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, DECEMBER 3, 1881. NO. 14.

DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Residents of this County,

BY THE BAIT SOME OF THE EXPENSIVE STORES PUT FORTH IN THEIR CUNNINGLY-WORDED ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY WHO USE THEM HAVE NO REAL INDUCEMENTS TO OFFER, **AND THEREFORE RESORT TO SUCH METHODS TO ATTRACT BUYERS**

We Say to You, Do Not Allow Yourselves to be Deceived!

The Season is Backward, and we have still an immense stock--one of the best and most attractive we have ever shown you, all of which we will sell positively 20 per cent. less than expensive stores will ask you.

WE HAVE A LOT OF SEPARATE PANTS. ABOUT 100.
SUITS, ABOUT 40.
OVERCOATS, ABOUT 60.

Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

AT COST! AT COST! AT COST!

TO CLOSE OUT!

Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money pleases you.

Largest FASHIONABLE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS
230 West Pratt St., to 55 Hanover St.
CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

To Sportsmen and the Public.

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

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

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.

BOYNTON'S FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

GEO. W. BECK,

EASTON, MD.

STOVES,

STOVES.

Plain, Stamped and Japanned

TINWARE,

ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

OLD STOVES MADE NEW.

BUY THE EXCELSIOR COOK.

S. H. MELSON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
FOWLING CREEK P. O.
Md.

J. W. BRYANT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
STATE'S ATTORNEY FOR CAROLINE COUNTY.

For a speedy return to that lively vigorous feeling of which you were so proud of in your healthy days, use J. M. Laroque's Anti bilious Bitters; its effects upon the human machine is truly wonderful. All druggists sell it. 25 cents a paper or $1 a bottle. W. E. Thornton, Proprietor, Baltimore, Maryland.

ALL READY!

—FOR—

FALL AND WINTER

H. BLACKISTON & SON

Now offer for sale the largest and best stock of goods in Denton.

Our Stock

has been purchased in Philadelphia, New York and Boston and was bought at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

We intend to keep up a good stock and sell them as

Low as any other House in Town.

We think it unnecessary to blow about cheap goods for our mode of doing business appears to give

Satisfacton to our Customers.

All persons who are in want of goods are requested to give us a call and judge for themselves as to prices and quality of our goods. We will try to give satisfaction to all our customers.

Oils, Paints, &c.,

will be kept by us. Ready Mixed paints by the quantity at

CITY PRICES

Also Barker's Celebrated Horse and cattle Powders,

Patent Medicines, &C.

—A—

Curious Fact

That the 'GRAND DEPOT' at Denton Bridge is Selling Goods CHEAPER than any other house in town.

I have just added to my line of Fall and Winter goods, which may now be considered as complete. Boots and shoes a specialty. I am offering them at figures that defy competition. A call from my friends and patrons to examine my new and carefully selected stock, would be highly appreciated by me. I desire to extend to the public my heartfelt thanks for their liberal support in the past, and pledge myself to exert every effort to merit its continuation.

Respectfully,
CHAS. F. WILLIS.

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the Daily Herald and is arranged in handy departments. The

FOREIGN NEWS

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

AMERICAN NEWS

are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

THE WEEKLY HERALD

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

POLITICAL NEWS

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

THE FARM DEPARTMENT

of the Weekly Herald gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well edited department, widely copied, under the head of

THE HOME,

giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the Weekly Herald will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

SKILLED LABOR

are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets, Crops, Merchandise, etc. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

THE PRODUCE MARKET.

Sporting News at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any tim

☞ The New York Herald in a weekly form for One Dollar a year. Address

NEW YORK HERALD,
Broadway and Ann St., New York.

OWEN R. HORNE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Buter, Eggs & General Produce,

STALLS, 121 & 123,

FARMERS' MARKET,
an86m.] PHILADELPHIA.

EX SOLDIERS And their Heirs should all send for sample copy of that wonderful paper, The World and Soldier published at Washington, D. C. It contains Stories of the War, Camp Life, Scenes from the Battlefield, and a thousand things of interest to our country's defenders. It contains all the Laws and Instructions relating to Pensions and Bounty for Soldiers and their heirs. Eight pages, forty columns, weekly. $1 a year. Sample free. Address World and Soldier, Box 588, Washington, D. C.

