# Denton Journal.

1845. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1881.

VOL. 36. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1881. NO. 10.



A STANDING INVITATION!!

TO VISIT

C. N. OEHM & SON'S

***Mammoth Clothing House,***

HANOVER AND PRATT STS.,

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.....READY-MADE DEPARTMENT

Fall and Winter Clothing!

An Enormous Stock! Very Lowest Prices!
Fits Guaranteed!

**Largest One-Price Clothiers:**

C. N. Oehm & Son,

**230 West Pratt St., through to 55 Hanover St.,**

BALTIMORE, MD.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING A SPECIALTY.

To Sportsmen and the Public.

)o(

I have just received from the Importers and Manufacturers direct, a large stock of

**Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Glass Balls &c.**

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To FISHERMEN:

I have the Finest Assortment of FISHING TACKLE ever offered to the public, WHICH I AM OFFERING LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.
Rods, Reels, Lines, Baskets, Patent Bait Flies, Bait Boxes, Oil Silk; also, the "Gem Bait Pail."
Job Lots to Dealers at Manufacturers' Prices.

**W. P. PATTERSON, 168 W. Pratt St.**
**BALTIMORE**

7-2-6m.

THE

EMPIRE DRILL

For the Seeding of 1881.

HONESTY NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

The Only Purely Positively force feed Fertilizer Attachment in the World.

A Model of Accuracy.

WARRANTED

The Lightest Draft Drill in the MARKET.

The only Drill made that is warranted to Drill all kinks and conditions of Phosphate without gumming or clogging. Varied but 6 oz. in 120 lbs. of wheat at the Centennial. The Grain and Fertilizer are discharged in full view of the operator. It is unquestionably the Best, Most Accurate, Most Durable, Most Simple Machine on the market.

WILL SOW WET PHOSPHATE

as well as dry. Will not waste any Phosphate on the turning row. Will sow lumpy Phosphate as well as fine.

FOR SALE BY

EMERSON & EVITTS,

DENTON, MD.

or their Agents, and they will make any farmer a present of a Drill who will produce a Drill to equal it in sowing Fertilizer, and hereby challenge the Agents of other Drills to a competitive trial at any time or place a committee of farmers to decide.

Refer to the following gentlemen who used them last fall: L. J. Sigler, Ridgely, Md., Alex. Blake, Prof. L. T. Vosmus, Thos. H. Slaughter, Eli W. Gordy, Denton, Md., Geo. S. Powell, Hillsboro', Md.

Order early to insure getting a Drill as several were disappointed last fall by not dedering in time.

jy23-3m

A BOOK OF RARE ORIGINALITY, ENTITLED

PRACTICAL LIFE.

The great problem solved. The individual carefully considered from the age of responsibility up to maturity, in regard to Education, Home, Society Love, Marriage Business &c. How Bread-Eaters are to become Bread-winners. The volume abounds in striking thoughts, rare information and intense common sense. Full page colored plates—each one a gem. Agents wanted everywhere.—Send for circular, full description terms, &c.—J. C. McCURDY & Co., Phila., Pa.

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Elegant Edition, about 600 pages. Comparative Edition, over 1,100 pages. Old and new versions on opposite pages. "History of the Bible and of the New Revision" given to subscribers. The secret of successful canvassing given every agent. Send for our liberal terms. (Mention this paper.) The HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., NORWICH, CONN.

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THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of Cuticura Soap, the Great Skin Cure. Sold everywhere. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

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—FOR—

CHOPTANK RIVER.

FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS.

On and after July 9th,

THE NEW STEAMER

Minnie Wheeler

will leave Pier 5, Light St., Baltimore, every Tuesday and Saturday at 8 o'clock P. M. for Potter's Landing and Hillsboro', touching at the following landings on Choptank River and Tuckahoe Creek, viz.: Secretary Creek, Clark's Wharf, Bowdle's Wharf, Lloyd's Landing, Hog Island, Dover Bridge Kingston, Ganeys, Gilpin's Point, Potter's Landing, Reese's Landing, Cowards Point and Covey's Landing, arriving at Potter's Landing at 9, and Hillsboro' at 11 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesdays and Sundays.

