abquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls, and domes, and spires. I began to think of the residents ot the celestial city.—and now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there, that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth."

WIT.—There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches. It throws a single ray, separately from the rest,—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade,—upon an object; never white light; that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit,—all the prismatic colors,—but never the object as it is in fair daylight. A pun, which is a kind of wit, is a different and much shallower trick in mental optics; throwing the *shadows* of two objects so that one overlies the other. Poetry uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential object in the purest white light of truth.—O. W. HOLMES.

INTERESTING FACTS.—The following curious facts are not generally known;

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot out at a door it will go through without sustaining injury; and if a musket ball be shot into the water, it will not only rebound but be flattened. If fired through a pane of glass it will make a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk two hundred feet under the water, will not rise on account of the presure of the water. In the arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant from each other.

IT SEEMS that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in the box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

A motto for young lovers; so-fa and no father.

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