...erican Un...

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Truth and Virtue. $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

...N. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19. 1880. NO. 32

...MORNING

...EMERSON,

Editor & Proprietor.

...0 per annum, invariably in advance,

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements occupying the space of six lines ...ier type will be inserted three times for one ...ar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent ...rtion. Obituaries one half advertising rates. ...gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings ...erts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious ...her purposes, to be paid for at special rates. Fractions of a square counted according to actual measurement. Special contracts made with yearly, half-yearly and quarterly advertisers.—Bills payable according to contract. Advertisements not ordered a given number of times will be published till forbid and charged accordingly. Job Printing neatly executed at the lowest rates.

HENRY IRWIN,

AUCTIONEER,

Denton, Md.

jan9-1y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

AND COMMISSIONER IN CHANCERY,

jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

ROBT. J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practic in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. ja4-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

GEO. M. RUSSUM,

REGISTER IN BANKRUPTCY,

OFFICE FOR THE COUNTIES OF CAROLINE, TALBOT AND QUEEN ANNE'S,

DENTON, MD.

Continues to practicein the Courts of Caroline.

Legal Notice.

THE undersigned proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this date regularly attend the sessions of the Caroline Court.

CLEMENT SULLIVANE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
may30-y. Cambridge, Md.

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE ON DOVER ST., EASTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to the collection of Claims, Sales of RealEstate, &c.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

(CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,)

EASTON, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. [jan30-y.

T. N. GOULD. W. K. H. N. GOULD

T. N. GOULD & SON,

Commission Merchants,

No. 94 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

(SECOND DOOR ABOVE CAMDEN)

Baltimore, Md.

Consignments of Grain & Produce Solicited.

Orders for Guanos, Fertilizers & Groceries, Promptly Attended to.

apr4-y.

CASPER MILLER,

Merchant Tailor,

DENTON, Md.

I HAVE commenced the tailoring business on Second Street, Denton, adjoining J. T. Comegy's Blacksmith Shop, where I am prepared to do all kind of work in first-class order relating to my business. [nov14-1y.

Chas. H. Blackiston,

Watch Maker

AND JEWELER,

Denton, Maryland.

Clocks and Watches repaired at short notice. Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Plated ware of all kinds constantly on hand and sold at the lowest prices.

Gentlemen's Collars, Cuffs, Scarfs, Neck Ties, &c., for sale cheap.

mar28-tf. C. H. B.

T. WIRT FOUNTAIN,

—WITH—

G. W. Shallcross & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHT'S,

326 and 328 North Delaware Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA.

Give us a trial and be convinced that we get highest market prices, and are more prompt in keeping you posted and making remittances than most Philadelphia houses. [jan30-y.

New Fall and Winter

MILLINERY.

Miss Allie D. Newnam

HAS just received and has now open at her residence opposite the M. E. Parsonage, Front Street, a splendid assortment of

NEW FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY,

which she offers to the ladies of Denton and vicinity at astonishingly low prices. Her stock has been selected with great care and embraces the latest styles and fashions of almost every needed article for the ladies. Call and see them before making your purchases.

oct30-tf.

BEST business you can engage in.—$5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Poetry.

...ATTLE OF THE BONES.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.
How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.
How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.
How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.
How many bones of the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.
How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each, one before, one behind.
How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each fore-arm.
How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.
How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.
How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.
How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each,—and deep they lie.
How many bones in the human knees?
One in each,—the knee-pan please.
How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each,—we can plainly see.
How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each,—but none are long.
How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each; as in the palms were put.
How many bones in the toes half-a-score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.
And now, all together, these many bones fix,
And they count in the body two hundred and six.
And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.
And we now and then have a bone I should think,
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a clink.
A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormian we call,
And how we may rest, for we've told them all.

—*Mother Truth's Melodies.*

PEARL'S GOLD PIECE.

"Red wins!"

It was the croupier's hoarse cry, again and again reiterated, only diversified by that of "Red loses!" which broke the stillness in the superbly appointed room.

Hamburg, with the gaming table in the center, round which was gathered its eager votaries, behind whom were the scarcely less, interested group of lookers-on.

