DENTON JOURNAL.

1885. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS. 1884.

VOL. 39. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1885. NO. 22.

1826 ESTABLISHED 1826

WINTER.

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE FOR THE

WINTER SEASON!

We Have a Big Variety of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS

TO WHICH, AS ALSO TO OUR

GENERAL ASSORTMENT,

We would call attention, as well as to the fact that we offer our Goods at such Prices as will Prove Satisfactory to our Customers.

ALL OF OUR GOODS ARE PROPERLY SHRUNK BEFORE BEING MADE UP,

NOAH WALKER AND CO.,

165-167 W. BALTIMORE STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

FULL STOCK. LOW PRICES.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS,

BLINDS, etc.,

132 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BATIMORE, MD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

GRAND

HOLIDAY DISPLAY

OF

Silver-Ware,

SILVER TEA-SETS, ICE PITCHERS,

Castors, Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Sugar Dishes, Spoon Holders, Card Receivers, etc, etc., etc.

CUTLERY, KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS.

IMPORTED BREECH LOADING GUNS,

Pistols, Gunners' Outfits, Ammunition, etc.

THE NEW "GOLDEN SUN" FIRE-PLACE HEATERS

we are selling—AT COST—for cash down.

Cook and Heating Stoves

at reduced prices. Come and see us.

ROBES, BLANKETS, HORSE COVERS,

Sleigh Bells, Sleighs and Cutters, Skates; Harness etc.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to come and see us, examine our goods and get reduced prices.

SHANNAHAN AND WRIGHTSON,

Easton, Maryland.

JOSHUA W. BRYANT. URIE TOWNSEND.

BRYANT & TOWNSEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

DENTON, MD.

9 20.

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER

DOWNES & MUTCHLER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

OSWALD W. TILGHMAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

JAMES N. TODD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

All legal business and collections promptly attended to. 6 2 84.

HENRY R. LEWIS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

Office in Masonic Building, fronting Court House Square. 1-17

HENRY IRWIN & SON,

AUTIONEERS,

DENTON, MD.

THAWLEY & GHINGHER.

BUTCHERS.

DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS,

THURSDAYS and

SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

Dutch Bulbous Flowering Roots,

For immediate planting in the Garden or House.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, CROCUS, NARCISSUS, CROWN IMPERIAL, ETC., Our own importation, from Holland direct

ALSO, FOR SALE:

Hyacinth Glasses, assorted colors, Crocus Pots, Window Boxes, Plain and Fancy Flower pots, all sizes and styles, Terra Cotta Vases and Statuary, Terra Cotta and Rustic Hanging Baskets, Flower Stands, Green House Syringes and Pumps, Pruning and Budding Knives, Pruning and Topping Shears, Etc. Horticultural Tools in Great Variety.

D. LANDRETH & SONS,

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth Street, between Chestnut and Market Streets, PHILADELPHIA.

Catalogues, wholesale and retail, free upon application [10 25 tf.

$200,000 in presents given away Send us 5 cents postage and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 12 20 tf

KING'S EVIL

Was the name formerly given to Scrofula because of a superstition that it could be cured by a king's touch. The world is wiser now, and knows that

SCROFULA

can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only powerful and always reliable blood-purifying medicine. It is so effectual an alterative that it eradicates from the system Hereditary Scrofula, and the kindred poisons of contagious diseases and mercury. At the same time it enriches and vitalizes the blood, restoring healthful action to the vital organs and rejuvenating the entire system. This great

Regenerative Medicine

is composed of the genuine *Honduras Sarsaparilla*, with *Yellow Dock, Stillingia*, the *Iodides of Potassium* and *Iron*, and other ingredients of great potency, carefully and scientifically compounded. Its formula is generally known to the medical profession, and the best physicians constantly prescribe AYER'S SARSAPARILLA as an

Absolute Cure

For all diseases caused by the vitiation of the blood. It is concentrated to the highest practicable degree, far beyond any other preparation for which like effects are claimed, and is therefore the cheapest, as well as the best blood purifying medicine, in the world.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

[Analytical Chemists.]

Sold by all Druggists: price $1; six bottles for $5.

