Denton Journal.

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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.

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Insures nothing but but Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by

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Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by Fire,
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No charge for making a survey of property to be insured. No premium note required. All orders by mail promptly attended to. I will insure property for any period, from two days to three years at a time.

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H. BLACKISTON & SON,

Have just returned from Philadelphia with well selected stock of

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and now over for sale the largest and best assorted

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GIVE US A CALL

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sep17

SOUTH Don't locate before seeing our James River Settlement. Illus. catalogue free. J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Surry Co., Va. 294

A Little Peach.

A little peach in an orchard grew;
A little peach of emerald hue.
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing the orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at the peach a club they threw;
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu.

She took a bite and John a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew.
Boo hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah! well; its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

The Girl who Saved the General.

Far down the Carolina coast lies the lovely island of St. John, where stood one hundred years ago a noble brick built mansion, with lofty portico and broad piazza.

It was the home of Mr. Robert Gibbes and his beautiful young wife, and the great house was full at all seasons. Eight children had already come to this couple, and seven little adopted cousins were their playmates — the orphan children of Mrs. Fenwick, sister to Mr. Gibbes. He himself was a cripple and could not walk. In a chair which ran on wheels he was drawn daily over the pleasant paths, sometimes by the faithful black servants, sometimes by the still more devoted children, who tugged at the rope like so many frisky colts. The loveliness of the spot suited well its name, "Peaceful Retreat," by which it was known through all the country. But in those troublous times it could not always remain "peaceful." In the spring of 1779 the British took possession of all the sea-board. General Prevost marched up from Savannah and laid seige to Charleston. But hearing that General Lincoln was approaching he struck his tents in the night, and retreated rapidly toward Savannah. He crossed the Stone Ferry, and fortified himself on John's Island, as the island of St. John was often called.

For weeks now the noise of musketry and heavy guns destroyed the joy of "Peaceful Retreat." The children in the midst of play, would hear the dreadful booming, and suddenly grow still and pale. The eldest daughter, Mary Anna, was a sprightly, courageous girl of thirteen. She had the care of the little ones, for her mother's hands were full in managing the great estate and caring for her husband.

After a time the enemy determined to take possession of this beautiful place. A body of British and Hessians quietly captured the landing one midnight, and, creeping stealthily onward, filled the park and surrounded the house. At day-break the inmates found themselves prisoners.

Then came trying days for the family. The officers took up their quarters in the mansion, allowing the family to occupy the upper story.

John's Island was less than thirty miles from Charleston, and when the American officers in the city heard that "Peaceful Retreat" had been captured by the British, they determined to rescue it from the enemy. Two large galleys were immediately manned and equipped and sent to the plantation, with strict orders not to fire upon the mansion.

Sailing noiselessly up the Stone river at the dead of night, the vessels anchored abreast of the plantation. Suddenly out of the thick darkness burst a flame and roar, and the shot came crashing through the British encampment. The whole place was instantly in an uproar. The officers in the house sprang from bed, and hastily dressed and armed. The family rudely awakened rushed to the windows. A cold rain was falling, and the soldiers half-clad, were running hither and thither everywhere while the officers were frantically calling them to arms. The excited negro servants uttered the most piercing shrieks. The poor little children were too frightened to scream, but clung trembling to Mary.

Mrs. Gibbes was in great distress. She knew not, at first, whether it was an attack by friends on the camp, or an assault on the house by the enemy. She ordered the servants to cease their wailing and dress themselves. Then her husband and the children were prepared; and while the cannon bellowed in quick succession and the noise around the house grew louder, the father and mother consulted what was best to do. It was now evident that the attack was by their own friends, and its object was to dislodge the enemy. But Mr. Gibbes did not know that the house would not be fired on, and he advised instant flight. He was carried to his chair and the whole household sallied forth from the back door.

The scene was terrific. The night was pitchy dark, and when, just as they stepped out, a sheet of flame belched forth from the vessels, it seemed to be almost against their faces. The roar shook the ground. The troops were too busy saving themselves to notice the fugitives; and they pushed on as rapidly as possible.

No one was sufficiently protected from the rain. Little Mary had the hardest part, for nearly all the children were in her care. The mud was deep. Some of the little ones could walk but a short distance at a time, and had to be carried—Mary having always one, sometimes two, in her arms. Several of the servants were near her, but none seemed to notice her or her burdens. The last horse had been carried off that very day; there was no escape but on foot.