"Come away, my dear,' said a very lovely woman among the spectators, in a low whisper to her husband. "I am sorry we came. This is no place for Pearl,' indicating, with a nod of the head as she spoke, an exquisitely beautiful girl, scarcely more than a child of some twelve or thirteen summers, who stood beside them.

"Come, Pearl!" the father said.

But the girl stood entranced, her eyes fixed upon a man's face seated at the farthest end of the table. It was a strikingly handsome face, even when wearing, as it now did, an expression of calm, born of desperation. No tinge of color was in either cheek or lips.

His eyes shone with a strange and hard glitter, and were fixed upon the balls as they swung round, as though on the color uppermost hung his hope of life or death.

And so it was! He had sat down possessed of a fortune; he rose a beggar! Fate had pursued him with his mocking hopelessness, until he had played his last stake, only to see it swept mercilessly from him.

He half rose from the table. What more was to be done, save to go out somewhere in the still night air, and send a bullet through his heart or brain?

It was at this moment the girl, with flushed cheeks and half-parted lips, darted to his side.

"Take this,' she pleaded "for my sake,' and pressed a gold piece into his cold hand.

He turned. To his excited imagination she seemed scarcely mortal, in her pure child-like loveliness. His first impulse was to return her offering—he was not yet an alms taker; but again rang out the croupier's cry of command to take the stakes.

The child stood breathless in her expectancy, her eyes burning with feverish interest.

A sudden impulse overmastered him. Without speaking a word he placed the gold upon the table.

The next minute a small pile of gold was at his elbow. He staked it all again. Again he won. A bright spot of scarlet replaced the pallor on his cheek, which spread and deepened as Dame Fortune, who had so persistently frowned upon him, now reserved for him only her smiles.

Morning was breaking when he arose from the table, no longer a desperate man; but with his fortune threefold returned to him.

After the first winning he had turned to return the child her offering, but she had vanished. Should he ever find her, ever repay the debt? He knew not; but standing out under the clear blue sky, with a great weight lifted from heart and brain, Harry Clayton vowed that it should be his life search, but that the lesson taught him should never be forgotten, and the gaming tables should know him never more.

Six years passed, and Harry Clayton was winning name and fame in his own land in his profession as an artist.

Standing one night in a crowded assembly some one in passing touched him lightly on the shoulder with her fan, and glancing around, he met the smiling face of his hostess.

"Come,' she said, "I want to present you to my belle. If you can prevail upon her to give you a sitting, and transfer her coloring to canvas, you will render yourself immortal.

"Is she then so beautiful?' he questioned.

"Judge for yourself,' she lightly rejoined, leading him to a little group doing homage to the fair girl in its center.

"Miss Rayburn—Mr. Clayton,' were the formal words of the introduction, as Harold bowed in acknowledgment before the woman whom his artistic eye confessed the most beautiful he had ever met.

Before the evening was ended he might have added, the woman he had ever loved, since she had awakened in him an interest as new as it was strange.

Through the next week the face haunted him. They met again and the charm grew and deepened. He could not define it, he scarcely acknowledged it to himself; only away from Miss Rayburn he was restless and uneasy, until he again found himself within the scope of her fascination.

Yet her nature remained an enigma to him. Although so young in years, so beautiful in form and feature, she seemed cold even to haughtiness, reticent almost to scorn.

It was as though some exquisite marble statute had risen in his pathway, which might some day warm into life.

She welcomed him whenever they met in a manner which, while it gave him no cause for complaint, yet chilled the hope springing within his breast.

One day, on going to her home, the servant met him at the door with the announcement that she was very ill. This knowledge brought other knowledge—the fact he could no longer conceal from himself that he loved her, and that on his hope of winning her hung his life's happiness.

He went back to his studio, wretched and despairing, and seated himself at his easel. He had not meant to paint her face—his brain seemed unconscious of his finger toil—yet, when the morning broke, it was her features smiling upon him from the canvas, and he remembered the hostess had uttered on the night he first had met her—that thus should he render himself immortal.