ADVERTISEMENTS prepared and inserted in all newspapers in the best manner, at lowest rates. L. Jeff Milbourne & Co., Baltimore, Md.

FOR SALE.

Two Excellent Sewing Machines for sale cheap. Inquire at

9 27 tf. THIS OFFICE.

The Island of Dreams.

BY FRED M. CLARKE.

In the world of dreams there's a beautiful land
Where care and its tears are unknown,
A beautiful isle, whose pearly strand
Greets the kiss of the wave on its shining sand,
A spot that is ours—alone!

'Tis the trysting-place where the soft summers meet,
An Eden of happiest love,
Where dear ones greet us with welcome sweet,
And we seem to be treading the golden street
Of that heaven land above.

There are flowers that bloom with a perfume rare,
Beside the murmuring streams,
And musical birds in plumage fair
With their melody sweet fill the balmy air,
Of the sunshine land of dreams!

But dearer and sweeter than flowers that blow
Are the memories gathered there;
The glance of an eye—a tear drop's flow,
That attuned our hearts to the cadence low
Of silent though fervent prayer!

They are gone from us here, and never again
Shall our mortal eyes behold
These treasures of ours so free from stain
And the dross of a world that struggles for gain,
And barters its life for gold.

They are gone from us here to that fair land
Where immortal glory gleams,
Yet we walk with feet of love and stand
With lip pressed to lip, with hand clasped in hand,
On that blest Island of Dreams.

FLIRTATIONS.

"Only 8 o'clock! How slowly the time passes!"

And Pauline Sedley yawned as she looked out upon the purpling tints of the twilight sea, where now and then the bright reflection of a star seemed to splash into the waves.

It was a golden August evening, moonless, but radiant with the balmy air full of fragrance of new-made hay, mingling not unpleasantly with the salt breath of the sea, and the sky all glorious with the dolphin-like hues of the dying day, and Miss Sedley, sitting on the hotel balcony in her floating robes of white India muslin, girded with scarlet, and scarlet verbenas in her hair, made an exceedingly pretty adjunct to the scene. She was a brunette, with a brilliant complexion, all cream and crimson, jet black hair, straight and glossy as an Indian's, and eyes whose melting brilliance was like the dusky glow of the stars.

No wonder that little Ralph Montacute, the enthusiastic boy of 18, was madly in love with her—no wonder that he hung on her slightest word as an Eastern dervish hangs on the priest's oracular utterances.

"Slowly, Pauline! when I am at your side!" he said a little reproachfully.

Pauline laughed and turned the diamond and opal rings carelessly around on her fingers.

"You are only a child, Ralph?" she said a little reproachfully.

"I am a year older than you, Pauline!"

Pauline Sedley reached up to tap his flushed beardless cheek with her fan.

"A girl of seventeen is equal to a man of 27, any time, Ralph! You're a nice cavalier, and you dance the polka delightfully, but you see you are not fairly out of the top and ball phase yet! Now, there's Gustavus Melville, he's a man, and your cousin, Harry Livingstone, cavalier sans peur et sans reproche! Major Livingstone's magnetic eyes are enough to set any woman's heart in a blaze."

She spoke abstractedly, looking out toward the sea, and apparently unconscious that she had an auditor but the far off waves and the mantling twilight.

"Pauline!" ejaculated the boy, passionately, "I may be young in years, but have taught my heart premature development. You have no right to speak to me thus after playing with my affections all summer!"

Pauline glanced up in astonishment. Finished coquette that she was, she had hardly expected this outburst from the most insignificant of all her victims. She had encouraged Ralph Montacute's too visible infatuation, simply because it amused her to make a captive of the pretty boy, and now she was as much taken by surprise as would be the fisherman if a writhing trout should suddenly find voice to remonstrate when the hook was being twisted out of his quivering jaws.

"My dear Ralph you are talking nonsense," she said lightly.

"Nonsense! Is it nonsense to tell you that I love you?"

"Yes—very absurd nonsense! Go back to school, Ralph, or college, for, dear child, I should as soon think of marrying little Tony Warwick, who has just got out of merino frocks!"

Ralph Montacute was silent. Pauline's lightly, spoken words of ridicule cut him to the heart.

