DENTON JOURNAL.

1845. *A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.* 1884.

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 31, 1885. NO. 21.

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 FEW HINTS

FOR THE USE OF

AYER'S PILLS

DOSE.—*To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills; thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.*

For Constipation, or Costiveness, no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition.

For Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure.

Heart-Burn, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Flatulency, Dizziness, Headache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved and cured by AYER'S PILLS.

In Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, and Jaundice, AYER'S PILLS should be given in doses large enough to excite the liver and bowels, and remove constipation. As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these PILLS are unequalled.

Worms, caused by a morbid condition of the bowels, are expelled by these PILLS.

Eruptions, Skin Diseases, and Piles, the result of Indigestion or Constipation, are cured by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

For Colds, take AYER'S PILLS to open the pores, remove inflammatory secretions, and allay the fever.

For Diarrhœa and Dysentery, caused by sudden colds, indigestible food, etc., AYER'S PILLS are the true remedy.

Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, and Sciatica, often result from digestive derangement, or colds, and disappear on removing the cause by the use of AYER'S PILLS.

Tumors, Dropsy, Kidney Complaints, and other disorders caused by debility or obstruction, are cured by AYER'S PILLS.

Suppression, and Painful Menstruation, have a safe and ready remedy in

AYER'S PILLS.

Full directions, in various languages, accompany each package.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

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.

Nearing the End.

I'm growing old; the hopes and fears
That waged an ever varying strife,
No more awaken smiles and tears,
Disturbing my serener life.

The ardent love, the jealous throe
Which burned and raged without surcease,
Have left me; and a gentler glow
Of sweet contentment brings me peace.

Strong passion owns my reason's sway;
Calm pleasure comes where love's bestowed;
And quiet friendship soothes my way
Along life's peaceful autumn road.

No unknown future threatens ill;
No fierce ambition drives me on;
I gaze from life's sublimest hill
On dangers past and victories won.

What though my natural powers decay—
My lessening time makes less demand;
The labor done, at close of day
The farmer resting views his land

And sees the harvest waving fair,
The ridgy rows with plenty filled;
Sees fruitful fields erst barrens bare,
The barrens bare his hands have tilled.

So looks life's landscape to my eyes;
My earthly work is nearly done.
A calm comes to me from the skies,
As slowly sinks life's setting sun.

—Jesse H. Lord in Hartford Times.

JOE'S DEVOTION.

It was a favorite jest upon old Farmer Collingwood's farm to call Joe Ellison Susy's admirer. And Susy, when she heard the half taunting joke, only smiled softly, and at their next meeting only gave Joe a kinder word or sweeter smile.

She was the orphaned daughter of a country clergyman, whose sole legacy to her had been the best education his own profound learning enabled him to give her. When she was but a little girl her mother died, and she had been her father's housekeeper, scholar and companion until her nineteenth birthday, when the Rev. Stephen Coyle was likewise taken from the child to his last, long rest. The good people of the parish, knowing Susy's advantages for study, had put her at the head of the district school, and her old home being the parsonage she had removed her personal possessions and had taken up her abode at Farmer Collingwood's, he having for years "boarded" the school ma'am.

It was a merry, happy farmer's household where Susy lived. Julie and Mollie Collingwood were strong-armed, blooming damsels, full of coquettish grace, and with loud voices and active habits. Charles and James, the sons, were fine specimens of young farmers, and the old man and his wife were kindhearted, homely country folk.

She had been but a little time in her position as instructress to the tow headed youngsters of Brent Hill, when coming up the road from school late on a summer's afternoon, she heard wailing and groans in one of the cottages, where often before she had heard the sound.

"Poor Joe!" she whispered pitifully.

For she knew a deformed idiot was being beaten by a cruel master. But on that afternoon, as she drew near the cottage, the door suddenly flew open and the idiot limped howling and speeding as fast as his infirmities allowed out at the opening, while following him, was a strong, brutal man, half drunk, flourishing an immense cowhide.

The man, cursing and swearing, held the whip over the cowering lad, but when it fell it struck not Joe but Susy, who bent over him, one arm raised, to ward off the blow. Brute as he was, the half drunken wretch stood aghast when the heavy lash cut across Susy's slender arms and shoulders.

"I beg your pardon ma'am," he said. "I did not see you was in the way."