He grew pale and wan in the days of anxious suspense, when those who watched over her couch knew not which would conquer, the angel of life and death. But there came an hour, never to be forgotten, when he was admitted into her presence.

She was very white, very fragile, but more beautiful than in the coloring of perfect health. A new expression, too, was in the violet eyes raised to welcome him.

"I am very glad to meet you again,' she said, gently. "I hear you have been anxious about me. You were very kind.'

Then the words he had not meant to speak burst from his lips.

"Anxious!' he said. "Can a man, Miss Rayburn, perishing with hunger, hear of the famine without a shudder? I am presumptuous, you will say. It is true. What is my life with its many sealed pages in which your eyes could never look, that I should dare offer it to you. And yet, purified by your love, I would try to make it worthy. Tell me—answer me! If I served as Jacob served Rachael, is there hope that I may win you? May darling! my darling! I love you! I cannot live my life without you? Will you not share it?'

Lower and lower dropped the lids, until the long, dark lashes swept the marble cheek, while the sweet mouth trembled; but the momentary weakness passed as she spoke:

"Forget all you have said, Mr. Clayton. It can never be.'

"You do not love me?' he questioned sadly.

Again that swift expression of pain flitted across her lovely face.

"I shall never marry,' she answered. 'But,' and in her voice crept an almost pleading tone, "I need my friend very much, Mr. Clayton, do not desert me!'

"I cannot,' he replied. "To desert you would be to desert the hope of one day forcing you to unsay your cruel words—the hope which will go with me to my grave.'

What was the barrier between them? This was the question ever ringing in Harold Clayton's ear. As she looked when she pronounced his doom, so he fancied she might have looked when the statue warmed into life.

Since then she had been colder, more distant than before; but he had caught the momentary expression and transferred it to the picture, on which his every leisure moments was spent.

He was thus engrossed one morning, ever striving to add new beauty to his almost perfect work, when a low knock on the door aroused him.

"Come in,' he called, and then bent anew to his task, without so much as raising his head, until a low laughing voice sounded beside him.

"We were caught in the shower, Mr. Clayton, and I persuaded Margaret to seek shelter with me here. I did not dream she would find herself forstalled.'

It was Mrs. Somers who spoke—the lady who first presented him to Miss Rayburn—whose introduction he had, unknown to her, carried out.

"Margaret,' she added, turning to her friend "you have been sitting for your portrait and did not let me know. Why have yon kept it such a secret?'

He had not sprung to his feet in time to see the rosy tide spread over Margaret Rayburn's face.

"It was liberty I took without Miss Rayburn's knowledge, Mrs. Somers,' he explained. "I assure you I have never been so fortunate as to secure a sitting.'

"Well, you shall have one now, and you must thank me for it,' she rejoined, while Margaret turned away to examine the sketches lying around in profuse confusion.

"Here are sketches taken while I was studying abroad, Mis Rayburn,' said Harold. 'Will you amuse yourself by looking at them.'

"I will return in a few moments,' interrupted Mrs. Somers. "Wait for me, my dear.'

A word of expostulation rose to Margaret,s lips, but too late. The door had closed behind the speaker.

Silence fell between the two thus left behind, when a low cry arrested Harold's attention. He sprang to Miss Rayburn's side.

Her eyes were fixed on a little sketch she held in her hand. It represented a gambling table, at one end of which sat a man, haggard, desperate, despairing, and by him a child holding out to him a single gold piece, with a smile in her eyes, and seemingly a prayer on her lips.

"You would know the history of that picture, he said. "Let me tell you: Years ago I was in Hamburg. The gambling tables attracted me, and every night found me beside them, losing or winning according to the fortunes of the hour. One evening the demon ill-luck pursued me. I lost and lost, till I found my all was slipping from me. In the vain hope of retrieving it went on, until I knew I was beggared. Maddened, desperate, I determined to put an end to my miserable life, when some one touched my shoulder: a child angel stood before me, and slipped into my hand a piece of gold. "For my sake,' she whispered. The croupier's hoarse cry warned me no time was to be lost. I staked the gold and won, but turning to give her back her own, she had fled. When I arose from the table I had recovered all and more, but I vowed to my unknown deliverer that I would never again hazard a dollar of the fortune I considered hers. I have never found her, Margaret. The child will never know her work, but I am not afraid to meet her, for I have kept my pledge.'

