Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &c.,—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1879.

VOL. 34. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 1, 1879. NO. 13.

The Denton Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

AT DENTON, CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND

—BY—

GEO. T. MELVIN, Editor and Proprietor.

One Dollar Per Annum invariably in Advance.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted on the following rates:

TRANSIENT RATES.

ONE SQUARE, 3 times, $1,00, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

STANDARD RATES.

	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	12 MONTHS
ONE COLUMN,	$20.00	$35.00	$60.00
HALF "	10.00	18.00	30.00
QUARTER "	6.00	9.00	15.00
PER INCH,	2.00	3.00	5 00

Professional and business cards not exceeding one inch space, five dollars per year, including subscription.

JOB PRINTING

Of all kinds executed with neatness and dispatch. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention

Local and other correspondence solicited, but *anonymous* communications will receive no attention

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WM. R. MARTIN
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne counties. [nov3-y.

GEO. M. RUSSUM,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Can be found at his office adjoining J. H. Vangesel's, opposite the Court House.

ROBT. J. JUMP,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practise in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

WM. S. RIDGELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne s counties. d30-1y

GEO. T. MELVIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.,
Will practice in Caroline and the adjoining counties. ☞ Loans on first mortgages negotiated. mar23-tf.

CHAS. H. GIBSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
(OFFICE OPPOSITE THE M. P. CHURCH.)
EASTON, MD.
mar10-1y.

MAJ. WM. E. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CORNER OF DOVER AND HARRISON STREETS,
EASTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. jul22-y.

B. H. HARRINGTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.

W. SCOTT ROBERTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CENTREVILLE, MD.
Special attention given to the collection of claims 11-30, '78.

OSWALD TILGHMAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office nearly opposite the M. P. Church. july7-y

JAMES E. HIGNUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
July-12-y

JAS. P. DAWSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
June30-y.

CHAS. W. EMMERICH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
jan30-tf. DENTON, MD.

CHAS. E. SHANNAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,
EASTON, MD.
☞ Will practice in the Courts of Talbot, Caroline and adjoining counties. Especial attention to collection of claims, Sale of Real Estate, &c. nov9-1y.

S. H. MELSON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
FOWLING CREEK P. O.,
b2-y. CAROLINE CO., MD.

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER.
DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims

R. E. THOMAS. J. F. BATEMAN.
Thomas & Bateman,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
EASTON, MD.
OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET. [dec2-y

DR. W. F. G. YOUNG,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Having resumed the practice of his profession in the town of Hillsboro, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of the surrounding country. He may be found at his office at all times when not professionally engaged. 6-1-79-3m.

J. W. LOCKERMAN,
AUCTIONEER,
CONCORD, CAROLINE CO., MD

MISCELLANEOUS CARDS.

ESMA LOWE.
AUCTIONEER,
DENTON, MD.
HAVING taken out license as auctioneer, is prepared to call sales at auction in Caroline county. His long experience will enable him to render satisfaction in each instance. 1feb21-tf.

WM. H. MOWBRAY,
BRICKLAYER & PLASTERER,
FOWLING CREEK, MD.
Is carrying on bricklaying and plastering and prepared to do all kinds of work in his line in the best manner and as cheap as the cheapest. bef y4t.

CLEMENT SULIVANE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Proffers his professional services to the citizens of Caroline county, and will from this day regularly attend the sessions of Caroline Court. may25-y.

DR. GEO. M. FISHER, DENTON, MD.
Has resumed the practice of medicine, and when needed professionally may be found either at the Drug Store or at his residence at Denton Bridge. mar16-tf.

CHAS. R. STRAUGHN,
DENTAL SURGEON,
CENTREVILLE, MD.
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Queen Anne's and Caroline counties.
All operations performed with care, and work guaranteed. [4-2 m.