"How can you?" she cried, her pale cheeks crimson with womanly indignation, "how can you, a strong man strike a poor trembling boy like that; a boy whose infirmities should appeal for protection to any man who was not an arrant coward?"

"Well, come now, that's pretty strong," said the man. Don't I feed and lodge him for what he does, and ain't I got a right to beat him if he does anything wrong? He don't earn his salt, he don't."

"Don't keep him then."

"I guess you're right. I won't. Joe, you may go to the mischief, but don't come here again."

The good people at the farm looked rather astonished when Susy appeared, followed by the stooping, limping figure of the village idiot. But the farmer broke into laughter when she told of her interference and begged a shelter for the boy.

"Stay here? Of course he can stay here," he said. "We'll find something for the poor beggar to do. But to think of your spunking up to Bob Carter after that fashion. I'd have given my best cow to see it. A little white bantam picking a mad bull would be nothing to it. And he ran off. Well, well. Here, Charlie, show Joe the room over the barn. He can sleep there, and he'll soon learn where to come to meals."

So the idiot found his hard bed on the floor replaced by the cosy barn chamber, his scanty food exchanged for generous plenty, and for blows, kicks and curses, and hard work, overtasking his brain, he had kind words and light labor suited to his comprehension.

And under this treatment he brightened visibly, performing his simple task willingly and well. When winter came Susy herself altered a suit and overcoat of her father's to clothe the boy comfortably for the cold weather, and knit him a scarf, cap and mittens. She never passed him without a word of encouragement, and in his darkened life the fair, sweet face stood for a religion—something to be worshiped—poor Joe's special Providence.

He never forgot the falling of the cruel lash upon her tender figure bent to protect him, and he understood perfectly that Susy's intercession had procured for him his happy, comfortable home.

And his gratitude expressed itself in such offerings as were within his reach—bouquets of wild flowers, clusters of delicate ferns he knew she loved, baskets of wild cherries or nuts, and an eager offer to lift any obstacle from her path. And the good natured, jesting country folks called poor Joe Susy's admirer.

But while the winter snows were yet upon the ground there came to Brent Hill a new clergyman, one Cyrus Portman, who had been a pupil of Susy's father when he was a youth of nineteen, she a child of twelve. Having fitted himself for college under Rev. Stephen Coyle's instructions, he had gone to Harvard, had studied for the pulpit, and, having preached in Boston, had accepted a call to Brent Hill.

It was quite natural that he should seek Susy, and the old servant at the parsonage was warm in her praises. He was a wealthy man, having inherited a fortune from his father, and he was eager to help the poor in his parish. Susy, having the children under her control, was able to point out to him many avenues for his charity, and thus added another link to the associations that bound them together.

So in the winter evenings and in the spring walks he let his heart go out to Susy and gather her image into its deepest recess, while she unconscious of her own secret, felt that there was no happiness so profound as Cyrus brought by his mere presence. It was a quiet, uneventful courting for six long months, but it bound two hearts firmly together for life. And Joe, looking on, understood vaguely that Susy was happy when Cyrus was near, that a service performed for Cyrus pleased Susy as well. And as events progressed he understood that Cyrus would one day take Susy to the parsonage as his wife, and that Susy would be happy there. All this was firmly rooted in poor Joe's clouded brain, and he knew that trouble to Cyrus would be a sore grief also to Susy.

So, with allegiance that was touching, Joe transferred some of his devotion to the young clergyman, and when he was at the farm would mutter often:

"Susy likes him; Joe must be good to him because Susy likes him."

Summer sunshine was ripening the grain and the berries were in ripest cluster when Susy had an entire month of leisure for the school holiday, and Cyrus won from her the promise to resign her place and become his wife in September. Her simple outfit became her daily task, and the Collingwoods lent willing hands to prepare for the wedding. Joe was made entirely happy by the promise of a home at the parsonage, and the long summer days seemed too short for the happiness that filled them.

It was nearly two miles from the parsonage to the Collingwood farm, but there were few evenings when Cyrus failed to walk from his home to Susy's for an hour or two of the sweet companionship he loved. And his way led him through a stretch of lonely country, where the farms were scattered far apart, for Mr. Collingwood had bought a farm at some distance from the village.

