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Democrat and News.

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A HERALD FOR ALL.

Democrat and News.

VOL. 41. CAMBRIDGE, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1881. No. 8.

GREATER INDUCEMENTS

THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO BUYERS,

AT F. L. SHEPHERD'S.

Stocks Complete in all Departments, and every piece of Goods to be sold at Bottom Prices.

A [illegible] MENT OF

NECK-TIES, SCARFS AND [illegible]

SILK [illegible] ERCHIEFS in new and pretty styles.

IN HOSIERY,

We have everything desirable for Ladies, Gents and Misses. A larger stock of these goods than we have ever before offered.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

NEW LOT JUST OPENED AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

English and American Suitings and Cassimers,

ALL NEW AND PRETTY.

Dress Goods, Ginghams, Prints, Flannels, Kerseys, &c., &c.

BLANKETS AND LAP-COVERS.

Attention is called to our stock of HATS. We make a specialty in Hats, and now have all new styles. Examine before purchasing elsewhere.

We have a larger stock of BOOTS than any other store in Cambridge. An OYSTER BOOT unsurpassed. Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots. Men's coarse and fine Brogans. Prices low. We have also a splendid assortment of Men's Lace, Button and Congress Gaiters. Ladies', Misses and Children's Shoes in many styles.

ROPE—A large stock, and selling the best Manilla Rope for 12½ cents.

☞ WE DON'T INTEND TO BE UNDERSOLD.

F. L. SHEPHERD,

oct9 Successor to J. W. Woodland & Co

GREAT REDUCTION

IN

WINTER CLOTHING!

AT THE

BALTIMORE

Clothing House!

According to custom we [illegible] our entire stock of WINTER CLOTHING and FURNISHING GOODS

Positively at cost, to avoid packing them away, so as to make room for our Spring trade.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

OVER-COATS!!

and all heavy goods.

We have also in stock a large lot of

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valise,

&c., which we will offer at manufacturers' prices.

Don't forget GREAT BARGAINS at the

BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE!

jan15 opposite Thomas' Hotel.

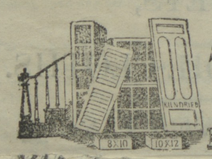
BROWN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

WHITE & YELLOW PINE LUMBER,

Shingles, Laths, Lime, &c.

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF



Sash, Blinds, Shutters, Doors, Mantels and BUILDING MATERIALS.

PLAIN AND STAINED WORK in the various branches.

BRACKETS of every variety and style, making it not to allow any apr10

Store and Yard [illegible]

Established.....1843.

SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION.

Gentlemen in want of a Good BREECH-LOADING or MUZZLE LOADING GUN, RIFLE, PISTOL, SHELLS, CARTRIDGES, AMMUNITION, or anything in the Shooting Line, will do well to call and examine the Large Assortment just received by

ALEX McCOMAS, 51 S. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

☞ GUNS MADE TO ORDER, and Repairing done in the best manner. Goods shipped C. O. D. and GUARANTEED. aug14-6mo

New Harness Shop.

THE undersigned has opened a shop in the room adjoining Corsey's Central Hotel, for the manufacture and repair of all kinds of HARNESS, and is prepared to attend to all work in his line at short notice. He makes all kinds of carriage, wagon, express or cart harness and riding bridles. All work, either new or old is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Prices reasonable, and good materials furnished. Give me a call.

nov20-tf JOHN E. SEWELL.

ORGANS

FIRST-CLASS. WARRANTED.

ON EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Apply to J. H. C. BARRETT,

nov20 Cambridge, Md.

Poetry.

THE CORPORATIONS.

Spreading over the country's highways,
Over the common roads and byways,
Mighty spiders their threads are spinning,
Manifold, glutinous, strong for winning
Piles to add to the aggregations
Forming the heaped up wealth of the nation's
Corporations.