"Harold!'—It was almost a whisper, but something in the tone made his heart give a wild, joyous leap—"have I known you all this time, and you have just found me out? It was this, Harold, which separated us. I dared not give my life to a man whom I had first known as a gambler. I supposed you still played, and I thought to see again the expression on your face I had seen that night would kill me. Tell me is it true! Have you never touched a card since?'

"Never!' he answered, solemnly. "And is it to you I owe it—it and life Pearl—little Pearl, can you not trust the man who has been so long faithful to the child to be still faithful to the woman? My own, you will not doom the life that you have saved?'

But at this juncture, Mrs. Somers, opening the door, beat a precipitate retreat. Harold's statue has warmed into life, and pressing the lovely lips to his, he thanks God that it is his breath which has awakened it.

My Maryland.

A CHAPTER FROM A FORTHCOMING HISTORY OF MT. WASHINGTON.

Maryland's true boundaries are in the hearts of her sons. No native has ever wandered from the dear old State who did not return, or repine because return was impossible. It was shoved in between the North and South expressly to keep the peace between those disputatious sections; but owing to its small area it proved on one occasion to be inadequate.—There is however, no unmixed evil. According to the respectable rule of three, the less our territory the fewer should be our politicians.

Looking now at the map, Maryland resembles Rip Van Winkle's hunting shirt, when he awoke from his long slumber; or like a regimental flag that has gallantly gone through a hundred battles. Through the fraud of the Penns' our boundary was encroached upon by the Quaker State at the north, and by the rapacity of the Old Dominion they were narrowed down on the south and southwest. Little Delaware was maliciously cut out of her northeast, where she adheres like a barnacle. Perhaps this has also its compensation in preventing the Eastern Shore from being washed away by the ocean.

The whole State, what is left of it, is ripped into two shores, which are the cause of the Chesapeake Bay. The hilly country is usually more or less elevated, and the flat regions are remarkable for being, so to speak, level; mountains exist which are chiefly used by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to cross over on its way to the West. The fastidious immigrant may have his choice in this highly favored State of every variety of soil, from the rocks on the top of the Alleghanies to the sands of the Eastern Shore, out of which oysters construct their shells. It is admitted that in several localities it is occasionally muddy in extremely wet weather. But it is healthy mud, as is proved by the clouds of mosquitoes that arise in such places, and which exhibit every indication of vigorous appetite. That in summer the sun is sometimes warm, and that the wind occasionally blows in spring is not denied; but it is confidently asserted that we are more comfortable here than our neighbors in Alaska, and quite as secure as those in St. Thomas. Indeed, the seasons in this highly favored latitude are so temperate that the temperature may be truthfully said to be incessant and unfailing.—We are prepared to depose that, during a long residence, we have never known the weather to fail us. The climate indeed may be said to be a mean climate—that is between the extremes of heat and cold. For so exquisitely is the thermometer balanced that it never freezes and scorches at the same time, except in certain ague districts, where, however, the chills are not indigenous, but were introduced by some infected Yankee peddling through the country long ago. Another instance of the remarkable equality of the climate is the total absence of droughts in wet weather: and yet on the other hand, there are few rains which are not thoroughly wet, not to say generally moist.—These phenomena deserve to be especially noticed by the intelligent agriculturist.

Wheat, oats and rye grow here upon their own roots; corn matures in the ear; potatoes yield one bushel for every bushel planted with liberal use of phosphate, and grass of the most verdent description grows absolutely in a state of nature. Wild fruits grow spontaneously without cultivation; and the inhabitants can indulge in the luxury of oranges and figs—by paying for them. Fish are abundant, especially dry cod, barrelled mackeral, and smoked herrings; lobsters are found chiefly in cans.—Oysters are so plentiful that people often find them in their beds—but how they get there no one can surmise. There is a peculiar variety of this delicious bivalve which has no shell. It is only the "raws" that have shells; but in broiled, stewed or fried we have never observed such an appendage—at least in Maryland oysters. Wild geese and ducks fly abroad in great numbers; also crows, which are a very interesting fowl of sable hue. These birds watch cornfields naturally, without being trained to the service; and if a thief should approach, however quietly, they will instantly rise and give the alarm.

