The Denton Journal

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Editors and Proprietors.

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Denton Journal.

A Family Newspaper Devoted to General Intelligence, Agriculture, Advertising, &c.,—Independent on all Subjects.

VOL. 30 DENTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877. NO. 21.

Rates of Advertisi

Advertisements will be conspicuous serted on the following terms:

TRANSIENT RATES.

ONE SQUARE, SIX LINES, 3 times, $1.00, cents for every subsequent insertion. Long in the same proportion.

STANDARD RATES.

	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	12 MON
ONE COLUMN,	$35.00	$55.00	
HALF "	15.00	25.00	
QUARTER "	10.00	15.00	
PER INCH,	1.50	2.50	

☞ *Four changes allowed to yearly adv without additional charge.*

☞ *All advertisements collectable on first*

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

The following is a directory of the principal officers of Caroline County.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Regular Terms begin the first Mondays in April and October, and Intermediate Terms the second Monday of January and the fourth Monday of June.

Chief Judge, Hon. John M. Robinson, Centreville; Associate Judges, Hon. J. A. Wickes, Chertown and Hon. F. Stump, Perryville.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—John W. Temple; Deputy Clerks, L. H. Gadd and C. Cook.

State's Attorney—Geo. M. Dossum.

Sheriff—Reynolds Y. Collins.

Crier to the Court, James Hignutt. Bailiffs, Hy Irwin, Wm. L. Davis and Thos. P. Davis

ORPHANS' COURT.

The days fixed by law for the meeting of this Court are the second Tuesday in December, and the second Tuesday in every second month thereafter, and oftener, as the business of the Court requires. Judges, Wm. A. Ford, Denton, Robert Jarrell, Greensborough, and Dr. H. F. Willis, Preston.

Register of Wills—Jas. B. Steele; Deputy, J. Gale Steele.

County Commissioners—J. M. Whitby, Greensborough, A. J. Greenley, Greensborough, and Elijah Towers, Potter's Landing; T. F. Johnson, Clerk.

Clerk to Board of Control and Review—J. Boon Dukes.

County School Commissioners—Col. James E. Douglass, Preston; Wm. S. Ridgely, Denton; and Dr. H. C. Comegys, Greensborough. Rev. Geo. F. Beaven, Secretary, and Examiner.

Magistrates—Richard Jones, Henderson; J. P. Fierce, Greensborough; Perry G. Stevens, Hillsboro'; Thos. A. Smith, Denton; Jas. E. Johnson, Concord; Wm. H. Bullock, Smithville; M. F. Hutchinson, Fowling Creek; W. W. Williamson, Preston, and W. H. Watkins, Federalsburg.

Constables—Wm. M. Price, Henderson; John C. Brown, Greensborough; Tilghman Roe, Denton; Wm. C. Willoughby, Fowling Creek, and Wm. T. Slaughter, Federalsburg.

TAX COLLECTORS.

First district, W. W. Richards; Second, Jas. S. Whitby; Third, E. J. W. Grey; Fourth, E. M. Towers; Fifth, Elijah Hignutt.

ALMS-HOUSE.

Trustees, First district, Henry C. Culbreth; Second, Esau Lowe; Third, J. Boon Dukes, Fourth, Matthew Patton and Fifth, A. N. Davis. Overseer, Wm. Driggs.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

M. E. CHURCH.

PREACHING Sabbath morning at 10, A. M., and 7 P. M.

Sabbath School 2 P. M.

Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock

P. E. CHURCH.

CHRIST CHURCH. Morning Prayer and Sermon at 10:30 o'clock.

Evening Service and Catechetical Lecture at 3½ o'clock.

ROM. CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Services the fourth Sabbath in every month, at 10:30, A. M.

FRIENDS' MEETING.

Every First Day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

LODGES, GRANGES, &C.

MASONIC LODGE.

TEMPLE LODGE, No. 128, A. F. & A. M., J. W. Kerr, Master, holds its communications on the second and fourth Tuesday in every month at 7 o'clock, P. M.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

DENTON GRANGE, No. 43, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of every month, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

STEAMBOATS.

Maryland Steamboat Co

DAY BOAT FOR THE CHOPTANK RIVER.

ON and after Wednesday, Sept. 26, 1877,

THE STEAMER

KENT,

Capt. Crosby, will leave pier 3 Light St., foot of Camden, every Wednesday, Friday and Monday at 7 o'clock, A. M., for Oxford, Cora's, Wallack's, Cambridge and landings on the Choptank to Denton.