By what instinct Joe knew that there might be danger lurking in the road, I cannot explain, but it became his habit, solely on his own will, to follow Cyrus Portman, out of sight himself, until he saw him safely within his house, and then limp back to his own barn chamber. It may have been that the talk of the farm hands about some of the crimes perpetrated by tramps conveyed the warning to the weakened mind. But, whatever the motives, he was constant in his unsuspected attendance.

Rev. Cyrus Portman, secure of his place in the love of his congregation, thinking his home ever safe from danger of robbery, or even the fear of theft, was careless of the fact that it was known that he carried about him large sums of money. He drew his income quarterly from a Boston bank and was apt to carry large rolls of bank notes in his pocket, ready for his own expenses and charities. He wore diamond studs and a finger ring, and a heavy gold watch and chain.

All these facts became known to Bob Carter, Joe's tormentor, and led to the act that proved the idiot's devotion to Susy. One of the tramps seeking employment at Brent Hill proving a congenial companion for Bob Carter in his drinking frolics and idle life, became his guest, and the two, under the influence of liquor, resolved to rob the parson.

"He's bound to have a pocketful of money," said Bob, "and we're half starved. We'll make it more even between us."

So it befel that one August night, when there was no moon, Joe, faithfully trudging upon his self-appointed task of seeing Susy's lover safe in his own home, saw two men spring upon him as he passed a high hedge.

Taken entirely by surprise, Cyrus Portman turned to his assailants and fought for his possessions with the courage of a truly brave man. But they were two to one, and had thrown him down, when Bob Carter, lifting a formidable club of wood, ordered him to give up his money and watch. Instead of complying he struggled more fiercely to free himself from the other ruffian.

"You will have it, then," growled Bob, lifting the club, and surely there would have been an end to all Susy's dreams of happiness had not Joe, with a cry utterly indescribible, flung himself between the heavy, murderous weapon and Cyrus Portman.

Down came the wood with a crash upon the idiot's back and head, and Cyrus Portman with a sudden wrench freed himself as the tramp dodged back to avoid the blows. At this moment a party of village merrymakers were heard coming down the road, and the would-be robbers and assassins turned and fled.

The calls of the clergyman hurried the steps farmer lads returning home, and the well-known voices of the Collingwood boys were heard in eager exclamations.

In hurried words the young clergyman explained the situation.

"Poor Joe," he said, looking up as he knelt to examine the prostrate body. I am afraid his devtion has cost him his life. I cannot feel his heart beat."

"We'll carry him home," Charlie Collingwood said. "Come, boys, it's not half a mile to the farm."

Willing, strong hands lifted the still insensible figure, and tenderly poor Joe was carried to the farm again. Susy, sitting still upon the wide porch, thinking of her lover, saw the procession enter the gate, and ran quickly down the path. Her tears fell fast as Cyrus told his sad tale, but she opened the door of the spare room on the lower floor, wakened Mrs. Collingwood, brought light, water and bandages, while James saddled a horse, and rode to the village for a doctor.

But the doctor could not help poor Joe. It was a death blow, and before morning there was only a cold, stiff form where the poor idiot had expired. But before he died he was brought back to consciousness, to know Susy was bending over him, her tears dropping fast upon his white and death-stricken face.

"Don't cry," he whispered faintly. "It was because you loved him. I I didn't forget," he said, while a smile brightened his poor face. "Joe didn't forget when you took a lashing for him. Joe remembered. And he put his head under Bob Carter's club to save the parson. Is the parson here?"

"Yes, Joe, I am here."

"All alive, and Joe did it. Joe did it for Susy."

And so, with Susy's name upon his lips, poor Joe died.

Origin of the Democratic Rooster.

Our young Democratic friends may perhaps have seen a good many roosters paraded around in the last few months as a Democratic emblem, and they may not understand why the bird was adopted by the Democrats. The explanation is as follows:

In 1840 after the Harrison campaign there was great doubt as to how Indiana had cast her vote. The situation was similar to that in New York in every respect. An editor named Chapman conducted the Democratic newspaper at Indianapolis, and, as is often the case in boasting over a victory, his editorial over the result was termed "crowing." In a day or two, when some of the back counties were heard from, it seemed his crowing had been premature, and the Whig organ came out giving late returns showing Democratic defeat, and in the head line was the expression,

"Crow, Chapman, crow!"

