Denton Journal.

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VOL. 36. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 21, 1882. NO. 21.

DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Residents of this County,

BY THE BAIT SOME OF THE EXPENSIVE STORES PUT FORTH IN THEIR CUNNINGLY-WORDED ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY WHO USE THEM HAVE NO REAL INDUCEMENTS TO OFFER, **AND THEREFORE RESORT TO SUCH METHODS TO ATTRACT BUYERS**

We Say to You, Do Not Allow Yourselves to be Deceived!

The Season is Backward, and we have still an immense stock--one of the best and most attractive we have ever shown you, all of which we will sell positively 20 per cent. less than expensive stores will ask you.

WE HAVE A LOT OF SEPARATE PANTS. ABOUT 100.
SUITS, ABOUT 40.
OVERCOATS, ABOUT 60.

Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

AT COST! AT COST! AT COST!

TO CLOSE OUT!

Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money yleases you.

Largest FASHIONABLE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS
230 West Pratt St., to 55 Hanover St.
CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

To Sportsmen and the Public.

I have just received from the Importers and Manufacturers direct, a large stock of

Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Glass Balls &c.

To FISHERMEN:

I have the Finest Assortment of FISHING TACKLE ever offered to the public, WHICH I AM OFFERING LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.
Rods, Reels, Lines, Baskets, Patent Bait Flies, Bait Boxes, Oil Silk; also, the "Gem Bait Pail."
Job Lots to Dealers at Manufacturers' Prices.

W. P. PATTERSON, 168 W. Pratt St.,
BALTIMORE

7-2-6m.

BOYNTON'S FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

GEO. W. BECK,

EASTON, MD.

STOVES, TOVES.

Plain, Stamped and Japanned TINWARE

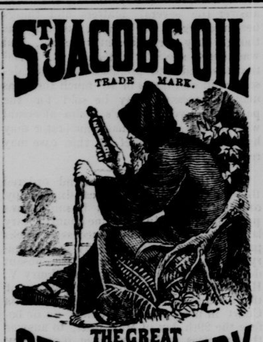
ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

OLD STOVES MADE NEW.

BUY THE EXCELSIOR COOK.

GEO. T. MELVIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.,

J. W. BRYANT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
ST'TY'S ATTORNEY FOR CAROLINE COUNTY.



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

—A—

Curious Fact

That the 'GRAND DEPOT' at Denton Bridge is Selling Goods CHEAPER than any other house in town.

I have just added to my line of Fall and Winter goods, which may now be considered as complete. Boots and shoes a specialty. I am offering them at figures that defy competition. A call from my friends and patrons to examine my new and carefully selected stock, would be highly appreciated by me. I desire to extend to the public my heartfelt thanks for their liberal support in the past, and pledge myself to exert every effort to merit its continuation.

Respectfully,
CHAS. F. WILLIS.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!!

We have just returned from the city with

NEW GOODS

and we now offer for sale the largest and best selected

Stock of Goods in Denton.

It is unnecessary for us to blow about our prices or city prices, but we do respectfully request you to call and

EXAMINE OUR STOCK,

and judge for yourselves. Our prices are marked on our Goods and we think we are selling as

GOOD BARGAINS

as any other store in the county. If you are in want of Goods

GIVE US A CALL

and see if we can supply your wants. We return you our thanks for past favors and wish you a Happy Christmas.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,
DENTON, MD.

LOOK OUT FOR DAVIS' WAGON,
The Denton Enterprise!

HE WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH Bibles, Testaments, Hymn Books, Motto Frames, Pictures and Frames.

Perforated Chair Bottoms.

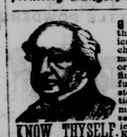
Window curtains and fixtures hung to order. Window Glass, Putty and Glue furnished and Glazing done. Also prepared to mend tinware and every thing pertaining. WM. T. DAVIS,
9-11-6m. Denton Md

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.



GOLD MEDAL AWARDED the Author. A new and great Medical Work, warranted (the best and cheapest, indispensable to every man, entitled "the Science of Life or, Self-Preservation;" bound in finest French muslin, embossed, full gilt, 300 pgs. contains beautiful steel engravings, 125 prescriptions, price only $1.25 sent by mail; illustrated sample, 6 cents send now. Address Peabody Medical Institute or Dr. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch st., Boston.

