THE DENTON JOURNAL

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

GEO. T. MELVIN & Z. P. STEELE,

Editors 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, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

VOL. 29 DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1877. NO. 42.

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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STERLING

SOAP.

ECONOMICAL, LABOR-SAVING, AND UNIFORMLY SATISFACTORY.

AT A MODERATE PRICE.

A TRIAL WILL DEMONSTRATE ITS SUPERIOR QUALITY. [mar17-2m.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

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J. L. STEIMEN'S.

COATS,
PANTS,
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UNDER GARMENTS.

Call at his extensive Clothing Store, in the McNeal building, on Dover Street, Easton, Md. [dec2-y.

BOARDING HOUSE

At Queenstown

WHERE transient Boarders and the traveling public can be accommodated at the

SHORTEST NOTICE

AND ON THE

MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Persons going to Baltimore can leave horses and carriages here until their return and the

BEST ATTENTION

given and charges moderate JOSEPH SHINN.
aug-tf. Queenstown, Md

Chester River Steamboat

COMPANY.

ON and after MONDAY, February 5, the

STEAMER GEORGE LAW

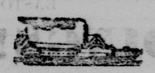
will leave Baltimore every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 9 A. M., for Kent Island, Queenstown, Grey's Inn Creek, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Ralph's and Chestertown.

Returning, will leave Chestertown every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 A. M., making the above stops.

☞ Freights received Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. H. A. ALBERT.
mar10-y. Secretary.

Maryland Steamboat Co.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.



ON and after Saturday, April 7th, 1877, the Steamer

Highland Light,

CAPT. E. T. LEONARD,

will leave pier 3, Light Street, foot of Camden, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock, P. M., for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chancellors Point, Cabin Creek and Medford's,

Making close connection with Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Easton, and with the Dorchester & Delaware Railroad at Cambridge.

The Tuesday trip will be extended to Denton, making all the landings on the River. On the [illegible] leave Denton every Wednesday at [illegible] every Monday, Wednesday and [illegible] Medford's at 7, Cambridge 9, and Easton 9 o'clock A. M., arriving in Baltimore early next morning.

FREIGHTS SOLICITED AT LOW RATES AND CAREFULLY HANDLED.

apr7-tf.

NEW

FALL & WINTER

GOODS.

—AT—

J. H. VAN CESEL'S.

DENTON, MD.

A NEW STOCK OF FALL & WINTER GOODS has just been received at my Store, suitable to the wants of my customers to an examination of which I will invite their attention. My stock embraces

GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, LADIES DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND READY-MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, AND QUEENSWARE, A LARGE, STOCK OF NOTIONS, RIBBONS, GLOVES & WHITE GOODS, TOGETHER WITH A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF ARTICLES

AS ARE

KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Hoping to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I will endeavor to deal fairly with my customers, and give them a valuable compensation for their investments.

nov11-tf. J. H. VANGESEL.

Every Man Can Buy A Home.

HOW LAND-RENTERS

MAY BECOME

LAND-OWNERS.

The communications on the subject of Small Farms, which have lately appeared in the DENTON JOURNAL, together with my own observation, have convinced me of the great importance of devising a plan by which the hard-working land-renters may become land-owners.

To meet this demand, Mr. Wm. S. Ridgely has concluded to add this feature to the real estate business, and has referred to me, as his agent and attorney, the special conduct of this branch. Pains have been taken to elaborate such a plan as will enable every industrious man to have a home of his own.

Several hundred of these small farms will be offered averaging in size ten acres.

TERMS.

On farms of ten acres, ten years will be given,—payment for only one acre a year being required.

I shall be glad to furnish full particulars to such as desire to avail themselves of these advantages.

GEO. T. MELVIN.

Denton, Dec. 16, 1876. ATTORNEY.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

The following is a directory of the principal officers of Caroline county.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Regular Terms begin the first Mondays in April and October, and Intermediate Terms the second Monday of January and the fourth Monday of June.