Suddenly, a ball came crashing through the trees! Then a charge of grape shot cut the boughs over. They were exactly in the range of the guns! It was evident they had taken the worst direction, but there was no help for it now — it was too late to turn back. In her agony the mother cried aloud to protect her family. Mary hugged closer the child in her arms, and trembled so she could hardly keep up. Another crash! The shot shrieked past them, striking the trees in every direction. The assault was fierce, the roar was incessant. The frightened family rushed on as swiftly as possible toward a friend's plantation, far back from the shore; but it was soon seen they would not have strength to reach it even if they were not struck down by the flying shot. The Americans were pouring their fire into these woods, thinking the enemy would seek refuge there. The wretched fugitives expected every moment to be their last. On they pushed through mud and rain and the screaming shot.

Soon they found they were getting more out of the range of the guns. They began to hope; now and then a ball tore up the trees about them, or rolled fearfully across their path. They reached one of the houses where their field hands lived, with no one hurt; they were over a mile from the mansion and out of range. The negroes said no shot had come that way. Unable to flee further, the family determined to stop here. As soon as they entered Mrs Gibbes felt her strength leaving her, and sank down upon a low bed. Chilled to the bone, drenched trembling with terror and exhaustion, the family gathered around her. She opened her eyes and looked about. She sprang up wildly.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "where is John?"

The little girl turned pale, and moaned: "Oh mother! mother! *he's left!*"

She broke into crying. The negroes, quickly sympathetic, began to wring their hands and wail.

"Silence!" said Mr. Gibbes, with stern but trembling voice. The tears were in his own eyes. The little child now missing was very dear to them all, and moreover was deemed a sacred charge, as he was one of the orphan children of Mr. Gibbes' sister, intrusted to him on her death-bed.

The wailing ceased; there was silence broken only by sobs, and the master asked:

"Who is willing to go back for the child?"

No one spoke. Mr. Gibbes turned to his wife for counsel. As the two talked in low tones, Mrs. Gibbes called her husband's attention to Mary, who was kneeling with clasped hands in prayer, at the foot of the bed. In a ment, the little maid rose and came to them, saying calmly:

"Mother, I must go back after the baby."

"Oh, my child," cried the mother, in agony, "I cannot let you!"

"But, mother, I must," pleaded Mary "God will take caae of me."

It was a fearful responsibility. The guns yet roared constantly through the darkness; the house might now be in flames; it might be filled with carnage and blood. Mrs. Gibbes turned to her husband. His face was buried in his hands. Plainly she must decide it herself. With streaming eyes she looked at Mary.

"Come here, my child," she called through her sobs. Mary fell upon her mother's neck. One long passionate embrace, in which all a mother's love and devotion were poured out and the clinging arms were opened without a word. Mary sprang up, kissed her father's forehead, and sped forth on her dangerous mission of love.

The rain had now ceased, but the night was still dark and full of terrors, for through the trees she saw the frequent flashes of the great guns. The woods were filled with booming echoes, so that cannon seemed to be on every hand. She flew on with all speed. Soon she heard the crashing of trees ahead, and knew that in a moment she would be once more face to face with death. She did not falter. Now again she was in the fierce whirlwind! All around her the shot howled and shrieked. On every side the branches fell crashing to the earth. A cannon-ball plunged into the ground close beside her, cast over her a heap of mud, and threw her down. She sprang up and pressed forward with redoubled vigor. Not even that ball could make her turn back.

She reached the house. She ran to the room where the little child usually slept. The bed was empty! Distracted she flew from chamber to chamber. Suddenly she remembered that this night he had been given to another nurse. Up into the third story she hurried, and, as she pushed open the door the little fellow, sitting up in bed, cooed to her and put out his hands.

With tears running down her cheeks, Mary wrapped the babe warmly and started down the stairs. Out into the darkness once more; onward with her precious burden, through cannon-roar, through shot and shell! Three times she passed this iron storm. The balls still swept the forest; the terrific booming filled the air.

With the child pressed tightly to her brave young heart, she fled on. She neither stumbled nor fell. The shot threw the dirt in her face, and showered the twigs down upon her head. But she was not struck. In safety she reached the hut, and fell exhausted across the threshold.

And the little boy thus saved by a girl's brave devotion, afterward became General Fenwick, famous in the war of 1812.

The Tariff in the Family.

The little girl cannot play with her doll, nor the boy whiz his top, nor the mother wash her offspring with soap, except at an expense of from one-third to one-half of their cost for the domestic privilege. [Laughter.] If the mother gives her child castor oil, she pours down 148 per cent. ad valorem [laughter]; if the child does not enjoy the dose, there is a 25 per cent. bowl as the recipient of the contents of its tender stomach. And though she "wash it with nitre and take to it much soap, yet the iniquity is marked before me," saith the Lord, for the soap is taxed 40 per centum. God help the child!

Mr. Townshend, of Illinois—How about candy?

Mr. Cox, of New York—I am coming to that in a moment, my honey. [Great laughter.]