OPIUM And MORPHINE Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. Ten years established; 1000 cured. Write stating case. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

MISS JONES.

Miss Jones was a dashing coquette,
Who outshone all the girls in her suette;
She had dozens of beaux,
And she wore striped hoax—
O, she was a "stunner," you buette.

She was giddy and vain, you might guess,
And she cared for but little save druess;
She would search the town through
For a No. 2 shough
Her No. 5 foot to compruess.

She loved a young man in Aux Cayes—
A sailor boy gallant and gayes;
But he drank, it was said,
And was carried to baid
With his boots on, each night, by the wayes.

So she cast him aside for a suitor,
Of music and dancing a tuitor;
He waxed his moustache,
And was thought quite a mache;
And his ringlets—O, what could be cuitor?

He was rather too free with his tongue,
And he wagged both his ears when he songue,
But she gave him her heart,
And she thought he was smeart—
Though but few greater fools were unhongue.

They eloped on a clear April night,
When the orchards with blossoms were whight;
Now, she cries not for style—
She's been married awhyle,
And is cured of such foolishness, quight.

Toledo Blade.

Mrs. Longman's Surprise Party.

BR MARY E. IRELAND.

There had been a long spell of rainy weather. For six days the sun had not shown a glimpse of himself, and everything, out door and in, wore a look of clammy despondency.

Moreover, Mrs. Longman was having one of her gloomy spells, and was looking at all created things, herself included, through the bluest kind of spectacles.

For several days she had gone about the house with a dull aching at her heart, a cloud upon her brow, and a querulous twang in her voice, until her husband—kind, forbearing man as he was—began to lose patience; while Bridget, in the kitchen, muttered almost audibly that "a saint from Hiven would find herself clane bate out wid trying plaze her."

Mrs. Longman was by nature not a bad-tempered woman; on the contrary she possessed many noble and commendable qualities; but her spirits were not equable: she would have her gloomy attacks, which, had there been any apparent cause, might have been looked upon in the light of an affliction worthy of sympathy, but as it was, even the most lenient of her friends characterized them by the name of "dumps," which, though Webster condemns it as not being an elegant word, was in their opinion quite good enough to express the state of her case.

Her family might have been rendered miserable by her despondency, had they been made of the material capable of being made miserable; but as it was, each one accepted the visitation in his or her individual way. Mr. Longman staid out of the house all he could, Bridget contented herself with her prayer book and beads in the comfortable kitchen, while the two boys, who were too young to go to school, except in fine weather, amused themselves in their play room in the attic, or in Bridget's domains where they were always welcome.

The short November day was drawing to a close, and although the little gilt clock on the mantle had proclaimed it to be 4 o'clock, it was getting too dark for Mrs. Longman to sew any longer upon the little cloth suits she was languidly mending, so, laying them aside, she wandered aimlessly into the kitchen where Bridget was folding the newly-ironed clothes from the rack by the glowing grate.

"Mr. Longman will not be home until late this evening, Bridget," said she; "business will detain him down town, so you may just set up anything for the children. I do not feel as though I could eat anything; everything tastes alike to me and nothing tastes right."

What the reply would have been will never be known, for at that moment there came a resounding knock upon the alley gate, and throwing an old shawl over her head Bridget hastily responded to the call.

"It is two boys, ma'am," said she, returning almost immediately, "and they have come to a party here."

"A party," echoed Mrs. Longman in astonishment; "who in the world told them there was a party here?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I will go and ask them," said the willing maid, who apparently would rather have got wet than not.

"Bring them in out of the rain, Bridget," called Mrs. Longman from the door, "until we find out what it means. Of course," thought she to herself, "it is a mistake, but what possessed them to come to the alley gate?"

Bridget came in followed by the boys, who had been in the mean time joined by a third, and who, notwithstanding the drenching rain, were not as wet as might have been supposed, owing to their having pieces of oilcloth thrown around them, which, upon inspection proved to be old carriage curtains sewed together, while the last arrival sported a gentleman's old swallow-tailed dress coat, which made a useful, if not a very handsome overcoat for the festival seeking lad. They did not appear to think it expected of them to remove their dripping hats, but stood eyeing the good fire and Mrs. Longman with complacent smiles.