Daily the stocks are flooded with water,
Daily the lambs are led to the slaughter;
Higher or lower though values be quoted,
Still the spiders grow big and bloated,
Drawing from all of us plentiful rations,
Such as may feed and fatten the nation's
Corporations.

Vain the assaults [illegible]
Storming capital's strong position,
Still are the men of lengthy purses
Deaf to the people's cries or curses;
Theirs but to add to the aggravations
Heaped upon high and low by the nation's
Corporations.

State and national legislators,
Yearly and daily turning traitors,
Work in the corporations' traces;
Men who are holding highest places
Basely and meanly degrade their stations,
Packing the courts to please the nation's
Corporations.

Still the spiders their webs are weaving,
Strong for subduing, deft at deceiving;
Still they will add accumulations;
Still they will pile up aggravations—
Yes, till the people, out of patience,
Turning at last, shall rend the nation's
Corporations.

Select Story.

"Till Death Do Us Part."

"We were dear friends once, Kate—do not mind telling you my troubles."

"Once? always," replied the lady.

Then there is silence for a while, and her thoughts go back for a year or two to the time when, on her side, though not on his, the tie between them was more than friendship.

She is Lady Derwentwater now, courted and flattered as Little Kate Morrison of the old days never was. She is very happy in her married life, the world says. The world is right enough. Still it is with a half sigh she recalls the time when a word from this man, poor as he was, had more weight than one from the peer she had married. She looks up at the broad, white brow, at the rugged, powerful features, at the deep-set, flashing eyes, just now perplexed and anxious. A girlish fancy comes back to her that they might have belonged to one of those in stature and strength, who stood around him.

"Are you so hopelessly involved?" she asked at length.

"Hopelessly. My uncle, as you well know, while making me one of the most niggardly of allowances, proclaimed me to all the world heir to his immense fortune. Naturally, for every pound of my income I spent ten."

"Are you in immediate danger from your creditors?"

"No. My first acceptance does not fall due for a clear month; but by that time every creditor will know that I am cut off with a shilling."

There is another pause. The lights of the theatre grow dim; music begins to play softly. When Kate again looks up there is a world of regrets in her companion's eyes.

"Of what are you thinking?"

"Thinking," he answers, what a life mine might have been without the expectation of the accursed wealth."

"Think, rather," she rejoins earnestly, "what a life it may be, once freed from present incumbrances."

"Freed!" How?"

"By marriage. With your advantages, Harold Raisbeck, you might win any woman's heart."

"But I have never cared for any woman yet, save as a friend."

"The better fortune yours," she says sadly. "If your heart be your own, you will wrong no one by bartering it for the heiress's gold."

Harold looks at her fixedly, a bitter smile on his lips.

"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

"It is a thing hundreds do without a word of censure. After all, it is only to set yourself and bachelor liberty against a woman's thousands. Come, you have no option. Only say you will try it, and leave the rest to me. I and Lord Derwentwater go out of town to-morrow, and the two richest heiresses of the season have promised to join us at the hall with in a week. It will be an easy matter to invite half a dozen more, and equally easy for you to secure a prize during your month's respite. Will you come?"

There is a longer silence and then Harold extends his hand.

"Kate," he says, "you are very good to me. I will spend my month with you. For the rest I promise nothing. Now, for a week, good-bye."

"Good bye," she answers, and for the next half hour is absorbed apparently in the opera; but, while grand music throbs and swells, her mind is busy with a dead love of hers. Dead—and buried. But while life lasts, she must go to its grave sometimes, to whisper once more, as she whispers now—"Good-bye—good-bye."

It is a week later. Lady Derwentwater's magnificent drawing room is ablaze with light. The ladies have just repaired thither, and are indulging in the languid chit-chat which invariably precedes the dropping in of the gentlemen. The roll of a carriage announces some arrival, and excites a faint curiosity, for one of the girls asks:

"Who is it?"

"Another guest, probably," the hostess replies. "I am expecting Harold Raisbeck."