On the return trip will leave Denton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 o'clock, A. M., Cambridge at 11 and Oxford at 12, arriving in Baltimore at 5 the same day.

FARE 50 CENTS.

☞ Freights taken at lowest rates.

The Steamer HIGHLAND LIGHT will leave same pier every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, 9 o'clock for Easton, Oxford and Cambridge, to Medford's, making the usual landings.

FARE - - - - - - - - - 50 cts

STATE ROOMS - - - - - 50 cts

☞ Freights taken at lowest rates.

Chester River Steamboat COMPANY.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Monday, Sept. 17th, 1877, the splendid new Iron Steamer

B. S. FORD

Will leave Chestertown for Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8½, A. M., Ralph's at 8¾, Booker's 9, Quaker Neck 9:10, Queenstown 10, Kent Island 10½.

Returning, leaves Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 A. M., making the above stops.

WHEELER'S

Transportation Line,

FOR THE

CHOPTANK RIVER.

ON and after Saturday, September 15th, 1877, the Steamer

RALEIGH

Will leave pier 14 Light Street Wharf every Friday, at 8 o'clock, P. M., for Hillsboro', stopping at landings on Choptank River.

Return—leave Hillsboro' Tuesdays at 8 A. M.; Potter's Landing at 12 o'clock; arrives at Potter's Landing on return trip Saturdays at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Freights received every Friday until 7 o'clock, P. M., at Pier 14 Light Street Wharf.

All freights must be prepaid.

For further information apply to

EMORY & NEAVITT,

nov10-tf 88 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! !

A supply of good Oysters can be had at Potter's Landing every Friday and Saturday at 25 cents per bushel, and at Denton every Saturday at 30 cents per bushel by calling on Capt. Robert W. Stewart.—Wheat, Corn and Pork taken in exchange. THOS. R. STEWART.

KELLER'S

ROMAN

LINIMENT.

Rheumatism.

Time and money have been wasted in futile endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it has been employed, whether such has been of the inflammatory or chronic type. In Lumbago and Sciatica it affords instant relief.

Neuralgia.

This excruciatingly painful disease is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by the continued application of this Liniment.

Toothache.

This painful and annoying complaint is instantaneously cured by the application of the Liniment.

Frosted Feet.

The Roman Liniment has proved efficacious in all cases where it has been properly used. No instance is known where it has failed in giving immediate relief.

Burns and Scalds.

This Liniment has proved itself the one of the best remedies ever used for Burns and Scalds. Its quickness in relieving pain when applied, gives it a superiority over all other preparations.

Ulcerated Sores.

The healing and purifying qualities of KELLER'S LINIMENT render it the best article for the speedy and safe cure of ulcerated sores.

A Stitch in the Back

Is caused by a sudden wrenching of the spine, and produces violent and acute pains, making it very difficult for the person to move. It should not be neglected, as the curvature of the spine is often brought on by neglect of this common complaint.

Sore Throat and Quinsy.

The causes which usually induce Sore Throat are those which give a sudden check to perspiration, and thus obstruct Nature's regular work, quickly producing, in consequence, an inflammatory condition which, involving the tonsils, and rapidly spreading over the whole mucous membrane of the fauces will cause Quinsy.

Inflammation of the Breast.

This distressing complaint may be cured, or entirely prevented by the timely use of this remedy. It has never failed, when applied at the commencement, or before the gathering takes place.

Weakness of the Ankles and Joints.

Strains and chronic pains, cold and external injuries, are the chief causes of this complaint. The muscles are relaxed, in many cases making it difficult to move. By a free use of this Liniment a certain cure will be effected. As a

Horse and Cattle Lotion

it is invaluable to Farmers, Express Companies, Stage Proprietors, well appointed Livery Establishments, and all who own or use Horses and other Stock, immediately relieving and curing

Spavins,	Foot Rot in Sheep,
Ring Bone,	Foundered Feet,
Bruises,	Corns,
Cracked Heels,	Flesh Wounds,
Sprains,	Galls of all Kinds,
Scratches or Grease	Poll Evil,
Sores,	Splint,
Colic,	Fistula,
Lameness,	Fever,

And many other Diseases.

KELLER'S

Roman Liniment

Never fails to give satisfaction, and, as a domestic remedy for man and beast, it is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family liniments, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY TIM.

How beautiful they are to me,
These many colored leaves,
That fall along my pathway
As I wander through the trees.

