The Gambridge Era.

AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

Published Every Saturday,

—AT—

Cambridge, Dorchester Co., Md.

BY JAMES E. REESE & CO.

Office on High St., over the *Chronicle* Office.

TERMS:

$1.50 A YEAR, Invariably in Advance.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the country.

The Cambridge Era.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF DORCHESTER COUNTY.

VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1878. NO. 4.

The Cambridge Era.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 25

Six lines of nonpareil type constitute a square.

A reasonable deduction made for monthly and yearly advertisements.

Business notices inserted at the rate of 10 cents a line for first insertion, and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices 5 cents a line.

All advertisements considered Cash, and collectable at any time after the first insertion.

Job Printing a Specialty.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The drums are all muffled; the bugles are still;
There's a pause in the valley—a halt on the hill;
And the bearers of standards swerve back with a thrill
Where sheaves of the dead bar the way;
For a great field is reaped, heaven's garners to fill,
And stern Death holds his harvest to-day,

There's a voice on the wind like a spirit's low cry—
'Tis the muster roll sounding—and who shall reply?
Not those whose wan faces glare white to the sky,
With eyes fixed so steadfast and dimly;
As they wait that last trump which they may not defy,
Whose hands touch the sword-hilt so grimly,

The brave heads, late lifted, are solemnly bowed,
And the riderless charges stand quivering and cowed,
As the burial requiem is chanted aloud,
The groans of the death-stricken drowning;
While Victory looks on, like a queen, pale and proud,
Who awaits till the morrow her crowning.

There is no cracking blazon, as clay sinks to clay;
The vain pomps of the peace-time are all swept away
In the terrible face of the dread battle-day;
Nor coffins nor shroudings are here,
Only relics that lay where thickest the fray—
A rent casque and a headless spear.

Far away, tramp on tramp, peals the march of the foe
Like a storm wave's retreating—spent, fitful and slow,
With sounds like their spirits that faint as they go
By yon red-flowing river whose waters
Shall darken with sorrow the land as they flow,
To the eyes of her desolate daughters.

They are fled—they are gone; but, oh! not as they came,
In the pride of those numbers they staked on the game.
Never more shall they stand in the vanguard of fame,
Never lift the stained sword which they drew;
Never more shall they boast of a glorious name,
Never march with the leal and the true.

Where the wreck of our legions lay stranded and lorn,
They stole on our ranks in the mists of the morn.
Like the giant of Gaza, their strength it was shorn
Ere those mists had rolled up to the sky;
From the flash of our steel a new daybreak seemed born
As we sprang up—to conquer or die.

The tumult is silenced; the death lot is cast;
The heroes of battles are slumbering their last.
Do ye dream of yon pale form that rode on the blast?
Would ye free it once more, O, ye brave?
Yes! the broad road to honor is red where ye passed,
And of glory ye ask but—a grave!

Prudence Gray.

That's my name, for father said there wasn't a better barge on the river than the Prudence, and if I was called the same he was sure there would never be a better girl.

Poor father! He was always very fond of me, and my earliest remembrances are of sitting on the tiller and having a ride, when he stood there of an evening steering the barge, with the great cinnamon-red sail filled out by the wind, and the water foaming and bubbling by us as we ran on up the river towards the big city, where the ships lay close together in dock and against the wharves, emptying their loads or waiting for others before going away across the seas.

I used to think our barge, which was a very small billy-boy, if you know what that is—if you don't, I must tell you that it's a barge built with rounded ends and low bulwarks, meant for carrying loads up rivers, but built also to be able to go out to sea a little while, running along the coast—I used to think our barge, I say, a very, very large ship, till I grew old enough to compare it with those that passed us going up or down the river, and then it used to seem to me that it would be wonderfully fine to go on board one of those great ships and go sailing away—far away—across the ocean, instead of just coasting along to Sheerness, and up the Medway, as we used to go year after year, loaded deep down in the water, with pottery, or hops, or even bricks.

I can't tell you how my child-life slipped away, living with mother and father on board that barge, in a little bit of a cabin with a tiny stove; all I know is that I was very happy, and that I never hardly went ashore, and when I did I was frightened and wanted to get back; and at last I seemed to have grown all at once into a great girl, and father and I were alone.

Yes, quite alone, for mother had left us very suddenly, and we had been ashore at Sheerness, father and I, and came back from the funeral, and were sitting on the cabin-hatch, before I could believe it was anything but a terrible dream, and that I should not awake and find that she was alive once more, as blithe and cherry as ever, ready to take the tiller or a pull at a rope, the same as I did when father wanted any help.

