Denton Journal.

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Denton, Caroline Co., Md.,

BY

GEO. T. MELVIN, EDITOR.

At One Dollar a Year, in advance.

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nov9-1y.

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DR. T. J. SMITHERS,
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Office over Elliott & Rathell's Shoe Store. Entrance on Dover Street. (jun2 1y

HENRY IRWIN,
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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

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After having had fifteen years experience still offers his services to the public and guarantees satisfaction. may4-78-tf.

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

GEO. M. RUESUM,
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DENTON, MD.
Can be found at his office adjoining T. E. Heather opposite the Court House.

Legal Notice.

The undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regular attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims

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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county.
Will be in Greensborough on Saturdays and Hillsborough on Wednesdays.
All operations performed with care, and work guaranteed. [4-2 m.

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HEATERS, RANGES and GRATES set and all kinds of furnace work. Plaster ornaments furnished and put up.
9-28-y.

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COMMISSION DEALERS IN
Berries and Peaches,
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Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice.
Clocks, Wetches, Jewelry and Plated Ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.
Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs Scarfs, Neck-Ties, &c., for sale cheap.
Nov25-mar30-tf. C. H. B.

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AND
HORSE SHOEING,
BY
MILES W. GREEN
AT his shops between Denton and Col. Carter's residence. Mr. Green guarantees to shoe horses so as to stop them from forging or interfering. If he fails to do this he will not charge anything. Call and see him at his residence near Col. Carter's, and you will find him the same accommodating Miles W. Green. [jan19-6m.

EDMOND P. SANGSTON,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
MAIN STREET,
GREENSBOROUGH, MD.
THIS certifies that E. P. Sangston has finished his trade with us, and we can recommend him as being thoroughly competent in every respect.
C. W. BLAKE,
Baltimore, Nov. 23, 1877.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry for sale.
WORK DONE ON REASONABLE TERMS.
All work guaranteed. [12 3-tf

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MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES,
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CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED
I will deliver and set up my work at the graves put good foundations under it and fasten properly for less than city prices.
nov24-y. B. TOMLINSON Agt

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Dr. AUTHUR MITCHELL,
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GUARANTEES to cure the most violent cases of Spavin, Ring-Bone, Cutting, Burning, Blistering or injury to the Hair and all other diseases of horses.
He can be found at his shop near the Brick Hotel, where he keeps on hand a large stock of first rate
Hand-Made HARNESS.
For Sale Cheap.
HARNESS REPAIRED, AND CARRIAGE TRIMMING DONE CHEAPLY.
Also machine made harness at low figures.
Country produce taken in exchange for work.
apr20-

THE BRICK HOTEL
DENTON MARYLAND.
THE subscriber adopts this method of informing the public that he has leased the Brick Hotel, in Denton, and furnished the same in a good and substantial manner for the accommodation of guests. His table will at all times be supplied with the best the market can afford. His servants are attentive and obliging.
THE STABLES
are supplied with an abundance of feed for horses, and with careful and reliable hostlers. He also keeps horses and carriages for hire; and will send persons to any place in the county or elsewher they may desire to go.
He hopes by a close application to his business to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage.
dec23-y. JAMES MELVIN.

A SONG FOR NOVEMBER.

November strews the woodland o'er
With many a brilliant color,
The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather—
Ah me! this glory and this grief,
Agree not well together

This is the parting season' this
The time when friends are flying;
And lovers now wish many a kiss,
Their long farewells are sighing.
Why is the earth so gaily dressed?
This pomp that autumn beareth
A funeral seems, where every guest
A bridal garment weareth.

Each one of us may often here,
On some blue moon hereafter,
Return to view the gaudy year,
But not in boyish laughter.
We shall then be wrinkled men,
Our brows with silver laden,
And thou this glen may'st seek again,
But never more a maiden.

Nature, perhaps, foresees that Spring
Will touch her teeming bosom,
And think a few brief months will bring
The bird, the bee, the blossom.
Ah! these forests do not know,
Or would less brightly wither,
The virgin that adornes them so
Will never more come hither.

CAN YOU?