Returning will leave Hillsboro' for Baltimore every Monday and Thursday at 8, and Potter's Landing at 11½ A. M., touching at the above named landings, leaving Bowdle's Wharf at 4½ and Secretary Creek at 6 o'clock, P. M., arriving at Baltimore at 2 o'clock the following morning.

Freight received at Pier 5 every Tuesday and Saturday till 6 o'clock, P. M.

All Freight, to insure prompt attention must be prepaid in Baltimore.

B. G. STEVENS, Agt., Potter's Landing.
Agts. in Baltimore: EMORY & NEAVITT, 83 South Street.

July 16

Chester River

STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

SPRING & SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

ON AND AFTER MAY 22d, 1881, THE STEAMER

B. S. FORD

Will leave Chestertown, every Monday Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, A. M. for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn Creek, Queenstown and Kent Island. Passengers can take boat daily at Queenstown at 10:30 a. m.

Returning leave Baltimore, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M. for above named Landings. On and after the same date,

The Steamer GEO. LAW

Will leave Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 9 o'clock, A. M. for Crumpton, and all Intermediate Landings.

Returning, will leave Crumpton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Baltimore and all Intermediate Landings.

Passengers can take a daily boat from Queenstown for Baltimore 9.30 A. M.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

5-21-tf.

Trade Dr. TAYLOR'S Mark.

**ACUE BITTERS**, *The champion Chill and Ague Conqueror of the Age.* Infallible Cure for Liver Diseases and certain death to Bilious and Malarial troubles. A Tonic of unsurpassing elegance for Debility, Weakness, Low Spirits, Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, Female Irregularities, Periodical Coughs and Headaches, &c.

**OUGH KILLER** *or Lung Healer*, a perfect Expectorant. Does not check the phlegm in the air passages as most Cough Syrups do, but removes the dead phlegm from the lungs and prevents Consumption.

**DREAM OIL** *or Death to Rheumatism*, Lumbago, &c. Is truly a wonderful Liniment for Man and Beast. Tumors, Enlargements, Corns, Swellings, &c., rapidly disappear by applying Dream Oil.

**GIPSY DROPS**, *or Neuralgia Killer*, or for Cramps or any Tearing Pain whatever—just beats the world.

Prepared only by DR. J. MACK TAYLOR, Sole Prop'r, OXFORD, TALBOT CO., MD.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

FOR RENT.—TWO FARMS, apply to WM. S. RIDGELY, Ridgely, Md.

10-8tf

40 Cards no two alike, with name 10 cents. Samples for 3 cent stamp. Agent's outfit 10 cents.—J. T. Simmons, 394 & 396 Broadway, Albany N.Y.

10 22 4w


### SHE ONLY TOLD WHAT SHE HEARD.

Says Mrs. Brown,
Of Slandertown,
"It may or may not be:
I only tell—
You know me well—
What folks have told to me.

They say that Fife
And his young wife
Get on quite awful, dear;
They scold and fight
Both day and night—
Or that is what I hear.

And who would think
That Smith should bring
The way he does, good Lord!
Or so they say,
My dear, I pray
You will not take my word.

And there's Mrs. Burt,
The saucy flirt,
She's talked about; I heard
Such frightful things,
It blushes brings
To tell them, 'pon my word.

Oh dear, they say
The other day
That Rev. Dr. Bird
And Miss Montcalm
Went arm-in arm
Down Broadway—so I heard."

Says Mrs. Jones
In chiding tones.
"You have quick ears, my dear;
Just fill them full
With cotton wool;
Yo hear too much, I fear."

### THE DOCTOR'S EVIDENCE.

For the first time in its history, the inhabitants of the quiet village of Elmdale had been shocked by the discovery of a great crime committed in their midst.

