THE DENTON JOURNAL

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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

Editors and Proprietors.

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, JUNE 30, 1877. NO. 51.

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.

B. H. HARRINGTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

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.

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 instance. jfeb21-tf.

JOHN COVEY,

AUCTIONEER,

AMERICAN CORNER, MD.,

Respectfully announces his readiness to call sales in any part of Caroline, Talbot, Dorchester and adjoining counties. He charges less than any other auctioneer; and after seventeen years' experience in this line, in Maryland and Delaware, flatters himself he can guarantee satisfaction in every case where he is employed. [may5-y.

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.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.

—0—

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

EMORY & NEAVITT

GENERAL

Commission Merchant

No 6 Wood Street,

jan30-1y. BALTIMORE MD.

Notice to Shippers.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he is prepared to receive and ship grain and all kinds of produce to Baltimore market. His granery is at Denton Bridge, in charge of M. Chilton, Esq., He is also prepared to take orders for lime, shells and other back freights. The schooner

"MARY ELLEN"

is nearly completed, and will be at the service of the public in a few days. Arrangements have been made to ship by another vessel, with dispatch, in the mean time.

J. BOON DUKES.

FRANK X. SIMMS. HIRAM G. DUDLE

SIMMS & DUDLEY.

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

57 LIGHT STREET,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

apr3-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

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

GOULD, DUKES & CO.

No. 102 Light Street Wharf, Balt.

Buy and Sell Exclusively on Commission.

Consignments of

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

feb22 y.

BLACKSMITHING,

AT LOW PRICES.

John T. Comegys.

I AM STILL engaged in the Blacksmith business at the old stand, but have discontinued Wheelwrighting altogether, and continue the Blacksmith business only.

I still continue at my old prices for Horse Shoeing.

Plain Shoeing	**$1.00**
With Steel Toes	**1.25**

I have also the sole right of E. T. Burton's Subsoil Pulverizing plow, for the 3rd, 4th and 5th Districts. This attachment can be attached to any plow at a cost of only $5. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

JNO. T. COMEGYS.

jan13-y. Denton, Md.

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 Insermediate 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, Ferryville.

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

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 days fixed by law for the meeting of this Court are the second Tuesday in December, and the second Tuesday in every second month thereafter, and oftener, as the business of the Court requires. Judges, Wm. A. Ford, Denton, Robert Jarrell, Greensborough, and Dr. H. F. Willis, Preston.

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

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.

Cards.

A. R. WEEDON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. 430-1y

Wm. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. 430-1y

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MARYLAND.

jly

E. HAMPSON,

FASHIONABLE HATTER,

189 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

jul22-y.

GEO. T. MELVIN,

Attorney-at-Law,

DENTON, MD,

oct7-y.

DR. W. F. G. YOUNG,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HILLSBOROUGH, MD.,

Respectfully offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country.

apr21-tf

P. F. THOMAS. J. F. BATEMAN.

Thomas & Bateman,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET. [dec2-y

Wm H. Mowbray,

BRICKLAYER AND PLASTERER

FOWLING CREEK, MD.,

Is carrying on bricklaying and plastering and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the best manner and as cheap as the cheapest.

feb24-y.

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. [dec21-y

ONE BY ONE.

BY ADELADE E. PROCTOR.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below,
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy gifts shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begins again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

THE VOW.

BY DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

In the ancient heathen times of the Saxons there happened once a great war with the Danes, Adalbero, Duke of Saxony, who had counseled it, now in the hour of earnest conflict, stood at the head of his people. There flew the arrows and the javelins; there glanced many valiant blades on both sides; and there shone many bright gold shields through the dark fight. But the Saxons, at every attack, were repulsed, and were already so far driven back, that only the storming of a steep hight could deliver the army and the country, disperse the enemy, and change a ruinous and destructive fight into a decisive victory.

Adalbero conducted the attack. But in vain he forced his fiery charge before the squadron; in vain he shouted the field, the sacred words, "Freedom and Fatherland!" in vain streamed his warm blood, and the blood of the foe, over his resplendent armor. The ponderous mass gave way, and the enemy, secure on the hight, rejoiced in their decided victory. Again rushed Adalbero on with a few gallant warriors, again the faint-hearted fell behind; and again the enemy rejoiced.

"It is yet time," said Adalbero; and again he shouted, "Forward! and if we conquer, I vow to the gods to set fire to the four corners of my castle, and it shall blaze forth one bright funeral-pile in honor of our victory and of our deliverances.