Father was a changed man after that, and as a couple of years slipped by, the work on the barge fell more and more into my hands, and I used to smile to myself as I saw how big and red and strong they had grown. For father grew quiet and dull day by day, and used to have a stone bottle filled whenever he went ashore, and then sit with it in the cabin all alone till I called him to come and help with the sail.

Not that I wanted much help, for ours was only a small barge, and once started, with a fair wind, I could manage her well enough; while when we had to tack backwards and forwards across the river mouth, I could always lock the tiller by the rope that hung on to the belaying-pin, and gave it a hitch on this side or that side, till I had taken a pull at the sheet and brought the barge round on the other tack.

I must have passed half my life in those days leaning back against that tiller, with its end carved to look like a great acorn, and the name of the old Prudence, cut deep in the side. There I'd stand looking out ahead as we glided along over the smooth sea, passing a buoy here and a light there, giving other barges and smacks a wide berth, and listening to the strange squealing noise of the gulls as they wheeled and hovered and swept by me, so closely sometimes that I could almost have touched them with my hand.

Our barge was well known all about the mouth of the river, and far up beyond the bridge; and somehow, I don't know how it was, the men on the different boats we passed had always a kind hail, or a wave of the hand for us, as we glided by, if we were too far off for the friendly shout to reach us.

Sometimes I'd run the barge pretty close to the great ships and steamers, inward or outward bound, so as to look at the ladies I saw on board; not that I cared to do so very often, because it seemed to make me sad, for the faces I looked on seemed to be so different to mine that I felt as if I was another kind of being, and it used to set me wondering and make me think; and at such times I've leaned against the tiller, and dreamed and dreamed in a waking fashion of how I would like to read and write and work, as I had seen ladies sitting and reading and working, on the decks of the big ships, under the awning; and then I had to set my dreams aside and have a pull at the sheet, or take a reef in the sail, because the wind freshened, and my dreams all passed away.

I don't think poor father meant it unkindly, but he seemed to grow more and more broken and helpless every day; and this frightened me, and made me work to keep the barge clean and ship-shape, lest the owners should come on board and see things slovenly, and find fault with father and dismiss him, and that I knew would break his heart. So I worked on, and in a dull, heavy way father used to thank me; and the time glided on, till one day, as we were lying off Southend, with the sea glassy and not wind enough to fill the sails, I felt my cheeks begin to burn as I leaned back against the tiller, and would not turn my head, because I could hear a boat being skulled along towards us, and I knew it was coming from the great leeboard barge lying astern.

"He's coming to see father," I said to myself at last, in a choking voice; and as a hail came I was obliged to turn, and there stood up in the little boat he was sculling with an oar over the stern, John Grove, in his dark trowsers, blue jersey, and scarlet cap; and as I saw his sun-burnt face and brown arms and hands, I felt my heart beating fast, and knew he was not coming to see father, but to see me.

We had hardly ever spoken, but I had known John Grove for years now, and we had nodded and waved hands to one another often and often as we had passed up and down the river.

"Heave us a rope, my lass," he said, as he came close in; and I did it dreamily, and as soon as I had done so I began to pull it back, but it was too late; he had hitched it round the thwart of his boat, and was up and over the side before I could stir; and then he stood looking down upon me, while I felt sometimes hot and sometimes cold, and as if I could not speak.

"Do you want to see father?" I said, at last.

"No, my lass," he said, quietly, "I want to see you."

"Me!" I faltered, with my face burning.

"Yes, you, my lass," he said; and his handsome brown face lit up, and he looked so manly as he laid his hand on my arm.

"Prudence, my gal," he said, "we're both young yet, for I'm not six-and-twenty, but I thought it was time I spoke to you."

"Spoke to me?" I said, with my face burning still.

"Yes, my lass, spoke to you, for we've been courting now a matter of four years."

"O, John!" I cried, bursting out laughing, and feeling more at my ease, "why, we've never hardly spoken to one another."

"That's nice," he said, drawing a long breath. "Over again."

"Over again? What?" I said.

"Call me John," he replied.

"Well, then, John," I cried, hastily.

"That's right, Prudence; but, as I was going to say, not spoken to one another! Well, how could we, always taking our turns at the tiller as we were? But all the same, my lass, I've been always courting of you, night and day, these four years, and looking out and longing for the time when the Prudence would come in sight, and I could give you a hail and get a wave of the hand back."