If she wraps the little dear in a plain bleached cotton night-shirt, it has a nightmare of 5½ cents per square yard specific [laughter]; when the child awakes in the morning fretful she combs its little head at 35 cents ad valorem; if she would amuse it, she rolls it over a Brussels carpet at 90 cents per square yard, or gives it confectionery made of refined sugar at 4 cents a pound tax and 25 per cent. ad valorem; if it tears its little panties, the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kelly) sews them up with thread taxed at three-quarters of its value. Why, if she used a shingle to bring the "toddling wee thing" to its senses, as the honorable gentleman can recall, the cost would be enhanced at the rate of 17 per cent. taxation.

If the youngster has a patriotic inclination on our Fourth of July, his firecrackers are taxed as a patriotic luxury at $1 extra a box, and the bunting which furnishes the flag, though but 23 cents a pound, costs 121 per cent. extra, while the band plays on instruments taxed at 30 cents. She takes him to the menagerie to study natural history. There is a zebra, symbolic of a mixed ad valorem and specific, and the stately giraffe, high protection, the royal tiger, and unicorn of Holy Writ at 20 per cent., and the procession of elephants, every one 20 per cent. True, Jumbo, for purposes not to be mentioned, is excluded by the affidavit of a consistent protectionist! But the log chain that holds his huge legs binds the monster in protective chains! [Laughter.]—*S. S. Coxe's speech in the House.*

Be Independent.

There is nothing in this world that ensures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait for a long time as a general thing; a little assistance, a little recommendation, a little influence, is not to be had for asking, but there is always something one can do for himself. Do it, whatever it is, and do it with a will. One thing leads to another.

If you are a girl, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your old father toils for your daily bread. Learn how to help yourself, and take care of yourself as much as possible. Rather be one who does things for others than one who must have things done for you or suffer.

Two hands, two feet, sight and strength—these ought to enable you to dispense with help while you are young and healthy.

We like men who can defy adverse circumstances and could earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they were dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves and set to work at almost any work that offers, and who can even sew on their own buttons and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of womankind. In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed; fight it out yourself. Take it if in some sore strait it is offered freely; but never ask for it; be independent as far as man may be, if you would honor yourself or be honored by others, or be happy.

How Much Makes a Man Rich.

"To be rich," said Mr. Marcy, at one time secretary of the state, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another in the possession of millions, may think himself poor, and if necessities of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possessions is the richest." To illustrate this idea, Marcy related the following anecdote: While I was governor of the State of New York, I was called upon one morning by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring "if this was Mr. Marcy?" I replied that that was my name. "Bill Marcy?" asked he. I nodded assent. "Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?" I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at. "That's what I told 'em?" cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. "I told 'em that you were the same Bill Marcy that used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you, and find out for sartin. Why, don't you know me, don't you know me, Bill!" I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name. "My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago in the little red school house in Southport. Well, times have changed since then and you have become a great man—and got rich, I suppose?" I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: "Oh, yes, you are, I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was comptroller for—for a long time, and the next time we heard of you you was governor. You must have had a heap of money, and I am glad of it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school and I knew you would come to something." I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. "I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?" "Oh! yes," said he, "I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State." "And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed so well satified with his.—"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred clear cash!" He was rich, for he was satisfied.

THE FUTURE OF ALASKA.—With a comparatively mild climate throughout the Archipelago, with most valuable ship-building timber covering the islands, with a cedar that now sells at one hundred and fifty dollars a thousand feet in Sitka, with splendid harbors, with inexhaustible fisheries, with an abundance of coal, and the probability that veins of copper, lead, silver, and gold await the prospector, with the possibility of raising sufficient garden vegetables, and with wild cranberry swamps on nearly every island; with all these advantages it is surprising that an industrious, amphibious, ship-building, fishing colony from New England or other States, has not established itself in Alaska. One drawback is that Congress has not yet organized a territorial government, but when this region shall have been opened up to individual enterprise and settlement, it will then be discovered that Alaska is a valuable possession.—*Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, in the July Century.*

A ROMANCE about as little and about as nice as Delaware comes from Dover in that State. An accepted lover appeared at his sweetheart's house the other day prepared to play a leading part in his own wedding. His surprise was as crushing as a failure of the peach crop when he learned that his girl had married some other person a few weeks before. The bride, being much disturbed by the wrathful denunciation of the jilted youth, endeavored to quiet him with persuasive words. Failing, she took another tack and offered him her wedding ring as a souvenir of the episode. Just then her father came upon the ground, and, desiring to help his daughter out of the dilemma, gravely offered the swain a flock of goslings that happened to be paddling in a pond near at hand. But the young person would accept neither sympathetic words nor keepsakes and went off, outbeating in his anger the hot sun of June.