Among the mineral treasurers are several copper mines, which are operated upon the peculiar principle that for any given amount of gold that is put into them, an equal weight of copper can be got out. Sceptics have denied that the production is so heavy, but that was probably under bad management. By the special favor of Providence, we have so far been preserved from oil.

The soil of Maryland is of a light sky-blue color. My authority is the map of the United States, in which it is there so represented, whilst Pennsylvania is shown yellow and Virginia red.

Its history is fascinating to the last degree; otherwise so judicious an historian as Mr. Scarff would not have written it out in three volumes. But as life, according to the tables used by insurance companies, averages but 62 years, I will not trouble the reader with even an abstract. I will say however, that the State was originally settled by terrapins, which are even yet considerably mixed up with the population. The people do not so universally belong to the *First Families* as they do in Virginia; but our First Families are the Firstest.

The form of government was at one time supposed to be republican, and is now vulgarly imagined to be democratic; but in fact it is Japanese, the Tycoon being Arthur Gorman, and his Duel, the spiritual ruler being Micado Bannon. Every few years the Constitutio... made over anew, which affords opportunity to introduce the most modern improvements.

Taxes are pretty high. This is the best evidence of our prosperity. When there was nobody here but savages there was no State tax at all, and we hope to advance by degrees to such a degree of development that the State will own everything—when it is presumed people will be paid salaries for living within its bounds.

Religion may be said to be miscellaneous.—Drunkenness is unknown—or would be but for the prevalence of water. On election days, for instance, when it is impossible by law to obtain intoxicating drink, citizens have been occasionally charged with irregularity, which could have been occasioned only by the too free use of water.

The population is dense in the thickly settled parts, but thinner in those which are more sparsely settled. They are chiefly male and female, the bloomers having mostly died out; there are also some negroes. In general the people are prosperous, except in the vicinity of railroads, whose chief object seems to be to ruin the agricultural and other interests of the State by transporting foreign commodities below cost, and making their profits out of heavy charges upon natives. They take the turkey that roosts upon the fence for rent of the fence.

The rich men of Maryland have a remarkable habit, when they come to die and cannot take their money with them, of founding all sorts of asylums, sanitariums and hospitals.—One lately endowed two hospitals, one of which he calls a university, to be run by a railroad. Another provided for an insane asylum, which has been so long building that the first instalment will tumble down before it comes to be habitable. Another endowed a sanitarium with the proviso of a river on the top of a mountain; another a public library to which the public have no access; and still another give lands in Lousiana for educational purposes, for which the only title found was to "mansions in the skies." But these errors are abundantly atoned for by the establishment in their lifetime of factories in which sugar is refined gratis for the public benefit.

The most serious drawback to Maryland is the proximity of the National Capital, the odors of which, when the wind is S. S. W., infect the whole State, and were for several years mistaken in Baltimore for emanations from the Basin.

It must be apparent from these brief notices that Maryland is the most important State in the Union, and the most important place in the State is Mt. Washington.

