DENTON JOURNAL.

1885. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1884.

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1885. NO. 20.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

1826 ESTABLISHED 1826

WINTER.

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE FOR THE

WINTER SEASON!

We Have a Big Variety of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

TO WHICH, AS ALSO TO OUR

GENERAL ASSORTMENT,

We would call attention, as well as to the fact that we offer our Goods at such Prices as will Prove Satisfactory to our Customers.

ALL OF OUR GOODS ARE PROPERLY SHRUNK BEFORE BEING MADE UP,

NOAH WALKER AND CO.,

165-167 W. BALTIMORE STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

GRAND

HOLIDAY DISPLAY

OF

Silver-Ware,

SILVER TEA-SETS, ICE PITCHERS,

Castors, Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Sugar Dishes, Spoon Holders, Card Receivers, etc, etc., etc.

CUTLERY, KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS.

IMPORTED BREECH LOADING GUNS,

Pistols, Gunners' Outfits, Ammunition, etc.

THE NEW "GOLDEN SUN" FIRE-PLACE HEATERS

we are selling—AT COST—for cash down.

Cook and Heating Stoves

at reduced prices. Come and see us.

ROBES, BLANKETS, HORSE COVERS,

Sleigh Bells, Sleighs and Cutters, Skates; Harness etc.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and see us, examine our goods and get reduced prices.

SHANNAHAN AND WRIGHTSON,

Easton, Maryland.

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND

BRYANT & TOWNSEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.

9 20.

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER

DOWNES & MUTCHLER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

OSWALD W. TILGHMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

JAMES N. TODD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

All legal business and collections promptly attended to. 6 2 84.

HENRY R. LEWIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Office in Masonic Building, fronting Court House Square. 1-17

HENRY IRWIN & SON,

AUTIONEERS,

DENTON, MD.

THAWLEY & GHINGHER,

BUTCHERS.

DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS,

THURSDAYS and

SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

Dutch Bulbous Flowering Roots,

For immediate planting in the Garden or House.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS, NARCISSUS, CROWN IMPERIAL, ETC.,

Our own importation, from Holland direct

ALSO, FOR SALE:

Hyacinth Glasses, assorted colors, Crocus Pots, Window Boxes, Plain and Fancy Flower pots, all sizes and styles, Terra Cotta Vases and Statuary, Terra Cotta and Rustic Hanging Baskets, Flower Stands, Green House Syringes and Pumps, Pruning and Budding Knives, Pruning and Topping Shears, Etc. Horticultural Tools in Great Variety.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Chestnut and Market Streets,

PHILADELPHIA.

Catalogues, wholesale and retail, free upon application [10 25 tf.

$200,000 in presents given away Send us 5 cents postage and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 12 20 tf

A MARVELOUS STORY

TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "23 Cedar St., New York, Oct. 28, 1882.

"*Gentlemen:* My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the inclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

has had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now, there are few men of his age who enjoy as good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case.

Yours truly, W. M. PHILLIPS."

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Six months ago I was completely covered with a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places whenever I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden. I commenced the use of the SARSAPARILLA in April last, and have used it regularly since that time. My condition began to improve at once. The sores have all healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect—being now able to do a good day's work, although 73 years of age. Many inquire what has wrought such a cure in my case, and I tell them, as I have here tried to tell you.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. Glover, Vt., Oct. 21, 1882. Yours gratefully,

HIRAM PHILLIPS."

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It clears the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

ADVERTISEMENTS prepared and inserted in all newspapers in the best manner, at lowest rates. L. Jeff Milbourne & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE.

Two Excellent Sewing Machines for sale cheap. Inquire at

9 27 tf. THIS OFFICE.

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth—
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed—
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatened high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things can never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up life's first bliss,
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped and lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell—
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfaded record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken Love—
Be firm and just and true,
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel's voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—All the Year Round.

MIRABEAU'S DEATH-BED.

Slowly declined the day, and the shadows of night crept over the land—the last night of his earthly pilgrimage; but if the shades of death were upon the body, the starlight of the intellect—the meteoric soul—gleamed out in undiminished brilliance. His physician lay on a neighboring couch, and Mirabeau spoke with wondrous continuity till the morning; his words pouring forth too rapidly and too impetuously, in an unbroken fireflood, as in the Assembly in his days of strength. Slowly also the curtains of night were in their turn drawn aside, and daylight began to dawn upon the world. His last day on earth! Think what lies in that! The past curling back like an indistinct and confused battle-picture, the present wavering like an empty vapor, and before, the dim immensity of the unknown To Come, looming up in the hazy distance; unknown and dubious to the best of us Christians; but, alas! doubly so to the dying Mirabeau; for he properly had no belief whatever, and in the world to come he knew not the consoling sublimity of a universal tribunal and an everlasting reward; but he looked forward to death simply as a rest and an annihilation. And it is this that renders his death all the more heroic; for it is comparatively easy to die when death is regarded as the portal to a happier kingdom; but when an ignoble rest is the highest expectation, it is not so easy.

