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Editors and Proprietors.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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Attorney-at-Law,
DENTON, MD,
oct7-y.

JAS. E. HIGNUTT,
Attorney-at-Law,
DENTON, MARYLAND.
jly10-tf.

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jn22-y.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY W. S. M.

The tones of the bell that rang the year out,
In echoes faint-growing, are mixed with the shout,
That hails the New Year, beneath whose mild sway
We look for the dawn of a far better day.

"A happy New Year!" in bold accents greet the ear.
As we pass through the crowd, from loved ones most dear.
We hope so—we trust so—but ah! it may be
A sad year—a drear one to you and to me.

The last year came in with promise as bright,
But who can say: "My flowers met no blight?"
What household can claim, that in Love's silver chains,
Unbroken, each link, still shining remains?

No father or mother is missed from their seat?
No sister or brother—the circle complete—
Holds all that it held at the birth of the year?
The cradle unemptied—no vacant arm chair?

No friend or companion has gone from his place?
No love has grown cold? no frown on the face,
Which erst, ever smiling, had gilded life's way?
No trusted one faithless—no kiss to betray?

Alas! we must say that our hopes have deceived,
And o'er trusts betrayed, full oft have we grieved;
Time's noiseless footsteps have crush'd our bright flowers
And chased spring's gay songsters away from our bowers.

His cold hand hath torn from the fond mother's breast,
The idolized babe, of life's treasures the best,
The orange-wreath crowning the brow of the bride
Scarse withered, ere she had sickened and died.

Young manhood in strength, in beauty, in bloom,
Is stricken, and fades in his spring, to the tomb;
The infant in arms, old age on its crutch,
Alike turned to dust at Death's withering touch,

And hearts bound together in friendship's strong chain,
Turned cold and distrustful ne'er to mingle again;
And Love's silken cord, snapped rudely apart,
Has left torn and bleeding full many a heart.

But, Old Year, why chide thee? for Heaven's high will,
Though dark to our vision, is best for us still—
For each tie removed is transferred to the skies
To win us from earth and tempt us to rise.

With duty performed, the year coming in
Will lead nearer Heaven and farther from sin;
'Twill be "Happy New Year" to live or to die;
To stay on the earth or ascend to the sky.

—*Baltimorean.*

The Old Man's Christmas Gift.

BY ELIZA R. PARKER.

The brilliant colors of a gorgeous winter sunset floated over the landscape, lending additional grandeur and beauty to the old homestead of the Grantlys, giving new charms to the ice-bound, snow-mantled hills and fields that circled it. Rarely does the eye behold a more glorious scene than "Grantly Hall," with its wide spreading, silvery lakes, sloping lawns and towering hills. And yet it was a desolate home; for one snowy Christmas years ago, the only child and heir of that grand estate had been discarded—been cast adrift from its protecting portals by the hard, cruel father, who now sat at the crimsoned curtained windows, gazing drearily out upon the wintry sunset. The pallor of his withered cheek, and the unnatural glow of his dark eye, told a tale of suffering and fast-failing health. Although not alone, the invalid preserved a sullen silence for some moments. At length, withdrawing his gaze from without, he abruptly addressed a gentleman seated opposite to him:—

"You say the last investment in the iron stock has proved very profitable, Houghton?"

"Yes, Col. Grantly, you will realize at least ten thousand dollars by it."

"Alas! to some men it would be gratifying intelligence, but with me all loss and gain has long since ceased to be a matter of any interest. Do you know, Houghton, Dr. Cowley says I am dying slowly, yet surely, and that the first green grass of spring will cover my grave? Well, I have so long desired a release from the ills of life that death's advent should not terrify me. And then there is no one to grieve for me when I am gone; a desolate life, a desolate old age, has been my bitter lot, and now desolate, unmourned death will be my end," murmured the rich old man with a weary sigh.

"And yet I believe you have a son living, Col. Grantly?"

"I know not; he may be living, or he may be dead."

"He was your only child—his life was given you on the dead bosom of his fair young mother?"