"You said you came to a party," said the lady; "have you not made a mistake?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; this is the place your boys told us; we went to the front of the house and took the number as soon as we sold out our papers, and here it is," said he of the swallow-tail, taking a scrap of the margin of a newspaper from his pocket and showing the number, sure enough, in figures of magnificent proportions.

Mrs. Longman was bewildered.—"You say as soon as you sold out your papers—what do you mean?"

"Why, you see, we are newsboys, every one of us; and we 'dailies' could get off earlier, but the Evening Telegram, and the Herald, and the News will be along as soon as they can hire somebody to 'cry' for them, and they are going to pay them with something from the party, if you please, ma'am," said he, with an air of cheerful confidence.

Mrs. Longman could not restrain a smile,

"Go to the attic, Bridget, and call the children down," said she. "Take off your wraps, boys and dry your feet, and we will see what can be done."

Bridget soon returned with the delinquents.

"Boys, how did you happen to invite company without telling me, so that I could be prepared for them?" said their mother gently but gravely.

"Why, we did tell you, mamma, don't you remember? We told you that Mr. Reisinger told our class last Sunday that we were not doing as much good in the world if we invited boys to a feast who had plenty to eat and to wear, and who could invite us in return, but he said we ought to invite the poor boys to whom such things were a treat. He said Jesus loved the lame and the blind, and if we wished to be like Him, we must do as He did. So Johnny and me told all the newsboys we met to come to a party here to-night and to bring all the lame and blind boys they could find. Don't you remember now, mamma?"

Poor Mrs. Longman remembered, with a pang, that she had been so wrapped up in her own gloomy and selfish thoughts the past week that she had paid but little attention to her boys in any way, and she reflected, "Shall I let the good seed sown by a stranger in the hearts of my children perish for want of care from their mother? Will I let my own selfish ease rob these poor boys of a pleasure which might always be a pleasant remembrance to them? No, I will rouse myself and make the best of it.

Bridget in the mean time, had been summoned again to the alley gate, and had rescued two more guests, one a pale little cripple on crutches, carefully sheltered from the rain by the Evening Bulletin, who had not only succeeded in obtaining a substitute, but had borrowed an umbrella, which umbrella had seen its best days, to be be sure, being minus two stays and patched with a different color; but demoralized as it was, it did not prevent the guests it sheltered from being joyfully welcomed by their compatriots already under shelter. The crippled boy in particular was warmly welcomed by Mrs. Longman, whose heart went out in sympathy to suffering in any form. She had just been upon the point of proposing that the boys should, until supper was ready, adjourn to the attic, which, like all the rest of the house, was warm and comfortable, but out of consideration for the lame boy she changed her plans and sent two of the guests with her sons to bring down such playthings into the parlor, in which, with her usual good sense, she had nothing too fine for use. The boys were scarcely ensconced in the parlor when a ring of the bell drew them all scampering to the hall door, where stood three boys, one of whom, the Evening News, was spokesman.

"I hope you will excuse me, ma'am, for not coming to the alley gate this evening," said he, bowing over the heads of the boys to Mrs. Longman who was coming to see what this method of announcement might pretend;—"but Buddy here," pointing to one of his followers, "is blind, and I thought you would not mind us coming to the front door; and I could not find a lame boy," continued he, apologetically, to the Longman boys, "so I brought the charcoal man's boy, who is deaf and dumb."

Mrs. Longman escorted them to the kitchen to remove their wet wrappings and to dry their shoes, and then took them to the parlor, where the other guests were sitting rather silently gazing at the parlor and its contents, which, though to some persons it might have been considered plain, was to the boys a scene of unaccustomed luxury; then she went back to the kitchen to hold council with Bridget in regard to that all important event of the evening, supper.

"What in the world will we get, Bridget?" said she; "there are eight of them in there beside our own, which makes ten, and there may be as many more for all I know, and it is too wet to go out for anything."