A Drunkard's Wife

We can hardly imagine woman placed in a more trying or humiliation condition than a wife of an habitual drunkard. See her as she weeps in solitude over the erring one who vowed at the altar to be true to her, to cherish and protect her, and to whom she, in innocent faith, looked upon as being all that was noble, generous and good. Little did she think, perhaps, as she sat at the side of her lover in the bright days of her girlhood, listening to the sweet words of love that fell from his lips, that in the future she would be a drunkard's wife. Little did she dream of the dark, dismal future that lay before her, as with light heart she heard the voice of her dear old pastor pronounce the marriage benediction which made her the happy bride of the man she loved, or that the bond of Hymen were to be to her the galling chains of abject slavery. None but those who have experienced it can have any adequate conception of the misery, wretchedness and woe of the drunkard's wife. Her life, robbed by the demon of strong drink, of all that is calculated to render it sweet and pleasant, what has she to look forward to but an untimely death and an early grave. Ye happy wives and mothers, whom husbands love and care for with loving tenderness, and shield from the adverse storms of life, nor permit them to blow roughly upon you, lest like delicate flowers you droop and die, imagine, if you can, how you would feel were your husbands drunkards. You shudder at the thought, and well you may; but let it cause you to endeavor to do something to render the life of one more endurable and pleasant whose misfortune it is to ce a drunkard's wife.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE PSALMS.—It is common to speak of the entire book as the "Psalms of David." Whereas, it is probable that only seventy-three psalms—or about one-half of the collection—are from the inspired pen of the poet-king of Israel. Twelve of the sacred songs are ascribed to *Asaph*, a man of exquisite delicacy of feelings, who lived during David's reign about 1,000 years before the advent of Christ. Two of them are ascribed to that universal genius, King Solomon. That lofty and Melancholy psalm," the *ninetieth*, which has been chanted as the funeral march of so many a departed saint, is universally held to have been written by *Moses* himself. It is probably the oldest of psalms, as Damascus is the oldest of cities. How magnificent this ancient lyric opens! "Lord! thou has been the dwelling place of thy people in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God!"

The authorship of sixty of the psalms is somewhat uncertain. A portion of them are ascribed to the "sons of Koran." One is attributed to the pen of Heman, another to Ethan the Ezrahite, who both lived in the reign of Solomon. But however various the pens that inscribe them on the parchments, they all bear the same internal evidence of a celestial inspiration.

WHAT IS RELIGION WORTH.—In connection with the subject of giving, Mr. Spurgeon tells the following ancedote. A gentleman went round with a paper to raise the minister's salary. He went to a poor man who had attended the church twice, who put down £10. The gentleman asked if he did not mean 10s. "10 shillings? said the man, "do you think that the spiritual benefit and comfort that a man gets from such a minister as ours through a year is only worth ten shillings? I reckon it to be worth a great deal more, but really I cannot afford to give more.' "Well,' said the man who was collecting, to himself, "if this man can afford £10, I can afford 25." He had never before given more than ten shillings.—When a man gives sixpence, says Mr. Spurgeon, who is laying up thousands of pounds, I can only consider that he forms a pretty accurate measure of the value of his religion. A man who was pulled out of the river by another, offered hi... e. "No, thank you,' s... want to ...th.'

The Indiana Elijah.

WONDERFUL ELOQUENCE OF REV. JOHN STRANGE, THE INDIANA METHODIST REVIVALIST.

The coming of John Strange, was as sudden and mythical, almost, as the introduction of Elijah, the great prophet, to the tribes of Israel in the reign of Ahab. Elijah came unheralded, and the first grand swoop he made on the Kingdom of idoltary was in the presence of the King himself, to whom he said: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall be no rain or dew these years but according to my word.' If a thunderbolt from a clear sky had struck the guilty King, it could not have surprised him more. So John Strange came upon us in Indiana like a bright flash, and his first sermon was a new era in pulpit eloquence. The country was then new, and many rough and savage men inhabited the neighborhood where the meeting was held.

One of them, a terror to all civilized people, gloried because he had broke up many religious assemblies. On this occasion he was plotting mischief, but being attracted by the shrill notes and wonderful eloquence of the preacher he was seen to fix his attention, and draw nearer and nearer, till he reached the foot of the main aisle leading from the pulpit to the rear of the audience. There he stopped, gazing with fixed attention on the speaker as he poured forth his burning appeals to the hearts of sinners.

The man then with cautious steps, as if reconnoitering the stronghold of an enemy ventured a little further, till he reached a large tree in the midst of the aisle, about thirty feet from the stand. Here he anchored, and first from one side of the tree and then from the other, as if watching the movements of some dreaded foe, he gazed on the minister as though he was fascinated, his watery eyes, distorted face, and trembling limbs, all showing that he was under a deep mental excitement, which he had no power to control. The minister saw the condition of the man and his own opportunity (for his keen eye saw everything,) and he determined upon his surrender, then and there, to the cross. So he concetrated his whole power on the quivering form of his victim, and with one mighty sweep of his eloquence shivered to atoms the last prop that was under him.