His first act on this last day was one of humane consideration. The wife of a faithful retainer, named Legrain, had scarcely ever left his chamber since his illness, although her son was ill with a fever, and she herself very far advanced in pregnancy; and scarcely had the day dawned ere Mirabeau addressed her thus:

"Henrietta, you are a good creature. You are about to have a child, and are risking the life of another, and yet you never quit me. You owe yourself to your family; go, therefore; I desire it."

As soon as day had broken thoroughly, the windows were flung open, and the mild spring breeze stole in and fanned his feverish temples.

"My friend," he said to Cabanis, "I shall die to-day. When one is in that situation, there remains but one thing to do; and that is to perfume me, to crown me with flowers, to environ me with music, so that I may enter sweetly into that slumber from which there is no awaking."

His mention of flowers was one of the ruling passions asserting itself at the hour of death. In his little garden he had many trees and shrubs, then greenly verdant, and here and there, in tuft or border, the earlier flowers were bursting into bud, and the later ones peeping from the brown earth; and that his eyes might behold them once again, they wheeled his bed to the open window, and he looked forth into the expanse of heaven. Just then, as though to greet him, the round and lustrous sun emerged from behind the clouds, and rayed forth upon him; and as he basked in the beams, and gazed up, dazzled and delighted, to its broad circles, he cried:

"If that is not God, it is at least his cousin-german!"

He then informed Cabanis that he felt he should not live many hours, and begged him to promise not to leave him until his death; and when, in promising, Cabanis burst into tears, he said, "No weakness, unworthy yourself and me! This is a moment when we ought to make the most of each other. Pledge me your word that you will not make me suffer useless pain. I wish to be able enjoy without drawbacks the presence of all dear to me."

He then had De Lamarck brought to him, and having placed him on one side of the bed, and Canabis on the other, he spoke to them for three quarters of an hour about public and private affairs, "gliding rapidly over the latter, but dwelling upon the former;" in which he uttered his memorable words:

"I carry in my heart the dirge of the monarchy, the ruins whereof will now be the prey of the factions."

Almost immediately after this he lost his power of speech; in which state he lay for an hour, apparently devoid of pain; but at about eight o'clock the coup-de-grace of death was being given; his body convulsed and writhed as though in frightful and agonizing pain, and in dumb torture he signed for drink; water, wine, lemonade, and jelly were offered, but he refused them all, and signed again for paper; which being given, he rapidly scrawled his wants and wishes in the word DORMIR! (to sleep.) Then, when that wish was not complied with, he wrote more at length, praying for common humanity's sake, that they would give him opium. Just at that time Dr. Petit arrived, and decided upon giving him a composing draught; and the prescription was immediately despatched to the nearest druggist. Meanwhile, his aggraged death-pangs had burst the very chains of death, and he recovered speech to give a reproach to his friend.

"The doctors, the doctors!" he cried. "Were not you (to Cabanis) my doctor, and my friend? Have you not promised me that I should be spared the anguish of a death like this? Do you wish me to die regretting having given you my confidence?"

Having said which, he sunk into a kind of asphyxia, and lay motionless, and to all appearance insensible; but cannon firing in the distance aroused him, and he asked, in dreamy surprise—

"Are those already the Achilles' funeral?"

And immediately after, as the chimes rung half-past eight, he opened his eyes slowly, and gazing heavenward, died!

"So falls, so languishes, grows dim and dies
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres,
The stars of human glory are cast down.
Perish the greatness and the pride of kings."

He was forty-two years and twenty four days old; and as he lay there a corpse, the beholders remarked that—"Except one single trace of physical suffering, one perceives with emotion, the most noble calm, and the sweetest smile upon that face, which seems enwrapped in a living sleep, and occupied with an agreeable dream."

So closes the most wonderful death-bed scene whereof we yet have annals; we call it wonderful, and not beautiful; and yet we would not have it otherwise, for it is altogether in keeping with the man and completes the character. A Christian's death had assuredly been more affecting, more beautiful, and less remarkable; but this stands out isolated, unlike any other, and must for many generations be esteemed as the beau-ideal of a materialist's death-bed—as the sublime of Deistic Faith!

"Let Us Have Peace!"