I could feel the color coming into my cheeks again as I heard him speak, and knew how anxiously I had looked out for his barge coming up or down the river; and then I began wondering what it all meant, and soon knew.

"Prudence, my lass," he said; "I've saved up ten pounds, all of my own, and our owner has just given me command of a new barge, with as pretty a cabin as you'd wish to see; and so, my lass, I thought I'd ask you if so be as now we've been courting four years, you wouldn't come to me and be my wife."

"No," I said, "no," and shook my head. "I belong to father, and I could never leave him—never."

"But you'll have to some day, Prudence," he said, looking dreadfully downhearted and miserable.

"No," I said, "I shall never leave him; he wants me more and more every day, and I must stay."

"Prudence," he said, sharply, "you ain't playing with me, are you?"

"Playing with you?"

"Yes; I mean you ain't going to take up with anybody else, and go aboard any other barge—no, no," he cried, "I won't be so mean as to ask you that. But, Prudence, dear, some day you may have to leave him, and when you do will you please recollect as John Grove loves you better than aught else in the wide world, and is waiting for you to come?"

"Yes, John," I said, simply.

"You mean it, Prudence?" he cried, in delight, as he caught my hand.

"Yes, John; I don't know anybody else, and there's no one as cares for me."

"Hundreds on the river," he said, sharply.

"Then I don't care for them, John," I said, simply; "and if you like me, and I ever do—do—leave—O, dear! what am I saying?"

I sat down on a fender and covered my face with my coarse, red hands, and began to cry; but he took my hands down and looked long and lovingly in my face with his great, honest brown eyes; and then he couldn't speak, but seemed to choke. At last he gasped out:

"Thanky, Prudence, thanky. I'm going away now to wait, for you'll come to me some day, I know."

I didn't answer him.

"For the time may come, my lass, when you'll be all alone in the world; and when it does come, there's the cabin of the Betsy Ann, clean painted up, and waiting for you, just as her master is awaiting, too."

He went quietly over the side and cast off the rope, and was gone before I knew it; and I sat there in the calm afternoon and evening, sometimes crying, sometimes feeling hopeful, and with a sense of joy at my heart such as I never had felt before.

And so that evening deepened into night, with the barge a quarter of a mile astern of us, and no wind coming, only the tide to help us on our way.

It must have been about ten o'clock at night, when I was forward seeing to the light hoisted up to keep anything from running into us, when I heard father come stumbling up from the cabin, and make as if to come forward to me.

"Prue," he cried, "Prue!"

"Yes, father, coming," I said; and then I uttered a wild shriek; and rushed towards where the boat hung astern by her painter, hauled her up, and climbed in; for no sooner had I answered than I heard a cry and a heavy splash, and I knew father had gone overboard.

I was into the boat in a moment, and had the scull over the stern, paddling away in the direction that the cry had come from; but, though I fancied in those horrible minutes that I saw a hand stretched out of the water, asking as it were for help, I paddled and sculled about till I was far from our barge, and then sank down worn out to utter a moan of horror, and sob, "O, father! father! what shall I do?"

"Is that you, Prudence?" said a voice.

"Yes, John, yes," I cried, looking out through the darkness, out of which a boat seemed to steal till it was alongside, when John stretched out his hand and took mine.

"Quick!" I gasped, "save him, John—father—gone overboard!"

"When you shrieked out, Prue?"

"Yes, yes," I wailed; "O, save him! save him!"

"My poor lass," he said, "that's a good quarter of an hour ago, and the tide's running strong. I've been paddling about ever since, trying to find you, for I went up to the barge, and you were gone."

"But father," I wailed, "father—save him!"

"My poor little lass," he said, tenderly, "I'd jump into the water now, if you bid me, but what can I do, you know, Prudence, what can I do?"

I did not answer, for I knew that he must have been swept far away before them? and I was beginning to feel that I was alone—quite alone in the world.

It was quite six months after that dreadful night, that one evening John came ashore from his barge to the cottage, where I was staying with his mother, and had been ever since he had brought me there, without seeing him to speak to, only to wave my hand to him as he sailed by. That evening he came and looked wistfully at me, and said but little; and at last his time was up, and he rose to go.

I walked down to his boat with him, and on the way he told me that he had got leave to alter the name of his barge, and it was called the Prudence, too; and then, without a word about the past, he was saying good-bye, when I put my hands in his, and said, quietly:

"John, dear, I haven't forgot my promise."

"And you are alone now, Prudence, my lass?" he cried, eagerly.

"No, John, no," I said, softly, as the tears ran down my cheeks; "I never shall be while you live."