"Yes, *he was* my all, my only one." Then there was a long pause. At length the lawyer, who had been summoned to write the millionaire's will, resumed:—

"I visited an old friend last evening, Rev. Mr. Adams. He inquired particularly for you, and, in the course of the conversation, spoke of your son. He informed me he had known him from infancy, and spoke of a visit he paid you when Gerald was a child. He must have been a very lovely boy, as the old minister described him—so noble and manly for one of his years. No wonder the light of hope went out of your life when he left you."

The feeble, old man moved uneasily in his crimson velvet chair, and far off in the lost land of his life he saw the proud, handsome form of his boy. The kind-hearted lawyer, who had promised the minister to use his influence in recalling the memory of the disinherited son, saw his advantage and continued:—

"The old minister said Gerald resembled his mother, who was a very beautiful woman when you won her as your bride."

The old man bent forward and drank in every word that fell from the speaker's lips. He forgot that seventy years had blossomed in his gray hair and burdened his steps with their weight; he was once more a happy young husband, with his fair bride at his side; the portals of his heart creaked on their hard, rusty hinges, and the wind blew up strong from the land of his youth, and penetrated with its sweet, mysterious perfumes the hidden places of his soul, and his frame vibrated to the olden memories—the stern man was a father again. The flush on his withered cheek, the moisture in his eye, told more plainly than words the bitterness of his thoughts.

"The minister spoke feelingly of the accident which occurred during his visit here, in which Gerald and his own son came so near being drowned," continued Mr. Houghton, resolved to touch every tender chord in the heart of the proud man.

"Oh, how often I have since wished that the boy had perished in that watery grave, leaving a cherished dead child to mourn instead of a disobedient living one to disinherit. I have ever censured Charles Adams and his family for much of my son's waywardness. His early teachings inculcated the principles which association with the family afterwards developed, for I was insane enough to send my only son and heir as a pupil to that man. Houghton, you cannot understand how I detest the very name of all who were in any way connected with the ill-fated marriage of Gerald Grantly, which made him an outcast and left me childless." And then Col. Grantly paused, while a pang shot through his heart, a pang of deep remorse, his aged hand trembled as it rested on the table, and a faint moan, like a wintry wail, came from his pale lips. It gladdened the gentleman's ear, for well he knew that the long winter was at last breaking up in the sterile nature of the old man, and he resumed:

"Col. Grantly, your son exercised the right of his manhood in marrying the woman he loved. Think how tenderly he must have cherished her in his great, manly heart, or he would never have sacrificed the love of friends, the comforts of such a home, the luxuries of wealth for her. I am told she was beautiful, accomplished and virtuous, in every way worthy your son——"

"No, no," interrupted Col. Grantly—"no nameless, homeless thing was worthy to wed a Grantly, for, sir, the blood that courses in our veins is noble; we count our race back to the Normons, and our sons have ever wedded their equals, even when it was contrary to their inclinations. I remember my brother George loved a pretty, fair young thing, the daughter of a poor tradesman; but when father bade him wed Miss Dalmere, the plain but wealthy daughter of a Southern planter, he obeyed without a murmur. None but Gerald ever dared set all family honor and pride at defiance."

"And in so doing, sir, your son proved his nobleness of character. He had wealth and position which he could bestow upon his wife, who was beautiful and good. You have not long to live, Col. Grantly, and should repair the wrong you have done, by finding your son, or his heirs, and giving them what is rightfully theirs, instead of bequeathing your fortune to an asylum as you spoke of doing this evening. His children, the heirs of the proud race—the bearers of the Grantly name, may this day be in as abject poverty as any pauper inmate of the orphan asylum."

"Do not—do not say anything more, sir, upon this painful subject," and there was a sharp plaint of agony in the old man's voice, and a deathly pallor overspread his aged features. He arose from his easy chair before the bright glowing fire, and walked hurriedly across the floor; then he cast himself in into a seat, his large frame shaking as if in the midst of a storm. At length the tempest broke wildly forth, where, for years, had been a great calm.