DENTISTRY
DR. T. J. SMITHERS,
EASTON, MD
Office over Elliott & Rathell's Shoe Store. Entrance on Dover Street. (jun2 1y

JOHN COVEY,
AUCTIONEER,
AMERICAN CORNER, MD.,
Respectfully announces his readiness to call sales in any part of Caroline, Talbot, Dorchester and adjoining counties. He charges less than any other auctioneer; and after seventeen years' experience in this line, in Maryland and Delaware, flatters himself he can guarantee satisfaction in every case where he is employed. [may

THOMAS MELVIN,
Justice of the Peace,
DENTON, MD.
COLLECTION OF CLAIMS AND ALL BUSINESS IN A MAGISTRATE'S JURISDICTION
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

CHAS. H. BLACKISTON,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
DENTON, MD.
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.
Also a large stock of fresh
CONFECTIONERIES, FRUITS, ETC
which I have added to my stock, and will sell cheap
12-21-tf C. H. B.

GEORGE JONES,
FASHIONABLE BARBER,
Denton, Maryland.
He, undoubtedly, can always be found at his shop on Main Street, where he will be pleased to see and serve his friends and the public generally. His shop is fitted up in the latest style and itis universally acknowledged that he gives a good, easy shave. Don't fail to give him a call.

J. P. FIEROE,
Justice of the Peace
—AND—
Collector of Claims,
Greensborough, Md.

HENRY IRWIN,
AUCTIONEER
DENTON, MD.
feb1-1y

JOS. J. BARTHEL & Bor
HOUSE & BOAT PAINTER
GREENSBOROUGH, MD.
Painting and paper hanging done in the best manner and at short notice
3-22-1879

J. A. Edmondson. W. W. Edmondson
R. M. Blundon.
J. A. EDMONDSON & SON,
Wholesale GROCER,
48 S. Calvert Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

J. H. VANCESEL,
Livery Sale, and Exchange
STABLES
DENTON, MD.
Teams to Hire at Reasonable Rates.
HORSES TAKEN ON LIVERY.
Passengers conveyed to all parts of the Peninsula.
☞ New and second-hand carriages for sale and exchange.] de14-1y

F. W. McAllister,
OPTICIAN,
(LATE OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.)
No. 56 Lexington St.
Near Charles. BALTIMORE, MD.
Has opened with a Large Stock of SPECTACLES of all kinds and sizes, EYEGLASSES of all kinds and ages,
FIELD GLASSES, MARINE GLASSES, SPY GLASSES, DAIRY THERMOMETER S FARMERS' BAROMETERS.
—:0:—
Catalogues sent to any address free of charge. 9-20-3m.

ELECTION NOTICE.

To the Judges of Election and the Voters of Caroline County.

IN accordance with the requirements of the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby give notice to the Judges of Election and to the voters of Caroline County, that an Election will be held on

TUESDAY, 4th day of Nov.,

1879 (being the first Tuesday after the first Monday) at the usual places of voting in the several Election Districts of Caroline County, as follows:
In the First Election District at Henderson.
In the Second Election District at Greensboro.
In the Third Election District at Denton.
In the Fourth Election Disirick at Harmony.
In the Fifth Election District at Federalsburg.
And the election so to be held is for the purpose of electing,
One person to be Governor of the State of Maryland;
One person to be Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland;
One person to be Attorney General of the State of Maryland;
One person to be Clerk of the Court of Appeals of the State of Maryland;
One person to be Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County;
One person to be Register of Wills for Caroline County;
Two persons to represent Caroline County in the House of Delegates of Maryland;
Three persons to be Judges of the Orphans Court for Caroline County;
Three persons to be County Commissioners for Caroline County;
One person to be Sheriff for Caroline County;
One person to be State's Attorney for Caroline County;
One person to be County Surveyor for Caroline County.
The Polls to be opened at nine o'clock in the morning, and close at six o'clock in the evening.
☞ The Return Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day (Thursday) following the Election, to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Caroline County.

JONATHAN EVITTS,
Sheriff Caroline County.