"The aisest thing in the world, ma'am. I have been considering the same while you were in the parlor. There's the chickens in the yard, that you were fattening for Thanksgiving—nothing in the world would be more suitable than them."

"But that would be only one kind of meat, Bridget, and perhaps some of them do not eat chicken; and now that they are here, I would like them all to be satisfied."

"Trust me for that ma'am, I never saw a boy yet that could not eat his weight in chicken, only give him the time. I will go immediately and tell the fowls their presence is wanted at a party, and the kettle is singing as though it expected a broth of a time."

"And I will make a lot of biscuits," said Mrs. Longman, "and while you are cooking the chickens, will set the table."

"An' if you pleaze ma'am, while the flour and other things are around, I will make a lot of my ginger cakes; for next to chicken stew stew with oceans of gravy, there's nothing a boy likes better than hot ginger cakes."

"Oh, Bridget, you are so thoughtful," said Mrs. Longman, and somehow her heart began to grow light, and, with a ripple and a blind boy and a mute in the next room she began to realize that she had much for which to be thankful.

Several new additions were made to the company in the parlor, and by the time the supper was smoking upon the table the mirth was growing "fast and furious."

The boys were almost dazzled by the brilliancy of the dining-room; the glitter of china and glass and silver under the strong gas light. Mrs. Longman had exerted herself to make it a feast indeed to those who so seldom fared except upon the coarsest viands, and her table showed no lack of dainty preserved fruits, jellies and all the little knick-knacks which she could muster on such short notice. She knew that boys leading the out-door, active life of the majority of the guests, were not troubled with "nerves," so coffee the richest, and tea the purest, graced the board, while the perfume of the baking gingerbread floated through the open kitchen door, where Bridget, in the goodness of her heart, was importing a choice stock of horses, cows, and other animals for each of the guests, cut from the luscious gingerbread.

Mrs. Longman took quiet observation of the whole company while helping them, and she observed one puzzle for which in her own mind she could find no solution; and that was that the blind boy, while evidently enjoying his gravy, had carefully laid his pieces of poultry aside.

"Here is one exception to Bridget's rule," she thought to herself. "Do you not like chicken, my boy?" she inquired.

"Yes, ma'am, I love it," he replied with emphasis, "but—" and he hesitated, while his pale little face grew flushed.

A moment or so after he slipped from his chair, and with the unerring accuracy with which the blind calculate distances, he came to Mrs. Longman and said: "Please ma'am may I touch your face?"

"Certainly, dear," she said.

Very gently and speedily the little soft hand of the blind boy examined each feature, and then, apparently satisfied, he whispered: "I would like to take it to Nancy, she is so good to me, she is sick and cannot get good things to eat."

Quick tears of sympathy filled Mrs. Longman's eyes. Truly she was receiving many lessons this evening. She was giving, but it was being returned to her a hundred fold. She kissed the boy, and whispered in return, "You are a noble little boy to remember others; eat all you wish, I will see that your friend has some also."

After supper was over, the table cleared away, and the other boys deep in the enjoyment of many games in which he could take but little part, Mrs. Longman and the blind boy had a long and confidential conversation. She gathered from his earnest lips that even the poor in purse can be rich in spirit; that the milk of human kindness sometimes made fertile hearts which had never known anything but stern, unrelenting poverty. The one he called Nancy had received him from the bedside of his dying mother, and although she had to work early and late to support her own helpless ones, she was to the best of her poor ability faithfully fulfilling her promise.

The Longmans were not rich, but Mrs. Longman sadly compared her own selfish life, with its means of doing good, with that of the poor woman whose opportunities were so few, and yet whose life was a continued sacrifice of self for others. Mrs. Longman was a Sabbath School teacher, and her conscience had many times reproved her that she had not gone into the byways to bring children under the influence of the gospel. Here was her opportunity and she resolved to seize it. She argued with herself as to the propriety of using a temporary inducement for spiritual end, and her conscience upon reflection approved.

In the mean time, Mr. Longman came home and the cheerful smile upon his wife's lips, so different from what he was expecting, delighted him, and he gave the boys an even more cordial greeting than was his wont. When his wife had informed him how it all came about he resolved to do his part toward giving them a good time, so sent an abundant order for apples and the beloved peanuts, the delight of the newsboy's heart, and told them to help themselves, which they did to a man.