This was intended as a taunt, and must have been felt, for a few more counties yet to hear from again turned the tables, and showed that the Democrats had won. It was then that the rival editor hoisted at the head of his columns a magnificent rooster, and printed under it the words,

"We Crow."

It made a palpable hit. The passion for roosters spread, and from that day to this the bird, immortalized by the Hoosier, has been the emblem of Democratic success.—Ex.

"Whatever is, is Best."

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight—
That under each rank Wrong, somewhere,
There lies the root of Right.
That each sorrow has its purpose—
By the sorrow oft unguessed,
But as sure as sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is some time, some where punished,
Tho' the hour be longed delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow, means often to suffer,
But whatever is, is best.

I know that there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In the grand, eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is, is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The land of the nod—the auction room.

How He Was Cured.

Written for THE JOURNAL:

I have many apologies to make for not sending you the article I promised a long time since on "Inebriety." Sickness is the cause of the delay. I now give you an account of a case that I have recently dealt with and effectively so.

About 5 years since an old friend and college companion of mine wrote to me saying that his eldest son had suddenly and unaccountably fallen a victim to intemperance. I immediately replied telling him to invite his son to come to me on a visit and to remain as long as his leisure would allow.

His son came and felt comfortable with me; he did just as at home; went where he pleased; drove out with my horses as often as he liked; went shooting and fishing when he wished it, and certainly he behaved well and nobly while the novelty lasted, but soon I discovered his weakness for strong drink. I said nothing and did nothing, but let him go on his way, apparently not noticing his failure until he was taken ill, when my skill simply as a physician was seriously called into activity.

Providentially, I succeeded in restoring him to health. Then came in the tug of war. I mean my science as physician of a special order. I saw that Mind must be played on just as water is played on a burning building. I saw my protege had mind and I was determined to operate on that same mind—mind for mind. I wished to find out the cause of his drowning his thoughts in drink, and to remove this cause, and I finally did so. I was determined on a permanent cure and in about 1½ years I triumphantly succeeded, in spite of the assertions of hundreds to the contrary. "Fool, you, McPherson," said they all, "to waste your time on a lost case!" It mattered not. I hoped against hope? The same Almighty Power that created that mind could dispense power enough to me or any other physician to operate on that mind—His property, not mine; and thanks be that power manifested itself efficaciously.

After my protege's recovery from a serious and long attack I saw his moral strength would soon fail him again, so I went to work, lost my time; no matter; I had faith and showed it soon.

I called in several old friends, medical and others, far and near. We agreed that each of us in turn would call on him at my house, invite him on visits away, and occupy his time and mind.

This each did; each knew his mental tastes, hobbies and habits. From one he went to another, and incredulous as it seems, neither of us restrained him in the least in either eating or drinking. We knew that with a mind of a cultivated order it was useless. Each endeared himself to his heart during the visits, some long, some short, until we succeeded in gaining his confidence; then he trusted us, opened his mind to us and submitted to our prescriptions for his return permanently to habits of sobriety.

In a few months he felt himself different; he felt, he said, a relieved man; he went about, ate and drank what he pleased without trouble, excepting occasionally at a party he once or twice overstepped the boundary, but this he soon mastered, and was, as he said soon after, a man; he could take a drink or he could leave it. During all this time he had free access to my cellar, to my wines, ales and liquors, and now it matters not what is there, for nothing in my whole stock tempts him beyond strict moderation. Little did you think, Mr. Editor, that the gentleman whose wedding you attended in ——— Street, Baltimore, last November, was his, the bride my own dear daughter.

I hope I have not been too prosy, my dear Mr. Editor; if so, I shall apologize fully when I see you in April on my return from Lewes, Delaware. Very truly yours,

JAMES H. MCPHERSON, M. D.,
W———, Virginia.

A Scene at the Post-Office.

The postmaster stands at the window with his glasses tight over his eyes waiting to deliver.

In walks a good-looking, unsophisticated girl, who steps to the window and asks:

"Anything for the Murphys?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Jane Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No, there is not."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Temperance Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Jim Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Pat Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Mary Murphy?"

"No, not a thing; nor for Dennis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor Joe Murphy, nor Mike Murphy, nor any Murphy, dead, living, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, alien or naturalizep, franchised or disfranchised. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually or collectively, and I hope there never will be."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment, and in the most incent manner asked:

"Please see if there is anything for Clarence Murphy?"