Farmers, Stock-growers and Others!
Study your own Interest and try
LONDON
Horse and Cattle Food.

IT has stood the test of time of 37 years in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany and will exalt its own praises upon trial. As a condition food it has equal, and to consumers the cost the third of all condition powders. Packed in 6 lb boxes, price $1. For sale by all druggists and storekeepers.

JOHN S. KNAPP,
(Sole agent for the U S.)
69 S. Charles St. Baltimore.

COPIES OF ORIGINALS.

Annapolis, Md., June 22d, 1879.

MR. JOHN S. KNAPP.—I have used your London Horse and Cattle Food, a 6 lb box, and it had a most excellent effect on my horse. Before using he was very thin, and after one or two feedings he commenced to gain flesh and is now in the best condition. I am a poor man and have no money to waste, but I will always buy a 6 lb box of yours in preference to any 15 cent package I know.

PETER REDDY.

N. B.—This we clip from the Editorial column of the Annapolis Record.

Baltimore, July 11, 1879.

MR. JOHN S. KNAPP.—I have tried your London Horse and Cattle Food. I find it to be what you claim for it and tender you my testimonial for its merit and worth.

JOHN E. PHILLIPS.

N. B.—The above gentleman is one of our most responsible merchants and also a breeder of fine horses and Alderny cows, at his stock farm in Baltimore county.

Crawberry Valley, Carroll county, Md., July, 28, 1879.

MR. JOHN S. KNAPP.—I have used horse and cattle powders for the past fifteen years and have used nearly all kinds. Your London Horse and Cattle Food excels all others and I will not use any other kind as long I can get yours. It is much cheaper and better than any other kind, I except none. I have tried it more especially with my horses ane find it keeps them in good condition. They consume much less food and it makes their flesh firm and less subject to galling.

Yours very respectfully,
GEO. F. BACHMAN.

☞ See that you get the genuine Londay, packed only in 6lb wood boxes. Do not be put off with a counterfeit under English Powders in smaller packages.

For Sale by
Fisher & Redden, Druggists, Denton.
Dr. J. E. Lobstein, " Greensboro.

ROYAL INS. CO.,
OF LIVERPOOL.
ESTABLISHED IN 1845.
PROUD & CAMPBELL, DISTRICT MANAGERS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Gross Assets	$20,326,765 80
Assets in the United States	2,681,892 90
Surplus as regards policy-holders larger than that of any other Fire Insurance Company in the world	6,840,865 43
Net fire income of the company for 1877	4,014,300 64
United States income during the year 1877	1,772,431 49
Losses paid since organization	33,344,545 73

Insures town and country property at equitable rates. Policies issued for two, three, four and five years, upon dwellings, schools, farm property or churches, at REDUCED RATES. All losses adjusted and paid through the Baltimore office without reference to Liverpool or elsewhere.

D. C. AVERY AGENT,
no16-y. Easton, Md

WHEELER'S

DOVER, DEL,
INSURES AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE, issuing mutual policies only under which payments are made annually in advance during membership, and on ceasing to be members, whatever remains unexpended after paying losses, expenses and dividends is returned, thereby furnishing Insurance at cost.
Statements or any further information will be furnished on application to the Company, or to the following agents:

James M. Vandyke,	Chestertown, Kent County.
John P. Manlove,	Greensboro, Caroline "
Jeremiah P. Fletcher,	Preston, "
James Cannon,	Salisbury, Wicomico "
Charles Collins,	Berlin, Worcester "
Wm. S. Dickinson,	Pocomoke City " "

GEO. W. CUMMINS, President. WM. DENNEY, JR. Secretary.
79-3-15.