'Tis but a few short months ago,
Fresh from their Maker's hand,
In all their green fresh glory,
They shaded all this land.

Now that same hand with kindly frosts
Has changed their handsome green
Into their rainbow hues of Heaven—
How beautiful they seem.

And yellow, red, and blue, and green
Lie strewn over all the earth,
Awaiting their return again
To that which gave them birth.

And scattered prone upon the ground
Their beauties all will die;
Their hues will fade, and mouldering,
They all must silent lie.

So with us mortals here on earth,
Though beautiful we seem,
We are falling, always falling,
We get parted from the stem.

Our souls alone, unlike the leaves,
Will glorious shine again;
And thinking of this changing earth,
Will no more give us pain

—*Frederick Citizen.*

RETRIBUTION!

A LEAF FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

During the campaign of 1800 the French army destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battlefield of Marengo, had yet to surmount the vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Montenotte, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another, in seemingly endless succession, and tasking to the utmost, if not defying the courage of the troops and the military genius and and perseverence of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the results of natural position; there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but a few means or opportunities of vigorous defence but sustained by an indomitable courage, great recourse of invention and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivre, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three youngest, but already most illustrious generals in Europe—Massena, Lannes and Bernadotte.

Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he who had taken Alexandria in a day, Cairo in an hour, and impatient, moreover, to assume his position for the investments of Milan, the commander-in-chief, on the 25th of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat a fierce attack and the most heroic defence, a handful of the defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, threw themselves as a last resort into the quarters of Adjutant General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last, and sell their lives there as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by this brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loopholes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded for a last pesperate resistance.

Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer with two battalions, to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer, equally distinguished among his fellow soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way, at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, tramping as he went upon the dead bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. General H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of his garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with almost superhuman strength and desperation opposed the entrance of the republicans; and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room to which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old General aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once and forever, had it not been skillfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and weary veteran; he fell, and in another moment the apartment was filled with republicans.

The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his wedded life, stepped forward to dispatch the fallen General, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth in a voice of terror and despair.

"Spare him—oh, spare him—do not take his life—he is my husband—the father of my child."

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant with an eye in which there was no trace of either anger or pity—and then, deliberately pushing her aside he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer, and shot him through the heart.

The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who, at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself, pale and trembling, under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republican, and exclaimed:

"Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work and destroy the son."

At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French General, surrounded by a crowd of officers appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect coup de theatre. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; pallor overspread his features, and his limbs shook, while Madam H., as if by a sudden impulse, flung herself at the feet of the General, with a single cry of "vengeance!"

The General raised her kindly and respectfully, demanding at the same waited upon her with a request from the commander in chief that she would repair immediately to his quarters at the Hotel de Ville. Without a word of inquiry or remonstrance, she arose, took her child in her arms, and followed the messenger to the General.

Led to the council chamber at the moment of her arrival, Madam H. found herself surrounded by all the Republican army; by those celebrated men for whom such destinies were reserved; by whom in after years, so many were to lose on battlefields, amid the intrigues of cabinets or the corruptions of a court, the honor for which they were now panting or the lives they were now so ready to peril in its winning. There were Murat, Duroc, Lannes, Dessaix, Massena, Hoche and Bernadotte; and in the midst of them the General, who, with arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the floor, walked slowly to and fro, as if in deep and painful meditation.

On the entrance of Madame H. he stopped abruptly motioned her to be seated, and then, after gazing for a moment on the face of her child, with a gentle smile of interest and affection, resumed his walk, Madam H. began to feel alarm. This unexpected summons, this strange reception, the silence that prevailed around her, all combined, first to surprise and then to terrify her. A vague sensation of anxiety oppressed her heart, and she could not command her nerves for the utterance of a single word that might call forth a solution of her doubts.

All at once the roll of a drum, at a little distance, startled her from her painful reveries. It was quickly followed by a volley of musketry, and the General, pausing in his walk, placed his hand upon her arm and led her to the window, from which she beheld in the square below the fearful spectacle of a military execution just accomplished.

"Look, madam," he said in a calm yet impressive tone; 'the man whom you see lying dead upon the ground was a French officer, whom his comrades in arms have condemned to death for the assassination of an Austrian, in a city taken by assault."

He paused for a moment, then glancing round upon the officers who stood near them, he continued:—

"You are at liberty to quit Ivree this morning. General Desaix, whom I have requested to be your escort, will answer to the republic for your safety. Farewell, madam; report to Prince Charles what you have seen of of the justice maintained in the armies of the French.