A Pretty Romance.

GEWITSCHEN — MEDELBURGH.—At the Mayor's office, on Wednesday, Dec. 24th, at 5 p. m., Jacques Gewitschen and Dora Medelburgh, both of Vienna.

The above announcement, says the New York Tribune, reveals little of the romance which it ends. Jacques Gewitschen was the only son of a wealthy Austrian merchant. Father Gewitschen bought and sold leather, tanned hides, and ranked with the merchant princes of Vienna. Jacques, nursed and educated in luxury, refused to follow in the parental footsteps, preferring nights of revelry to days of labor spent in the counting room and the factory. Three years ago he was sent to the United States in the hope that divorced from old associations he might honor the gray hairs of his father. Called back to Vienna after a short stay in this country, it seemed as though absence had been salutary. Instead of resuming his former occupation of "sowing wild oats," he evinced a desire to learn the leather business, and what leisure hours remain after the dnties of the day he devoted to the society of a lady whom he soon came to regard as the leveliest of her sex. Dora Medelburgh, a tall brunette, with a will and fortune of her own, the latter amounting to half a million florins, consented to his suit. So did the parents, and all went well for the lovers in that gay capital.

Jacques came to New York again to open a branch of his father's house. He was to return to Vienna last spring to be married, when a cable dispatch announced the failure of Gewitschen & Co. for a million florins. Jacques was in despair. Dora nourished a hope which not all the reasoning and importunity of her parents and friends could uproot of yet becoming Madame Gewitschen. Deprived of his allowance from home, his growing business nipped in the bud, Jacques gave his betrothed her freedom, and bravely began the work of rebuilding his ruined fortunes by selling at retail in a peripatetic way various articles comprised in the word "notions."

A correspondence, largely on the young woman's side, was kept up. She wanted him to return and share her home and florins. He refused. She insisted and finally announced her determination to sail at once for New York and deliver him from his distress by marrying him. Without waiting to receive his written remonstrance she came, borne on the wings of love. Wednesday they met at the wharf. She was radiant in silk and furs. Time and separation had enhanced her charms beyond his fondest expectation. "Where is the mayor's office?" she asked. "Take me there first and love me afterwards." Mayor Edson was quickly found and said the grateful words. So they were married, and on Christmas Eve Dora saw the end of her long quest, and every witness there from the mayor down wished he was as sure of a merry Christmas as Jacques.

A Novel Cart.

The Carson Appeal says: "Mr. Torreyson, the blacksmith of this city, is noted for his kindness to animals. He has just built a road cart, now on exhibition at his blacksmith shop, which is destined to revolutionize traveling by road, and to materially lighten the labors of that noble animal, the horse.

The idea is to occasionally give the horse a chance to ride in the cart as well as the driver. The idea was first suggested to Mr. Torreyson by seein a turtle moving along the road carrying his shell with him.

The vehicle made by Mr. Torreyson has four high wheels, and the place between them arched so that the horse is hitched under the wagon between the wheels, his head project- a little beyond the front wheels and his tail barely clearing the hind wheels. The driver sits just over the horses neck and the passengers face each other.

The horse is so fastened that the pulling is distributed over his body and does not all come on his neck and shoulders. In this position he is greatly protected from the sun and storms, and thereby enabled to make long journeys with less fatigue.

But the principal part of the invention lies in a belly band passing under the horse. When you reach the top of a long hill, down which a horse would have to go slowly as he held back the load, you simply turn a crank and it lifts the horse off his feet several inches from the ground; the vehicle then runs down the hill of its own momentum.

It is provided with a steering apparatus and a brake, and the vehicle may be steered and its velocity regulated.

Several times during the day the tired horse has a chance to ride, and is very much rested. Also when the horse attempts to run away you wind up the crank and he is lifted off the ground perfectly helpless. All the dust raised by the animal goes out behind the wagon and does not reach the driver.

Marvelous—How wonderfully popular J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters is with the people, and how quickly Dyspepsia, Headache, Constipation and all forms of Liver Disease yields to its influence. 25 cents a paper; $1 a bottle. W. E. Thornton Baltimore and Harrison Street. 1-24-2

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3354-0020.jpg