"Oh, Gerald. My noble, generous boy! My tender, loving son, come to me to-night, and let me hear you say, before I die, that you forgive me for the cruel wrongs I have done you and yours. Yes, surely it was true principle that forced you to choose between your father and your wife." moaned the stricken, desolate old man, the tears coursing down his withered cheeks. Bitterly he pondered in suffering thought upon the bright Christmas morning, ten years before, when he gazed for the last time on the manly, sorrowful features of his long absent son. The noble youth had just returned from the distant city where he had completed his studies, and came to entreat his stern, proud father to permit him to wed the gentle girl of his choice. Peremptorily the haughty man bade his son and heir banish all such silly fancies from his brain, or risk incurring his displeasure forever; and when the usually obedient son firmly but respectfully replied that he had already sought Miss Grey as his bride, and would allow nothing to prevent him from wedding her, the enraged and surprised man ordered him from his house, hoping thus he would enforce immediate submission to his wishes. Not so. The true-hearted youth sorrowfully bade adieu to the beautiful home of his fathers, and resolutely began to earn his own bread. Each day the unhappy father hoped for his return, but he came not, and at length he heard of his marriage and removal to the Far West. This so enraged him that he at once disinherited his son, and never allowed his name to be mentioned in his presence. But now it had caused a reaction in his frozen heart, and the bitterness of revenge had been forgotten in the wild longing for a sight of absent one on the dreary Christmas eve.

The fading day had turned its golden feet slowly towards the gloom of night. The wind came through the wintry forests and snow-covered fields, coming with sharp breath into the invalid' room. But, unconscious of all, Col. Grantly sat alone in his luxurious library. One by one the doors rolled open in the far-off years, and his soul went back, strong and joyful, to other days, and wherever memory wandered, there still stood before his vision the well remembered form of his son.

"Gerald, come to me. Come and comfort your old father this dreary Christmas eve. There has been no Christmas merry-making in the old hall since you left it," he exclaimed in just such yearning tones as a mother mourns her child.

"I wonder where you are to-night, my poor boy. The years seem long, very long, since you came for the last time to spend Christmas at home, from whence I drove you forever, and my hard heart is heavy to-night at the memory of your wrongs." And he rung for lights. The old servant who answered the summons wondered at the new light in his old master's eyes, and the vigor in his tones.

The dawn of the bright Christmas morning was just breaking in the east. The foundations were laid with pearl, which here and there began to be veined with a delecate flush of pink, like the blush from some pleasant dream dawning into the cheek of a sleeping beauty.

Softly the door of the invalid's chamber opened, and the aged servant entered, carrying in his arms a beautiful fair-haired child, saying;

"Sir, Mr. Houghton says 'Here is a Christmas gift for your master, John,' and I made bold, sir, to bring it up to your room," and the man placed the child on Col. Grantly's bed, and laid a note, handed him by the lawyer, on the table.

Surprised, the old man raised up to gaze upon the pretty picture before him. A fair, graceful boy of four or five summers, with his hands and arms full of bon-bons and toys.

At length he found voice to speak.

"Child, what is your name, and where did you come from?"

"Me named Gerald Grantly, and Mr. Adams, where I lived, gave me to Mr. Houghton, and he sent me to you for a Christmas gift. May I stay in pretty house?"

Joy and consternation completely overcame the old man, for he knew that the beautiful golden-haired boy was his grandson. Clasping him fondly to his heart, he kissed him again and again. At length he put him in an easy chair while he read the lawyer's note. It said;

COL. GRANTLY:

I send you as a Christmas gift, the heir of Grantly Hall, your little grandchild. At his death his father sent him to Mr. Adams, the kind old minister, who gives him to you with the request that you deal gently with him. T. J. HOUGHTON.

Christmas Morning,

For many days there was great rejoicing in the grand old Hall. The beautiful little heir was praised and flattered by all. With his aged grandfather he soon took the place of his dead father, whose fortune he was now to inherit, and the old man was wont to say, that he prized "his Christmas gift" beyond all else on earth. It was a touching sight, the tender affection of the wee child for the failing man,—the blossoming of the spring flower upon the bosom of the dying winter.

Going Courting.