KNOW THYSELF.

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leproay, o twenty years' standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record.

"DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS."

"I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you for an age
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls,
What heads for painters' easels;
Come here and kiss the infant, dears,
(And give it p'raps the measles!)

"What? little Clara left at home,
Well, now I call that shabby;
I should have loved to kiss her so,
(The flabby, dabby, babby!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both;
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well;
Ah! tho' he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup;
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat; I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course to spend the day;
(Thank heaven! I hear the carriage!)

"What, must you go! next time I hope
You'll give me longer leisure.
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs;
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye, good-bye; remember all
Next time you take your dinners;
(Now David, mind! I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!)"

TOM HOOD.

GIANT'S CASTLE.

The western sun was resting for a single moment upon the shoulders of the gray and hoary mountains, casting a last bright glance behind him, ere he sank to rest beyond the faraway Pacific; the purple shadows of the ridges creeping slowly down over the bluff and precipice waved a silent greeting to their graver sisters, as slowly uprising from the canons and gorges, the distant cry of a lonely bird flaoted softly downward on the listening air, and as it passed a mighty stillness fell over all, while along the eastern horizon black night began to frown.

Two solitary travelers—nor yet travelers, for both were frontiersmen and miners—who were slowly climbing the rugged face of the ridge, paused as they reached its verge, and without speaking looked sharply about them for several moments, examining all the ground carefully, then one uttered a low growl of satisfaction, and pointing through the gloaming turned to his waiting companion and said:

"Here's the trail, Tom, and the reds 'll pass the giant's castle over there afore moon-up to-night, if they're after us. This yere war the way Black Jim went, an' he war a p'intin' for the Apache country fast enough. Ef the bloody cut-throat can git the Inguns to help him they'll go for our ranch sure, but ef they don't come we're safe, for to-morrer we'll light over the range for good. The minin's good, but the country is getting too hot for us. It's a shame ye missed that dog to-day, fur otherwise we'd been safe under cover now, an' the world rid of a rascal, instead of dodgin' about here in the shadders to save our scalps. Howsomever, ye missed him; an' now my plan's to climb the Giant's Castle, an' wait for mornin'. Ef the reds come, they won't find us home, an' ef they don't come, no great harm's done; and ef they smell us out on the Castle we could kill the entire party before they could git at us."

The speaker paused and drew a long breath, fairly astonished and wearied at his own unusual loquacity, and his companion, changing his Winchester from one shoulder to the other, replied:

"You're right, Dick! It war a pity that I missed the outlaw, but it war only a snap shot. I won't do so ag'in. Yer plan fer the night is a good one. Lead on."

With rapid and almost silent steps the two passed over the ridge into the blackness of the gulf beyond. And as they disappeared, there arose, close to the very ground whereon they had been standing, from behind a gnarled and stunted cedar thicket, the figure of a man. Carefully he peered about him, gazing sharply into the darkness that had swallowed up the others, listening with waiting ear for any sound indicating their return, and at last rising to his full height he stepped quietly forth, and dropping his rifle stock to the earth, he chuckled softly, and with a wicked meaning, to himself.

"So ye'll hide from Black Jim, an' the 'Paches in Giant Castle? Good! Ye thought that Black Jim would be simple enough when he failed yer swag once to run away. Fools! I had a chance at yer gold to-day an' lost it; ye had a crack at me an' missed. We're even, but it's my turn next; an' the shinin' dust that you fellers have in yer waist belts shall be mine before sun-up, or I'm a half-breed. I don't want no Inguns to help, nor no cabins to burn neither. What I'm after is the gold, my pards, an' ef ye stay on Castle rock it's mine."

As he ceased his soliloquy, the outlaw, stooping almost to the earth, crept rapidly away into the darkness, following the course taken by the others.

Tom Nutting and Dick Moore had been for a month prospecting and mining in Hidden Valley without molestation. Fortune had smiled upon them, and their buckskin bags were almost full, when, returning unexpectedly to their rude cabin that very afternoon, Tom had surprised Black Jim, the most noted desperate villain of the mountains, and a man who had often been driven from mining camps as a thief, prowling near; had shot at and missed him, and had seen him speed away to the westward, toward the section where we were roving.