Again was the attack renewed, but again the Saxons fled, and the enemy sent forth shouts of joy.

Then cried Adalbero aloud before the whole, "If we return victorious from this charge, ye gods, I devote myself to you as a solemn sacrifice!"

Shuddering the warriors hastened after him,—but fortune was still against them; the boldest fell—the bravest fled. Then Adalbero, in deep affliction rallied the scattered band, and all that remained of the great nobles collected round him and spoke thus:

"Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counseled this war."

Adalbero replied: "My castle and myself I have devoted to the gods for victory, and what can I more?"

The sad multitude called only the more to him: "Thou art our ruin; for thou hast counseled this war."

Then Adalbero tore open his bosom, and implored the mighty God of Thunder to pierce it with a thunderbolt, or to give the victory to his army. But there came no bolt from Heaven; and the squadron stood timid, and followed not the call.

In boundless despair, Adalbero at last said, "There remains only that which is most dear to me. Wife and child I offer to thee, God of armies, for victory. My beautiful, blooming wife—my only heart-loved child—they belong to thee, Great Ruler in Asgard, with my own hand will I sacrifice them to thee; but I implore thee, give me the victory!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when fearful thunderings rolled over the field of battle, and clouds gathered round the combatants; and the Saxons, with fearful cries, shouted, and with one voice, "The gods with us!" With invincible courage forward rushed the host, the hight was carried by storm; and Adalbero, with sudden shudder, saw the enemy flying through the field.

The conqueror returned home in triumph; and in all parts of delivered Saxony, came wives and children forth and with outstretched arms, Adalbero knew what awaited him; and every smile of an affectionate wife pierced, as with a poisoned dart, his anguished heart. At last they came before his magnificent castle. He was not able to look up, as the beautiful Similde met him at the gate with her daughter by the hand, while the little one always leaped and cried, "Father, father! beloved father!"

Adalbero looked round on the people, in order to strengthen himself; even there he met quivering eyelids and bitter tears; for among the warriors, many had heard his horrible vow. He dismissed them to their families feeling what happy men, he, the most unhappy, was sending to their homes; then rode into the castle, and sending the domestics away, under various pretenses, sprung from his horse, closed the gates with thundering sound secured them carefully and pressed his beloved wife and child to his heart, shedding over them a torrent of tears.

"What is the matter, husband?" said the astonished Similde.

"Why do you weep, father?" stammered the little one.

"We will first prepare an offering for the gods," replied Adalbero; "and then I shall relate everything to you. Come to me soon, to the hearth."

"I will kindle the flame, and fetch, in the meantime, the implements for sacrifice," said the sweet Similde, and the little one cried out clapping her hands.

"I also will help; I also will be there;" and skipped away with her mother.

These words, "I also will help; I also will be there," the hero repeated, as, dissolved in grief, he stood by the flaming pile with his drawn sword in his trembling hand. He lamented aloud over the joyful innocent child, and the graceful, obedient wife, who brought the bowl and the pitcher, perfuming-pan and taper, used in sacrifices. Then it passed through his mind that his vow could not be valid, for such sorrow could not find a place in the heart of man. But the answer was given in dreadful peals of thunder down from the heavens.

"I know," said he, sighing heavily, "your thunder has assisted us, and your thunder calls upon your devoted believer for the performance of his vow."

Similde began to tremble as the frightful truth burst upon her; and, with soft tears, she said, "Ah! hast thou made a vow? Ah! husband, I see no victim!—shall human blood!—"

Adalbero covered his eyes with his hands, and sobbed so terribly that it echoed through the hall, and the little one, terrified, shrunk close to her mother.

Similde knew well such vows, in ancient times. She looked entreatingly to her lord, and said, "Remove the child."

"Both, both!—I must!" then murmured Adalbero; and Similde, with a violent effort, forcing back her tears, said to the little one, "Quick, child, and bind this handkerchief on thine eyes; thy father has brought a present for thee and will now give it thee."

"My father looks not as if he would give me a present," sighed the child.

"Thou shalt see; thou shalt see, presently," said Similde, hurriedly; and as she placed the bandage over the eyes of the child, she could no longer restrain her tears, but they fell so softly, that the little one knew it not.

The affectionate mother now tore the drapery from her snow-white bosom, and kneeling before her sacrificer, beckoned that she might be the first victim.

"Quick, only quick," whispered she softly to the lingerer; "else will the poor child be so terrified!"

Adalbero raised the dreadful steel—then roared the thunder and flashed the lightning through the building. Speechless sank the three to the earth.