$1000 REWARD For any case of Bleeding, Blind, Itching, or Ulcerated Piles that Dr. Bing's Pile Remedy fails to cure. It gives immediate relief, cures cases of long standing in 1 week, and ordinary cases in 3 days. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists. J. P. MILLER, M. D. 416 Spruce Street, Phila., Pa., Sole Proprietor.
CAUTION—Wrapper on bottle is yellow printed in black, bearing fac simile signatures of Dr. Bing and Mr. Miller, on the Government stamp.
CHAS. STEVENS, Agent, Denton Md.

ROCK OF AGES.

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish guileless, tongue,
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
Let me hide myself in thee."
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"*Rock of Ages cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in thee."

"*Rock of Ages cleft for me,*"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"*Rock of Ages cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in thee."

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn,
Trusting and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"*Let me hide myself in thee.*"
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"*Rock of Ages cleft for me,*
Let me hide myself in thee."

"*Rock of Ages, cleft for me,*"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joy and sorrow hid.
Never more, O storm tossed soul,
Never more from wind and tide,
Never more from billows' roll
Wilt thou ever need to hide?
Could the sightless sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft white hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be:
"*Let me hide myself in thee.*"

THE BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

"Yes, sir," said the brakeman, as he stood by the stove warming his numbed hands, after coming in from brakeing. "People think as they sit here in their warm seats and only hear us call out the different stations, that we have a nice, soft, easy time. But we know better. Imagine yourself out on a flat car all night with the snow dashing into your face, your hands on a cold iron brake, and think if that's easy; or up on top of a freight car running along, the wind cutting like a knife, dark as pitch and watching for fear you may rush suddenly under a bridge and be swept off, and perhaps left to die in the snow. Is that easy? Does that look like a soft job? To be sure when we are transferred to passenger cars, the work is nice enough, but the dangers we have to go through (for generally we have to go on freight cars first) entitle us for something better on a passenger car, and we ain't sorry when we get orders to take the head end of such a regular train.

"There are very few brakemen who can't tell some never-to-be-forgotten incident connected with their life on the rail. To explain, let me tell you a story of my own experience.

"I remember one night, it was fearfully cold, right in the middle of winter and snowing hard, I was brakeman in the middle of a freight train. It was running along on slow time that night and we were two or three miles from the station. I was standing by the brake of a flat car trying to get warm by stamping, wishing we were at the depot so that I could go back to the caboose out of the bitter cold, when suddenly I felt the train bumping and jumping as if a wheel had broken and I knew something was wrong. The whistle blew for brakes, and in mighty short time we had the train stopped.

"With the rest of the men I went back to see what was the matter, thinking that I might get a chance at the stove, for I was nearly frozen. Going back about three hundred feet, we found that one of the rails had got loose and was out of place, but, as we had been going slow, we had ran over the spot safely. Our conductor looked up, and seeing me, said, hurriedly—

"'Jim get back and signal the passenger train. She will be along in a short time, now; and take this,' he said, handing me a red light lantern; 'we'll go on. You can come along with the other train.'"

"With that all hands got on board and soon there was nothing but myself and the lantern left. A cold gust brought me to myself with a quick turn and then I remembered what I had to do. Holding the lantern up, I saw the light flickering, and shaking it found it almost empty.

"Then I began to feel the responsibility of my position. A lamp without oil in it, the train due in ten minutes, with the chances of being thrown from the track, and no telling how many people killed or wounded! In a case of this kind, sir, every brakeman will do his best to save human life, although he sometimes loses his own in the attempt and all he gets for for it is having his name in the paper and being a brave fellow.

"Quicker than I tell it, I made up my mind that the train must be signaled, lamp or no lamp. But how to do it was the question. If I ran ahead without a light the engineer might think I wanted to stop the train for robbery—for such things have often been done, you know—and would not only dash right on faster than ever, but maybe try to scald me as the locomotive passed by.

"I tell you I felt like praying just then—but brakemen are not selected for their religious feelings, so I didn't pray much, but looked around and saw a light shining in a window some distance off. I laid down my lantern carefully on the track, made a bee line for the house, and soon brought a woman to the door, who looked more frightened than I was at my excited appearance. It was useless to ask for sperm oil—the only sort we used—so I cried out—

"For God's sake give me some straw."