Chief Judge, Hon. John M. Robinson, Centreville; Associate Judges, Hon. J. A. Wickes, Chestertown and Hon. F. Stump, Perryville.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—John W. Temple; Deputy Clerks, L. H. Gadd and C. Cook.

State's Attorney—Geo. M. Russum.

Sheriff—Reynolds Y. Collins.

Crier to the Court, James Hignutt. Bailiffs, Hy. Irwin, Wm, L. Davis and Thos. P. Davis

ORPHANS' COURT.

The [illegible] of this Court [illegible] Dec[illegible], and the [illegible] thereafter, [illegible] Co[illegible] requir[illegible] Robert Jarrell, [illegible] D. M. F. W[illegible] Preston.

Register of Wills—Jas. B. Steele; Deputy, J. Cole Steele.

County Commissioners—J. M. Whitby, Greensborough, A. J. Greenley, Greensborough, and Elijah Towers, Potter's Landing; T. F. Johnson, Clerk.

Clerk to Board of Control and Review—J. Boon Dukes.

County School Commissioners—Col. James E. Douglass, Preston; Wm. S. Ridgely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Comegys, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Beaven, Secretary, and Examiner.

Magistrates—Richard Jones, Henderson; J. P. Fierce, Greensborough; Perry G. Stevens, Hillsboro'; Thos. A. Smith Denton; Jas. E. Johnson, Concord; Wm. H. Bullock, Smithville; M. P. Hutchinson, Fowling Creek; W. W. Williamson, Preston, and W. H. Watkins, Federalsburg.

Constables—Wm. M. Price, Henderson; John C. Brown, Greensborough; Tilghman Roe, Denton; Wm. C. Willoughby, Fowling Creek, and Wm. T. Slaughter, Federalsburg.

TAX COLLECTORS.

First district, W. W. Rickards; Second, Luther Whitby; Third, R. J. W. Garey; Fourth, E. M. Towers; Fifth, Elijah Hignutt.

ALMS-HOUSE.

Trustees, First district, Henry C. Culbreth; Second, Esma Lowe: Third, J. Boon Dukes, Fourth, Matthew Patton and Fifth, A. N. Davis.

Overseer, Wm. Driggis.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH.

PREACHING Sabbath morning at 10, A. M., and 7 P. M.

Sabbath School 2 P. M.

Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

P. E. CHURCH.

CHRIST CHURCH. Morning Prayer and Sermon at 10:30 o'clock.

Evening Prayer and Lecture at 7 o'clock.

ROM. CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Services the fourth Sabbath in every month, at 10:30, A. M.

FRIENDS' MEETING.

Every First Day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

LODGES, GRANGES, &C.

MASONIC LODGE.

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.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

DENTON GRANGE, No. 43, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of every month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

A. R. WEEDON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND.

Wm. S. RIDGELY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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. d30-1y

GEO. T. MELVIN,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MD,

oct7-y.

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

July 11

Maj. Wm. E. Stewart,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.

—0—

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

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.

FREDERICK J. KING.

CARPENTER & BUILDER,

GREENSBOROUGH, MARYLAND.

—:o:—

Plans, Specifications and Estimates furnished for new Buildings, and alterations attended to. f.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.
Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom
In the light of day and the midnight gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love wove in!
Click, click! and another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing will this life be,
When we see it unrolled in eternity.

Time, with a face like a mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its warp outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.
When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one.
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you nor I,
But the wheels turn on, and the shuttles fly.

Ah! sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know.
And some day the last thread will be wove in,
God grant it be love instead of sin.
Are we spinners of woof for this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better then, oh, my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

Elizabeth's Necklace.

BY LIZZIE M. MULHERN.

"Elizabeth."

Elizabeth Caverly stood leaning listlessly against the window, her clear, gray eyes resting on the green fields and sunny meadows before her.

"Elizabeth!"

Very slowly she turned around, her soft, lustrious robes sweeping behind her, a slight flush on her fair face.

"What is it, Warena? You look excited."