In a moment the man's distended nostrils gushed out with blood, and he fell to the ground a conquered man. The eloquent Strange at that moment lifted his eyes to heaven and said: 'All hail, conquering Son of God, that smiteth the nations with the sharp two-edged sword, ride forth and conquer!' At this all order was broken. The wicked who could, fled for safety, and the sons of God shouted together for joy. The man was cared for and converted, and became as valiant for the truth as he had been bold in the cause of sin. In person, Mr. Strange is described as a man in neat but plain attire, tall, straight and remarkably graceful in person and manner, with a round, well-formed head, dark, piercing eyes, yet exceedingly kind and benevolent in expression.

He possessed a well balanced mind, quick perceptive faculties, sound judgement, strong memory and with power, and a brilliant imagination, combined with wonderful power of eloquence and song. His moral faculties were even stronger than the intellectual. He took no lessons in elocution from the schools, he was greater than the schools. He was nature's orator drawing his inspirations from nature and from nature's God. His invocations, like those of Elijah on Carmel, were for answers by fire. His pure, ornate and copious language not only glowed, but burned; it not only illuminated and elevated, but it warmed and transfigured the soul.

He loved the sublime in nature, the solemn forests, the lofty mountains, the expansive ocean, the rolling thunder, the starry heavens, and the blooming Spring. * * * Take him all in all, as a man of deep convictions, of holy and simple trust in God, of unreserved consecration to Christ, of eloquence and power in the pulpit, and of purity and simplicity of life, we shall probably not soon look upon his like again.

STUMPS.—The following method of getting rid of stumps is recommended by the Scientific American:—"In the autumn bore a hole one or two inches in diameter, according to the girth of the stump, vertically in the center of the latter, and about eighteen inches deep. Put into it one or two ounces of saltpetre; fill the hole with water and plug up close. In the ensuing spring take out the plug and pour in about one half gill of kerosene oil and ignite it. The stump will smoulder away without blazing, to the very extremity of the roots, leaving nothing but ashes.

It is not exactly easy for us to see how large stumps can be effectually destroyed by so simple a method as is given above. If true, and from the character of the paper from which the slip is taken we think it must be, it will hereafter be easy and inexpensive to clear away stumps. Let our readers try it and report.

How many of our girls will say, as their mothers said to their fathers in their young days. "I will unite my fortune with yours. I will live with you in a plain way in a small house; I will do my own work; I will make my own dresses; I will nurse and tend to my own children; I will toil with you and for you as my mother toiled for my father?' It would not be honest to assume that the fault lies with 'our girls.' It is the fault of the time; it is the fashion of the age. It is a fatal drifting away from the innocent, simple republican days. Nor would it be just to claim that our young gentlemen are altogether innocent victims. They drink and smoke, play cards and billiards, have clubs, and do worse; spend money in extravagance, luxury and crime. They spend money in recklessness. Crime and folly yokes itself together, and the end is too often a sad one.—*Argonaut.*

AN OLD STOVE.—Mr. Solomon Beard, living about one mile east of Woodsboro', Frederick county, Md., informs us that he has a stove in his house which was made in 1742, and has been in constant use, in the same house since 1849. The stove bears the inscription of 'London, England, 1742.' It has never been moved since put in this house, and although in use 132 years, looks as though it might last that much longer. If there is an older stove than this anywhere we would like to hear of it.—The land upon which the house is built has been in the 'Beard' family ever since it was settled upon, having been willed by one generation to the next.

WE saw a young man the other day with two heads on his shoulders, but didn't think it much of a curiosity—one belonged to his girl.

Agricultural Column.

February Works and Plans.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.

The last month of winter has begun for the Northern farmer, while in the Southern States spring has already opened; whatever is to be done in the way of preparation can be no longer delayed. A late beginning makes a late season, and to regain time lost now, may be found impossible hereafter. A farmer who is behindhand is a prey to accidents and misfortunes of the season, and the results lessened by reasons of his own carelessness. On the other hand, the forward man gets the benefit of every advantage, and many disadvantages of season are safely passed over, because he is ahead of them.