This General, at that time first Consul, was afterward the Emperor Napoleon.

General, "I listen to no excuses—admit of no defence. You are unworthy to serve the public. Give me up your sword, your epaulettes. From this moment you are dismissed from the brigade you have disgraced, from the army upon which you are a stain."

"General," he said, but with a voice that betrayed his emotion, "I surrender my sword, but I demand a trial by my comrades."

"You shall have it, sir, and within the hour"

Then turning to the officers who had accompanied him to the spot, and reverently baring his head before the body of the victim, he said to them:

"Unite with me, gentlemen, in rendering tribute of respect to unfortunate courage—to a brave and fallen enemy."

The remainder of that dreadful day was passed by Madame H. in the bitterness of grief. After witnessing the interment of her husband with military honors, this unhappy woman, who had lost, in a single moment, and under circumstances of such peculiar horror, all that made life dear to her, except her boy, sank into a lethargy of sorrow—an abandonment to wretchedness. While she had a murdered husband to avenge, a helpless child to protect and save, she had preserved her energies of mind and body; but now when the assassin had undergone the shame of a public degradation, and the prompt and terrible justice of a military commission impended over his head, the hopless widow could think of nothing but her loss. For her there seemed to be no longer cause of hope or fear. She was therefore more astonished than alarmed when early next morning a French aide-de-camp

A Remarkable Echo.

Our last visit in Milan, writes a correspondent, was to the Villa Simonetti, a huge old palace in a plantation about two miles beyond beyond the city gates, now let out as a tenement house, and swarming with washerwomen and their their broods. You climb toilsomely into the fourth story, and are ushered into a small room facing an angle of the lofty flat walls which surround the court-yard on three sides, the fourth side being upon the level plain beyond. A woman takes up a great trumpet, shaped like a fog-horn, and proceeds to yell, scream, and grumble through it a succession of sharp and flat notes, and a marvelous echo comes back from the opposite angle, and plays along the side of the wall, repeating and trilling the sounds. I can not tell how many times, now in plaintive musical strains, now in singular cadencies, now in rollicking, guffawing, exuberant jocularity.

Then the damsel—who lives by the fees that the echo brings her in, like Eliphaz, the Temanite, "filling her stomach with the east wind"—took down an old musket, and loading it with great formality, ceremoniourly handed it to your correspondent to fire but not knowing whether it would kick or burst, the officer was politely declined, and, like another Moll Pitcher or Maid of Saragossa, she fired it out of the window herself against the opposing angle with the most astonishing effect, the discharge echoing and re-echoing, first like the file firing of a company of infantry, then like the applause in a theater, and fainter, until it died away like the ticking of a clock and expired in a sound like the faint humming of insects. She says it repeated ninety times. She might just as well have made it eleven hundred for I tried to verify her statement by actual count, but had to give it up in despair. One might appropriately call this talking wall a "sermon in stones." It is said to be the most remarkable echo in the world, and I well believe it.

Texas as a Wheat Field.

Within the last few years a lively discussion has been going on as to whether Texas is not suited to become one of the great, if not the greatest, wheat fields of the country. It is only of recent years that the experiment of raising wheat has been tried at all, and the success which has attended the attempt has been such as to produce the the sanguine expectations of the future. During the war, when the supply of flour was limited, a small amount of wheat was sown in the northern counties of the State. The result was such that the experiment has been repeated year after year, until last year the thirteen counties which produced wheat, yielded a crop of 7,600,000 bushels valued at $8,000,000. These thirteen counties of themselves would form a very respectable wheat-growing area; but it is claimed by some that the wheat belt extends to fifty counties, one-fifth of which, if cultivated, would produce 86,000,000 bushels. Others, not content with these figures, which would give Texas a wheat crop as large as that of any three States of the Northwest, claim that one hundred and seventy counties are capable of raising wheat, and that annual value of the wheat crop could be raised from $8,000,000 to $570,000,000. The idea of one State raising two-thirds more wheat than the whole country is at present producing may appear chimercial, but the realization of such expectations is hardly more than a parallel to what has actually occurred in our industrial and agricultural history.

Much is said in favor of the qualities of the Texan wheat. It is said to have less water and more gluten than Northern varieties, and that the flour made from it is not likely to become sour when shipped to tropical countries. This is a well known characteristic of several varieties of Southern wheat and we do not see why it should not be true of the wheat raised in Texas. The State has a diversified climate, and a soil which in many respects resembles that of the bottom lands of the Nile in Egypt, which has always been noted from the earliest times as a wheat producing country.