One of the chief compensations of a woman's life is found in the fact that she does not have "to go a-courting." It must be confessed that, in these days, the modern belle does her share of the wooing, but she does not have to dress up in a stiff collar, and a pair of boots two sizes too small for her, and walk up to the cannon's mouth of her inamorata's family, consisting of father, and mother, and grandmother, and maiden aunt, and half-a-dozen brothers and sisters, and inquire in a trembling voice: "Is Miss Arabella at home?"

Whenever a man goes a-courting, everybody seems to know all about it. His demeanor tells the observant spectator the business he is intent upon. He might as well placard himself with the legend, "I go a-courting." Everybody is cognizant of it, and looks knowingly; and asks him if the "northern lights were bright last night about one o'clock," and "how the market is for kerosene up to Daddy Brown's," and a score of other questions equally out of place.

We have in our family at present, a young man who is deeply, we trust succesfully, engaged in going a-courting; and our warmest sympathies have been aroused for him. When Sunday after noon arrives it is plain to see that some thing is about to happen. Our young man is fidgety and non communicative and can not sit in one place half a minute at a time. He is continually interviewing his watch and comparing it with tho old eight-day coffin-shaped clock in the corner. He looks in the glass frequently, and draws his forehead locks first back and then forward, and combs them up and pats them down, and is unsatisfied with the effect throughout.

The smell of bay rum and bergamot is painfully apparent. When he shakes out his handkerchief musk is preceptible. His boots shine like mirrors,—There is a faint odor of cardamon seed in his breath when he yawns. He smoothes his budding mustache with affectionate little pat, and feels his invisible side whiskers continually, to make sure they are still there, a fact which is not established to outside observers by the sense of sight. He tries on all his stock of neckties without finding just the thing; and has spasms of brushing his coat, and last till one grows nervous for fear the broadcloth will never be able to stand it.

He declines soup that day for dinner. He says it is because he doesn't feel hungry, but we all know it is bacause there are onions in it, and onions, as every one knows do not sweeten one's breath to any great extent.

If spoken to on a sudden, he starts and blushes, and looks as guilty as if he had been caught in stealing something and directly one doos not speak to him. he goes back to the delightful occupation of starting at nothing, and waiting for the hour hand to creep around to seven.

And at seven, he sets forth, clean and tidy from top to toe, looking precisely as if he just stepped out of a band-box

A tall man having rallied a friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied: "My legs reach the ground—what more can yours do?

THE AFFABLE MAN.—A mother and babe were among the passengers waiting at the Central depot yesterday. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact perhaps attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked:

"Cold weather for such little people, is't it?" She faintly nodded.

"Does he seem to feel it much?"—continued the man.

She shook her head.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seeming greatly interested.

"He was up to a few moments ago," she snapped out "but I'm afraid he's smelled so much whiskey that he'll have the *delirium tremens* before night!"

That man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying cloves and cinnamon.—*Detroot Free Press.*

Fools and their money soon part.—It's worth while being a fool to have the money to part with, though.

Why Tides occur Later Each Day.

As the moon revolves around the earth from west to east, she advances eastwardly in her orbit about thirteen degrees every twenty-four hours. Hence, when any part of the earth, in its revolution, comes under a part of the heavens where the moon was the evening before, the moon is not there, but has gone eastward thirteen degrees, and therefore the earth must turn on its axis as much longer as is necessary to bring that part again under the moon, which requires generally, not always, about fifty minutes.

The same thing occurs the next evening, and the evening after, and thus the moon rises most of the year, about fifty minutes later each day. Now, as the tides are produced mainly by the moon, it will at once be seen from this eastward movement and this later rising each day, why they must occur about fifty minutes later each succeeding day. While the lunar tide is thus daily lagging, the solar tide occurs at the same time. Hence these two tides always begin to separate after new moon, being further apart each day, until they again coincide at full moon, when there is a higher tide than usual, called spring tide. then again they separate, until new moon occurs, when they once more unite, producing another spring tide.

It must not be supposed that the whole body of the ocean, to its profoudest depths, is equally moved by the tides. The tides are mainly superficial, and except where the water is of moderate depth the lowest parts are only slightly disturbed; but to what depth the tidal current extends can never, perhaps, be satisfactorily determined. The gulf stream is about thee thousand feet deep, having for its bottom a bed of colder water of various depths; but as the stream is the result of other causes than those that produce the tides, it is not safe to estimate the depth of the tidal currents by its own.