"Oh, Elizabeth, think of it. Old Aunt Kate is dead, and you—you Elizabeth Caverly, are her heiress. Heiress of house and land, and all her grand old jewelry. How I envy you, *ma belle*. No I don't either, only I am wild with delight."

"Delight over the death of a poor old lady, who was always kind to us."

Warena Caverly's face sobered.

"No," she said, "only glad you are her heiress."

"Yes. I suppose that is all."

"You will go away to-morrow, Elizabeth, to be in time for the funeral and to take possession of your new home."

"And you, little cousin, are to take possession of it along with me."

"No, Elizabeth, I will still live with grandma."

A few moments later Elizabeth was wandering down through the sunny meadows, past the drooping laburnum trees, till she stood in a pretty, leaf-sheltered glade.

A young man, tall, dark, handsome and sunbrowned, stood leaning against a tree.

"Have I kept you waiting long, John?" she said.

"Not very. Only long enough to make it impossible for us to finish 'Elaine' this evening."

"I am afraid we will not finish it at all," she said, a faint roseflush staining her cheeks, "for John, Aunt Kate is dead and I am her heiress."

The man's face grew pale.

"Then you are very wealthy, Elizabeth, and of course the humble home where you have spent your life will be your home no longer?"

"No," she answered half sadly, "I leave it to-morrow; I have to be at the funeral. I will have to bid you farewell, John."

"You are going away to another life entirely, Elizabeth, a life so different from ours, we can scarcely understand it."

"So I believe."

"And you can say farewell so calmly. Oh! Elizabeth, the dream of my life is past."

She rested her eyes gravely on his face.

"Is it?" she said slowly.

"Yes," he answered, "for you are one of the wealthiest heiresses in the country, and I am simply—John Flowers. I bid you and my dream good-bye together. Good-bye, Elizabeth."

"Good-bye," she answered, laying her hand in his, and looking up into his face, and then she turned slowly away, her face pale, her eyes glowing.

"If he loves me he will tell me so of his own accord, for I will give no sign," she said.

One year later John Flowers lay dreaming in the sheltered glade, where he had parted from Elizabeth Caverly.

He was dreaming of her, the woman he loved; the fair, proud woman, who was more to him than all else on earth.

He had loved her from the time when she had been a tiny child with curly hair and big gray eyes, and could he cease to love her then, when she was the fairest woman his eyes had ever rested on?

In a few hours he would see her, for she was down at the old home, and she had sent for him, sent for her old playmate to come and see her.

She had come down to the old homestead pale and a little sorrowful looking.

"Are you not happy, Elizabeth?" Warena asked, though wondering how she could be otherwise.

"I scarcely know, Warrie;" then, after a pause, "I have felt happier in my life than I do now."

Warrie opened her eyes.

"Warena," Elizabeth said, "do you remember the amethyst necklace Aunt Kate prized so highly?"

"Yes; the old-fashioned thing with the legend attached to it. The necklace lost and found so many times?"

"Yes. Well, it is lost again—stolen.

"Stolen, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, along with some other jewelry. It is said, when it is lost it will be found, and the finding will bring either happiness or misery to the owner of it."

"Such nonsense!"

"If you believe Aunt Kate, it was lost many times, and not only was it found, but the legend verified on all occasions.

Just then John Flowers entered.

Elizabeth met him with her old, sweet smile, and laid her white hand in his.

She looked so beautiful then, that he felt his pulses leap beneath the touch of her hand.

"Why did you come, Elizabeth?" he said, scarcely knowing what he did say. "Why did you send for me, when I was struggling to forget you. Are all women the same; do they delight in the pain a man suffers for their sake. I would not have believed——"

Elizabeth turned coldly away, a half angry light in her eyes.

She knew he loved her, but she was far too proud to let him know how little wealth and position were to his love; far too proud to let him see how willing she was to come down from her high estate, and become a farmer's wife.

"If my love is not worth asking for," she murmured to herself, "it is not worth bestowing."

It was late that night when John Flowers left for his home.