Can you make a rose or a lily,—just one?
Or catch a beam of the golden sun?
Can you count the rain-drops as they fall?
Or the leaves that flutter from tree-tops tall?
Can you run like the brook and never tire?
Can you climb like the vine beyond the spire?
Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest,
Or make but one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin
Like the spider, a web so fine and thin?
Can you lift a shadow from off the ground?
Can you see the wind, or measure a sound?
Can you blow a bubble that will not burst?
Can you talk with echo and not speak first?

Oh, my dear little boy! you are clever and strong;
And you are so busy the whole day long,
Trying as hard as a little boy can
To do big things like a "grown-up" man!
Look at me, darling! I tell you true,
There are some things you can never do.
—*Mary E. Folsom, St. Nicholas for December.*

THE MARKED ARM.

Click! In the dead of the night a sharp sound awakened Mrs. Halifont. The room was dark. Not even a gleam of moon or starlight fell thro' the curtains of the windows. It was a very strange sound, indeed, but she saw nothing, heard nothing more.

She sat up, leaning on her dimpled elbow, and put out her right hand and touched her husband's shoulder, He lay upon his pillow sound asleep, and did not move at her touch.

"It must have been a dream," said Mrs. Halifont, and her young head—she was only the bride of a year—nestled down close to her husband's arm, and she slept again.

Click!

This time the sound did not arouse Mrs. Halifont. It was her husband who awakened. He did not pause to listen, but grasped the revolver beneath his pillow and jumped out of bed at once. In an alcove in the next room stood a safe which contained money and valuables. It was not of the wonderful new safes which defy fire and burglars, but an old one that had been in the family a long time. Mr. Halifont knew on the instant that some one was opening his safe.

A man of courage, a man who never hesitated in the face of danger, one, too, who had a warm regard for his worldly possessions, Mr. Halifont strode at once into the room where he knew the house-breakers were at work and running in the dark against a powerful man tackled him at once.

The light of the lantern flashed across the room. There were two more men. Three against one.

The sound of blows, struggling, and the report of a pistol aroused the young wife once more. Amidst her terror she had the good sense to light the gas. It shone upon a spectacle of horror. Her husband weltering in blood, wrestling with a gigantic man, whose features were concealed by a mask of black crepe; a man, the upper part of whose person was clothed only in a knotty woolen shirt, of some dark color, with sleves that left his great arms bare. On the right one, the one which clutched Mr. Halifont's throat, was a red mark or brand, a scar, a birthmark. It would have been impossible for Mrs. Halifont even in a calmer moment, to tell what it was, but it indellibly impressed itself upon her mind, as she bravely cast herself into the struggle, and fought with all her might to drag the terrible hand from her husband's throat, screaming all the while for aid.

A blow, a kick, would have silenced her. The burglar must have known that there are very bad men who could not use violence toward a woman, to save their own lives. This man could not. His companions had flown with their booty, help might arrive at any moment. With a great effort he wrenched himself from the clutch of his victim, and let go his throat and sped away. It was not too soon; assistance arrived, now that it was too late, but Mr. Halifont did not live to tell the story. He was mortally wounded. His young wife watched by his bedside until he breathed his last, then dropped beside it senseless.

For weeks she raved in wild delirium of the murderous hand, of the great muscular arm with a scar upon it, and called upon them all to save her husband's life; but she was young and had a fine constitution. After a while her health returned, and, at last her mind regained its equipose.

She removed from the city and took up her abode in a lonely country place with a favorite sister for a companion. She had resolved, as all widows who have loved their husbands do at first, to remain a widow forever. And indeed, though many young men would gladly have tempted one so young, beautiful and wealthy to change her mind on this point, she seemed to care less for any one of them than the kitten which purred upon her knee, or the little black and tan terrier which ran by her side along the garden paths. She was nineteen when her husband was murdered; at thirty-two she was still true to his memory.

Is any one forever utterly true to their lover's memory out of romance—who does not die young? I fear not. In this, the lapsing summer of the woman's life, when she pretends to believe that autumn has actually come, temptation to inconstancy assailed her. For many years a fine house upon the neighboring estate had been empty, but now there came to take possession of it a gentleman not yet forty—a widower with plenty of money and no children; and a handsome man, well built and stalwart, with magnificent black hair and eyes that were like black diamonds—indeed he called himself a Spaniard, and his speech betrayed a foreign accent.