There is a slight flutter. Harold is known and liked. Few men in their intercourse with the fair sex, display ners so suave and winning; fewer command from their fellow men so m deference. One by one, the gentlemen leave their wine and present themselves. Conversation grows more animated. Presently there is a stir in the door-way, a man who has been leaning listlessly against the mantel-piece rushes forward with outstretched hand.

"Why, Harold, old boy, I thought abominated country-seats! What inv world brings you to Derwentwater? that everybody listens for an answer. down to win my heiress."

Every one is listening now with geance. Society is quite accustom fortune-hunters, to fathom their m applaud their success, deride their ure; but to hear one cooly state his in a fashionable drawing room, be mixed audience, is a novelty. A s cal smile goes round the room. Sir C Digby, the questioner, laughs out

"My dear fellow, I can assure yo no laughing matter. My old uncle died last week, cut me off with a sh I have any quantity of paper to tap in less than a month. I must mak heiress or—pass the bankruptcy co

So saying, Harold relinquishes hand and makes the tour of the whose occupants are for the most pa questioning. Despite the explana general suspicion prevails that hat tempting a hoax. Meanwhile hes stock of the heiresses. Four or disposed of at once most unceremonio ly; but he selects two as worthy of minute consideration. One is May ilton, a blonde. She has wavy hair, large blue eyes, creamy complexio and a perfect little rosebud of mouth She and Harold have flirted through th whole season; she now summons him im periously to her side.

"Come here, sir, and explain away th bad impression you have produced on all."

"I can explain away nothing, fair lady I throw myself upon your mercy," he said, advancing smilingly.

"That is a quality with which I am n endowed. What is this about winning heiress?"

"Such is my intention; take care of your heart."

"In that case," he [illegible] lost it?" safe," and passes on.

The last beauty to whom he addresses himself is a beauty of a different order. She has a small, queenly head, set upon queenly shoulders, a wealth of brown hair, and sweet, proud eyes form is perfect in its proportions. May Maud Reading has rivaled May Hamilton at many a festive assembly, and may provide Harold's attention for the next or three weeks. Hitherto he has kept aloof from her little crowd of worshipers, and the proud beauty had quietly noted the fact and allowed herself to feel somewhat piqued thereat. He seats himself on a low ottoman at her side and speaks. Her eyes flash; there is a scornful ring in her voice.

"Surely, Mr. Raisbeck, you were joking in what you said just now? You do not have turned fortune hunter?"

"I was never more in earnest, Maud.

"It is wicked, mean, dishonorable!" said passionately.

"I crave your pardon." The girl head that Lady Derwentwater likened a demigod's is lifted an inch higher. would be a simple matter of barter—interest against a woman's beauty, freedom against a woman's wealth. There is no wickedness in such a transaction. As to meanness and dishonor, I open avow my intention; I hide nothing; cruise under no false colors. Do not your feelings warp your judgment, Lady Maud."

"I do not care," she says. "No woman will listen to your proposals, no girl give you her heart."

"Rich?" The answer came slowly; she seemed to be struggling for self command. "Richer than any one here, perhaps." "Coward!" Harold continues musingly, his eyes fixed on her face as though he was trying to read the girl's nature, and the study was an interesting one—"beautiful as a queen; a man might covet such a wife."

"You have insulted me sufficiently," she bursts out. "I did not speak for myself, because I would rather cut off the hand than bestow it to further such a scheme as yours, because I utterly despise and scorn—" She stops, at a loss to understand or account for a curious expression which flits across her companion's face.

He leans over, dropping his voice.

"You are very candid; it is for me to change my opinion. I shall win yet—win my heiress but never wear her."

Lady Maud looks at him blankly, the accents of conscious power thrill her for an instant with something like fear. The next moment she is herself again, a haughty smile on her beautiful face, her eyes gleaming like two stars.

"So be it, sir; I defy you. You shall have the opportunity; but look to yourself."

He gazes at her, drinking in her loveliness until his face softens. She starts at his words, so tender and pitiful is the tone.