Seth Driscoll, a well-known citizen, was found at early dawn lying dead in his own garden. A ghastly bullet wound in the back of the head left no room to question the cause of death; and any suspicion of suicide was rebutted, as well by the position of the wound as by the discovery of footprints leading back and forth from a spot near the body to the garden wall, at a point where the latter bore evident marks of having been scaled.

But the crowning discovery was that of a pistol, recently discharged, lying near the base of the wall where the murderer had clambered over. It was picked up by Jonas Wenlock, Mr. Driscoll's nephew, who gave a start of surprise at the sight.

"I know who owns this weapon!" he exclaimed.

"Who? who?" questioned a dozen eager voices.

"Volney Kendall," he answered.

Had a thunder-clap fallen against the listeners the effect could not have been more startling. The young man whose name had just been uttered was the last person to be suspected of an atrocious crime. At the first instance the very thought was repelled with abhorrence; but at the second came a strange revulsion. It was remembered that Volney Kendall had been an earnest suitor for the hand of Kate Dunseth, Mr. Driscoll's ward, and had received from the haughty guardian a supercilious rebuff, which he had bitterly resented. Here was a motive for the deed, which, coupled with the circumstance of the pistol, awakened conviction in the very minds whence a moment before the slightest shade of suspicion had been indignantly scouted.

Within an hour young Kendall, pale and agitated, was dragged a prisoner to the scene of the tragedy where fresh evidence was speedily added to that already accumulated. His shoes were found to exactly fit the tracks in the garden, even to the print of the nails.

He acknowledged the ownership of the pistol, but declined all explanation of its presence at the place where it had been found, or of his own whereabouts on the previous evening.

None longer doubted the guilt of the prisoner, who was placed in close confinement to await the coroner's inquest.

Next day I was retained for the accused; but from an interview with him permitted by the jailer, I came away without a shadow of hope; for though he strongly asserted his innocence he persisted in maintaining silence on points the clearing up of which was vital to his defence.

The inquest was held at the house of the deceased. The facts already stated were laid before the jury; but when the prisoner was questioned save acknowledging the ownership of the pistol and denying all knowledge of the murder, he declined to answer.

Once he looked appealingly at Kate Dunseth, who was present, summoned as a witness with the rest of the household. She met his look with a tearful, bewildered gaze, and he turned away and bowed his head in silence.

I drew from Jonas Wenlock, whom I was permitted to cross-examine, that he had a heavy insurance on his uncle's life, and from another witness, who had undertaken the duty of investigating the condition of Mr. Driscoll's affairs that they were in a very embarrassed. But the coroner cut me short:

"It is hardly proper, Mr. Wilson, in the face of the evidence to insinuate either that Mr. Driscoll committed suicide, or his nephew murder."

All the witnesses had been examined but the gray-headed doctor who had made the autopsy, and who now took the stand. He was one of your grave, taciturn men who keep their own counsel till the fitting time comes to speak.

"Tell us, doctor," continued the coroner, after a few preliminary questions, "what if any wounds you discovered on the person of the deceased?"

With minute precision the witness described the bullet wound in the head, giving the diameter and depth to a fraction.

"In your opinion was that wound the cause of death?"

"It was not," was the answer, in a tone whose calmness and composure were not in the least ruffled by the murmur of astonishment which greeted the words.

"Pray explain," requested the coroner with ill-concealed surprise.

"There were no signs," replied the dobtor, preserving the same quiet manner, "of either external or internal hemorrhage, which would necessarily have followed the severance of the blood vessels by the passage of the bullet had the man been then alive. When that shot was fired he was already dead."

"To what, then, do you attribute Mr. Driscoll's death?"

"To poison. A careful examination of the organs revealed the presence of a fatal quantity of prussic acid, which must have entered the stomach during life as was clearly shown by its inflamed condition."

As suddenly as the belief in Volney Kendall's guilt had sprung into being, a new suspicion flashed on the minds of all.

It was true, then, that Seth Driscoll with ruin staring him in the face and his ward's money to account for, had taken his own life. And the shot—that must have been fired by Jonas Wenlock on discovering his uncle's dead body, and the evidence of suicide afforded most likely by the phial which had contained the deadly draught. He had thus hoped to secure the insurance money which would have been forfeited by death self-inflicted. True, there was no direct evidence of all this but none the less did everyone believe it.