Those dark eyes and blue ones met, a few neighborly words exchanged, a call soon followed. Mrs. Halifont felt a new emotion creeping into her heart. She felt pleased and flattered by the stranger's admiration. Then she knew she was loved and rejoiced—and so discovered that she herself loved again.

At first she was angry with herself, then she wept over her inconstancy, but at last yielded utterly. After all, it was the love that made her untrue; since she had loved she could never pride herself on being faithful again, and so she listened to the sweet words, that despite herself, made her happy, and promised to marry Col. Humphries.

Mrs. Halifont had certainly not done so foolishly as some widows do. She had neither chosen a little boy or a titled Italian without money enough to keep himself in macaroni. Her future husband was older than herself, and too rich to be suspected of any intention of being a fortune hunter; but, after all, no one knew him. He came into the neighborhood without letters of introduction to any one, and whether he won wealth by trade or came to it by inheritance remained a mystery.

There were those who shrugged their shoulders, and declared that Mrs. Halifont would regret not having some one of whom more was known—some retired merchant, some gentleman of fortune whose father had been known to her friends. Nothing, to be sure, could be said against the Spaniard or Cuban with the English name, but who knew anything in his favor?

However, no one said this to Mrs. Halifont, and if any one had, words never changed a woman's fancy yet.

Mrs. Halifont believed in Col. Humphries, and intended to marry him.

Indeed the trouseau was prepared, the wedding day fixed, and all was ready, and Ida Halifont believed herselt to be a very happy woman. She once more built castles in the air. Her old sorrow seemed to fade away in the distance. She was a girl again.

At last only twenty-four hours lay between her and her wedding day.

She was busy in her sewing room on this last day, finishing some ruffles in lace and ribbon, and singing to herself, when suddenly the house was filled with sharp cries.

An old man-servant, while cutting the grass upon the lawn, wounded himself seriously. The doctor was sent for at once, but was not at home, and meanwhile poor Zebedee was bleeding to death.

Suddenly Ida Halifont remembered that Mr. Humphries had said that he understood wounds as well as though he had been bred a surgeon. Without this it would have been natural for her to call upon one who was so soon to be her protector, in a moment of anxiety. She would call him herself that there might be no delay; and seizing her garden hat, she ran along a little path that led from her grounds to those of Mr. Humphries, climbed a low fence to save time which would have been lost in reaching a gate, and so gained the rear of the dwelling, of which to-morrow she would be mistress.

She thought herself terriged and distressed. She felt rather injured in that such an unpleasant thing as the wounding of poor Zebedee should have happened on the eve of her wedding day. Ten minutes after she thought of herself at that moment as utterly at ease—wondrously happy—for as she reached those windows and peeped half timidly through the curtain, a thing happened that made all she had ever suffered as nothing.

The room, the window of which she had approached, was one that opened out of a conservatory. She saw Col. Humphries busy with some rare plants he had just set out in the worm sunshine that fell through the glass. He had taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Now he left the conservatory, and coming forward proceeded to wash his hands in a basin of water that had been set ready for him. He was close to Ida Halifont. He did not see her, but she could have reached out her hand and touched him. Why did she not speak and call him by name? Why did she sink down upon her knees and clasp her hands and tremble like an aspen leaf? Alas! the awful reason was this: upon that arm to which she was about to give the right to clasp her in the tenderest embrace, she saw a terrible mark—a mark she had seen once before. She knew its shape and size and color. Her eyes had been rivited upon it as the sinewy hand, at the wrist of which it ended grasped her dying husband's throat. She had learned it all by heart, she could not be deceived. Though years had rolled away, that horrible marked arm was not to be forgotten or mistaken for any other.

Suddenly Col. Humphries felt himself grasped by a hand that, small as it was, had the fierce clutch of the tiger's claw. The fingers closed over that red mark—a white face came close to his.

"You are my husband's murderer!" hissed a voice in his ear.

Then the two stood staring at each other. He made no denial. He only looked down upon his arm and cursed it aloud.

"How dare you make love to me!" she gasped. "You—"

"Because I loved you," he said. "Woman, if I had not fallen in love with you that night I should have killed you also. It was risking my life to spare you with your screams calling men to hunt me down—"

"Oh, if you had but killed me then!" she moaned.

"Well, I am at your mercy now," he said.