"Poor girl—poor girl—so young and so beautiful, but titled, rich as Croesus! Verily, it were easier for her to go thro' a needle's eye than enter the heaven of an honest man's love."

She rises abruptly, crosses to the piano, and begins to play a sparkling Italian air, though which she goes mechanically, giving it effective from sheer force of habit; her thoughts wandered meanwhile to that last strange sentence. The usual stream of thanks follow. She turns, to find Harold's tall figure standing behind her.

"Why do you not thank me?" she indignantly. "Because your heart was not in the gift. Your thoughts were far away when you gave them."

"How do you know?"

"I can read you like a book."

For the second time that evening a chill of something like fear shoots through her. Why should this man be able to read her thoughts? What makes him in so many ways unlike his fellows?

"Will you sing this for me?" he asks, placing a piece from a heap lying near.

[illegible] of her, a passionate wail over the degeneracy of the man and woman of the day, the cry of a noble spirit seeking its mate, searching vainly for a heart worthy of the love it is ready to bestow. She sings it magnificently, with a pathos which stills every sound and brings tears to many eyes. As the last note dies away there is a silence, broken only by his low "I thank you," then eager applause.

"What you have sung," he whispers, bending over her, "I have felt for years, ever seeking, never finding, the woman who might raise more than a passing interest. May not your judgment be rather hard upon me?"

Then he walks away, and attaches himself, until the "good nights" are said, to his hostess and May Hamilton.

It is passed midnight. Lady Maud has dismissed her maid, and begins to court sleep. She has been indulging in a long thinking spell. As she wearily composes herself she cries suddenly:

"I hate him—I hate him! But how noble he is!"

Outside in the moonlight strolls Harold Raisbeck. As he flings away the end of his cigar and turns toward the house he mutters: "I shall win my heiress, but never wear her."

Morning dawns bright and beautiful. Lady Maud, usually an early riser, oversleeps herself, and does not wake until her maid, wondering much at her mistress' drowsiness, is softly leaving the room for the third time.

"Is it not very late, Philson?"

"Very, my lady."

"Open the window and let in the fresh air."

Philson obeys, and with much interest,

"At Mr. Raisbeck and Miss Hamilton, my lady. What a nice couple they do make, to be sure!"

Lady Maud hastens to the window and peeps out. The two have just met apparently, and with much empressment are exchanging greetings. Presently Harold offers his arm, and they start off, laughing and chatting gayly.

"He loses neither time nor opportunity," is Lady Maud's unspoken comment, and forthwith she falls into a reflective fit, which lasts during the whole period of dressing.

She has defied this man—nay, more, threatened him, offering to give every opportunity to win her, and bidding him look to himself. It behooves her to carry the war into the enemy's country to make a conquest of him, and the prospect of finding a dangerous rival in May Hamilton piques her to the encounter. She makes her way to the breakfast room just as May and Harold return. With a flush of exultation she notes his admiring glance, and her response to his greeting is free from the hauteur of the preceding evening.

"Miss Hamilton and I have been enjoying the morning air," he says. "We are planning a ride to Mathene Abbey. Will you be one of the party?"

"With pleasure."

Sir Charles Digby and three or four guests at once volunteer, and in two hours' time a merry cavalcade winds along the romantic lanes which leads to the ruins. They ride by twos. Harold keeps close to May's side, Sir Charles follows Lady Maud. The four are in the highest spirits, and maintain a quick fire of badinage. Soon the road widens. With a touch of the heel the Baronet and his horse, and points across the meadow.

"Look!" he cries, "you can just see the ruins, and how the road winds. What a glorious gallop it would be across the country! What do you say, Lady Maud?"

"I should like it of all things," and backing her horse, she is about to rush him at the fence, when Harold lays a hand on the bridle.

"Do you know whether the ladies' horses jump well, Digby?" he inquires.

"I have no idea," replies Sir Charles, carelessly.

"Oh, no doubt of it, Mr. Raisbeck!" says Lady Maud. "Let my horse go, please."