"Everything seems cleared up but the tracks and the pistol," said the coroner, when the doctor had concluded.

"And these it is my place to explain, Mr. Kendall having declined to do so out of delicacy toward himself," interrupted Kate Dunseth, hastening forward from where she and Volney had been holding an earnest colloquy for the last five minutes.

"My guardian had forbidden Mr. Kendall the house, and the latter sent me a message requesting a secret interview in the garden. The message miscarried—perhaps was intercepted—and Volney—Mr. Kendall I mean—not finding me at the place appointed, in returning over the wall accidentally let fall the pistol which he carried for self-protection in case of encountering a certain person who was his deadly foe and who always went armed." Here she cast a withering glance at Jonas Wenlock who was careful not to meet it.

The verdict of the jury was that the deceased had come to his death from poison administered by his own hand, and Volney Kendall went forth a free man. Kate Dunseth's fortune was irretrievably lost, but it was not for that that Volney had sought her love; and he was a prouder man the day he led her to the altar at the thought that she could have no doubt now that it was herself and not her wealth that he had wooed.

Jonas Wenlock never sued for the insurance money.

### A BLUSHING BRIDE.

On the afternoon of the 15th instant a rosy young woman and an uncouth sort of a young man stopped a hotel in Little Rock Ark. After supper the latter hunted up clergyman. At the end of the marriage ceremony the bride went to her room while the bridegroom took a chair on the hotel porch. About ten o'clock persons who occupied the room adjoining the bridal chamber were aroused by knocking on the door. Then they overheard the following dialogue:

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

"Who's me?"

"Don't you recognize my talk, honey?"

"No I don't."

"It's your own wide-awake and livin' husband. Let me in."

"Go away from that door; you shan't come in here. I ain't got acquainted with you yet."

"Say, let me in; them fellers down stairs air laughin' at me. Open the door, fur I'm sleepy," and he yawned like a man waiting for a night train.

"Thought you said just now you were wide awake?"

"I was a while ago, but I'm powerful sleepy now. Say, ain't you going to open this door?"

"No, I ainn't."

"Why did you marry me?"

"'Cause I wanted to."

"Wall, why don't you let me in?"

"Cause I don't want to."

"All right, old gal; I'll shell out fur home and leave you to pay the hotel bill. I never seed the woman that could pull the wool over my eyes."

The latch clicked and the door opened. The hotel bill had frightened her. "It won't do for a woman to buck agin me, lemmy tell you, fur I was raised at the cross-roads and went to mill early.—*Exchange.*

### Catarrhal Poison.

Catarrh poisons the mucous membrane, poisons the blood and vital fluids, poisons the lungs, liver and kidneys. From a simple cold to the rotting, sloughing and and death of the senses of smell, taste and hearing, Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh is supreme. Complete treatment $1.

### PATTY CANNON.

A MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED TO HER MEMORY—THE STORY OF A STRANGE LIFE ENDING IN SUICIDE.

From the Wilmington News.

A movement has been started in Georgetown to solicit subscriptions for a monument to be erected over the grave of Patty Cannon. It is not to be built for the perpetuation of any virtue, but on the contrary, is to be erected so that the burial place of one of the most remarkable, at the same time the most blood-thirsty, woman of her age, may not be entirely obliterated. She has been dead about forty-eight years, and although the Peninsula was the scene of operations for herself and family, she is now almost forgotten except, perhaps, by a few of the older heads. In her was found the strange and exceedingly rare combination of relentless ferocity and that gentleness observed only in female character.

Patty came to Delaware from the North with two sisters, Jane and Betsy, in 1820. They were of Irish extraction of the family of Hanley. They settled at Johnson's Cross Roads, about five miles from Seaford, choosing this site because of its fitness for Patty's peculiar kind of business. There was much woodland, and the islands in the rivers thereabout afforded means of escape and concealment in times of danger. Patty was a female of the Amazonian order, and as fine a specimen as could be found anywhere. She was muscular, a woman of great strength and of a fine personal appearance. Intellectually her mind was a blank. She did not know the alphabet; but yet she was the leading spirit in the coterie and among them the honored head.