"Never, my lass; never," he cried. "And you'll be my little wife?"

"Yes, John, yes; I promised you."

"When I come back from this voyage?"

"Yes, John, when you will," I said; and with one long hand pressure we parted, and I went back to wait for another month, and then I was his happy little wife.

And there seemed no change, for I was once more on the river, or out at sea, leaning upon the tiller and gazing straight before me, with the gulls wailing as they wheeled and dipped and skimmed, or settled upon the water; while the soft wind gently stirred the print hood that was lightly tied over my wind-ruffled hair. Only a bargeman's young wife living on the tide, but very happy; for John often points to the great ships that pass us, with their captains in their gold-laced caps, and as he does so he whispers:

"Not with the best among them, Prue, not with the best; I wouldn't change places with a king."

And if he is as happy as I, dear John is right.

Execution by the Guillotine.

A friend once described to us, says an exchange, an execution which he witnessed in Paris, outside the walls of the city prison, and in the public street. It took place in the gray of dawn, and at the precise hour indicated in the sentence. A squad of soldiers filed out of the gates, and in a twinkling put together the machinery of the guillotine, some of them sprinkling sawdust on the pavement while it was being put up. Before this was fairly finished the gate swung open, and the criminal and executioner and spiritual adviser marched out. Whatever religious exercises were essential had been attended to within the prison. The criminal with his hands bound behind him and a cap drawn over his head, was led forth, his body bent forward over the carriage, which, as he pressed it, shot forward on noiseless wheels, and the knife fell with a glitter of its keen, polished edge; the head dropped into the basket awaiting it, the body was placed in a coffin, the machinery taken down, the sawdust swept up, and the whole scene was over. The soldiers, the priest, the executioner had disappeared, and there was not even a drop of blood upon the pavement to indicate that a tragedy had been there enacted.

The Silver Dollar.

The silver dollar was first authorized by the act of 1792, and composed of fifteen parts of silver to one of gold, and was an unlimited legal tender. In 1806 President Jefferson stopped the coinage of this dollar, but continued the coinage of the silver half dollar, two halves being equal to $1 in value, and the quarters, dimes and half dimes being of the same relative value. There were therefore no silver dollars coined from 1806 to 1837. By the act of 1837 the silver dollar of 412½ grains standard weight and nine-tenths fineness was authorized, and has been an unlimited legal tender from that date to 1873; but from 1873 to March 1, 1878, it has been a legal tender for an amount not exceeding $5, though according to the Treasury regulations of 1874, p. 488, the old silver dollar was receivable for custom dues. The act of March 1, 1878 restored the unlimited legal tender character of the dollar authorized by the act of 1837 for all debts, public and private, except where expressly or otherwise provided for by contract. The act of 1873 simply dropped the dollar from the coinage list of silver coins, and it was not restored till March 1, 1878.

A Mysterious Homicide.

The trial of Louisa Bowen, charged with manslaughter, in taking the life of Benjamin C. Muzzy, at Norwich Falls, in October last, resulted at New London, Conn., in a unanimous verdict of not guilty. The jury was charged by Judge Sanford that, inasmuch as it was admitted by the defence that Louisa Bowen committed the homicide, they were to consider that point established. The verdict, therefore, stands on the ground of justifiable homicide. Louis Bowen killed Benjamin C. Muzzy at Norwich Falls, Conn., by striking him upon the head six times with a base ball club. She found Muzzy in the parlor of her father's house at 2 o'clock in the morning of October 28 last, and mistaking him for a burglar, attacked him. The defence claimed justifiable homicide. The theory of the prosecution was that Muzzy was her paramour, and that she killed him in a fit of jealousy. The girl is twenty years of age, and quite good looking. Muzzy had a wife and two children.

—The Methodist Episcopal pastor of a church in Sandlake, N. Y., surprised his people on Sunday last by making this announcement: "The Board of Trustees have not paid my salary, have taken no notice of my demands, circulated no subscription paper, nor made any effort to fulfill their obligation to me. I am badly involved in debt, and do not propose to continue preaching for nothing. I therefore declare the pulpit vacant until God in his mercy can send you a minister who can live on air and wear buckskin breeches of his own make."

A College Freak.

The following story of old times in South Carolina is told of the learned Dr. Marcy: On one occasion several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the doctor's carriage into the woods, and fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some compunctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy President a hint that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage-house. Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded on the appointed night to the carriage-house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour some half-dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road. When they were fairly out of the college precincts they began to joke freely with each other by name.