As the evening breeze rushed thro' the broken windows the little one raised her head, from which the bandage had fallen, and said, "Mother, what present has my father brought to me? The sweet voice awakened both the parents. All lived and nothing was destroyed but Adalbero's sword, which was melted by the avenging flash of Heaven.

"The gods have spoken!" cried the pardoned father; and with a gush of unutterable love, the three delivered ones wept in each other's arms.

Far distant, over the southern mountains roared the tempest, where many years afterward St. Boniface converted unbelievers to the true faith.

THERE is nothing to be said in favor of fashion, and yet how many are contented implicitly to obey its commands; its rules are not even dictated by the standard of taste, for it is constantly running into extremes, and condemns one day what it approves the next.

Origin of the Postage Stamp.

The postage stamp was born in London on the tenth of January, 1840, and England employed in alone for ten years. It was a curious incident that gave rise to the idea of postage stamps. A traveler was crossing, about forty years ago, a district in the north of England. He arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stooped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money; and so she returned it to the postman. The traveler was a man who rambled about the earth for instruction and observation. Having a good heart, he offered to pay the postage of the letter, and in spite of the resistance of the young girl he paid the shilling. This resistance made him reflect. Scarcely had the postman turned his back when the young daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs on the envelope had told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing.

"We are both so poor," she added, "that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for our letters." The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one.

The sun had not set before Mr. Rowland Hill (that was the name of the traveler) had planned to organize to postal service upon a new basis. He said that in England, where family ties are strong, and where the members often live far apart—where, too, the spirit of commerce knows no limits, the correspondence was only limited by the cost of the post; and that by lowering this barrier, a great service would be rendered to society without hurting the resources of the treasury. These views were agreed to by the English government, and on the tenth of January, 1840, not more than a penny was paid for letters which circulated over the whole extent of the British Isles. This bold scheme soon surpassed the hopes of the legislators. Ten years later, in 1850, the number of letters increased from 1,500,000 to 7,239,-962, Mr. Rowland Hill occupied in England the post of secretary to the postmaster-general.

A Funny Mistake.

A day or two since there arrived in the city ——, on one of the afternoon trains, two well dressed passengers, each being the owner of a leather valise, precisely of the same color and pattern. Traveler No. 1 picked up his valise and hurried out of the depot.—Traveler No. 2, who, apparently, was not as wide awake as his fellow passenger spied the man crossing the railroad, and, supposing he was carrying *his* property, followed and collared him Then a scene ensued:

"You have taken my baggage, sir."

"You are crazy."

"I say this is my valise."

"You must be drunk."

"Better give it up and save exposure."

"Better go about your business, or I won't be responsible for consequeces.'

"But I want my baggage!"

"Go and look for it, then! This is my property!"

"Had one just like it."

"No doubt. Where did you leave it?"

"Had it in the car before we reached ——."

"It may be there yet; let us go and see."

The parties returned to the depot. Passenger No. 1 stepped into the car and shortly after appeared with his valise, and smiling, sadly said:

"Sorry I made so foolish a mistake. Beg your pardon, sir!"

"Granted, on one condition!"

"Please name it."

"Look before you leap next time!"

"That I will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

FORBEARANCE is the key-note of married life. There can be no great discord, there can be no large divergencies from tunefulness, so long as the husband forbears. Now this can not be attained without some labor.—Results are approaching gradually in character, as they are in making a sand hill. It is grain upon grain, shovelful upon shovelful, and load upon load that makes the mound to rise. So results of character come gradually. An act at this time, a deed yesterday, a word this morning, a cross answer to-day, repeated a month hence, and so on till you find there is a ridge between you and your wife's or husband's affection.

Human Destiny.

Unremitted labor and unceasing vigilance are the lowest price at which man, in this world, can obtain happiness and safety. The primeval curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," includes within its scope not only the bodily, but the mental and moral powers of man. And reason and philosophy, not less than revelation, clearly demonstrate that all nature, both within us and without, is so formed and constituted as to enforce this destiny. Not only does the uncultivated earth bring forth thorns and thistles rather than fruit, but its tempting fruits, unless discriminated, may poison us. And the air we breathe, the fire that warms us, and the innumerable other objects which are essential to our existence or enjoyment, must be, for the most part, laboriously sought, and must all be cautiously distinguished and appropriated, and used if we would secure the benefits and escape the mischiefs which, in some form, each has the power to occasion. And if we seek for happiness in the exercise of the mental and moral powers, the same toil and danger await us. The temple of science stands at the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain. "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Moral rectitude is a critical medium, the two extremes from which are vices. And even the path to heaven, as we are instructed from the sacred desk, is narrow and difficult, with a broad road leading from it to perdition; so that earth and heaven are legibly inscribed by the finger of the Creator with the sublunary doom of man—toil and watchfulness. And yet, such is the intrinsic constitution of human nature, that this apparently severe destiny is the efficient cause of its highest dignity and happiness. Perils and impediments in our path prompt us to vigilant and energetic action. Our chief happiness consists in successful effort—in acquiring the desirable objects around us, not in their supine enjoyment—in eluding, or grappling with and overcoming, danger—not in a quiet, lifeless exemption from it.