"She seemed to realize the position, and quickly brought a bundle. Feeling in my pocket, I found three matches, and grabbing the straw, I made my way back to the track.

"Laying the straw between the rails, I struck a match and shoved it into the bundle. It flickered an instant, and then went out. I felt and found the straw damp. Just then a dull, faint, rumbling sound came down on the wind, and I knew she was coming—the train would soon be there.

"I struck the second match, and it touched off the straw. A blaze, a little smoke, and it was dark again, and, raising my eyes, I saw the headlight of the approaching train away in the distance. But trains don't crawl, and the buzzing along the rail told me to be lively. The red light was burning but faintly; five minutes more and it would go out. For an instant I stood paralyzed, when a shrill scream from the engine brought me to my senses, and I saw that inside of two minutes more she would be on the spot.

"Seizing the lantern with one hand, I struck the last match, and bending down, laid it carefully inside the straw and dashed forward waving the red light. The glare from the headlight shone down the track, and the engineer saw me, but did not notice the red light—the sudden waving had put it out—only screeching she came straight on. When the train was almost on me, I jumped one side, and slinging the lantern over my head, dashed it into the cab. The engineer saw the lamp as it broke on the floor, and seeing the red glass and battered lantern, whistled the danger signal and tried to check up.

"Looking down the track, I almost screamed from excitement. The last match had found a dry spot, and the straw was blazing up brightly. The train came to a standstill. She was saved; that's all I remember.

"The next I knew I was in the baggage car. They said they found me lying by the train in a dead faint—and excuse me, we are going to stop now. Stamford!" he sung out.

The train stopped, and the writer went home satisfied that a brakeman's life is an exciting one.

EVERYTHING has its use, undoubtedly, but some of us are a long time finding out what we were made for. A masculine beauty was walking down the Boulevard the other day with spotless everything. He was a perfect gem of a fop. We wondered what he was made for unless it was to add one to the census list. While wondering we stumbled over a bootblack, and that compelled us to ask the further question, what bootblacks are made for? They are as thick as the mosquitoes of a summer night when you wear patent leathers, and as scarce as dimes in a contribution box when your boots are muddy. Just then came a splash of mud, and our fop was wretched. The bootblack bore down on his prey, and was soon at work restoring the lost shine. We wended our way through a side street, feeling that bootblacks, fops and even curious lookers on have their places.

SOME months ago a couple of our fast and reckless young men tried to make a short turn of the corner of Cherry and St. Clair streets while the horse was going at a rapid gait. The buggy was upset and the young men thrown out with great violence on the sidewalk. One of them remained motionless. A crowd collected, and one of our well-known German physicians was hastily summoned to attend him. The doctor worked with him patiently for some minutes, when a bystander exclaimed in an agony of impatience: "Oh, doctor, doctor, *can't* you bring him to?" "Oh, yah," said the doctor phlegmatically, as he stopped to wipe his heated forehead; "Yah, I can pring him to; but yat is de use? "*De man's neck it is proke.*"—*Ex.*

A LIGHTNING rod peddler was struck by lighthing in Indiana, while seated on his wagon, during a thunder storm, talking through the window of a farmer's residence, trying to induce the farmer to let him rod the barn It was the largest funeral ever seen in Indiana. People went miles to see the deceased. They couldn't believe it until they saw it with their own eyes.

"I CAN'T do it" never did anything; "I will try" has worked wonders; and "I will do it" has performed miracles.