"Pauline," he said, almost sternly, "do you think you have treated me honorably?"

Pauline yawned.

"Honorably! What a big word for the occasion! One must amuse one's self at a place like this, and you certainly ought to understand the difference between a mere harmless flirtation and real, sober earnest. Now, Ralph, do be sensible and leave off teasing me, that's a good boy."

Ralph turned away.

"I see Mr. Melville coming this way. You will excuse me, Pauline?"

"Oh! certainly!"

Pauline drew a deep sigh of relief as her youthful swain walked away toward the starlighted beach.

"Who would imagine that the little fellow would have laid it so seriously to heart?" she murmured softly as she extended a lily-white hand toward Mr. Melville, who, with half a dozen others, had sauntered up the piazza steps.

"You are looking grave, fair tragic queen?" said Melville, drawing his bamboo chair a trifle closer to her. "May one of the humblest of all your slaves venture to ask why?"

"Did you ever kill or maim a butterfly?" demanded Pauline, suddenly.

"A great many times, I am afraid, in the thoughtlessness of early youth. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have just done the same thing."

Mr. Melville glanced questioningly around.

"Oh!" laughed Pauline, "it was not a real winged insect, Mr. Melville. I was but speaking metaphorically. After all, 'tis a matter of no particular consequence—only a lesson the child needed to cure him of something very like presumption. It's little Ralph Montacute; he had the impertinence to tell me he loved me. The idea of a child like that taking advantage of the encouragement one may have thoughtlessly given him to imagine, but it's too ridiculous."

"Faith, I don't see the ridiculous side of it," said Melville, sternly. "Montacute is young, but he is a manly fellow, and—pardon me, sovereign lady of all hearts—but you did encourage him most markedly."

"I never thought of anything serious," lisped Pauline, with an artlessness truly angellic. "It was only the chance amusement of an hour."

"Melville shrugged his shoulders.

"A good deal like the story of the frogs and the boys," he said.

"But to dismiss all less pleasant subjects—what do you say to a row on the sea by starlight?"

"I shall be delighted."

And the merrry group vanished into the enpurpled darkness, their voices ringing on the air long after their forms had become imperceptible.

Then, and not till then, a tall figure raised itself from the bamboo settee, or couch, just within the wide open windows, where the cool muslin curtains waved softly at every breath of the soft summer night breeze, and Major Harry Livingstone coolly stepped out upon the piazza, igniting his cigar as he did so.

"The coquette!" he muttered between his set teeth; "the heartless flirt. Now I begin better to comprehend poor Ralph's varying moods of late. She has broken the boy's heart, and cares no more for it than if she had cracked one of the china cologne bottles on her dressing-table! Well, this is a strange world! If Pauline had taken a handkerchief or purse from Ralph's pocket the iron hand of the law would be down upon her immediately; but she steals his heart right out of his bosom, and society looks on with smiling face and folded hands!

"Why is there no law made and and enacted to punish such heartless crimes as this? For crimes they are—black, treacherous crimes, even though perpetrated so charmingly by beauties like Pauline Sedley and her sister coquettes. And this fair, innocent boy, whom I have loved like a brother, the coldest heart might have spared him. By Cupid and all his attendant deities, I will be revenged on Pauline Sedley for this!"

At almost the same moment Ralph Montacute came slowly up the piazza steps. The lightness and elasticity of his gait were gone; he walked like one who had received a mortal wound.

"Ralph!"

Montacute started at his cousin's voice.

"You here, Harry?"

"Yes, all alone. Sit down beside me, old fellow; why are you not with the boating party?"

"I did promise this morning to make one of them, but—but—somehow I don't feel like it to-night."

Livingstone took his cousin's hand, and pressed it with a firm, loving grasp.

"I know all about it, Ralph," he said, mildly. "Don't be cast down—she isn't worth one pang of memory. The world is wide; life is long—you will outlive this blow if you only have patience to wait."

Montacute's head dropped on Harry Livingstone's shoulder.

"Oh! Harry, I did love her—I loved her dearly!"

"Take courage—she is not worth it."

And the stalwart soldier, soothing away his boy-cousin's woe, gentle as a woman, wondered why Ralph took it so keenly and bitterly to heart.