She answered:

"You can kill me; I wish you would. I pray you do it. You killed my husband. The murderer of my husband must be brought to justice, and I—yesterday, nay an hour ago—I loved you. Oh, God pity me! I have loved this man, who came in the night to rob my husband, and who murdered him.

She remembered saying this. Afterwards a strange drowsiness overcame her. She seemed to let go her hold upon the world. She faintly recognized the fact that Col. Humphries knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. Then there were some blank hours and strange, wild dreams, and she awakened in the twilight and found herself bound fast to a great arm chair, a long cord about her arms tying her hands and confining her feet.

So her servants found her; but she was the only living being in the great house. Col. Humphries and his two black servants had vanished, no one knew whither.

The empty bottle of chloroform on the floor—the fact that he had left behind him, and he had always kept his money in a form that left him free to leave the country at any time, all proved that detection had been prepared for. And he was never traced—or he had the means to bribe those who were set upon his track.

Ida Halifont lived through it all. She lives to-day in the quiet house beside the river, but no one has ever seen her smile since that hour. No one will ever see her smile again; and often from her deepest slumbers she starts in terror, fancying that she sees menacing above her that cruel, terrible arm marked with the blood-red stain. There is no happiness for her, for she can never forget this arm had also embraced her.

Prof Sumner on National Banks.

It is evident that resumption would at once do away with the chief objections to the bank-notes. It would bring the banks under the contoal of natural laws. It would by no means constitute a return to the old state bank system, as some seem to dread. The free banking act might, very probably, be come mischievous, for bank issues might be simply expanded to supply the place of greenbacks withdrawn. It certainly is not worth while for the public to buy back a value currency for the sake of giving it away to banks again. As fast as the greenbacks are redeemed with specie, ought to take their place in circulation. Some persons pretend to say that no one wants specie, It is difficult to see what right they have to speak for any one but themselves. A generation which has grown up to know only irredeemable paper, will not probably, know the advantages of specie currency in elasticity, in uniformity in retail business, in expenditures for consumption, in all the transactions of the man of small income. If they do not know this advantage, they may foolishly give it away. Business men and bankers educated in the same system, may not appreciate at once the great necessity which arises from time to time for a mass of specie in the circulation, which can be easily drawn to the banks to support bank-notes, or the evils which may arise if no specie is present in the circulation. Nevertheless it is true, and experience of convertible currency will soon show it, that a good currency must consist of both notes and specie. As to the proportion in which they should exist, that depends on convenience entirely. Sometimes one prefers notes and sometime specie. The bank-note becomes mischievous the moment it displaces a coin which the holder might have and would prefer to have. It is useful and beneficial only so long as, under complete liberty of choice, it supplies a substitute which the holder's convenience prompts him to prefer. In the course of time, therefore, after resumption shall have been accomplished, it will be necessary to modify and improve the bank-note system until it answers the purpose of facilitating exchianges with absolute neutrality between the parties. For the present, the national dank notes offer the only paper issue upon which we can pass over to specie payments, if we are to recume at all.—*Scribner for December.*

The Winter of the Heart.

Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart.

Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness from its depths; no cold burden settle over the withered hopes, like snow on the fading flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolate chambers.

Your life-path may lead you among thorns which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your gaze.

Penury may take the place of ease and plenty. your luxurious home may be changed for a single lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet, the luxurious fare for the coarse food of the poor; your friends may forsake you and the unpitying world pass you with scarcely a word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily and sadly on to obtain a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and base averice which would extort the last farthing, till you well-nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings.

Death may sever the dearest ties that bind you to the earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. The noble, manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your spirit clings to him, with that wild tenacity, which even the shadows of the tomb cannot wholly subdue.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days," in the unknown futute,

Do not lose your faith in human excellence because your confidence has been betsayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp.

Do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged with thorns, or repine sinfully when He calls your dear ones to the land beyong the grave.

Keep a holy taust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit, which would shield you from the winter of the heart.

New Electric Lamp.

(From "The World's Work" department of SCRIBNER for December.)