She made the cross roads the centre of an extensive kidnapping trade. Her emissaries worked in all quarters of the North and South, and wherever they could buy a slave they bought him, and where money failed they stole him.

To barter for human life was her ambition, and it was one thing she did well. For kidnapping negroes she had her own tools of the same color. Under some pretense or another her slaves would decoy the unfortunate victim into an ambush, where he would be overpowered and taken to the boats. She owned a number of small, swift sailing vessels, peculiarly fitted for navigation in shallow water, and there are men now living in and about Seaford who remember these boats as they plied up and down the Nanticoke from Cannon's Ferry.

The slaves so kidnapped were taken to a small island across from Twyford's wharf, on the Nanticoke, and there concealed until they could with safety be conveyed South for sale. This island was covered with a dense growth of yellow pine, and it was in the heart of this out-of-the-way place that the captive was taken, bound to huge staples driven in the trees and a guard put over him. Aside from these inland depredations, murders in and around the cross roads were frequent. Strangers disappeared suddenly, and although suspicion pointed to Patty and her colleagues, none in the country around dared to openly give speech to what they thought. Patty's strange code of honor was peculiar. Neither she nor her confederates molested the property of neighbors. Slaves of these families could come and go with safety and Patty's uniform kindness to them made her friends. Even now many acts of kindness are told of her, and these spots in a career so sprinkled with human blood, appear bright and refreshing, even though they be somewhat colored by tradition.

Actively associated with Patty were three relatives, as follows: Ebenezer Johnson, Sr., Ebenezer Johnson, Jr., and Joseph Johnson, a son of the senior Johnson. Of these she chose as lieutenant Ebenezer Johnson, Sr., the ablest and most successful villain of the lot. He was five feet four inches high, and the strongest man in the county. The two operated together, Patty concealing her identity by dressing in men's clothing. The first blow at the partnership was sustained in a raid which took place on a farm occupied by the Twyford family, who were related to Patty by her sister Betsy marriage. The farm was sold under execution, and bought by a man named James Twilley. Betsy would not recognize the sale and would not move. Twilley had no redress as the county authorities were afraid of Patty's wrath. One day Betsy and her family made social call at Patty house, and, in her absence, Twilley with a number of armed retainers including a man named Joseph King, took forcible possession, tossed Betsy's personal goods among the bushes and moved in Twilley's furniture. Patty in some way got to hear of what was going on, so she, her sister Betsy and the three Johnsons walked over to the Twyford farm and made known their proximity by emptying a volley into the house. Twilley and his retainers returned the fire. It was kept up for some time. Patty and the Johnsons gained an entrance and the luckless prisoner was Joseph King, who fell into the senior Johnson's hands. Gathering up Joseph in his iron grasp, Johnson heaved him into a coal shed, but Joseph being gritty, possessed himself of a gun that stood in the corner and as Johnson advanced, Joseph fired, two balls taking effect in Johnson's forehead. Death was instantaneous. Patty caught King, locked him in a closet, riddled it full of pullets and then carried her dead away. King escaped the bullets by laying flat on the floor. His wife is now living a widow in Galestown, a short distance from Seaford.

The last crime committed by Patty and her confederates was the shooting of a rich Southern trader, named Ridgeley, whom she had enticed into Delaware to buy some of her captive slaves. Five members of the band were assigned the duty and were led by Patty in person. They felled a large tree across the road, and as Ridgeley drove thro' the glooom in his carriage a volley came from the ambuscade. He fell upon the floor of the carriage. The frightened horse jumped over the fallen tree and plunged on, taking the wounded men into Laurel, where he died in a short time.