From that day the gay little world of the fashionable watering-place was astonished at the devotion accorded by Major Livingstone to Miss Sedley. Pauline herself was more that astonished; she was elated and overjoyed. Major Livingstone was a man who sought and courted by all the belles of society—a man whose "magnetic eyes," as she herself had phrased it, and tenderly modulated voice were enough to set any feminine heart in a blaze. He walked with her—he rode with her—he read poetry with her—he sat with her during the long golden September twilights until Pauline felt that life beside him was the brightest boon Providence could accord.

She heartily discarded her other suitors; she cared no longer for ball room or picnics—to her the whole world had but one man, and that was Harry Livingstone.

But still he kept just outside the charmed circle of lovemaking-he did not propose. And Pauline, growing almost sick at heart, counted the days that still remained of the season.

"He will propose to-morrow, or perhaps the day after," she whispered to herself. "Oh, surely it must come now, soon!"

It was the evening before the breaking up of the gay party that had enlivened the seaside hotel all summer, and a brilliant ball had been gotten up to celebrate the close of the brief, happy season. Pauline Sedley had dressed for this festivity with unusual care—somehow she felt that it was to be a crisis in her life. She wore a lemon-colored crape dress on lemon-colored silk, like a fair, aureate cloud, and her hair was looped up in its shining braids by slender chains of gold. Her toilet, she knew by the murmur that pervaded the ball room the moment she entered, was a success, and Harold Livingstone's handsome eyes rested upon her with evident admiration.

But the evening passed away, throbbing its beautiful hours in music and perfume, and Harold never came near her. She had cavaliers in abundance—she was the cynosure of all eyes—but he, the man of all men, kept obstinately aloof.

"Take me to the balcony. I am stifling for the want of fresh air," she said, almost pettishly, to the partner whom she had just glided through the polka-redowa. "Thank you. I need detain you no longer."

And Mr. Guildersleen, feeling himself abruptly dismissed, left Pauline by the side of Major Livingstone and stalked away in high dudgeon.

"Harold," she breathed softly, giving a pleading glance upward into his eyes. "You have not been near me all the evening."

"I have been very busy with the companionship of my own thoughts," he answered, coldly. "I start for Europe to-morrow morning—"

"For Europe?"

"To be gone I hardly know how many years. I may visit India and the East before I return."

"Harold!"

He bent down his head in cold courtesy.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sedley—did you speak?"

"You will leave me, Harold?"

"I shall be obliged to leave many warm friends," he returned, indifferently.

There was a cold chill at Pauline's heart, a dizzy blindness before her eyes, but still she commanded herself. With her it was no idle matter of etiquette—it was a struggle for life and death!

"And you can leave me so calmly, Harold?"

He lightly whistled the bars of a popular tune:

"Beware, beware of the gay cavalier,
Who loves and rides away."

"Harold," she cries, forgetting in the moment of agony all her feminine training, all her womanly impulses, "I thought you loved me! Oh! Harold I cannot let you go!"

"I am not aware, Miss Sedley of ever having given you any encouragement—"

"Encouragement!" she answered, bitterly, "what has this livelong summer been? What has your whole course of conduct toward me been? Oh! Harold, if you leave me now, you will break my heart!"

"Pauline," he said sternly, "try to recall a night in August when Ralph Montacute, pleading for more than life, stood before you! As you said to him then, I say to you now: 'One must amuse one's self at a place like this, and you certainly ought to understand the difference between a mere flirtation and sober earnest.' I am now holding to your lips the bitter cup he drank to the dregs. How do you relish the flavor? Miss Sedley I have the honor to bid you adieu—forever.

And Pauline was alone on the flower-wreathed balcony—alone, with the stars shining above and the sorrowful music of Strauss's waltzes throbbing and moaning from within. Truly she had received her lesson!

Harold Livingstone was gone, and she never saw him again.

Pauline was never married; she is an old maid now, with her glorious beauty faded, and her temper irritable and exacting. Who knows what she might have been if—

Ah! this world is full of ifs!

Character in Public Men.