Mrs. Longman with Bridget's assistance, spent the balance of the evening making packages for the boys to take home with them, and the substitutes were not forgotten. With her husband's approval she made a proposition to the boys at the close of the evening, and that was that they should all come one evening in every month and take supper with her boys, providing that all who could go to some Sunday school would do so. To her glad surprise the most of them agreed to the arrangement, and those who held back she found upon inquiry were constrained to object on the score of clothing, a want which she engaged to supply. She went further than that. She exerted herself to obtain admission for the blind boy into an institution for the blind, and after each visit of the monthly parties she paid him a visit, taking his share of the good things; always accompanied by her own sons, and sometimes by the Evening Telegram, Bulletin, or one of the dailies; and one of the most useful lessons which Mrs. Longman received from her surprise party was this: "There is no surer remedy for low spirits than doing good to others."

PECULIAR PRAYER.

SOME OF THE ODD PETITIONS OFFERED BY CLERGYMEN INTERESTED IN POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

In the last number of *Plymouth Chimes*, Mr. Beecher's Sunday-school paper, appeared the following item, which may perhaps surprise the casual reader: "A teacher who believed in minute answer to prayer, once told her class her experience in buying a bonnet. She had always a great dislike to any kind of shopping. This time, however she particularly prayed to be directed in the matter, and went feeling that God himself would help her. At the first store she saw at once what pleased her and felt that she had been divinely guided. Perhaps when she had risen into this high state of dependence her mind was thus so strengthened—and made clear — that in this way, if in none more direct, God did help her." With this example from a religious journal designed for the instruction of the young, it may not be deemed irreverent for a secular journal intended for the perusal of maturer folk to present some notes on prayers recently collected from the colums of its contemporaries. Political prayers have been coming into fashion during the last two years: they offer clerical partisans an excellent opportunity of getting in their work even before the chairman of the State Committee has called the convention to order. "The eloquent and vigorous prayer" with which the Illinois Republican Convention was opened last year will not be forgotten; it is gratifying to reflect that it was "received with applause." But the chaplain of State House of Representatives in that same city deserved credit for a departure from the usual style of official petition when he begged that "the Omnipotent would give the members more wisdom and greater promptitude." This, however, was less vigorous than the Pennsylvanian chaplain's request: "O Lord, give these legislators more brains! more brains!! more brains!!!" which he said was followed by a fervent "Amen!" from the reporters' table. Another prayer of the same purport was delivered in Maine during a legislative deadlock: "O Lord, have compassion on our bewildered Representatives and Senators. They have been sitting and sitting and have hatched nothing. O Lord, let them rise from their nest and go home and all praise be thine." The successful fusion in Maine last year furnished a theme for many political prayers. Notably at Bangor, where a clergyman having in his preliminary effort invoked Heaven not to permit "any party talk to be made;" invoked Heaven again in his concluding petition to avenge "this disgrace brought upon the commonwealth." To reconcile these positions is so difficult that one might fancy the reverend gentleman going on, as a certain worthy college professor did on a memorable occasion in an adjoining State, "Parodoxical as this may appear unto thee, O Lord, it is none the less true." At a recent prayer meeting in Springfield, Mass., prayers were offered for "the President, the Cabinet, and especially the Postmaster-General."