One of them complained of the weight of the carriage, and another replied by swearing it was heavy enough to have the old fellow himself inside. For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods to a cover which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. Making themselves infinitely merry at the doctor's expense, and conjecturing how and when he would find his carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart—having once more agreed that "the carriage was heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it"—they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass panels, and the well-known voice of the doctor himself thus addressing them:

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine. Come, Mr. ——, and ——, and ——, buckle to and let us return; its getting late!"

There was no appeal; for the window was raised, and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole and the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less voice, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and then retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone the doctor quietly vacated the carriage and went to his house, where he related the story to his family with much glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was the carriage ever afterward dragged at night into the woods.

How to Preserve Fence Posts.

An inquiry was read before the American Farmers' Club, asking "how to make cedar posts last always;" also whether it would be best to burn at the ends which go into the ground, and if it adds to their durability to invert them.

Mr. E. Thomas mentioned an instance in which cedar posts that had received a coating of coal tar and sand had been found sound after being in the ground for thirty years.

Mr. Hudson spoke of a well-attested case in which cedar posts that had received no preparation or application were found to be sound after a use of 100 years. He said one thing was important about posts, that the butt or largest end should be at the bottom. This was especially important in all cold climates, as the freezing and thawing of the ground would more easily affect or throw over posts with small or sharp ends in the earth.

Professor Dunn said the great benefit of coal tar was that it excluded atmospheric air. He spoke of posts in clay which had been put down in the days of Julius Cæsar being found sound recently. His father once used Norway pine slabs for posts that rotted in five or six years at the points where water laid over clay, but below the surface of the clay the posts (or ends of them in the clay) were found to be perfectly sound. The speaker advised the use of coal tar as the only thing necessary, the great requisite being to exclude atmospheric air.

Mr. Dodge fully agreed with Professor Dunn that oxygen was the great destructive agent.

Colonel J. E. Battersby thought line posts were the best. If we would plant cedar trees in rows they would last one hundred years, and in addition to their use as posts they would afford shade for stock, etc.

Secretary Chambers said that charring the butt ends of posts is an advantage, as charcoal is a preservative. It coagulates the fibres and prevents fermentation. As to whether inverting posts adds to their durability it is yet a mooted question, with strong advocates pro and con.

—Landlady: "I'm sure I hope you're comfortable, sir! I do so dislike changing my lodgers; when I get a nice single gentleman I could keep him forever!"

—Government land costs $1.25 an acre, and whisky $2 a bottle. And yet there are many who prefer whisky to land!

—France has paid Germany all but $3,286,350 of the $1,051,012,814 war indemnity.

—During the past thirty-seven years fifty-six Atlantic steamers have been lost.

GENERAL ITEMS.

—An international Geological Congress is to be held in Paris on August 19.

—The estimated population of the vast continent of Africa is 100,000,000.

—The Austrian army on a war footing has a total of 780,026 men and 148,120 horses.

—A Swedish exploring expedition expects to start for the North Pole in May, 1878.

—A too free use of quinine has made many of the young people of Memphis almost blind.

—Less than eight per cent. of the area of this country, it is said, is at present under cultivation.

—Toughened glass sometimes explodes with violence, and should therefore be used with caution.

—The foreign imports into American custom-houses were $57,813,499 more during 1877 than in 1876.

—The beach at Galveston, Texas, said to be the longest and broadest in the world, is twenty-five miles in length.

—About two millions of dollars have been contributed in England for the relief of the sufferers by famine in India.

—"Fodder-Land"—America—as this country now supplies Europe with beef, flour, apples, potatoes, butter and cheese.

—American cheese has got to be very popular throughout England, being much cheaper than any article turned out by the English dairies.

—The Indian famine is attributed to the fact that greatly over a million acres of the best land in the empire is devoted to the produce of opium.

—The recent Sioux war cost the country $2,312,531. Two hundred and sixty-seven soldiers were killed and 125 wounded, and the Sioux still live.

—Austria can put in the field for war purposes a standing army of 800,000 men, including reserves, besides landwehr, ersatz, reserve, and landsturm.

—A drunken man strangled to death at Caldwell, Ohio, the other day, from falling against a picket fence and getting his neck caught between two pickets.

—The Chinese residents in the Sandwich Islands have sent home 2,000 trade-dollars to their starving fellow-millions in the northern provinces of China.

—During last year there were ninety-two cases of capital punishment in the United States; and during the first quarter of the present year there have been forty-two.

—Eighteen thousand men are now engaged in the express business; 3,500 horses are employed, and there are 8,000 offices. The capital invested is estimated at thirty millions.