We never believed the charges of bribery and corruption by which Mr. Colfax was driven from public life. There was a mystery about the matter, and it was left for the public to form its own opinion. We do not propose to discuss the question now that Mr. Colfax has gone to the tribunal to which he appealed the case.

But it is the time and place to say that public opinion, as Virgil said of woman, is always changing, and it visits with killing rebuke one man for supposed offences which it tolerates in another. Especially is this the case in political life. The reason of it is past finding out. But we see examples of it every year. The breath of public opinion blasts the reputation of one, and the same breath bears into power another whose back is burdened with the same load under which the first was crushed. Yet is this no reason for encouragement of men to trifle with reputation or with public sentiment. It is more to deserxe honor and office than to get it, and Henry Clay never said a braver word than when he uttered the sentiment that has become incorporated in the minds of the American people: "I had rather be right than to be President." No doubt that many have had the same principle who have failed of high station, and have failed because they would not do what the party demanded and their conscience condemned. Mr. Croker defined public opinion as "a compound of folly, weakness, obstinacy, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling and newspaper paragraphs," yet he condemned Sir Robert Peel for defying it and going where his conscience led him. Sir Robert Peel said that one of the greatest national calamities was a distrust of the declarations of public men.

It has been one of the constant dangers to which Mr. Gladstone's administration has been exposed, that he keeps a conscience. Many of his political friends have wished that he would not carry that troublesome article about with him, and they are sometimes afraid to follow him for fear that he will do what is right rather than what they think is expedient. It is more prudent to cross the ocean for illustrations than to pick them up at home, because the rancor of party hate is so strong that men see little good in their opponents and wrong in their friends. We on the outside can see good and evil distributed among statesmen as well as churchmen, and are able to bear witness that character is, after all is said and done, of more weight and worth than genius or money. In the long run we mean. As the writer of the Psalm who was troubled by the prosperity of the wicked had to see their end before he could understand the justice of providence, so we must take things as a whole, and study the results of human affairs, before we conclude that it does not pay to be honest. There are times in the political history of every nation when things seem to be out of joint, and the right does not have a fair chance; when money controls men and votes, selfishness not patriotism burns in the breasts of legislators, and the country looks as though the glory had departed. The political memoirs of British statesmen make one acquainted with such details of private intrigue in the appointments and the conduct of public affairs, as compel the apprehension that Walpole was right when he said that every man has his price. And then we wonder that things go on as well as they do, and that governments do not break down in their own corruption. Matters are no worse with us than they are with other governments. Doubtless there is a higher tone of political morals in the United States than in some countries which might be nomed, but that is miserable comfort for us. We are not to make England, France or any other country as a standard. Probably our people are as sensitive to the charge of immorality in public office as the people of any other land. But the standard is far below its proper range. We do not insist upon character as an indispensabte element in the make-up of the public servant. We demand it when we employ a cook or a coachman. We say little about it when we are voting for legislators. Even our Aldermen are not, in general, too virtuous. And when we study the characters of other officers in city or State government, candor compels the admission that they would not be worse if they were better.

But are we despairing of the country? Not at all. We are pleading with ministers, laymen, men and women everywhere to take this matter into serious consideration. The one great need of our country is the elevation of the character of public men. Our Legislatures, State and National, abound in politicians, and many of a very small pattern. How many of them are bad men, with no weight of character, conscienceless and venal! Water does not naturally rise higher than its source, and our officers will not be better men than those who put them into those places of trust and power. Purify the people and the government will be pure. This cleansing process calls for the aid of the pulpit and the press and of every man and woman who has a voice. In every cincle of business, of social and religious life, it ought to engage the anxious consideration of Christians. If they are the salt of the earth they are greatly needed just now.

Princess Beatrice.

The eighth and youngest child of Queen Victoria, the Princess Beatrice, was born April 14, 1857. She is a thoroughly educated and accomplished girl, and possesses more than usual ability as an artist. Her life has been singularly quiet and uneventful. For fifteen years past she has been the almost daily companion of her mother. The English people consider her a martyr to maternal selfishness, and now that her marriage is announced to take place next spring, under conditions which will insure the continuance of her attendance upon the old queen, public opinion loudly condemns the arrangement. Beatrice is a favorite with the masses, who despise the young fellow to whom she has become engaged because he is willing to permit her assumption of the wifely position while burdened with the hum-drum duties of the last daughter and mother's companion.