Choice of Soil and Location for Strawberries

It is a generally admitted fact that the very best soil and the one adapted to the largest number of varieties is a deep sandy loam, moist, but not wet in its natural state. All the varieties with which I am acquainted will do well on such land if it is properly deepened and enriched. Shall the fact that we have no such soil and cannot obtain it discourage us? Not at all. There are choice varieties of strawberries that will grow in the extremes of sand or clay. More effort will be required, but skill and information can still secure success; and advantages of location, climate, and nearness to good markets may more than counterbalance natural deficiencies in the land. Therefore, if one finds himself in an unfavorable climate, and shut up to the choice of land the reverse of a deep, moist, sandy loam, let him put his brain and muscle against all obstacles.

Let it be well understood that strawberries cannot be made to do well on ground exhausted by the roots and covered by the shade of trees. On many farms, and even in some gardens, there are several varieties of soil and location, and by placing early kinds on warm, sunny slopes, and giving late varieties moist, heavy land and cool northern exposures, the season of this fruit can be greatly prolonged. The advantage of this long-continued supply for the family is obvious, but it is often even more important to those whose income is dependent on this industry. It quite often occurs that the market is "glutted" with berries for a brief time in the height of the season. If one's crop matures in the main at such a time, the one chance of the year passes leaving but a small margin for profit, whereas, if the grower prolongs his season by a careful selection of soils as well as of varieties, he may sell a large portion of his fruit when it is scarce and high.

Climate, also, is a very important consideration. In the far north, sheltered situations and light warm land should be chosen for the main crop, but in our latitude and southward, it should always be our aim to avoid that hardness and dryness of soil that cut short the crops and hopes of so many cultivators.

It is also of vital importance that the fruit farm should be near good shipping facilities, and that there be sufficient population in the immediate vicinity to furnish pickers in abundance. It will be far better to pay a much higher price for land—even inferior land—near a village and a railroad depot than to attempt to grow these perishable fruits in remoter regions. A water communication with the market is, of course, preferable to any other.

From the Washtub to Wealth.—A Leadville Episode.

But it is not alone in mining operations that fortunes have been made. Mrs. Sarah Ray, an old washerwoman who was among the earliest settlers, has a somewhat romantic history. Her stock in trade when she came consisted of a pair of tubs and a washboard. She began business under an old pine tree on the hillside, having no means of hiring a house. She soon, however, got together with her own hands a rude slab cabin, and as business was good at $2.50 per dozen for washing, she gradually began to provide for her wants. She got a camp stove, and after furnishing her cabin comfortably, began to accumulate money. The town began to grow in the direction of her cabin, and after a while she employed laborers to put up a log-house. As there was a great demand for miners' boarding-houses, Mrs. Ray concluded to abandon the washtub and start a boarding-house in her new edifice. In this idea she received great encouragement, and the house was opened with flattering prospects. In this venture she proved to be very successful, and made money and saved it. By the growth of the city her house finally got to be in the very centre, and, as the streets were laid out, it proved to occupy a location on the corner of Harrison avenue and State street. Business was very good, and she continued to make money very fast, which she invested wisely. She built another log-house and rented it. Then she put up a frame building, which was rented before it was finished. About this time some of the land grabbers disputed her title to the land and tried to dispossess her. But the old lady had so many determined friends among the miners that the effort was given up. Several months ago she refused an offer of $10,000 for her property, and since that time has built a two-story block fronting on Harrison avenue, and as desirable a piece of property as any in Leadville. She still lives in her log-house, but she now intends to tear it down and erect a two-story block in its place. When her improvements are completed she will have an income of more than a $1,000 a month—a pretty good record of business success for an old washerwoman.—*Leadville Correspondence.*

WHY should a magistrate be very cold? Because he represents just-ice.

A MAN cares little for his wrongs when getting his funeral rites.

ALL the rage with the girls—Marriage.

AFFECTING sight—barrels in tiers.

Pushing an Iron Bridge across a River.

A notable feat in engineering was brought to successful issue in the latter part of September, at Dinard, in the department of Ille and Vilaine, France. In carrying a railway across the river Rance, the novel plan was adopted of building the bridge on shore and boldly pushing it bodily across the stream. The bridge weighed 2,600,000 pounds; its height above the river was 100 feet, and the length of the main span 314 feet. Twelve windlasses were used in rolling the bridge into position. It was calculated that four or five days would suffice for the work of putting the bridge in place, but owing to the breakage of chains, it took two weeks.