It was quite a distance, but there was an old, unfrequented road, by which he could go in a much shorter time, than by keeping to the main road. He turned his horse in that direction, and rode leisurely along, thinking of Elizabeth.

"My love for her grows deeper, day by dry, and hour after hour. Strive as I may I cannot forget her. But she was glad to see me to-day. I saw the welcoming light in her eyes. Oh! my love"——

Just then two men confronted him.

"We want your horse," said the foremost, "and we have no objection to any loose cashe you may have about you."

For answer John leaped off his horse, and dashing the pistol which one man held to the ground, closed with him.

The other man lifted the pistol and fired.

A low cry came from John's lips, his clasp on the other ruffian loosened, and he fell forward on the ground, and there he lay, senseless, his arm shattered, and an amethyst necklace lay glittering at his feet.

It was not long till consciousness returned to him, and of course his e[illegible] rested on the necklace, dropped by o[illegible] of the robbers, no doubt.

He lifted it up and put it in his poc[illegible] et, and then almost faint with pain, [illegible] made his way to the nearest house.

A few days later he lay tossing [illegible] brain fever, for a ball had entered h[illegible] shoulder, as well as the one that sha[illegible] tered his arm, and Elizabeth Caver[illegible] knelt beside his couch.

It was pitiful to hear him call h[illegible] name.

"Elizabeth," he cried. "Oh! m[illegible] darling, why did you leave me?[illegible] Wealth came between us, my love, f[illegible] would I ask you to be mine, wh[illegible] riches came to you, when I had bee[illegible] silent before. But I was waiting, ye[illegible] I was waiting; and, my love, I wait[illegible] too long," and the girl who loved hi[illegible] so well, laid her proud head on the si[illegible] of the couch.

"Must my wealth stand between [illegible] forever?" she cried.

One month later he was himself aga[illegible] pale and grave, but proud and se[illegible] willed as of old.

Elizabeth Caverly sat in the old le[illegible] shaded dell, a few days before she w[illegible] to leave for her home.

She looked pale and weary, and [illegible] had come to bid farewell to the [illegible] spot. She was going back to her sta[illegible] ly home, never to return.

"Elizabeth!"

She rose to her feet, for John Flowers stood before her, and something glittered in his hand.

"My amethyst necklace!" she said, her face paling and flushing, as she remembered the old story connected with it.

The finding of it would bring happiness or misery to the owner of it. Which would it bring her?

"Yes," he said, laying them in her hand, his eyes on her face. "You are going away again," he said, "going away to happiness I hope, for I have heard the story of the necklace; and God forbid that anything but happiness should be yours. I have tried to forget you, Elizabeth, but I have loved"——

He stopped short.

No. She was wealthy and high, and she might misjudge him. Anything was better than that.

Suddenly she laid her hand on his arm.

"I am not going away to happiness," she said, slowly; "I am leaving happiness behind me, but the old legend will be fulfilled."

"Elizabeth!"

She smiled softly, and raised her eyes to his.

"Do not trifle with me," he said, "but tell me, do you mean you love, and are willing to be my wife. Do you mean this, Elizabeth?"

"I have loved you all my life," she said, as he folded her in his arms, and kissed her sweet, red lips.

Three months later, when Elizabeth Caverly knelt in her bridal robes, and rose Elizabeth Flowers, an amethyst necklace glittered round her white throat.

Mistook His Reckoning.

A small party of gentlemen were at table recently with the jovial captain of one of the steamers running between New York and Liverpool, when the Englishman, alluding to the late civil war in this country, said he had paid the States a number of visits when its cost him some risk to do so.

He explained by saying he had been a blockade-runner, and he became quite merry while showing how he had dodged the Federal cruisers off Wilmington, North Carolina, and slipped in and out, to and from that harbor, five times during the closing months of the war.

While on his sixth trip he was chased ashore, his vessel ruined, and he escaped to *terra firma* by the aid of a ladder over his steamer's bow.

"Oh, it was fun!" exclaimed the captain; "sometimes they plucked it into me pretty hot, but they never did me any hurt in that way. Three rows of cotton bales made a pretty safe armor, you know."