Thoroughly acquainted with the imminent danger of their position, for their visitor was in league with all the Indian bands for 100 miles about, the two miners at once packed their gold dust in their belts, seized their arms and pursued the scoundrel—only to lose him, however, in the windings of the mountains and the shadows of the coming night. Then dreading the fate that might overtake them in their cabin should Black Jim return, they decided to remain in the mountains until morning, when protected by the daylight, they might gather their few effects and escape over the range.

They had chosen Giant's Castle, a massive pile of ragged rock some 200 feet in height, with but two points where it could possibly be scaled, for their refuge on account of its inaccessibility, and as well for the guard which they might maintain therefrom upon all the Indian country and the trail into Hidden Valley.

A brisk walk of twenty minutes brought the miners to the foot of the castle, and a struggle of ten minutes placed them at its summit.

Night had now fairly fallen, and the stars were beginning to shine. The howl of a distant coyote calling to his faithless mate was the only sound that broke upon the quiet air. The men seated themselves.

"Tom," said Moore, in a half whisper, "There's jes' two places where the reds could get up ef they should try, and one man armed (he patted his Winchester and touched his knife) kin keep an army down. You stay here ahind this yer rock, an' I'll take keer of the other places over yonder. We'd better not sleep—anyhow not till after moon up. Should anything happen jes' croak twice, an' I'll be with ye. The same for me. Watch out now!"

"Agreed," said Tom.

And his companion crept away in the shadows to hide himself close to where the other pathway reached the top of the castle. This point faced the east, while the one guarded by Nutting was approached only from the west.

Black night had now drawn its sable curtains, and but for the rents through which peeped the winking stars, entire darkness shrouded the scene.

Yet to the watchers this made little difference. Educated by frontier life, and trained in Indian warfare, their ears were eyes to them when the night was, and the slightest sound was easily understood in the absolute quietness of the night as though they plainly saw the thing which caused it. And so, motionless, each in his place, they kept their solitary guard.

Far away a lonely wind sighed among the tall pines upon the ridge; but its breath swept not about the Giant's castle, and the ever-repeated cry of the wandering coyote, now near and again far, was for a long time the only animate sound that broke the hushed silence.

The moments passed, slowly it is true, and yet one by one until hours had fled, and away to the east there came a brightening glow, as of a growing fire, and beyond the ragged mountain tops the night blush "faint and silvery;" then Dick knew the moon was rising.

"This 'ere's a hard bed!" muttered that worthy, as he cautiously arose from his half reclining position and stretched himself. "It's nigh about midnight I reckon, an' I doubt the red's comin' after this. I wonder how Tom stands it?"

Leaning his rifle against a jagged boulder, the frontiersman stepped lightly across the rough summit of the castle a half dozen rods to the spot where he had left his companion.

To his surprise it was empty.

"Where the deuce"—he growled when he was suddenly interrupted by the cry of a coyote near at hand.

He started and listened intently.

"Ef that ain't a two-legged wolf," he whispered excitedly to himself, "then I never hearn one! Where is Tom?"

He dropped on his hands and knees and crawled toward the verge of the rock. At this point there was an almost perpendicular descent of some twenty feet to a ledge or shelf of rock upon the face of the cliff, which shelf was part of the very pathway by which they had ascended and might be easily reached by a winding trail. As he peered into the darkness beneath him the coyote's howl again rang mournfully out from below, and was answered from a ridge half a mile away.

"That's queer? The first cry was human, or I am no jedge, but the other was a genuine kiote. What kind o' trickery is this? Ah? thar's Tom!" he continued, joyfully, "asleep below thar. The reds might carry him off ef he didn't depend on my ears!"

The silver rim of the coming moon appeared above the distant mountains. Moore drew himself carefully into the shadow, so that he might see but not be seen.

"Now, I'll watch a bit. Ef that wolf howls again I kin spot him certain, an' know whether he's copper-colored or gray."

Motionless as the rock about him he waited.

Once or twice the distant, genuine whine reached his listening ears, but there came no responce from below.