"No," he rejoins, firmly. "We shall meet Lord Derwentwater at the Abbey, and if he reports well of the animals you may return as you desire." Lady Maude hesitates and pouts a little.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Cross Baby.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All cross and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young man, remember this.—Traveller.

The road to wealth and the path to heven are widely divergent. So men travel the first during the best part of their lives, always intending to cross over into the other before death overtakes them.

A WOMAN'S CHECKERED CAREER

End of a Long Life Filled With Remarkable and Romantic Incidents—Born at Gibraltar of Noble Blood, Married at Twelve and a Mother at Thirteen Years—Her Social Triumphs in this Country.

Mrs. Abijah Smith is dead. Thus ends a career strangely interesting because of its varied lights and shadows—a veritable romance. On the high fortified rock of Gibraltar there was born to the noble house of Gannecliff, in the summer of 1793, an heiress, upon whom with much ceremony and pomp was bestowed the christian name of Isabella. This infant is she who, at the age of eighty-seven, has been given a last resting-place at Montrepose. Four years passed in the life of the child-heiress of Gannecliff, and the dreadful epidemic that scourged "the rock" left her doubly an orphan; both father and mother were lost to her, and by adoption she became a member of a certain noble Spanish family, who gave much more care to all else than moral or mental culture. She was in possession of her father's large estates, and with every attention given to her whims and willfulness her development was rapid even for that clime; at twelve she was married, at thirteen was a mother, and seventeen a widow with four children. Her husband was Jose De Sa Manos, a Spanish gentleman of leisure, the victim of a duel entered into upon her account. Not long subsequent to the death of De Sa Manos three of his four children died; thus was the widow left with but one relative in the world. This was a daughter christened Inez, who in accordance with the written will of her father, was consigned to the care of a Catholic sisterhood in Paris, for instruction such as she deemed meet. To the daughter went all the father's property, and Donna Isabella was once more "afloat in the world," with no tie to bind her to the prudent life that should have been hers.

The season of 1815 was a brilliant one at Gibraltar, and visitors were there from all over the world—among others Captain George W. Walker, the owner of an American trading vessel, and brother of Commodore Walker, of the United States navy. At a ball given by the American consul Captain Walker met Madame De Sa Manos, and, despite numerous warnings from friends that she was the "greatest flirt in Gibraltar," within two weeks he carried her off as his bride. Turning all her convertible property into gold, she sailed with her new lord for Philadelphia. His rank in his country was high, he be[illegible] connected with the Winthrops England; and he was possessed of much wealth, having a rarely excellent trade between New York, Philadelphia and Southern ports. The married life of Captain and Mrs. Walker was, however, not all sunshine. It extended over two score years; the first fourth of which the lady was exceedingly glad in the constant company of her husband, sailing with him on every voyage, and becoming so far the master of navigation that according to her boast of after years, she was on one occasion, with the gallant captain, seriously injured and below deck, able to save his vessel from the fury of a gulf storm. But the time came when she tired of sea life, and while her husband continued to sail, she deemed it much more agreeable to shine in society circles at Saratoga and Niagara in the summer and at Washington and other centres when the snow came. Captain Walker when fair times would bring him home, and frequent and bitter scenes of domestic infelicity. At Washington she shone with the circle that attracted the foremost men of the nation.—"Andrew Jackson," said she, "has pleaded with me for favor, and more than one Senator has prayed me to notice his cause. Martin Van Buren time and again singled me out in crowded drawing-rooms imploring me to give him a monopoly of my society. I knew Clay, Webster, Benton, Calhoun and Randolph—all the great men of the day—I knew them well."