—During the past twenty years 35,949 shipwrecks and casualties have occurred on the British coast; in 2,592 of these, between 1861 and 1875, there were 12,322 persons drowned.

—There are 46,000,000 acres in Great Britain, and 32,000,000 inhabitants. Only forty per cent. of these can be fed with British food. The remainder of the food supply must be imported.

—Over $2,000 a year is the value of the suds of a Bonanza miner's wash. The dirt washed from their shirts has been found to assay $250.10 to the ton. What a field for Nevada washerwomen.

—The Japanese are growing fonder of beef. In 1871 the number of cattle slaughtered in Tokio averaged only forty a month. In 1874 the monthly average was 400, which rose last year to nearly double that figure.

—Of the 366 members of the two Houses of Congress, 239 are lawyers, twenty physicians, nineteen are bankers, seventeen merchants, fifteen editors, twelve farmers and planters, seven manufacturers, five officers of railroads and five school-teachers.

—Darwin's son has published a scientific treatise on caterpillars, showing that this little animal is formed of the contents of the egg, but has to get its own living as soon as it is born, and that one cannot imagine anything more forlorn in this world.

—Mr. James Gordon Bennett, if he takes care of his health and his money, ought, says the *Sun*, to become one of the richest men in the country. He has some expensive tastes, but he is not a spendthrift. He is now verging on forty, and is unmarried.

—A rigorous and uniform divorce law throughout all the States of the Union is favored by many newspapers, regardless of section. The facility with which a marriage can be tied in New York, and cut loose from in Chicago, is filling the charity hospitals and lunatic asylums uncomfortably all around.

—Mr. Bergh, of New York, who does not believe in hydrophobia, has received a pleasant invitation from a correspondent, who says that he will innoculate Mr. Bergh with a rabid dog, and if after six months hydrophobia is not developed he will give Mr. Bergh's Society $1,000. Whether Mr. Bergh will accept or not remains to be seen.

—John Bright's father seems to have been an extremely kind-hearted mill owner. We are told that on winter nights he would stand at his mill gates, lantern in hand, giving directions to men to look after the children (to whom he was especially kind) on their way home. His work people were so well paid as to enable them, if careful, to make provision for old age, and for those overtaken by calamity a pension was provided.

TARES AND WHEAT.

Standing together side by side,
Tares and wheat in the Master's field,
Each with its blade of shivering green,
Each with the grain in its silken shield.

The wheat was sowed by the Master's hand,
The seed was good and sowed with care,
But while men slept in the summer night,
An enemy came and scattered tares.

Side by side in the cheerful sun,
Each refreshed by the soft'ning shower,
Alike they wave in the balmy breeze,
And bend their heads in the evening hour.

Waiting together till harvest time,
Tares and wheat in the Master's field,
The reaper comes with his sickle keen,
And each to his shining blade must yield.

"Cast forth the tares in the fire to burn,"
But saith the Master in accents sweet,
"Into my barns with thanksgiving and joy,
Gather my beautiful, golden wheat."

Ah, thus in our Master's harvest field,
The tares and wheat grow side by side,
He sendeth His sun, He sendeth His rain,
Blessings he scattereth far and wide.

O patient soul, in the harvest field,
Wait, oh, wait, "till the Master come,"
He knoweth His wheat from the enemy's tares
His own will He bear to His harvest home.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Meat for repentance—Mince meat.

—Moral cowardice is the curse of our race.

—We carry our greatest enemies within us.

—The barber has all seasons for his hone.

—One frog is sufficient to make a spring.

—The whole thing in a nutshell—the worm.

—When one will not, two cannot quarrel.

—A place suitable for reflection—Before the mirror.

—Why is a setting hen a rarity? Because it's on nest.

—In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

—Meanness is never so mean as when it smiles at another's woes.

—He but waters his soup who takes many words to tell a short story.

—Song of ladies making their toilet—"Combing—yes, we're combing!"

—Young women are advised to set good examples, because young men are always following them.

—The schoolboys in California when asked, "How is the earth divided?" answer, "by earthquakes."

—"Darling," said he, "lisp my name in accents tender." "Well," said she, "doth thith theem to thuit."

—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

—When you walk pray once; when you go to sea, twice; when you go to be married, three times—says a Russian proverb.

—Generosity—"Giving to others what you don't want yourself"—a little boy's definition, but with not a few older practical endorsers.

—A Chicago clergyman startled his flock a few Sunday evenings ago by telling them that "hell is not half so full of men and women as men and women are full of hell."