The evidence against Patty was direct. She was apprehended by the sheriff, who went to home of Patty, which was then over the State line, she having moved from the cross roads. The tide of adversity had set in, and the people thereabout, who had been living so many years on on her bounty, for she was always generous, rose en masse, and without warrant of law, showed her across the bridge which forms the dividing line between the States, and delivered her into the hands of the Delaware authorities. She was taken to Georgetown and lodged in jail. Rescues were talked of, but never carried out. She lost hope. One day the sheriff entered the cell and found her dead. She had taken poison. To escape law's long-delayed vengeance the band dispensed for safety. Joseph Johnson went to Alabama, became an ordinarily decent man, and was elected a judge. An accomplice in the crime named Brewington was hung. Patty was buried in the northest corner of the jail yard. The spot became neglected and grass-covered. A few days ago its site was again located. The odds and ends of accumulation of forty-eight years were shoveled from the sod, and it is on this spot that some people want the monument.

### ALLEGED JOKES.

A guilt frame—a prison window.

Was Noah's voyage an arktic expidition?

The key that winds up many a man's business is whiskey.

A good motto for the ice man: Just-ice to whom just-ice is due.

He must be a poor speller who does not have an i to business.

A musician says the time to strike a bee flat is when the insect stings you.

It has been discovered that Old Father Time always travels in bicycles.

The child never sees the necessity of strict obedience until it becomes a-parent.

"What spendid boots he has on!" "Yes," was the reply, "unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

It is not safe to call a man a rascal unless you can prove it, nor a saint unless he is likely to prove it.

Ignorant people are always narrow-minded, and affect a contempt for excellence they cannot appreciate.

The man who won't work for a dollar a day will spend two hours trying to solve a riddle for nothing.

"Are these men brothers?" "Well, one of them is, but I'm not quite sure whether the other is or not."

An Irishman who was about to fight a duel, insisted he should stand six paces nearer his antagonist than he did to him, as he was near-sighted.

When a ruined physician placed his door-plate in pawn he was heard to remark, "Had I signed the pledge I would not now have to pledge my sign."

### SELF-CONTROL.

In some people passion and emotion are never checked, but are allowed to burst out in a blaze whenever they come. Others suppress them by main force, and preserve a callous exterior when there are raging fires within. Others are never excited over anything. Some govern themselves on some subjects but not on others. Very much can be done to give the will control over the feeling. The man who governs his own spirit is greater than he who rules the world. One of the best means of culture is the persistant withdrawing of the mind from the subject which produces emotions.—The man or woman who persistently permits the mind to dwell on disagreeable themes only spites him or herself and sooner or later, 'twill leave a disagreeable impress upon the countenance. The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents great waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than a mastery over us.

### Almost young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family. A lady in Providence, R. I.—*Journal.*

**Nearly all the Ills that Afflict** us can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in working order. There is no medicine known that will do this as surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic. See adv.

### SAYINGS BY GARFIELD.

GOLDEN WORDS FROM THE LIPS OF THE DEAR PRESIDENT.

After the battle of arms comes the battle of history.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

Present evil always seem greater than those that never come.

Growth is better than permanence and permanent growth is better than all.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow that it finds solace in unselfish thought.

Statesmanship consists rather in removing the causes than in punishing or evading the results.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

Eternity alone will reveal to the human race its debt of gratitue to the peerless and immortal name of Washington.

It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect public rascals.

Occasions may be the bugle call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers or win victories.

Throughout the whole web of national existance we trace the golden thread of human progres toward a higher and better estate.

An act of bad faith on the part of a State, like poison in the blood, will transmit its curse to succeeding generations.

Bad faith on the part of an individual, a city or even a State, is a small evil in comparison with the calamities which follow bad faith on the part of a soverign government.

If there be one thing upon the earth that mankind love better than another it is a brave man, it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.

We should no nothing inconsistent with the spirit of our institutions. We should do nothing for revenge, but everything for security; nothing for the past, everything for the present and future.