WHY CAN NOT WE GROW LARGER CROPS?—There are localities where it may pay to grow small crops cheaply, where one may skin the land for a few years and leave it, just as in some places cattle are or have been killed for their hides and the carcasses left to decay. But every year these localities are growing more and more distant in the West, and in time land will be too valuable to be used in so wasteful a manner. In central and eastern localities the future prosperity of the farmers will depend upon the growth of larger crops by the expenditure of more labor on the land. To reach this end will be a work of time, but it will never be reached unless a beginning is made, and there was never a more propitious time to begin than now.

GRASS IN THE SOUTH.—A great need in the South is grass for early grazing and hay. Some of the native grasses that have been fought and struggled with for years as weeds are now found to be of great value. By smoothing off a piece of grassy land, and using some fertilizer and encouraging the growth, a home supply of hay may be secured. It is often the case that a treasure may lie neglected under our feet, and some of the Southern grasses, long neglected, can be put to profitable use.

GRASS in the North is not made as available as it might. An opinion prevails that grass lands can not be kept in permanently good condition. Yet there are in many localities plots and tracts of grass that are very old and show no signs of failure. What has been done once in this way can be done again. A permanent pasture or meadow is invaluable. Why can not we try to make and keep them? This is a subject worthy the most careful study.

CABBAGES.—Every Farmer should raise cabbages, both early and late. For early kinds the seeds should be sown in a hot-bed the month, unless plants started last fall have been kept through the winter in cold-frames. Directions for making a hot-bed will be found under the Notes for Kitchen and Market Garden. It is not a waste of manure to use it for a hot-bed, as it will be the better for applications in the garden after it as served this purpose.

THE FINEST MANURE.—Is made by turning the heap over twice. To do this, begin at each end of the pile, and throw off the manure to a distance of three feet, building up the new heaps, and placing the coarsest manure in the centre. Then proceed until two heaps are made. These will soon heat, and a month or so afterwards the process may be reversed and the two heaps made into one again.

HAULING OUT MANURE.—While the ground is hard or covered with snow the manure heaps can be hauled to the fields with the least trouble. Those who have profited by our hints for the past few months, will have the manure in good condition for hauling out now; others will have it lying around loose and frozen, and consequently useless for some time yet.

SPRING WHEAT.—In many localities spring wheat will succeed if it is sown early. Open weather this month, may permit plowing and sowing, although the under soil is still frozen. A cold spell may freeze the ground, or cover it with snow, but the seed is safe, the work is done; and one may rest contented, while others are grumbling.

LOOK AHEAD!—A farmer should always think in advance of his work. The whole plan must be laid out in the head, before the hands are put to it. There is time left for thinking over what should be done in the next two or three busy months.

PLOWING should be done, only when the soil will crumble loosely, when the plow smears the up turned surface, the soil will be injured. While earliness and forehandedness are commendable, one should make haste with caution.

THE STRAIGHT PATH.—"The Bible is so strict and old-fashioned!" said a young man to a gray-haired friend who was advising him to study God's word if he would learn how to live. "There are plenty of books written nowadays that are moral enough in their teaching, and don't bind one down as the Bible does."

The old merchant turned to his desk and took out a couple of rulers, one of which was slightly bent. With each of these he ruled a line, and silently handed the ruled paper to his companion.

"Well," said the lad, "what do you mean?"

"One line is not straight and true, is it?—When you mark out your path in life *don't use a crooked ruler!*"

LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.—The dials of the English Parliament clock are 22 feet in diameter, and are the largest in the world with the minute hand 11 feet. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strike only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will take two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing from fourteen to fifteen tons. The weight of the hammer is four hundred weight.

No matter how industrious or economical a man is, his endeavors to save are wasted if he has a careless wife. He might as well be doomed to spend his strength and life in an attempt to catch water in a sieve. The effort would be scarcely less certainly in vain. Habits of economy—the way to the best account—are among the things which every mother should teach her daughters.

Some people's brains are like Western lands—enough of them, but not half cultivated.

Short-sighted Democrats want to Seymour. But Samuel J. Tilden says see me.

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