—Not the surf-beaten rock that lines the shores of ocean stands half so firmly as the truth. It will live and flourish and will still be truth, when all the opposers have perished and every rock is rolled from its bed.

—"What does 'transatlantic' mean, mamma?" "Across the Atlantic, child. Hold your tongue and ask no more questions." "Then does 'transparent' mean a cross mamma?" (Has to forfeit her slate and stand in the corner.)

—An eccentric banker was eyeing with suspicion a bill presented him for discount. "You need not fear," said his palpitating customer, "one of the parties keeps his carriage." "Ah," rejoined the banker, "I shall be glad if he keeps his feet."

—One night the master of the house overheard an exchange of kisses in the corridor; he struck a match and discovered the chambermaid and the valet; she blushed, held down her head and said: "I thought it was you, sir, I had encountered."

—An absent minded Monroe, Conn. man went to church the other morning with his overcoat, as he supposed, on his arm, but the laughing of the people in the church called his attention to the garment, which was a pair of trousers whose suspenders were dangling about his legs.

—The Smithsonia villa, England. Time—breakfast. Captain Smith (reading news of war panic): "Ah, ha! Gunpowder in the air! Now we volunteers will have some real service!" Mrs Smith (hysterically): "Oh, Charles, don't you think you had better——" Captain Smith: "What? Resign? Never-r!" Mrs. Smith: "Oh, no, my dear, not resign, but see about the insurance policy."

—A Western farmer being obliged to sell a yoke of oxen to pay his hired man, told him he could not keep him any longer. "Why," said the man, "I'll stay and take some of your cows in the place of money." "But what shall I do," said the farmer, "when my cows and oxen are all gone?" "Why, you can then work for me, and get them back."

BUTLER'S SAFES.
(Late Valentine & Butler.)
FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF.
THE ALUM PATENT
has stood the test for
THIRTY YEARS.
The Latest Improved
Thick Walls, Five Flanges
Solid Angle Iron Welded Frames and
ROUND CORNER Doors.
Will not dampen its contents.
Will not corrode the iron.
Will not deteriorate with age.
Will not burst in falling.
These are the most perfect and reliable safes ever made.
No safe made by Butler as Burglar Proof has ever been opened by a burglar.
ONE THOUSAND
of these safes for sale at the
Lowest Prices,
From FIFTY DOLLARS upwards,
Bank Work of all descriptions. Time, Bank, and Store Locks.
Send for Circular.
W. H. BUTLER,
291 Broadway, New York.
Also General Agent for
DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK CO.

A Perfect Hair Dressing.
A Promoter of the Growth of the Hair.
A Preparation Free from irritating matter.
BURNETT'S
COCOAINE.
For preserving and beautifying the Hair, and rendering it dark and glossy. The *Cocoaine* holds in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized
Cocoa-nut Oil,
prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It is the Best and Cheapest
HAIR DRESSING
In the World.
DIRECTIONS.
Apply with the hand, or a soft brush, every other day, or as often as the case may require, rubbing it thoroughly into the roots of the hair.
To remove *Dandruff, Scurf, &c.*, wash the head with BURNETT'S KALLISTON, rub dry with a towel, and apply the *Cocoaine* as directed.
PREPARED ONLY BY
JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.
BOSTON.
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Mass.

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN LAWYER. A complete Encyclopedia of Law and Forms for everybody, every business, all the States. For Farmers, Mechanics, Business Men, Professional Men, Laboring Men and Capitalists. The only book of its kind. A great success. Low price. Easy to sell, worth five times its cost. Easy to deliver and gives perfect satisfaction. The most rapid sales ever known. Over 400 Agencies already established. Agents are making $50 to $175 per month. One agent sold 70 copies in a small township, another sold 45 copies in a few days. A paying business in every community Outfit free. Only $1.00 required as a guarantee, that it will be used. Money returned. The most liberal terms to agents. Previous experience not essential, as we give printed instructions that enables anyone to succeed. Circulars containing testimonials, terms, etc., free. Address $1 and the outfit with full instructions will be sent by return mail, and you can commence a paying business at once. If not satisfactory, money will be promptly returned. Address,
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 518 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A NEW BOOK-KEEPING.
MESERVEY'S BOOK-KEEPING.
By PROF. A. B. MESERVEY, PH. D.
A Plain, Simple, Practical Manual, in both Single and Double Entry, designed for the COMMON SCHOOL, HIGH SCHOOL, and ACADEMY, and for SELF-INSTRUCTION.
This work will be found particularly well adapted as a book of instruction for those who desire to instruct themselves in that art. One can readily, by its use, obtain such a practical knowledge of the subject as will enable him to intelligently arrange all the records of business in any occupation, in accordance with the recognized principles of book-keeping.
It is prepared by an author who has had twenty-five years experience in teaching the science, and is perfectly familiar with the wants of learners.
It has been already introduced in many first-class institutions, and is largely used as a book for self-instruction.
Sent by mail on receipt of $1.00. Favorable terms for first introduction in schools.
THOMPSON, BROWN & CO., Publishers, Boston.