Political praying, as readers of "Hudibras" will remember, was at its height during the strife between the King and Parliament. "We thought it not amiss," ran one prayer, to call upon thee this evening and let thee know how affairs stand We do somewhat long to hear from thee, and if thou pleasest to give us such and such victories we shall be good to thee in something else when it lies in our way." "I hear, O Lord," ran another "that the King hath set up his parliament at York against the parliament and the city of London. Look thou upon them; take their cause into thine own hand; appear thou in the cause of thy saints." It is only a few days since a clergymen up in Westchester county prayed, "O Lord, help us in our attempt to eliminate thy word," a petition not unlike the stately introduction, "O self-sufficient, all-sufficient, insufficient Lord!" One can very easily see how the Illinois pastor, once launched upon the fatal slope, prayed for those of his flock absent "upon beds of sickness and chairs of wellness." The Troy *Times* recently informed the public that "a game of base ball was played at La Salle, Ill., on Sunday last, at which the Rev. Mosses Gunn, opened the exercises with prayer, and delivered an exhortation to the contesting nines. At the conclusion of the game the reverend gentleman indulged in another refrain, tendering his services as chaplain and umpire on the following Sunday, which were accepted." A writer in *London Society* gives a graphic description of Cornish prayer-meetings whereat petitions are offered not for a consistent walk, but to be "kept from shim-shanking into holes and corners," where the Enemy of Man is alluded to as "Ould Smuttyfeaace" and casual listeners who come to look are compelled to remain and be prayed for in such a downright strain as, "Lord, convert they two men ovver there in the conder." A refreshing contrast to the usual petition of the sectarian is presented by this prayer recently offered by by a clergyman of Ayr: "O Lord bless the Establish Church, and the free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church and all the other churches. Thou knowest the various nicknames, Lord, by which they are called; bless them all." Though the famous proposition has never been accepted, instances of the power of prayer are insisted on by the orthodox almost daily.

Two years ago the Rev. George O. Barnes, a Kentucky revivalist, opened, "Pink Cottage," among the mountains, as a prayer-cure establishment. It has just been sold through a foreclosure of a mortgage for $60. The Rev. Wm. Marshall, of Clark county, in that State, advertises his willingness to pray for any desired object for the sum of 75 cents. It is not long since an Iowa merchant, having been offered by a minister $100 for a horse for which he asked $300, and which was worth $50, and being apprehensive that to drop $200 suddenly might provoke inspection, agreed to take $100 cash and the balance in prayer.

THE NATIONAL FUNNY PLAY.

The Guiteau Comedy Company is playing to crowded houses right along now. The tickets have not yet reached the figure fixed for a sight of Adelina Patti, but a large sum might be realized at her prices and there still be a greater rush for seats. If there was any precedent for such a proceeding the entire expenses of this expensive trial might be coined from the crowds of morbid men and women who besiege the court room daily.

When the curtain rose any morning last week the performances began to the most fashionable audiences, a flattering testimonial to the star who has played the leading role in "The Assassin" during the two weeks ending on Saturday night. The popularity of an old piece is due to the energetic actor who has sustained the title role and to the artistic manner in which the drama is put upon the stage. The Judge and jury and counsel are drawn to the life, and the make-up of the assassin is perfect. He is every inch a murderer in appearance, and but for the extraordinary and uproarious fun with which the entire play is received it might be taken for a real trial of a real murderer by a genuine court of justice. There is no change of scenery, but an entire change of programme each day.

The account of a single day is a sample of the whole. On Saturday morning the house was packed from the top row in the gallery, where members of the gaslight society crushed peanut shells under their high-heeled boots, to the orchestra, where the wives of Cabinet Ministers and their fashionable friends constituted a distinguished circle. The presence of a large number of lady school teachers and ministers of the Gospel attested the high moral character of the show. The actor who so ably sustains the character of the Insane Assassin made his entree from the right upper entrance and was led to his seat between two officers as if he were under some restraint besides a pair of bright stagey bracelets. There was a sensation rustle among the large audience, which the assassin acknowledged with a courtly smile. The play then began, the performance being greeted at every stage with hearty laughter, and the points scored by the leading performers elicited the usual applause.

The play is attracting the widest attention everywhere although severely criticized by most all the newspapers the audiences do not in any degree diminish. People go from all parts of the county to see it, and seem greatly ammused with the humorous feature always to be relied upon. "The Assassin" is believed by State Manager Corkhill to be yet good for a run of several weeks.—*Philadelphia Times.*

One Experience from Many.

"I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.—*Home Journal.*

H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, N. Y., cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record.

There is More Strength restoring power in a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic than in a bushel of malt or a gallon of milk. This explains why invalids find it such a wonderful invigorant for mind and body. See other column.

The ladies who sometime since were unable to go out, having taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound are quite recovered, and have gone on their way rejoicing.

Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Improved Inhaler, in one package, for $1.

Death to rats and vermin, Parson's Exterminator.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3350-0199