A Few Items for Mothers to Read.

A correspondent in writing to the *Middletown Press* offers the following reasonable suggestions to mothers of afflicted children:

We hope that mothers will remember that good brandy is a cure for summer complaint; in bad cases a teaspoonful in milk three or four times a day.

A flannel cloth, wet in hot brandy, or better, camphor and brandy mixed and heated, will relieve the pain of the bowels if frequently laid over the stomach and bowels.

Bits of scraped ice are better on the tongue than drinks of water.

For stings and poisons, a strong solution of saleratus and water immediately and then frequently applied, gives relief and sure cure.

For burns, an immediate application of flour covering the burn and wrapped so as to exclude the air; then burn lard till it is quite brown and apply and relief and cure will soon come. Do not wash off the flour if it clings, but put the lard over it.

At night, in extreme warm weather, a lemon squeezed in tepid water, to sponge off the tired-out little body, will give rest to both the mother and child. Saleratues is good, but the lemon best. Even washing off the little feet, neck and palms of the hands in tepid, never very cold, water, will induce a healthful sleep.

ON SWEARING.—Cooper wrote some lines about swearing, which it would be worth while for every one to learn:

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
Maintain poor rank, vulgarity despise—
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise;
You would not swear upon a bed of death;
Reflect; your Maker may now stop your breath."

Some who would not swear by the name of God, think nothing of swearing "By George," or "By jingo," or by something else; others often cry out "Good gracious!" or "mercy on me!" and the like these are beginnings of

Woman's Affection.

Washington Irving wrote: "As the dove will clap its wings to its sides to cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and sends the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams, "dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her feeble frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her after a little while and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, wondering that one who had so lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty should now be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low; but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS.—It is said that one day, when Bonaparte was reviewing some troops, the bridle of his horse slipped from his hand, and galloped off. A common soldier ran and laying hold of the bridle brought back the horse to the emperor's hand, when he said: "Well done, captain." "Of what regiment, sire?" inquired the soldier. "Of the Guards," answered Napolean, pleased with his instant belief in his word. The emperor rode off, the soldier threw down his musket, and though he had no epaulets on his shoulder, no sword by his side, nor any mark of advancement he ran and joined the staff of commanding officers. They laughed at him, and said: "What have you to do here?" "I am captain of the Guards," he replied. They were amazed, but he said: "The emperor has said so and therefore I am."

FEMALE EDUCATION.—Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the everyday business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but they must use it with discretion.

THOUGHTS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.—Glory is so enchanting that we love whatever we associate with it, even though it be death.

Gifts are as gold that adorns the temple; grace is like the temple that sanctifies the gold.

True gladness doth not always speak; joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.

Nations and men are only the best when they are the gladdest, and deserve heaven when they enjoy it.

He is the best gentleman that is the son of his own deserts, and not the degenerated heir of another's virtue.

A QUESTION:—Here is a question for pupils to solve, which may also cause many teachers to put on their studying caps:

A boy was asked how many pupils there were in his school and replied: "I am in the first class; the next is one-tenth of the whole school; the next has three more than the first, and the fourth has 48. How many were in the school?"

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.—The seven wonders of the world were—the Pyramids of Egypt; the Walls of Babylon; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Statue of Zeus at Olympia; the Mausoleum at Halikarnassus; the Colossus at Rhodes; all monuments of art of extraordinary beauty and stupendous proportions.

A WONDERFUL GAS WELL.—The explorers in McKean county, Pa., in boring for oil, have struck a vein of natural gas at a depth of 1,180 feet, and it issues from a hole five and five-eighths of an inch in diameter with a force indicating a pressure at the mouth of about sixty pounds to the square inch.

When does a man sneeze three times? When he can't help it.

No man should be a judge in his own cause.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3346-0105