Our correspondent, Mr. Geo. Quincy Thorndike, who furnishes these details, also favors us with a photograph of the bridge, taken just before the end touched the west bank. For two hundred and fifty feet or so, the western end of the bridge is comparatively light in structure, so that only about fifty feet of the main span projected over the river before connection was made with the further side.

We do not recall any previous instance of the pushing of a long and heavy bridge into position in this manner. The nearest approach to it—and quite as notable as a specimen of engineering skill—is the splendid bridge of the Cincinnati Southern Railway across the Kentucky river, a full description of which, with several illustrations of the structure at different stages of construction, appeared in the *Scientific American Supplement* for October 27, 1877. In the latter case the chasm to be crossed was 1,138 feet wide, with almost vertical walls of limestone from 280 feet high. The bridge was made of three spans of 375 feet each, resting on the bluffs and on two iron piers supported by stone piers. During erection the truss was a continuous girder, 1;125 feet long, of the Whipple type, but after erection it was converted into one continuous girder, 525 feet long, projecting at each end 75 feet over its points of support, and carrying from each of these cantilevers a 300 foot span, bridging the distance from the cantilever to the bluff.

Taking advantage of two towers and two sets of anchorage, which had been constructed at the point of crossing for a wire suspension bridge, and abandoned, the engineer in charge, Mr. C. Shaler Smith, bolted to the towers the first panel of the bridge on each side, and then pushed forward the construction of the bridge by corbeling out panel by panel. The towers were calculated to be stong enough to carry 196 feet of projecting spans, and at that distance temporary towers of wood were built to furnish an intermediate support. The corbeling process was then continued until the shore spans each reached the main iron piers, which were built up simultaneously, so that the projecting bridge and piers met in mid-air. Each half of the centre span was then corbeled out as before until they met in the centre, where they were joined.

This is regarded as not only one of the boldest and most original pieces of bridge engineering in America, but one of the best in the world when judged by the crucial test of accomplishing a great work at the least possible cost. How the French bridge will compare in the latter respect cannot be told without more detailed information.—*Scientific American.*

What he Would Be.

A few days ago Justice of the Peace John Weber took his little son down to Toledo on an excursion. The lad interviewed the man at the wheel, and gathered much information relative to the business of steamboating. Presently his father joined him on the hurricane deck and asked him how he was enjoying himself. "First rate," was the enthusiastic reply. "I'm going to be a steamboat man, papa." "All right," responded the "judge," "but you'll have to study navigation, astronomy and divers other sciences in order to be a good one." The lad said nothing at the time, but appeared to be revolving the difficulties of the case in his mind. Perhaps half an hour later he remarked with much gravity, "Papa, I guess I won't be a stemboat man; I'd rather be a Justice of the Peace; you don't have to know anything for that.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Language of the Stamp.

The language of the postage-stamp, instead of flowers, has just been invented. Thus when a postage-stamp is placed upside down on the left corner of the letter, it means, "I love you;" in the same crosswise, "My heart is another's;" straight up and down, "Good-by, sweetheart, good-by;" upside down in the right-hand corner, "Write no more;" in the centre at the top, "Yes:" opposite at the bottom, "No;" on the right-hand corner at a right angle, "Do you love me?" in the left hand corner, "I hate you;" top corner on the right, "I wish your friendship;" bottom corner on the left, "I seek your acquaintance;" on a line with the surname, "Accept my love;" the same upside down, "I am engaged;" at a right angle in the same place, "I long to see you;" in the middle at the right-hand edge, "Write immediately."

"HUSBAND means *band* of the house," says an exchange. We thought it was the mother-in-law who made all the music there.

An Interesting Visit to Webster.