The queen of the night climbed slowly up the eastern sky, flecking the plain with moonlight and shade. The soft breezes that always travel in her train swept gently by, laden with fresh and piny odors.

Tom's figure, outstretched in deep slumber upon the rock shelf beneath, but the suspicious wolf-bark did not sound again.

A full hour passed and there had been no repetition. of it.

"Thar's somethin' wrong," muttered Dick, with bated breath—"somethin' wrong. The more I thing o' that call the more sure I am that it war out of a human throat. I'll go down and wake Tom and talk a bit with him."

He arose to his feet still standing in the shadow, and was on the point of turning toward the trail that led to the ledge whereon Tom was, when he suddenly paused—motionless as if cut from stone!

And this was what he saw:

Close beneath him, at the very edge of the shelf where lay his victim appeared a wolf, nose in air, his ears uplifted—a wofl with shaggy head and hide, but with hands and feet for paws! it was an Indian!

Horror-stricken, poor Moore couldn't move; he was helpless. The savage was almost within arm's reach of his still sleeping companion; an instant more and the fatal blow would be struck with the long knife that glittered in one hand, while he (Moore) was unable to prevent, for he had but his knife by him and a single move to regain his rifle would but discover all and hasten the horrible tragedy.

Knowing the bloody deed that was about to take place before his very eyes, while he stood helpless the hunter fairly sickened. It was terrible!

Suddenly, however, a gleam—a desperate gleam—lit his bronzed features. He leaned a little forward and gazed sharply down.

The murderer was at Nutting's side. Already he had drawn his arm back for the fatal blow. Moore waited no longer.

Crouching a single breath's space, he uttered a wild yell, and sprang outward and downward, shooting through the air with a mighty crash directly upon the redskin, crushing him senseless to the earth.

Instantly Nutting was on his feet, wide awake, and as Dick, bruised and half-stunned, staggered backward, clutching his knife, Tom thrust him away and sprang to the side of his prostrate enemy, his own weapon upraised.

But the man never moved; and as Nutting rolled him heavily over, the gleam of his own blade turned from his deadly purpose, flashed from where it was half buried in his side as he had fallen, and his were the only blood-drops that trickled down the heavy hilt.

He was dead!

And as the miners dwew the wolf-skin mask from his face, there peered out at them, not the copper-hued visage of an Indian, but the set and staring eyes and the pale and hideous face of the most daring desperado of the mountains—the face of Black Jim!

* * * *

Moore's arm has knitted long since—it was badly broken by his wild fall—and both Tom and he mine the western wilderness no more; but above their cabin door, in the little town where they dwell now, there hangs a heavy knife, whose blade is deeply bitten by red dark stains, and to each it vividly recalls the memory of a single night they passed in Giant's Castle long ago.

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.

An exchange recently published a letter from a lady subscriber, in which she complained bitterly of the annoyance she experienced from the habit her female neighbors had of constantly borrowing her papers. The exchange offers the suffering lady and all others similarly situated, an adequate means of succor. Here is the plan: Let the lady, immediately upon receiving the paper, carefully cut from it some item—most any item will do, only let it be neatly and carefuly removed from the paper. Then the following procedure will be sure to ensue: In a few moments the neighbor's boy will come after the paper—he will take it home—within three minutes he will emerge from the house and scoot down the street and return with a folded newspaper of the same date of the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped newspaper has circled around among the female borrowers, the street will be lively with hurrying boys, and the revenue of the newspaper will be materially increased. Not one woman among them all would be able to sleep a wink without knowing just exactly what that cut-out item was. The next week the lady must pursue the same course, and similar results will surely follow. In an extremely obstinate neighborhood these proceedings will have to be repeated three or four times, but not more. By that time the lady will be able to read her paper in peace, and the newspaper's finances will be the gainer through several new subscribers. This rule is infallible where the borrowers are females, but it can't be vouched for in case of men. There isn't that inherent curiosity to work upon, you know, and—and—but perhaps we are getting a little too deep.

—A sign of indigestion—"Gone to dinner; be back in five minutes."

POINTS OF PROGRESS.