As this magazine has not hesitated to bring to the notice of the country whatever social and political evils were supposed to exist in any part of it, and as it has especially given attention to the condition of the freedmen in the Southern States, we will not now be regarded as writing in a partisan spirit when we deprecate and denounce the narrow, sectional, and embittered tone of comment which still lingers in certain quarters of the North. That this tone is less frequent than it was a few years ago is a token of the mellowing of feeling which takes place as the Civil War, with its animosities, moves farther and farther back into history; it is a sign, also, of the the improved condition and spirit of the South, and of the new era of common interests and mutual sympathy and respect.

It is something worthy of remark that at the present moment, whenever the old note of sectional hatred is struck, it has a jarring and unwelcome sound in the North itself. The true lover of the whole country—undivided and indivisible—is shocked and pained when this note is sounded,—a note that was not sounded by Lincoln or by Grant even in the thick of the fight. It is further noticeable that it is to "the fury of the non-combatant" that we generally owe this note of discord; while the men who did the fighting did it "with malice toward none, with charity for all." Our men of war have proved indeed the true friends of peace, and not its enemies. "Both read the same Bible," said Lincoln, "and pray to the same God, . . . let us judge not that we be not judged." It was Grant who stipulated that not one sword should be handed to the conquerors at Appomattox.

While the questions of slavery and secession are forever settled, there are still to be approached grave and delicate problems growing out of changed social and political relations. These require the most conscientious, cool, wise, and brave consideration. This is the time not for the demagogue, not for the reckless agitator, but for the philanthropist and statemen. In our day the politician who wears the "bloody shirt" will be buried with it.—The Century for February.

The electrician's favorite song is, "Ohm, Sweet Ohm!"

The worst kind of fur to wear near the chin is chin-chilly.

Washington's Religion.

As I read a few days ago of the death of the Rev. Richard M. Abercombie, rector of St. Matthew's Protestant Espiscopal Church, in Jersey City, memories of my boyhood arose. He was born not far from my father's house, in Philadelphia, and was the son of the Rev. Dr. James Abercombie—a fine scholar and preacher who had in early life corresponded with the great lexicographer, Samuel John son, and in later years was the assistant minister of Christ's and St. Peter's Churches, in Philadelphia, where my maternal ancestors had worshipped for more than one generation.

One day after the father had reached four score years, the lately deceased son took me into the study of the aged man and showed me a letter which President George Washington had written to his father, thanking him for the loan of one of his manuscript sermons. Washington and his wife were regular attendants upon his ministry while residing in Philadelphia.

The President was not a communicant, notwithstanding all the pretty stories to the contrary, and after the close of the sermon on Sacramental Sundays had fallen into a habit of retiring from the church while his wife remained and communed. Upon one occasion Dr. Abercombie alluded to the unhappy tendency of the example of those dignified by age and position turning their backs upon the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The discourse arrested the attention of Wash ington, and after that he never came to church with his wife on Communion Sunday. Dr. Abercombie, in a letter which appears in the fifth volume of Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," mentions that he did not find fault with the sermon, but respected the preacher for his moral courage.

There is a story about Washington being found in the woods in Winter time in prayer by the owner of the house which he used as his headquarters at Valley Forge, which I would like to believe if it were not so improbable and if it had not been first put in print by the eccentric and not very accurate Episcopal minister, Morgan L. Weems.

John Potts, of Pottsgrove, had several sons and daughters. One, James, studied law at the Temple, London, and was a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in Philadelphia, at the beginning of the Revolutionary war, and, being a Tory, eventually went to Halifax; Jonathan, another son, studied medicine at Edinburgh and espoused the cause of the Colonies, and was the medical director-general of the Middle Department; another son was a Quaker and a neutral, and owned the house at Valley Forge which is still known as Washington's Headquarters, and the three were brothers of the grandmother of the writer of this article.

With a capacious and comfortable house at his disposal, it is hardly possible that the shy, silent, cautious Washington should leave such retirement and enter the leafless woods in the vicinity of the winter encampment of an army and engage in audible prayer. The alleged scene has been often produced by the painter and engraver, but I fear it is only a myth.—Rev. E. Neil, in Episcopal Recorder.

Telepathy.