On the facts stated above golden hopes have been founded for the future of Texas when she shall have become the grain and flour market of the New World. She certainly has advantages of location which would enable her to secure a large South American and other foreign trade, and it only remains to be seen whether she will develop into a great wheat country which is so confidently expected by her people. In the light of the past, she has certainly not reached the limit of what she is able to do as a wheat-producing State; and we expect that a greater activity in mill building will spring up, even than has taken place in the past few years. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain: If she is capable of producing such a wealth of cereals, as is claimed, her people will not be slow in discovering it, and turning their attention to wheat as well as cotton and corn.—*American Miller.*

The True Gentleman.

"He is above a low act. He can not stoop to commit a fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He is ashamed of insinuendoes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another to his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes them into instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eyes, whether they flutter at his window, or lie open before him in unregarded exposure, are secret to him. He profanes no privacy of another however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers are not for him. He may be trusted out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. He insults no man. If he has a rebuke for another he is straightforward, openly and manly. He can not descend to scurrillity. Billinsgate does not lie on his track. Of woman, and to her, he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every one. He is not always dressed in broadcloth. 'Some people,' says a distinguished bishop, 'think a gentleman means a man of independent fortune—a man who fares sumptuously every day; a man who need not labor for his daily bread. None of these makes a gentleman—not one of them—nor all of them together have known men of the roughest exterior who had been used all their to follow the plow and to look horses, as thorough gentlemen in as any nobleman who ever wore cal coronet. I mean I have them as unselfish, I have known as truthful, I have known ther sympathizing; and all these qu go to make up what I understan the term 'a gentleman.'"

"It is a noble privilege which been sadly prostituted; and wh want to tell you is, that the hum man who has the coarsest work yet, if his heart be tender, and and true, can be, in the most empl sense of the word, a gentleman. *Christian Statesman.*

How to be Handsome.

Most people would like to be some. Nobody denies the great which any person may have who a handsome face and attracts yo good looks, even before a word been spoken. And we see all sor devices in men and women to im their looks.

Now, all cannot have good fea—they are as God made them almost any one can look well, esp ly with good health. It is hard t rules in a very short space, but in these will do:

Keep clean—wash freely. Al skin wants is leave to act freely, it takes care of itself. Its thous of air-holes must not be closed.

Eat regularly, and sleep enou not too much. The stomach ca more work all the time, night and than a horse. It must have re work and rest.

Good teeth are a help to good l Brush them with a soft brush, c ially at night. Go to bed with cl ed teeth. Of course to have teeth it is needful to let tobacco a All women know that. Washe the teeth should be very simple. may whiten the teeth, but it tak the enamel and injures them.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure No one can have a cleanly skin breathes bad air. But more than in order to look well, wake up and soul.

When the mind is awake, the sleepy look passes away from the I do not know that the brain exp but it seems so. Think, and read trashy novels, but books and p that have something in them.

Men say that they cannot books, and sometimes do not even for a newspaper. In that case t them little good, they feel so while reading them. But men ca ford what they really choose. the money spent in self-indulgenc hurtful indulgence, was spent in or papers for self-improvement should see a change. Men would handsome, and women too. The would shine out through the We were not meant to be mere mals. Let us have books and them, and sermons and heed them.

The Chinese Wall.

The great wall of China was me ed in many places by Mr. Unthank American engineer, lately on a su for a Chinese railway. His me ments give the height at eighteen and a width on top of fifteen Every few hundred yards there tower twenty-four feet square, from twenty to forty feet high. foundation of the wall is of solid ite. Mr. Unthank brought with a brick from the wall, which is su ed to have been made 200 years b the time of Christ. In building immense stone fence to keep out Tartars, the builders never attem to avoid mountains or chasm to expense. For 1,300 miles the goes over plain and mountain, every foot of the foundation is in granite, and the most of the stru solid masonry. In some places wall is built smooth up against bank, or canons, or precipices, w there is a sheer decent of 1,00 Small streams are arched over, an the larger streams the wall runs t water's edge, and a tower is built each side. On the top of the there are breastworks and defen facing in and out, so the defen force can pass from one tower to other without being exposed to enemy from either side. To calc the time of building or cost of this is beyond human skill. So far a magnitude of the work is concerne surpasses everything in ancient modern times of which there is trace. The pyramids of Egyp nothing compared to it.

A boy who will deliberately pla eight ounce tack in his grandfat chair is wicked enough to burn whole town.

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