Such boasts were evidently not baseless; the lady to the day of her death retained a packet of letters in which words of admiration—and, indeed, sentiments even more decided—appeared, connected with the autographs of the men she mentioned as her devotees. And there were eloquent epistles from others almost their peers, perhaps not to advantage, in a billett that would have better became an ardent country swain. N. P. Willis, the poet, writes pleading for an interview, pouring out his "feelings unspeakable" in a half dozen stanzas, the which, by the by, are to be found in a subsequent published volume of his poems. There are other letters from other men of prominence in the political, literary and social world of a half century ago, but there is no demand for their publication. Not all of Mrs. Walker's time was spent in this country; she crossed the Atlantic seven times before she was forty, and in the first society of London and Paris she was conspicuous many seasons. And she made many conquests—"harmless they were," she ever averred, as in her later days she recalled them.

In 1854 Captain Walker died; but his widow remained free but three years, when she accepted the suit of Abijah Smith, of this city, and came from New York to become mistress of the local celebrity's home on Golden Hill. The marriage was an unhappy one. When by an explosion at his saw mill Smith was seriously injured, the home was broken up, his wife chafing under the restraints put upon her by an invalid husband. While she was yet Mrs. Walker she made a "dash" in Wall street, and, leaving Golden Hill, she continued her speculation in Erie, Reading and Panama. "I would never touch the other stocks," she declared. "I knew what I was about, and I did not come out a 'lame duck;' I doubled my fortune in two years."

During the past twenty years Mrs. Smith has for the most part made her home in this city, though not as the helpmeet of her husband, who died last year. The property that she held at her marriage she retained in her own right, and was thus entirely free from dependence. Recently her advanced years weighed heavily upon her, and she grew testy and at times sullen and morose. Without one kin in the whole world, she gave little care to the amenities of life as deserved by those with whom she had to do. The daughter, Inez, died long years ago in a convent, and save when recalling that daughter, or recounting social triumphs of the past, Mrs. Smith was seldom an agreeable companion; and with her better nature had also gone the beauty of face, stateliness of form, and other graces that gave her prominence and power in days bygone. It was her boast that the leading artist of France had pleaded long and eloquently to have her sit to him; three times had her arm—"and such an arm!"—been cast in plaster as a model for sculptors of renown. But time had wrought a change; her features were shrunken, and other evidences there were innumerable that the beauty and power of other days had altogether passed.—*Kingston (N. Y) Freeman.*

Home Life.

There is an increasing love in the hearts of the American people for tasteful homes, not always grand, but made easy and artistic by little rustic adornments and quaint devices. There is certainly something very delightful in building up one's *own* home and yearly adding to its beauty and attractiveness. I have in my mind at this moment the home of a young couple who started in life with only a hundred dollars, but with hearts full of love and courage. Do not be shocked when I tell you that they commenced housekeeping with only two chairs, and when a third person was present one gracefully took a seat upon the bed. Yet, with womanly tact, the fair young hostess entertained her visitors in such a way that they departed impressed with the fact that love and happiness may exist in spite of very adverse circumstances. Years have passed, and, with added means and cultivated taste, that home is a paradise of beauty. The yard is tastefully arranged with grass-plants, flower-beds and ever-blooming roses of various kinds. Beautiful Japan Honeysuckle, with its white flowers, filled the air with fragrance, and the Jessamine's orange-like blooms [illegible] and climbing vines planted so as to grow over and cover the doors and windows and unsightly buildings and fences, and ivies and Virginia creepers could be made to cover the entire building, and now you have a perfect little paradise, the admiration and praise of the entire neighborhood. It will cost something, at least labor and care, but it will amply repay all. To buy all these trees at a nursery would require some money. Well, could you not have an exhibition or a concert in your school house for this purpose?—Now a great many beautiful and highly ornamental trees and shrubs and flowers can be taken from the woods and fields. There we will find evergreens, magnolias, swamp maples, shade-trees, nut bearing trees, the handsome laurel, ivies, Virginia creepers, clematis, arbutus, violets, lilies, cardinal flowers and lots of beautiful things. [illegible] occasional hoeing and weeding. If you cannot attend to this, some of the scholars undoubtedly will, probably three days' work will be all that is necessary for the entire vacations. In digging up trees remember and get all the roots possible and then plant in a hole large enough for its roots to be spread out naturally, then fill in with fine rich earth. It will be well to prune off about one third of the branches when transplanting. After planting keep the roots mulched with grass, the first summer. Keep all the names of the trees and shrubs, if possible, so as to increase the interest, and you will find a wonderful interest developing for botany and tastes subdued and refined, lessons learned that will last all through life and show themselves in the beautiful homes of the growing generation.