Jean Marsh writes to the Ellicott City Times: "A comparatively new and very interesting society now exists in England. Its name is the 'Society for Psychic Research' and its object is to investigate the influence of mind over mind apart from ordinary modes of perception—mesmerism, clairvoyance, haunted houses, apparitions at the moment of death and kindred subjects. The society collects and publishes all well authenticated evidences of these things. The New York Nation has lately been talking on the subject and writing co-operation of the people by giving in its columns evidences concerning them which are sent to it. I will copy one of these instances: Several winters ago on the location were a woodman and his wife, persons possessed of more than the average intelligence and education of the mining classes. The sympathy between them was such that each seemed to thoroughly understand the thoughts of the other without use of words, which they scarcely ever used except in the presence of others. When in separate rooms either could tell immediately what the other had written. At great distances each was subject to the words of the other. In January, 1881, the man, while chopping wood some distance from home, severed an artery in his leg and bled to death. At about the time the wound was inflicted the woman rushed into a neighbor's house declaring that her husband was dying, and though ignorant of his whereabouts, led a guide party directly to the scene of the accident. The woman has been insane ever since. This, as well as other instances, is given by responsible people writing in answer to inquiries from the curious. There are people who could not be convinced of the truth of these things by any means; who believe everything of this character is humbuggery unmitigated and will always maintain their position. But another class live who, looking sincerely for the truth in all things, are willing to accept facts whenever they can be proven. This society for Psychic Research is a good movement undoubtedly. It will probably find some clue to the, as yet, unexplained connections which undoubtedly exist between inhabitants, not only of this sphere, but of this and another or even others. Sometimes it may appear curious that people appear while we are speaking of them or soon after. But it is undoubtedly their approach or intended approach that has so influenced our minds that we speak of them. All things in nature are governed by laws, and as many probably work undiscovered by man as have been discovered already. No such thing as chance exists in a universe of law and order."

The Old Man and the Cattle.

A poem in prose, by Johnny Stout: "Us three boys stole out for a lark—me and dick and jim, it was lait at nite aud Awful Dark the moon had doused her glim, we crept to the barn a sii old croud and brindels bel onbukkled, and we kicked jims Shins when he talked out loud and pinched him when he chuckled, and Then we climbed for the Garden patch and maid that ole bel rattel and soon we heard the woodshed lach and a Vois sed drat Them kattle; and pa cum out in his shurt and pantse and a lantern and searched us, but If we'd ben 3 elefants You see he couldn't Found us if it hadn't bin for that stupid jim we'd fuled him like a daizy—but jims a girl—he cant keep still and ax jest like he's crazy, the Lantern lited pa up fine but smoked and flared and Flickered, and pa got throed by a pumkin vine and jim broke out and snikkered, and then you jest should see pa jump, and Us fly helter skelter, i barked my shins on a hickory stump as i cut for a place of Shelter. * * speakin of hickory maiks me think of the way pa wormed my jackit."

He Forgot to Ask.

During the Polk campaign much interest was taken in Waterbury in the result, and party strife ran high between Whigs and Democrats. Waterbury was only a little village at that time and it had no railway communications. It was also before the days of the telegraph, and a number of politicians made up a purse and hired Col. Richard Welton, proprietor of the New Haven stage line, to make a special trip to New Haven to get the returns. The crowd waited anxiously on the tavern steps all through the afternoon of the day of Col. Welton's trip, and when he came in sight with horses smoking from their long drive, he stood in his wagon and called to the expectant crowd:

"New York's gone 5,000."

"For whom?" arose on every side. The colonel jumped from his wagon, hesitated a moment, scratched his head and then blurted out; Well, I swar, I forgot to ask."

The Wooing.

I saw her coming through the wood,
My pretty one, my dear;
I said, "An' you will marry me,
I'll wait for you a year.
An' I'll give you a silken gown,
An' I'll give you a ring,
An' you will only marry me
I' th' coming of the spring."

My love she tossed her pretty head
As she went on her way,
And said, "I'm in a hurry, sir,
For it's a market day."
She had a basket on her arm,
And she began to sing,
And she went on into the town
To do her marketing.

She stayed to rest as she came back,
Upon a fallen tree;
She'd bought a ribbon for her hair,
And put it in for me;
And then we sat and wondered what
The coming year would bring;
And, oh! I think she'll marry me
I' th' coming of the spring.

—Cassell's Family Magazine.

Thawed-Out Thoughts.

The good die young. So do the bad with red hair.

"If he refuses to pay for it, I will," said a bystander in a saloon. The first man refused to pay, and so did the speaker—as he had said he would.

Yellow is now the fashionable color. This will make twenty dollar gold pieces very stylish.

Had the Refusal of It.

"Say, Sam, did you see de man about dat house?"

"Oh, yes; I seed him, and he gib me de refusal ob de house."

"How long did he gib you de refusal ob hit?"

"Foreber. He refused to hab anything to do with me."

Alleged Wit.

Grape-shot—Drunk on Madeira.

If a gas man were to write poetry, would his meter be correct?

A "straight" glass of whiskey is apt to make a man's course crooked.