TAKE NOTICE. We have the LARGEST and best selling Stationery Package in the world. It contains 10 Sheets of Paper, 10 Envelopes, Pencil, Penholder, Golden Pen, and a piece of Valuable Jewelry. Complete sample package, with elegant gold stone Sleeve Buttons, Set Gold-plated Studs, Engraved Gold-plated Ring, and a Ladies' Fashionable Fancy Set, Pin and Drops, postpaid 25 cents. 6 PACKAGES with Assorted Jewelry $1. SPLENDID WATCH AND CHAIN FREE WITH EVERY $50 WORTH OF GOODS YOU BUY. Extraordinary Inducements to Agents. BRIDE & CO., 11 Clinton Place, New York.

CABINET ORGANS. HIGHEST HONORS AT ALL WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS. *Only American Organs awarded such at any. Before buying or renting send for our* LATEST CATALOGUES and CIRCULARS with NEW STYLES, REDUCED PRICES and much information. *Sent Free.* MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK or CHICAGO.

ADVERTISERS wanting good Agents should ADVERTISE in the PHILA. AGENTS' HERALD, The largest, spiciest and best representative paper of its kind.

ACTIVE AGENTS GIVEN GOOD EMPLOYMENT EVERYWHERE.
Selling Goods, Novelties, Patents, Fancy Goods, Staple Games, Notions, Pictures Frames, Chromos Machines, Subscription Books, Magazines, Papers, Medicines, Specialties, Jewelry, Toys, Inventions & 1000 different articles being advertised in the AGENTS' HERALD. Answer no other advertisement, invest no money in Agents' Goods until you have sent for a copy and seen the
MANY HARD TIMES OFFERS
of over 100 responsible advertisers in the Herald wanting Agents. Scores of rare offers to Beginners and others out of employment.
EVERY AWAKE AGENT should at once place himself in direct communication with all firms everywhere who want Agents, by sending his permanent address for insertion in the only Agents' Directory published in the World.
PORTRAITS, &c., drawn by Machinery, learned in 15 minutes from instructions sent. SMITHOGRAPH reduced to only 25 CENTS, or with Paints, Crayons, Pencils, Blenders, Copies, &c., complete, only $1.25. Extra fine, large pear wood Instruments, beautifully polished, with brass wheel reversible point and pencil holders only $2.50. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars, terms, &c., and a beautiful 10 x 14 Engraving of the Smithograph, with sample card and full particulars of the Agents' Directory, and a copy of the Agents' Herald, all for a green stamp (*no Postal Cards accepted*). L. LUM SMITH, 717 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

What will the Weather be To-morrow?
POOL'S SIGNAL SERVICE BAROMETER
And Thermometer Combined.—Foretells correctly any change in the Weather, 12 to 24 hours in advance. Endorsed by the most eminent Professors and Scientific men as the Best Weather Indicator in the World. FARMERS can plan their work according to its predictions. It will save fifty times its cost in a single season. Warranted Perfect and Reliable. We will send it Free to any address on receipt of $2.00. Beware of worthless imitations. None genuine without our trade mark. Agents Wanted. Send Stamp for Circular.
U. S. NOVELTY CO., 105 Maiden Lane, New York.
Please state where you saw advertisement.
Send Money Orders or Registered Letters at our risk.

NATURE'S REMEDY.
Health, Strength and Vigor given to the Nervous and Debilitated, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Liver and Kidney Complaints *Positively Cured* by our Electro Magnetic and Galvanic Belts and appliances. Are recommended by the profession. Warranted as represented. $3 Sal power, $3. Sent by mail on receipt of price or by express, C.O.D. Pamphlets free. ELECTRO GALVANIC CO., 120 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 4007.

Docuta SANDALWOOD CAPSULES
The Safest and Most Reliable cure for All Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Certain cure in six days. Beware of dangerous Imitations. All Druggists. Write for circular. DUNDAS DICK & CO., Wooster Street, New York.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_66-0015.jpg