There were shady nooks bright with the upturned faces of Pansies; beds of Verbenas, Geraniums, Abutilons and Fuchsias with their drooping bells; and over all the humming birds daintily hovering, made a picture so charming that each little human flower of that household daily felt the refining influence of its beauty. Let us in mid winter take a peep within. We find the cosy parlor with its organ; for music is one of the home enjoyments. There are shelves prettily arranged with books; there are shells, vases and statuary. Upon the walls are paintings in oil and water-colors. But the most charming spot is the family sitting room; here the children gather and friends love to linger. Shall I describe it? Very little money has been expended; the furniture is plain, and yet the room [illegible] Between the two west windows is a table covered with books and prints. There are also a few plants requiring but little sun, ornamental Begonias and foliage plants, and a silver basket filled with red and golden fruit. Above the table is a small shelf which supports a picture, and from which a cocoanut-shell is suspended filled with the Dew Plant. On each side of the picture is a vase of Ivy. Over the mantel hangs a rustic cross richly wreathed with Kenilworth Ivy and the delicate Smilax. In one of the south windows is a stand of plants. Above it is suspended a hanging-basket with a handsome Coleus in the centre Oxans, English and variegated ivies. The other south delights in a window-garden. It is filled with Roses, Geraniums, Crossula perfoliata, and vines of different kinds.—Above is another basket with a coral Begonia, the lovely pink Christine Geranium Vincas, and other suitable plants, all making such a bower of beauty as delights the eye and cheers the heart.—Flowers lend a charm to the humblest home. Let us cultivate flowers for a twofold purpose: our own pleasure and recreation, and as a part of the training of our children, instilling into their hearts a love for the beautiful. This time will hardly be missed from our more important duties, and great will be the compensation. Above all let us cultivate the sweet flowers of love and gentleness, which will adorn them more than all the appliances of wealth of art.

After the battle: "The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in her head and Johnny is down with the measles," remarked a Galveston gentleman to a defeated candidate.

[illegible] reply of the defeated candidate, scowling furiously. "Well," said the gentleman, slowly, "before the election you used to take me aside every time you met me and ask me how my family was coming on, so I thought you would like to know. As I was saying, Johnny is all broken out with the measles and the baby—" "Go to Halifax!" roared the exasperated ex-candidate, producing a police-whistle, all of which goes to show that the defeated candidate is quite as independent as the one who is elected.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

Rates of Advertising.

One square, first insertion, $1.50; 25 cents, for each subsequent insertion; Larger ones charged in the same proportion. Eight lines of minion type constitute a square.

Business notices 10 cents a line. Obituaries $1 for every 15 lines.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

	3m.	6m.	12m.
One inch	$ 2 00	$ 3 00	$ 8 00
One fourth column	10 00	18 00	25 00
One-half "	25 00	35 00	50 00
One column	40 00	50 00	80 00

TERMS OF JOB-PRINTING.

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Our School Houses.