IN addition to the various electric lamps may be mentioned a new and smaller style of lamp intended for domestic use. In place of two pencils or plates of carbon, a pencil and a wheel are used to form the wicks, or burners of the lamp. A stick of carbon of the usual shape is placed in an upright frame, or support, so that it will hang point down. The lower end rests on the edge of a carbon wheel, fixed on an axle so that it can freely revolve. The support for the wheel and axle is formed by a lever pivoted at one end and arranged to "give" or sink slightly under the weight of the carbon pencil resting on the edge of wheel. The lever carries a brake that rests on another wheel that is turned, by means of a rack and pinion, by the weight of the iron rod that holds the pencil. By his arrangement the weight of the pencil, that continually tends to make the wheel revolve, is compensated by the action of the brake on the second wheel, the movement of one exactly balancing the other The carbons in electric lamp waste while burning, and this style of lamp the loss of weight in the pencil is compensated by the movement of the two wheel? The weight of the pencil pressing on the carbon wheel tends to move it forward as fast as the brake permits, and as it burns away the point is continually pressed on the carbon wheel. It will be seen that by this arrangement the two carbons, stack and wheel, are always in contact whatever the changes in the current, and a fixed and steady light is maintained. It is claimed that this lamp exhibits none of the extinguishings and relightings noticeable in some forms of electric lamp, and from all that can be learned, the lamp gives excellent results in practice. This style of lamp is designed to be used with a small battery; four bunsen elements being sufficient for a single lamp of moderate power.

AN AFFABLE MANNER.—Much of the happiness of life depends upon our outward demeanor. We have all experienced the charms of gentle and courteous conduct; we have all been drawn irresistibly to those who are obliging, affable and sympathetic in their demeanor. The friendly grasp, the warm welcome, the cheery tone, the encouraging word, the respectful manner, bear no small share in creating the joy of life; while the austere tone, the stern rebuke, the sharp and acid remark, the cold and indifferent manner, the curt and disrespectful air, the supercilious and scornful bearing are responsible for more of human distress, despair and woe than their transient nature might seem to warrant.

The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy

Buried Alive.

Louis Belcher, aged about thirty years, of Newark, N, J.., met with a terrible fate. He is a well digger by occupation and had long followed the business. Mr. August Buerman employed him to dig a cesspool place for him, and Louis began work. He had got down a number of feet into the sandy-clayey soil, when he was advised to provide a brace-box. He did not think it necessary, and went on digging, despite the warnings of Mr. Buerman and John Scherstal, a workman.

He got to a depth of eighten feet, and was busy arranging to lay the foundation stones of the wall, when suddenly the embankment on one side caved in and buried him up to the shoulders Shouting for assistance, several workmen about the house hurried to the spot and began to dig him out. This was about two o'clock. His head was twelve feet down from the level of the yard. A rope was fastened about his body under the arms, and as some men dug the soil away from his body others tried to pull him out with the rope attached to a windlass.

They succeeded in getting him clear down to below the hips, and were putting a little extra pressure on the windlass, hoping to pull him out, when he cried out, "Stop! you're pulling me to pieces. I can't stand it." He wore heavy boots and his legs were caught in the mass of stone he had with him, the earth packing it against his limbs.

The men went on digging, when suddenly a great mass of earth caved in on all hands. The rescuers had hard work to rescue themselves. Behclet was buried beneath two feet of heavy earth. As he saw the ground swallowing him up he knew his fate was sealed. and, lifting his hands in the attitude of supplication, he cried, in tones that would move the strongest heart, "Oh! Mr. Buerman, for God's sake look out for my children!" Mr. Buerman also realized the doomed man's position and replied, "Look to the Lord, Louis!" In less time than it takes to relate it the earth had completely buried the poor fellow. Not a word nor a sound more from him was heard.

The workmen resumed their digging but not until nine o'clock did they reach his head. Of course he was stone dead. He stood in the attitude in which he was last seen—that of supplication. When the head of the corpse was uncovered the wife of Louis was present. Her agony was terrible and impossible to depict. It being considered dangerous to dig further, and it being impossible to do anything for the corpse, it was left in the position described until the next day, when about noon it was recovered and removed to the late residence of the deceased.

Bechler leaves a wife and five small children.

Words of Wisdom.

We cannot vote right into wrong or wrong into right.

Calumny and detraction are but sparks which, if you do not blow then will go out of themselves.

Colton once said of time—wisdom walks before it opportunity walks with it, and repentance walks behind it.

Believe, and if thy faith be right, that in-sight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of thy belief.

Nothing does so fool a man as extreme passion. This doth make them fools which otherwise are not, and show them to be fools that are not.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full and when there is no moon.