CHOPTANK RIVER TO BECOME THE HUDSON OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

LINCHESTER, Jan. 14.—About sixty miles below the city of Baltimore the Eastern bank of the Chesapeake is broken by the waters of the great Choptank river, which has a width of five miles at its mouth, two miles at Cambridge, twenty miles above, and an average of one mile wide for twenty miles north of this point, after which it flows with ample volume for large vessels to Brick Mill Wharf, several miles above Denton—the terminus of steamboat navigation. Talbot county forms its right bank for over fifty miles and Dorchester and Caroline its left its entire length. Tred-Haven Creek, heading at Easton, Secretary Creek at East New Market, Hunting Creek at Linchester, and Tuckahoe Creek at Hillsboro', are all navigable streams and bear an important part in the trade of the river. Considering them any handsome sites for manufacturing and pleasant homes on both banks, from sourse to mouth, the time must come when this attractive river will be known as the Hudson of the Chesapeake.

Sharp's Island, the coming Fort Delaware of these waters, lies immediately at the mouth of the Choptank and ten miles above, at the entrance of Tred-Haven Creek, on the Talbot shore, is situated Oxford, a popular watering place and terminus of the Delaware & Chesapeake Railway.—Ten miles above this on the Dorchester shore stands the beautifuland thriving town of Cambridge. Ship-building oyster and fruit packing, the manufacture of breadstuff, with other important industries, are extensively carried on. The Dorchester & Delaware railroad terminates here. Denton beautifully located on the left bank of this river, is in Caroline county. The court-house is here, and an extensive business in general merchandise is done. Much of the finest farming land in the State binds this stream, and its shores are marked by valuable farms and pleasant homes.

RESOURCES.

The direct product of this river is of growing importance, and the vast deposits of wealth hid beneath its laughing waves are simply enormous. For thirty miles this liquid street is paved with luscious bivalve, while shad, herring, rock and other fish common to these waters are found in abundance. Within a few years attention has turned to this sourse of wealth, and at this time many thousands are employed with profit at this industry alone.

SHIP CANAL.

Come when it may, nature has marked this as the route for the long-talked-of highway to the sea. The facts are all in its favor. For commercial and military uses this route excels. By the Choptank it would tap the Nanticoke river and thus open communication with Tangier sound and all its tributaries, and by a short canal between Miles river and Tred-Haven creek an inland water course would be established from Chester river to the lower end of Tangier sound, and thus enable gunboats in time of war to penetrate every part of the Shore, and cover Baltimore, Annapolis, the mouth of the Potomac and other important points without being exposed to the perils of the bay or fleet of a foe that might occupy its waters.

STEAMBOATS.

It was but a short time after Fulton and Fitch demonstrated the practicability of steam navigation that the waters of the great Choptank were stirred by paddles, moved by this revolutionizing power. In 1819 Captain Vickers established the first steam line between this river and Baltimore. This captain, who was followed by Captain Taylor, ran the steamer Maryland up to 1848.

In 1838 the steamer Paul Jones, commanded by Captain Fooks, came on the route, but ran but a short time. The Osirus, with Captain Turner, came on in 1844 and ran until 1847. About this time the celebrated steamer Cambridge then the fastest boat on the Chesapeake, commanded by Captain Turner, entered the river and plied regularly between Baltimore and Cambridge until 1852. The Hugh Jenkins commenced the route in 1851, and Champion, Captain Strongburg, in 1852; these, with the Cecil, Captain Case, and the Kent in 1858, ran regular on the Choptank up to the war. In 1858 the Individual Enterprise Steamboat Company was organized and the last-named steamer, commanded by Captain John Kirwin and and the Pioneer, Captain Norman, were placed upon the line, and in 1864 the Highland Light, and two years later the Samuel J. Pentz, were added to the company's fleet.

In 1866 the Maryland Steamboat Company of Baltimore was organized, with Henry F. Folger president, and from that time dawned a new era on the Great Choptank. The property of the Individual Enterprise Company went into the hands of the new corporation, which put its steamers in first-class order and went to work for the purpose of establishing a line that would not only develop the vast resources of the river, but keep up with the improvement thereon by meeting every demand that might be made upon it. The career of the last-named company has been a great success. Its steamers are always in order and on time, and a competent and gentlemanly corps of commanders and officers have charge.