He then mentioned incidentally that a certain revenue cutter used to cost him the most trouble, and that he finally determined to run her down to prevent a warning signal to the blockading fleet.

"It was a bloody dark night," continued the captain, "and I was slipping out close in shore, when that——cutter showed herself in front of me."—After a pause he added: "Well, we went right over her; she didn't signal anybody that night."

"Was your steamer the *Kate* captain?" asked a very quiet gentleman at the foot of the table.

"Yes," was the somewhat surprised reply.

[illegible] of that [illegible] rn [illegible] " [illegible] e [illegible] s [illegible] t [illegible]'t [illegible] f, [illegible] w [illegible] e [illegible] in [illegible] k [illegible] e [illegible] r- [illegible] es [illegible] e- [illegible] d, [illegible] d [illegible] er [illegible] n- [illegible] it [illegible] e, [illegible] s; [illegible] n [illegible] ve [illegible] ng [illegible] at [illegible] rk [illegible] ! [illegible] you ask?" "Because that insulting fellow insists on putting a towel by my plate, I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes round he puts another one before me!" And she held up the last napkin indignantly.

Life and work.

A young girl who is worn and tired with the battle of life is wandering alone, vainly seeking for rest from the worry of care and thought. The world seems dark and cheerless, full of storm clouds and sorrow, and to the tired heart nature, too, seems to be dreary and dead. It is a cheerless November day, and the trees, divested of their beauty, stand pointing their great, skeleton fingers to the sky. The wind drearily rustles among the dead leaves and branches, breaking, ever and anon into a shrill shriek as of pain, and the sun, seeming to shun a bright, joyous glare as upon a mid-summer day, breaks dully through the rifts of clouds and strikes the earth in softened shadows. It is summer's death. Worn and weary, the tired form sinks upon a mound, and slowly the light fades away. The sound of the wind grows dim and distant, and sleep closes the heavy eyelids. And now a spirit form comes to her side, and, with sweet words of love and comfort, bids her look and view the burial of nature's children. And she looks and sees the old sexton of the north marshalling his forces. Silently and swiftly work is done, and soon nature's dead darlings are covered with a great white mantle of snow. Then the ice-king comes for his silent work, and shadows each lowly grave with his weeping willows of ice, and the frost-fariers, with subdued and softened looks on their tiny faces, deftly and quietly imprint their inscription upon each silent tomb, while through it all the grand old organ of the north wind breathe forth a wild, weird funeral chant. The scene changes, and in the far-off distance the strains of sweet, low music breaks upon the ear, and, coming slowly into view, surrounded by the fairy forms of buds and flowers and sun-bearers, the princess of spring appears. It is summer's life returning. And the spirit says:—"As nature, so is life. Summer succeeds the winter—light follows darkness. Cheer up, and go back to your life. Watch, work, pray. There is hope."

Utility.

That useful knowledge should receive our first and chief care, we mean not to dispute. But in our views of utility, we may differ from some who take this position. There are those who confine this term to the necessaries and comforts of life, and to the means of producing them. And is it true that we need no knowledge but that which clothes and feeds us? A large and increasing proportion of mechanical labor is given to the gratification of an elegant taste. How simple would be the art of building, if it limited itself to the construction of a comfortable shelter. How many ships rest were dress and furniture reduced to the standard of convenience. This "utility" would work great changes in town and country, would level to the dust the wonders of architecture, would animate the fine arts, and blot out innumerable beauties which the hand of taste has spread over the face of the earth. Happily, human nature is too strong for the utilitarian. It cannot satisfy with the convenient.—No passion unfolds itself sooner than the love of the ornamental. The savage decorates his person, and the child is more struck with the beauty than the uses of its raiment. So far from limiting ourselves to convenient food and raiment, we enjoy but little a repast which is not arranged with some degree of order and taste; and a man who should consult comfort alone in his wardrobe, would find himself an unwelcome guest in circles which he would very reluctantly forgo. We are aware that the propensity to which we have referred often breaks out in extravagance and ruinous luxury. We know that the love of ornament is often vitiated by vanity, and that, when so perverted, it impairs, sometimes destroys, the soundness and simplicity of the mind and the relish for true glory, still, it teaches, even in its excesses, that the idea of beauty is an indestructible principle of our nature, and this single truth is enough to put us on our guard against vulgar notions of utility.