The mind is nourished at a cheap rate. Neither cold, nor heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise. Give, therefore, all you can to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age.

Whatever comes out of despair cannot bear the title of valor, which should be lifted up to height that, holding all things under itself, it should be able to maintain its greatness even in the midst of miseries.

Have you known how to compose your manners? You have done a great deal more than he who has composed books. Have you known how to take repose? You have done more than he how has taken cities and empires.

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but it has been said that herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise man are known to himself, but hidden from the world.

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Geothe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter, being reproved for some fault, blushed and burst into tears. He said: "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silver tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearl. There be hung on the neck of wanton but these are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parents displeasure, and sheding tears of sorrow for her fault.—A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

A New Calculating-Machine.

Mention is made, in the presidential address of Mr. Spottiswoode to the British association, of calculating-machine, devised by Prof. James Thomson, which for simplicity of construction compares favorably even with Edison's phonograph. The description given of this ingenious instrument is extremely meagre and insufficient, and does not give any notion of its modus operandi. "By means of the friction of a disk, a cylinder and a ball," says Mr. Spottiswood, "this machine is capable of effecting a variety of calculations which occur in the highest application of mathematics to physical problems. By its aid it seems that unskilled laborers may, in a given time perform the work of ten skilled arithmeticians." It is applicable to the calculation of all sorts periodic phenomena—as those of the tides, and of magnetic and meteorological variations. It will solve differential equations of the second, and perhaps even of higher orders, And through the same invention the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually-attracting particles unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is reduced to the sinple process of turning a crank.

HOME POLITENESS.—That man who is scrupulously polite and respectful to all when in public, but habitually saves coarse manners and vulgar language for his own wife and daughters, is no gentleman. He is only an imposter. The young man who oils his hair, puts sweet odors upon his pocket handkerchief, and bows with charming elegance to Miss Aradella Spriggins and her lady friends, and goes home to sneer at his mother, disobey her wishes and treat her with familiar discourtesy is a pinchbeck imitation only of a gentleman. Genuine good manners and gentle breeding should begin at home. As a rule, the men in the community who are the most trusted are the best men at home. When a man opens his front gate only to meet his wife's face radiant with pleasure, and hears the chout from the eager children, "Papa is coming;" it is safe, as a rule, to lend that man money. He is honest, and will repay it if he can.

SNOW-BREAD.—We find the annexed paragraph in one of our exchanges. It is curious, if true:—'All persons where snow abounds, are not perhaps aware of the value of the fleecy flakes in making light, delicious and wholesome bread. There is no 'rising' in the world so perfectly good as fresh sweet snow; it rises bread or cakes as beautifully as the best yeast, or the purest acid alkalies, while it leaves no taint or fermentation, like the former, nor injurious neutral salt, like the latter. Indeed, it rises by supplying atmosphere wherewith to puff up the dough, while the other methods only supply carbonic acid gas.'

GRAINS OF GOLD.—The reward of a thing well done is to have none it.

Be respectful to all men thus you may command respect.

Destroy not your health by drinking the health of others.

We ought to aim at pleasures that follow labor, not preceed it,

The greatest gifts we can bestow on others is a good example.

Every heart is created with a handful of seeds in it, and it may become a garden of flowers.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or your enemy as yourself.

How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible! From all the measureless depths of air around comes a half sound, half whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of the earth and all created things in the great miracle of nature decay, and reproduction ever beginning, never ending; the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of time!

A LAWYER had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. An old farmer remarked that the portrait would have been more like the lawyer had it represented him with his hands in another man's pocket, instead of his own.

THE latest conundrum, and we don't know who is responsible for it, is: "Which is the hardest— to kiss a girl, leaning from you, or clime a fence leaning to you?" There is no answere, as only one side of the problem has ever been tested.

No work, however menial, can make an honest poor man lose his self-respect. Do whatever you can get to do, and do it so well that your employer will see that you are fit for something better, and the time is not far off when you will begin to rise.

A GOOD deed may not always bring a present reward, but it is seed sown in good soil, and the result will as certainly be to the advantage of the doer, as that truth is indestructible.

OTHER vices are confined within certain bounds, and a particular object; but affectation diffuses itsslf over the whole man, and infects the good pualities of body and mind.

A BEAUTIFUL form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

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