THEY were engaged to be married and called each other by their first names, Tom and Fanny, and he was telling her how he had always liked the name Fanny and how it sounded like music in his ear. "I like the name so well," he added, as a sort of clincher to the argument, "that when sister Clara asked me to name her pet terrier I at once called it Fanny, after you, dearest."

"I don't think that was very nice," said the fair girl, edging away from him. "How would you like to have a dog named after you?"

"Why, that's nothing," said Tom, airily; "half the cats in the country are named after me." They don't speak now.

A PROMINENT writer of a eulogy on connubial bliss says it is often the case when you see a great man, like a ship, sailing proudly along the current of renown, that there is a little tug—his wife—whom you cannot see, but who is directing his movements and supplying the motive power. Just imagine Brigham Young in this connection. There were enough tugs around him to have yanked him along at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

ORIGINALITY is nothing but judicious imitation.

A City of Office-Holders.

The government and its employes bear a relation to our city somewhat similar to that of a college and its students to the New England village where it is located. There are enough office-holders who are residents of Washington to make a good-sized city of themselves. In the various departments the work goes on the same from one year's end to another, and one would scarcely realize how great the number of employes in the various departments. The number is about 10,000. This is exclusive of the Capitol, city Post Office and District government offices. This body of government employes forms not only a large but a very intelligent and agreeable element of the population of Washington. A large proportion of them are people of thought, education and refinement, and their presence would be an acquisition to any community.

The remuneration of employes in the departments varies somewhat, but generally the salaries range from $900 to $2,000 for clerical work, the latter being given to those who occupy responsible or particularly important positions, and the first generally to copyists, a great many of whom are ladies. The latter are hard worked and they work well and receive the smallest remuneration, but the wolt is kept from the door of many a family by their earnest endeavors. A great many of them once belonged to families of wealth, but reverses came and they are glad to be able to work for a living. In the Treasury Department there are over four hundred lady clerks and in the bureau of engraving and printing as many more. In the Treasury and Interior Departments changes are most frequent, and it is in these mostly that women are employed, and every now and then there are rumors of pending changes which set their hearts fluttering with dread until the danger is over.

A position in the State Department is considered a permanent thing. It is run on a plan similar to our army and navy. When some one dies promotions take place, and there is a chance for an appointment. In the War and Navy Departments also changes do not often occur, and many a clerk whose hair is now white entered the service when a young man. Employes perform their labors in a remarkably satisfactory manner. In fact it is apparent that the government clerk, taken on the average, has greatly improved in many respects within the past dozen years.

A Western Obituary.

Night before last, without a word of warning, Calamity Pease, aged 13 years, passed into the realm of the beyond. Calamity will be remembered by our citizens as the almost constant companion of Judge Pease, the editor of our evening contemporary. We noticed yesterday that he did not call us a putrid liar, as has been his wont, and we knew that something was wrong. Later we found the following brief tribute to the deceased: "Mr. Pease's little dog, Calamity, died last night, probably from old age, as it was between 13 and 14 years old, and had been in the family from the time of its birth." While we bow to the inevitable decree which has robbed us of calamity we should remember our loss is his (or hers, as the case may be,) eternal gain. Calamity is no more. He (or she, as the case may be,) will not meet us on the sidewalk, and let us fall over him (or her, as the case may be,) as was the case heretofore. Judge Pease is now left with only one large dog and his family. The day may soon come when he will have no one to love but his family. The big dog who lies in front of the *Times* door and eats the remains of dead animals, and sociably throws everybody down who tries to go in the door, will soon pass away, and the judge will be left with no joy but the blessed rest and mental relaxation of writing his deep, abstruse and harmless editorials.

THE WAY TO KEEP IT.—The Bible that has been in the United States Senate for many years, says Peck's *Sun*, has been stolen. It is not known whether it was stolen under the present or a previous administration, as nobody has paid any attention to the Bible for years, but the other day somebody wanted to look at it as authority on the question how many wives King Solomon had, to use in a speech on the Mormon question, and the good book had been stolen. The question, "Are we becoming a nation of thieves," begins to take on new interest. The Senate should get a new Bible, with a time lock, and chain it up, and let only one man have the combination, and then lock him up.

IT seems that the the hanging of Guiteau is not to remove the ill-starred Guiteau family from public notice. A late report from Milwaukee indicates that Mrs. Scoville, Guiteau's sister, has applied for a divorce at Waukesha from her husband, George Scoville, on account of failure to support her properly. He will resist the application for the divorce, but desires a separation. He claims that she left an unpaid board bill at the Astor House when she left there on the day she was to deliver lecture. Two or three very bitter quarrels are described as having taken place between the couple, in one of which Mr. Scoville threatened to jump overboard from the boat on which they were crossing the lake.

THE sight of a novel is no novel sight.

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