Under the able and careful management of this company vast improvements have been made and are being made upon the river, and the public is furnished transportation between the eastern and western shores for the trifling sum of one cent per mile. The well known Highland Light, Kent, Pentz, Pratt, and Ida make up the steamers of this company, but another fine boat is being pushed to completion for its rapidly growing trade. The Ida is the queen of the river, and her commander, Capt. John Kirwan, is known everywhere as a prince among steamboa, men. Capt. Samuel Crosby, of the Highland Light, is a favorite with the people, and to him and to Capt. E. T. Leonard, late of the Ida, may be accorded the honor of leading factors in the development of the resources of this important route. Other boats have occasionally traded on this river, and at present the popular steamer Georgeanna, commanded by Captain Beckwith, is on this line and enjoys a liberal share of public patronage. Capt. C. C. Wheeler, an enterprising gentleman of Hillsborough, is owner of the Wheeler line, which runs the Minnie Wheeler and the Ruggles to Baltimore from Hillsboro' and the head waters of the Choptank. These boats are doing a flourishing business and are rapidly developing trade between the upper waters of the creek and river and Baltimore.

Much might be said of the extensive trade carried on here by sail vessels alone, but space forbids, and I close with the prediction that this great river at an early day will reflect the shadow of the Eastern Shore's coming city, and bear upon its bosom the craft of the old world and the new as they pass from bay to sea via the ship canal, and on its banks and bluffs will stand the mansion and cozy cottage home wherein will dwell the active and retired of the city's business men.

GARFIELD'S TOMB.

STILL GUARDED BY TROOPS AND DAILY COVERED WITH FRESH FLOWERS.

The following extract from a letter written by a lady of Cincinnati in Cleveland, in reference to the resting-place of our martyred President, will be read with interest:

"So long a time has elapsed since the obsequies that many strangers visiting Cleveland are surprised to learn that a detachment of United States infantry are still detailed to watch the vault wherein lie the remains of our honored President. Night and day can be heard the measured tramp, tramp of the sentry on duty, and it is intended to continue this watchfulness until the body is deposited in the ground. Through the grated door of the vault can be seen the elegant casket given by the Masonic brethren. Covered with beautiful flowers, kept fresh by loving hands, it is still visited daily by hundreds of people, many of whom eagerly seek the cast-off blossoms as mementoes. Near the vault is the shelter-house, and on the other side of the lake the white tents of the soldiers are pitched. At the base of the hill upon which the monument is to be placed, a glass house is erected, inclosing the funeral car, still trimmed with immortelles and the trappings of woe.

An aged couple, who had been gazing with tear-dimmed eyes upon the casket, approached the guard and asked if they might not be permitted to have a few flowers from off the coffin. He told them he could not open the vault. They were much disappointed, and said they were from the distant South, had always been rebels, but that the death of Garfield had changed their feelings, and that they had journeyed far for the privilege of standing by his tomb. Just then the ladies who were to change the flowers arrived, and, noticing the disappointed look upon the faces of the aged couple, asked if they could do anything for them. They replied: 'We crave but a few flowers to carry away with us.' The ladies picked out a few of the choicest of the flowers, twined together prettily, and presented them to the pleading pair, who departed sadly but pleased with the memento, which will always keep green in their hearts the memory of the noble and beloved Garfield."

PRONUNCIATIONS OF GUITEAU'S NAME.—The unutterable yearnings after the unpronounceable are the most amusing features of the interest taken by the people in the great criminal farcical tragedy now on the boards at Washington. Here are a few of the variations noted:

"Do you think Getto is insane?"

"They ain't goin' to hang that Gwit-o."

"What do you s'pose they'll do with that 'ere Guitar?"

"I tell you, that Gewte-o is smarter'n a whip."

"That miserable specimen of a Gee-to."

"Why don't somebody shoot Goshay and be done with it?"

"Goo-shaw is the impudentest cuss."

"I see the Gu-it-ear trial is a runnin' yet."

—"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."

—"Will you tell me," asked an old gentleman of a lady, "what Mrs.——'s maiden name was?" "Why her maiden aim was to get married, of course," exclaimed the lady.

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