How often it is we see school houses throughout the country presenting anything but a beautiful appearance, window lights broken out, house and fences scarred and disfigured, the play ground barren and filthy, and where it is such the scholars receive this part of education and keep it as long and as well as that which they learned inside the building.—Now, why not educate them to appreciate the beautiful and pleasant—to be sure there are those scholars who can and do love the beautiful and grandeur in nature. First enlist these few in your idea to improve and benefit the school, then if the trustees will lend you a helping hand, so much the better, if they do not object to your project, but will not help, all right, you can get along without them. Next enlist the interest and services of the large boys. This may be done by showing them what you propose to do and benefit them, and their brothers and sisters and friends, and how you can get along without them. The money or money implement is interest in the project. Now this is the object to strive for—to make your yard and grounds the prettiest and most beautiful of any in your locality, in fact as pretty as possible. It is [illegible] plenty of room for the play ground, but have that which is directly in front of the house a grass plot, through which have a distinct and clean walk leading from the gate to the door, around the edges of the play ground have the lawn, and let it be made distinct from the play ground by having its outline made in curved (not straight) lines, made prominent by pretty stones and shells and other things of scientific interest, in fact here is just the place to have your geological museum. In the lawn, both in front and around the house, trees, shrubbery, vines and flowers should be planted. Those should be chosen that flower and fruit during April and May, October and November. If fruit is desired you may have apples, cherries, pears, chestnuts, walnuts and butternuts, then for ornament, horse chestnut, honey locust, mountain ash, white birch, sugar maples, birch and all kinds of evergreens, then nearly all kinds of shrubbery as deutzias, spireas, lilacs, snowballs, wigelias, &c., during spring and are all very pretty and showy. Then flower beds could be made around in the lawn which would add greatly to the effect, and old rustic logs and stumps filled with flowers, and rockeries made of heaps of stones, a few painted and whitewashed then filled in between with dirt and running vines and flowers planted so as to grow over and cover the doors and windows and unsightly buildings and fences, and ivies and Virginia creepers could be made to cover the entire building, and now you have a perfect little paradise, the admiration and praise of the entire neighborhood. It will cost something, at least labor and care, but it will amply repay all. To buy all these trees at a nursery would require some money. Well, could you not have an exhibition or a concert in your school house for this purpose?—Now a great many beautiful and highly ornamental trees and shrubs and flowers can be taken from the woods and fields. There we will find evergreens, magnolias, swamp maples, shade-trees, nut bearing trees, the handsome laurel, ivies, Virginia creepers, clematis, arbutus, violets, lilies, cardinal flowers and lots of beautiful things. [illegible] occasional hoeing and weeding. If you cannot attend to this, some of the scholars undoubtedly will, probably three days' work will be all that is necessary for the entire vacations. In digging up trees remember and get all the roots possible and then plant in a hole large enough for its roots to be spread out naturally, then fill in with fine rich earth. It will be well to prune off about one third of the branches when transplanting. After planting keep the roots mulched with grass, the first summer. Keep all the names of the trees and shrubs, if possible, so as to increase the interest, and you will find a wonderful interest developing for botany and tastes subdued and refined, lessons learned that will last all through life and show themselves in the beautiful homes of the growing generation.

Outrage by a policeman: Sam Johnsing was up again and expense [illegible] brings you here this morning, Sam?" inquired the recorder. "De policeman brought me heah last time." "Well, what did you do?" "I was jess passin' a grocery store, when I struck my head agin a ham what was hanging by de dore. I tuck de ham down to put it somewhares whar it would be safe from folks bustin' dar brains out agin it, when de fust I knowed a policeman tried to get de ham away from me, and bekase I wouldn't let de ham go he jess brung me along, too."

"Mad!" exclaimed a South End girl, "I guess I am as mad as a hornet. There I've been playing a certain jolly tune on the piano every Sunday for the last ten years, it's such fun to be a little wicked, you know, and now come to find out it's a psalm tune! Was ever anything more [illegible]

"I Don't Want a Plaster."

said a sick man to a druggist, "can't you give me something to cure me?" His symptoms were a lame back and disordered urine and were a sure indication of kidney disease. The druggist told him to use Kidney-Wort and in a short time it effected a complete cure. Have you these symptoms? Then get a box or bottle to-day—before you become incurable. It is *the* cure; safe and sure.—*Knoxville Republican.*

"What I want," said a very pompous debater, "is just a grain of common sense in this matter." "Well," retorted his opponent, quickly, "it will require the efforts of a special Providence to give it to you."

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