Nor are our English cousins any better pleased with Prince Henry of Battenberg because he is poor and expects to settle down as a pensioner on the British government to the tune of thirty thousand dollars a year additional to a dowry of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, both of which parliament will be expected to vote within the next few weeks for the use of him and his bride. Although the bridegroom to be is one of the handsomest men in Europe, said to be worthy in every respect, and an exemplary soldier as lieutenant of the first regiment of the Prussian Gardes de Corps, he is the most unpopular man now in the United Kingdom. While he basks in the smiles of his future mother-in-law, startling expressions of contempt are seen and heard everywhere in Great Britain and Ireland, for the "German pauper" who is about to make a popular princess his wife, as is alleged without due regard to his or her proper dignity, and with the expectation of being maintained at the expense of the taxpayer.

The Princess Beatrice has been the not infrequent subject of such gossip as all women, and possibly all men, delight to hear. In 1877 she was reported to have "fallen in love" with a young man who has since attained distinction as a preacher. The eminent success of Canon Duckworth in the church is attributed to his having resisted the fascinations of the princess when engaged as one of her instructors. There seems to be no question that her marriage to the prince imperial of France had been determined upon by the mothers of the young people, who often drink a dish of tea together. Among other eligible men who are said to have aspired to the hand of this fair damsel when she was younger than she is now, are Prince Oscar, of Sweden, Amedes, late king of Spain, and Louis of Battenberg, an elder brother of the young man who has actually engaged her maiden troth.

The belief is general that but for the English law which forbids marriage with a deceased wife's sister, Prince Louis, of Hesse, who had been the husband of Queen Victoria's daughter Alice, would have taken Beatrice in second nuptials.

Laws Worth Knowing.

Destroying a will or secreting the same—penalty, penitentiary, not less than eighteen months nor more than fifteen years.

Purchasing embezzled property—penalty, to pay the owner double the value of the property purchased

False pretenses—penalty, fine and imprisonment, or by confinement in the penitentiary for not less than two nor more than ten years.

Counterfeiting and forgery—penalty, penitentiary for not less than five nor more than ten years.

Counterfeiting bank notes or plates—penitentiary for not less than two nor more than ten years.

Destroying property maliciously—penalty, to pay $500 to aggrieved party and six month's imprisonment, or twelve month's imprisonment if fine is not paid.

Maliciously stabbing or killing cattle—penalty, penitentiary, not less than one nor more than four years.

Trespass on land and injury to houses—penalty, fine not less than five nor more than one hundred dollars, or imprisonment not less than one nor more than two months, or both.

Disfiguring church property, &c.—penalty, on conviction before a justice of the peace, of a fine not less than three nor more than fifty dollars, and to stand committed until the fine is paid.

Injuring tombs, monuments, &c., in a cemetery—penalty, on conviction before a justice of the peace, of a fine of not less than five nor more than fifty dollars.

Destruction of boundaries—penalty one hundred dollars fine, one half to the informer.

Obstructing railroads—penalty, confinement in the penitentiary for not less than two nor more than ten years.

Bigamy—penalty, penitentiary not less than eighteen months nor more than nine years.

Marrying unlawfully — penalty, each party to pay fifteen hundred dollars, or be banished from the State forever.

Disturbing a congregation—penalty, on conviction before a justice of the peace, not less than five nor more than twenty dollars, with commitment till paid.

CHANGEABLE CLIMATE.—In this changeable climate hardly a week passes without catching cold. Wet feet, wet clothing, and exposure to draughts of cool, moist air, adstracts heat from the body, chills the blood, and lays the foundation for many chronic lung diseases. In view of the above it is well to have within reach a medicine that can be depended upon—DuLac's "Swiss Balsam." Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by George & Redden, Druggists, Denton. 1-31-2t.

For Farmers' Almanacs call at George & Redden's. Price 10c. †

—We call the attention of any of our readers who are in want of a situation, to the advertisement in another column of R. G. Chase & Co., headed "Salesmen Wanted." Write to them for particulars. †

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2939_scm3354-0025.jpg