AFTER a decision has been carefully and deliberately made, pay no regard to misgivings or fancies, or even to things which are apparently opposed to it. After decision; no more waverings. It is better in matters of small importance to run the risk of occasional mistakes, rather than to be halting between two opinions.

"ISN'T your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a "shocking bad" one. "My; why? inquired the gentleman. "Because I think it's a long time since it had a nap," was the answer.

The Great Suspension Bridge Between New York and Brooklyn.

The work of arranging, testing and preparing for the laying of the wires of the main cables is steadily progressing, and is watched with much attention by engineers and others interested in this remarkable work. As a matter for convenient reference, we subjoin the following epitome of principal facts and dimensions: Construction commenced January 2, 1870: length of river span, 1595 feet 6 inches: length of each land span, 930 feet (1860 feet:) length of Brooklyn approach, 1562 feet 6 inches: total length of bridge, 5989 feet: width of bridge, 85 feet: number of cables, 4: diameter of each cable, 15½ inches: each cable consists of 6300 parallel (not twisted) steel wires, No. 7 gauge, closely wrapped to a solid cylinder; ultimate strength of each cable, 11,000 tons: depth of tower foundation below high water, Brooklyn, 45 feet: depth of foundation below high water, New York, 78 feet; size of towers at high water line, 140x59 feet: size of towers at roof course, 136x53 feet; total height of towers above high water, 277 feet: clear height of bridge in centre of river span above high water, at 50 degrees Fah. 135 feet: height of floor at towers above high water, 119 feet 3 in.; grade of road way, 3½ feet in 109 feet; size of anchorages at top, 117x119 feet; weight of each anchor-plate, 23 tons; estimated total cost of bridge, exclusive of land acquisition, $9,000,000; estimated cost of land, say $3,500,000. Total estimated cost, $12,500,000.—*Scientific American.*—

Anecdote of Matthews.

Matthews' power of disguising himself was something simply wonderful. His facial expression was marvelous. Once he was expelled from behind the scenes of the Liverpool Theater, where he was acting at the time, as an intrusive stranger. More than once he played off the same trick in the green-room of Drury Lane, amidst his brother actors, without his identity being suspected. Indeed, the eccentricities of this suppositious gentleman became so celebrated that crowds were attracted to the green-room to see him; and it was a matter of regret to the performer "that Mathews always came to the theater too early or too late to see a subject whom he of all others ought to see." It was really surprising that no suspicion arose of the truth. How long this imposture lasted I forget, but it was at length revealed by the imposter himself. One night, in the midst of a greater excitement than was usually created by him, he suddenly stood before the assembled crowd as Mr. Mathews. A set of clowns, or a group of children gazing at a mountebank at a fair, could not have expressed more wonder, nay, something approaching to terror, when the imperceptible change took place, than was manifested in the features of all around. His was a rare genius.

WHEN Longfellow, the poet, was introduced to Mr. Longworth, some one noticed the similarity of the first syllable of the names. "Yes," said the poet, "but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply, "Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

Many a young lady suffering from blighted affection and a resolution to die at once has been jerked from the brink of the grave by reading of the announcement of a spring opening.

POLITENESS is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quick a prejudice against him.

A LADY wished a seat in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman gave her a chair. "You are a jewel," she said. "Oh, no, I am a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

ARE blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living.

A GROCER had a pound of sugar returned with a note stating, "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

PATRICK, lamenting his late better-half, said: "Och, she was a jewel of a wife. She always tuck to me with the soft end of the mop."

A HOTEL is advertised as "kept by the widow of Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

When you can-cel a note, you can't sell it.

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