The most popular book—a bank book.

The best known man in America—John Smith.

Have you ever noticed how distant a man is, generally, after you have loaned him a quarter?

A false count—the one that rich American girls marry.

A fun-loving young maiden named Grover
Was skating so gay with her lo-ver,
When a clumsy young chap
Ran against them kerslap,
And they went over—and over—and over.

A conceited, long-legged young man
Was skating with a maiden named Ann,
When up flew the ice,
And made him feel nice, (?)
And split his pants from Beersheba to Dan.

AGRICULTURAL.

Our Foreign Wheat Market.

There can be no doubt that the questionable methods of the wheat brokers in this country in securing "corners" on the market, etc., have seriously affected our wheat trade with Europe. The consequence of their work is, according to Consul-General Cramer, that England, Germany, Switzerland and other countries that are obliged to import wheat for home consumption are looking about for different markets from which to draw their supplies. Southern Russia, Hungary and East India are already sending large quantities of wheat to the countries just named. For instance, there were imported into Switzerland during the months of July last about 35,546 sacks of wheat by way of Genoa alone, of which 10,746 sacks were from India, and 15,800 from Russia, and only a small portion of the whole amount was from the United States. But Genoa is not the only place through which wheat from foreign countries is passing into Switzerland: Havre, Antwerp, and warehouses on different points of Lake Constance—these are places through which wheat is also shipped to Switzerland. Several years ago the largest amount of wheat annually imported into that country came from the United States; now only about one-third of the whole amount comes from this country. The reason is that on account of the "wheat corners" and high cost of transportation in America the price of our wheat has been increased, while the quantity of wheat grown in Southern Russia, Hungary, and India has been during the past few years greatly increased, and the prices of through-freight decreased. Our wheat growers, transportation companies, and dealers in that article desire to realize large profits, which greatly enhances the price of wheat by the time it reaches the European markets, while the Russian, Hungarian, and Indian wheat growers, and the various transportation companies carrying the wheat from these countries are satisfied with a comparatively small profit, so long as their article finds a ready market. It is in this manner that American wheat has to contend with a heavy competition in Switzerland if not in Europe. The various railroad and steamship companies of Europe that carry this article are now considering the reduction of the through-freight tariff on wheat from the countries above referred to. If they succeed it will furnish a new impetus to the wheat growers to constantly enlarge their wheat culture. Hence there is danger that we will produce more wheat than can be disposed of unless the original prices and the cost of transportation are reduced. The wheat harvests of this year in Europe and India have been exceptionally good. It has been calculated that unless American wheot can be sold in Liverpool and Havre at $1 a bushel it will be displaced by European and Indian wheat. Thus our wheat producing capacity and export will receive a sudden check which cannot fail to bring about much suffering if not many failures in our own country.

Scratches.

Scratches are often caused by keeping a horse in a damp place or a dirty stable, or by frequently washing the legs without carefully drying them. The treatment should be directed to removing the cause, whatever it may be, and must be regulated by the extent or severity of the disease. If the heels are very painful, they should be poulticed for a few days with linseed meal; and if the animal is in high condition, with the legs much swollen, a purgative should be given—for a yearling colt, about four drachms of Barbadoes aloes, with a little ginger. This may be given in solution or made into a ball with lard. This may be followed with a few doses, daily, of nitrate of potash in the water or in a bran mash—about a drachm at a dose. The heels must be thoroughly cleaned, and after poulticing, should be dressed twice a day with a lotion composed of acetate of lead, one ounce, sulphate of zinc, six drachms, in a pint of water. Occasionally scratches is rather obstinate, and if the cracks extend, it may be necessary to change the dressings, in which case dry oxide of zinc powered over the heels, may be advisable. The colt should be kept in a dry place, well and cleanly littered.—Horse Shoer.

Profits on Cattle.

A farmer of Harford Co., Md., communicated to the Belair Ægis the following as his experience in feeding cattle:

On the 1st of December, 1883, he bought 24 head of cattle, which averaged 693 lbs. per head. They were not fancy cattle, but good, thrifty steers, between two and three years old. He wintered them in the field, on straw and fodder alone, without grain. On the 1st of March they were stabled, to prevent injury to the grass. On the 25th of April they went on grass again. They were sold on the 29th of November, their average weight being 1,195 pounds. The average gain on each steer was 502 pounds. They cost $4.50 per 100 pounds, and were sold at $5.50. The average cost per steer was $31.18, and they sold at $65.72 per head, more than double the amount originally invested, the profit per steer being $34.54. The farmer thinks his profits would have been greater if several of the steers had not been affected with foul hoof.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3354-0016.jpg