Misspent Evenings.

The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corner wastes in the course of the year, three hundred precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudimnts of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addtion to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country.—Boys, think of these things, Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? She gratifycation afforded by the lounge on the corner and the cigar is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You can not indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will clnig to you with each succeeding year.

You may in after-life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will cling to you to your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.

Forgiveness.

John the Almsgiver, Bishop of Alexandria, was once visited by a nobleman. In the course of conversation, the nobleman declared, with warmth, that he would never, to his dying day, forgive a certain man who had cruelly wronged him. Just then the bell in the Bishop's private chapel rang for prayrs. Entering the chapel, the two men knelt before the altar. Presently the Bishop began to repeat, in a loud voice, the Lord's Prayer, and the nobleman repeating each petition after him. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread." The Bishop stpped abruptly. The nobleman went on alone: "and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" Then, finding that he alone was praying, he also stopped. The Bishop remained kneeling, but was silent. suddenly, the sense of the words of the petition he had uttered rushed on the nobleman's mind. He was appalled at his own prayer. Silently he rose from his knees, went forth, and, finding the man who had injured him, frankly forgave him.

OBLIGATION to God imparts zest to life, by giving to our actions a higher import, and, when they are right, a more consciously elevated spirit. The most serene, the most truly God-like enjoyment open to man is that which he receives in the testamony that he pleases God and the moral self-approbation of his own mine.—*Horace Bushnell.*

Oil Yourself a Little.

There is a true humor in the following story: Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with a story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously," 'twould be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody therefore like to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards. Ever family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.

ONE WAY TO BE MISERABLE.—If you want to be miserable think constantly about yourself, your woes and your cares, trials and tribulations, pity yourself for the troubles you must bear and the evils that afflict you. Magnify every ill, see no comfort or blessing in the path of life stern destiny has planted your feet in. And if you want to make your friends miserable, too, keep your sad fate ever before them; forget that they may have bitter trials of their own, and insist upon entertaining them with a recital or your peculiar troubles, and seek for their constant sympathy and condolence. You will accomplish your amiable purpose by this course; but before long you will find yourself your only sympathizer, for your friends will vote you an unmitigated bore, seek congenial society, avoiding yours like the pestilence.

HOW TO GET FAT.—A pint of milk before retiring at night will cover the scrawniest of bones. There are many lean and lank females who sigh for the fashionable measure of plumpness, and who would be vastly improved in solid flesh. Nothing is more coveted by thin women than a full figure, and nothing provokes the scandal of one of the "clipper builds" as the consciousness of plumpness in a rival. In cases of fever and summer complaints milk ss now given with excellent results.—The idea that milk is feverish has exploded. Is is a great mistake scrimp the milk-pitcher.—*Druggist Circular.*

LAUGHTER.—How much lies in laughter; the cypher key wherewith we decypher the whole man! Some men wear an everlasting barren simper; in the smiles of others lies a cold glitter of ice; the fewest are able to laugh what can be called laughing; but only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards; or, at best, produce some whiffling, husks cachination, as if it were laughing through wool; of none such comes good. The man who can not laugh is not only fit for treason, stratagem, and, but his whole life is already a stratagem and a treason.—*Carlyle.*

TREASURES.—If a young person will begin, and preserve in the practice of learning by heart, say four lines of good poetry every day, there will be laid up in the treasure-house of memory, fourteen hundred and sixty lines in a year. So of facts, and various kinds of information. All great things are done little by little. Atoms make worlds. The greatest fortunes consist of farthings. Life is made up of moments—and a succession of well-spent moments makes a well-spent life.

"Big long-legged men don't always sometimes get ahead of little boys" is Chinese for "The race is not always to the swift."

Bread, purchased with unearned money, is never so sweet as that which has been earned by the sweat of one's brow.

If a man has a great idea of himself it is certain to be the only idea he ever will have.

Never marry but for love, but see thou lovest what is lovely.

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