### LEAVE-TAKING.

Not all have learned the fine art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once gracefully and politely, without dallying. Don't say "its about time I was going," and then settle back and talk aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise, and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody, in general and in particular is invited to call. What a relief when the door is finally closed? There is no diguising the fact that they are truly glad that he is gone at last. Don't do that way. Make your leave-taking generally short. There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go—go.

LANGUAGE OF STONES.—There is a a superstition which originated, it is said in Poland, with regard to the choice of gems for wearing. It is said that the month of the nativity of every individual has a mysterious connection with some of the known precious stones. Hence the propriety, in the selection of presents, or for wear, of the adoption of those jewels belonging to the month which Fate is imagined to have made significant. To illustrate this, a person born in the month of January should wear garnet or jacinth, — those stones being understood to belong to their fated character to that month. Subjoined is a list for the year:—

January—Jacinth, or Garnet. Constancy and fidelity in every engagement. February—Amethyst. Peace of mind. March — Bloodstone. Courage and success in danger. April—Sapphire, and diamond. Repentance and innocence. May—Emerald. Success in love. June—Agate. Long life and health. July — Cornelian, or Ruby. Forgetfulness. August — Sardonyx. Conjugal felicity. September — Chrysolite, Preserves from folly. October —Aqua-marine, or Opal. Misfortune and hope. November—Topaz. Fidelity and Friendship. December — Turquoise or Malchite. Success and happiness in life.

### Labor Saving.

The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well known wholesale druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form It saves all the labor of preparing, and as it is equally efficient it is preferred by many persons. Kidney-Wort always and everywhere proves itself a perfect remedy. —*Buffalo News.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves kidneys, urinary and genital organs of man and woman every. Send for circulars to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters, for dyspepsia, headache, &c. 25 cents a paper; $1 a bottle.

THE WIFE.—A delicate attention to the minute wants and wishes of a wife tends, perhaps, more than anything else to the promotian of domestic happiness. It requires no sacrifices, occupies but a small degree of attention, yet is the fertile source of bliss; since it convinces the object of your regard that, with the duties of a husband, you have united the most punctilious behavior of a lover. These trivial tokens of regard certainly make much way in the affections of a woman's of sense and discernment, who looks to the value of the gifts she receives, but perceives in their frequency a continued evidence of the existence and ardor of that love on which the superstructure of her happiness has been erected. To preserve unimpaired the affections of her associate, to convince him that in his judgment of her character, formed antecedently to marriage, he was neither blinded by partiality nor deluded by man who consults her own happiness and the rules of Christian duty. The strongest attachment will decline if it suspects that it is received with diminished warmth.

WHO SHOULD BOW FIRST.—Some authorities insist that a gentleman should not bow to a lady until she bows to him. A certain authority says this is all wrong. "A gentleman should always bow first to a lady, no matter whether she returns it or not. If he sees by her face that he does not wish to return, he can refrain from bowing the next time." This on the ground that "a lady, particularly an elderly one, or a society leader, perhaps, has so many acquaintances that she does not remember all the young men who have been presented." This however does not seem to settle the question conclusively, for it may be that the young man has quite as many acquaintances as the lady, even if an elderly one. He may himself, too, be a society leader; in fact a very large number of the leaders of society at the present time are of what would have been considered fifty years ago a comparatively immature age.

THE KIND OF A HUSBAND.—If you cannot find a gentleman to marry, girls, do not marry at all. By that term I do not mean a man who is above the need of work, but who has self-respect enough to keep him from low habits both of speech and action; who is not afraid of soiling his hands; the farmer, the blacksmith the carpenter, any man may be a gentleman under the dust and soot and chips, but if he is not, girls, don't marry him at all! There is enough trouble in life without increasing it in any way. Do not subject yourselves to the mortification that would be sure to come with a husband who would certainly cause you to blush for his coarseness and roughness, for his slippery dealings or for his hypocritical polish. It is not sufficient that a man looks and dresses; but he must act and live well besides.

DELICACY.—Girls, remember that above other features that adorn the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark: this spurious kind of delicacy is as far from good taste as from good feelings and good sense; but the highminded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike among women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush.—*Ex.*

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