Mr. H. W. Raymond contributes to the November *Scribner* the first of several papers of extracts from note-books kept by his father, Henry J. Raymond, the journalist. We quote the following paragraps, showing Webster in some of his most characteristic moods:

"*January*, 1848.—During this month I made my first visit to Washington. While there, Mr. Webster made an argument before the Supreme Court in a case involving the merits of the rebellion in Rhode Island in 1842. I reported that argument, and on the 30th (Friday) I called at Mr. Webster's house to read to him the report of it, which I had prepared. The more I see of him, the more profoundly does he impress me with his greatness.

"Mr. Webster expressed great satisfaction at my report, and seemed especially anxious to have the *argument* clearly set forth. After the report was finished, I expressed my great admiration of its iron logic, and remarked that I thought it very timely and well calculated to correct notions which are doing great mischief at the present time. He said he trusted it would be of service in that respect, and regretted the small attention which public men, legislators, etc., usually devote to discussions of these fundamental principles of government. I ventured to express a hope that he would give the world a philosophical history of Washington's administration, upon which I had been told he had been engaged, because I thought it would be desirable for his own fame, and would, moreover, set up a landmark for future ages.

"Mr. Webster said he had contemplated such a work; he had marked out its plan; resolved to make three volumes of it; divided it into chapters; written a portion, and made a very copious collection of materials for the whole work. He stated quite in detail the outline of his plan—saying that he desired neither to make it a mere narration like Hume, nor a mere biography like Rapin, but to combine the two and make the whole as vivid and graphic as possible. The persons whom Washington grouped around him in council seemed to command his special admiration, and he expressed a great desire to paint the scenes presented by their councils with more warmth than belonged (in his opinion) to his temperament.

"At a very early period of his life, he said, he began to think the exposition of the Constitution his special field, his 'mission,' and the little that he knew, he added, was in that direction. He had of necessity studied the life and character of Washington very closely, and it was a character which would bear studying. We often hear, especially at the present time, of men who, though not wise themselves, have the tact to choose wise counselors. Many speak so of Washington. But the distinction was not just. All history, he said, shows that no weak prince will choose wise counselors; he does not want to be surrounded by men superior to himself; he would feel dwarfed by their presence. Mr. Tyler had been unjustly dealt with in this respect. For a time he was very willing to trust public affairs with his secretary, scarcely interfering with them at all. The whole Ashburton negotiation—'the little affair with Lord Ashburton,' as Mr. Webster styled it—he confided entirely to Mr. Webster; and so with the Rhode Island troubles. Mr. Webster was surprised, but he said Mr. Tyler promised to be a much better President than the public supposed.

"He asked if I had heard Attorney-General Clifford in reply to his Rhode Island argument. I told him only in part. He said that Mr. Clifford remarked that Mr. Webster's premises were undeniable, and he could not see any flaw in his logic; but there must be some fallacy in it, because it led to conclusions which he could not admit! This, Mr. Webster said, was like Jefferson, who told him once that in very early life he resolved to have nothing to say to John Marshall, for he would always get him to admit certain positions (which he could not question) and then he would lead him to conclusions which he *would not* believe, and which he *could not* avoid!"

MADAME C —, dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with her sewing girls. The other day one of them came to her to say:

"Madame, I fear that I will not be able to work much longer. I think I am getting blind."

"Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes; but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner."

Madame C——understood, and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin pieces of meat.

"What happiness," exclaimed our Miss. "My sight has come back I can now see better than ever."

"How is that, Mademoiselle?"

"Why, at this moment I can see the plate through the meat."

"WHAT made you quit the East?" said a man in Nevada to a new comer.

"I got into trouble by marrying two wives," was the reply.

"Well," said the other, "I came here because I got into trouble by marrying only one wife."

"And I," said a bystander, "came here because I got into trouble by simply promising to marry one."

WHY is a mouse like a load of hay? Because cat'l eat it.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3348-0186