Jno B Thomas
Odessa

ENOCH PRATT BALTO. FREE LIBRARY

The Centreville Observer.

VOL. IX. CENTREVILLE, MARYLAND, APRIL 29, 1873. NO. 45.

NOTICE
—TO—
MERCHANTS, TRADERS, AND OTHERS.

Al persons and bodies corporate or politic, in Queen Anne's county, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose for which a license is made necessary by the laws of Maryland are hereby warned to obtain a License, or renew the same,

Before the 1st day of May Next,

under the penalty prescribed by said law for the infraction thereof.

Those interested are notified of the following requirements of the License laws;

Traders Licenses.—The amount to be paid by traders for a license, (the amount of stock at the principal season of sale to be given under oath,) is as follows:

If the applicant's stock in trade does not exceed $1,000	$12.60
If over $1,000 and not over $1,500	15.60
" 1,500 " " " 2,500	18.00
" 2,500 " " " 4,000	22.60
" 4,000 " " " 6,000	30.00
" 6,000 " " " 8,000	40.60
" 8,000 " " " 10,000	50.60
" 10,000 " " " 15,000	60.60
" 15,000 " " " 20,000	80.60
" 20,000 " " " 30,000	100.60
" 30,000 " " " 40,000	125.60
" 40,000 " " "	150.60

The applicant must either make oath as heretofore, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the county where he is engaged in business, of the amount of goods kept on hand at the principal season of sale; or the oath may be administered by a Justice of the Peace, when the person wanting a license applies through an agent. If the latter course be adopted, the following form will be deemed a sufficient compliance with the act:

Queen Anne's County, to wit:

On this——day of——, 1873, before the subscriber a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for said county, personally appeared,——and declared that he intends to apply for a trader's license, under the second section of the Act of January Session, 1858, to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Queen Anne's county, and made oath that the amount of the stock of goods generally kept on hand by him [or by the concern in which he is engaged, in case it be a partnership,] at the principal season of sale, [or if the applicant has not previously engaged in such trade,] that the amount of goods which he intends to keep, &c., does not or will not exceed $——

Sworn before ————

If the oath be administered before a Justice of the peace out of the county in which the application is made, there must be attached the certificate of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the county in which the Justice resides.

Persons may sell salt to cure fish in March, April and May, without license. Venders of cakes and venders of beer and cider, [lager beer excepted,] are not required to pay license.

License to Ordinaries and Tavern Keepers.—The license to ordinaries and tavern keepers to sell spirituous and fermented liquors or lager beer, in quantities less than a pint, at any one time, are as follows: Provided that the applicant shall first be recommended to the Clerk by two respectable freeholders of his immediate vicinity, and shall make oath before said Clerk that he has bona fide [and without intending to evade the requirements of this article] provided and expects to maintain six good beds, with sufficient covering therefor—and three rooms more than sufficient for the private use of said ordinary keeper, with stabling and provender for five horses at least.

The said applicant is also to make oath before the Clerk as to the rate of rent or annual value of the house at or in which the business to be authorized by the license may be done or intended to be done.

If the rental or annual value is not over $100	$25.60
If over 100 but not over $200	40.60
" 200 " " 300	50.60
" 300 " " 400	60.60
" 400 " " 500	70.60
" 500 " " 750	90.60
" 750 " " 1,000	100.60
" 1,000 " " 2,000	150.60
" 2,000 " " 3,000	180.60
" 3,000 " " 5,000	250.60
" 5,000 " " 10,000	400.60
" 10,000 " " "	450.60

Licenses to Retailers of Spirituous or Fermented Liquor or Lager Beer.—The amounts of licenses to be paid by retailers of spirituous and fermented liquors or lager, are as follows:

If the value of the stock in trade be $500 or less,	$18.60
Over 500	35.60
From 1,000 to $2,000	50.60
" 2,000 to 4,000	75.60
" 4,000 to 6,000	100.60
" 9,000 to 10,000	120.60
" 10,000 to 20,000	130.60
" 20,000 to 30,000	140.60
Over 30,000	150.60

No license shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquor or lager beer, in quantities not less than a pint, for the sum of $18.60, unless the person applying therefor shall also obtain a license to sell goods, chattles, wares and merchandise, paying therefor the sum heretofore prescribed, according to the amount of the stock in trade.

Oyster and Eating Houses.—The license to be paid by the keepers of oyster and eating houses is $50.60 throughout the State.

Billiard Tables.—A license may be granted to any person who may apply for permission to keep a billiard table, for which license there shall be paid the sum of $100.60.

Hawkers and Pedlers must renew their licenses on or before the 1st of May, as other traders. The rates are as follows:

To travel on foot,	$41.60
With one horse and wagon,	51.60
With two horses and wagon,	71.60

No such license shall be granted to any hawker or pedler in the name or style of a partnership, or company, and but one person shall trade under any such license. No such license shall extend beyond the county in which it is issued. A violation of the law subjects the offender to a fine of not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars, recoverable before a Justice of the Peace.

Brokers.—Any person who shall make it his business to deal in any manner on his own account, or for others in the purchase or sale of stocks, bills, notes, banknotes or other obligations, shall be deemed and taken to be a broker. The rates are as follows:

Exchange Broker,	$100.60
Stock Broker,	75.60
Bill Broker,	50.60

Females vending millinery and other small articles, whose stock is not over $500, pay a license of $6.60 only; but if over that amount they are required to pay the same licenses as other persons—oath to be made as to amount of stock at the principal season of the year.

The Clerk shall not issue license to any person to sell spirituous and fermented liquors from whom the grand jury has recommended a license to be withheld, or to person whose license had been suppressed by the Court, without a special order of the Court.

Stallions.—The owner and keeper of every stallion or jack, shall before being permitted to stand or station such animal, pay to the Clerk of the Circuit Court of some one of the counties in this State, the highest sum which he intends to ask or receive for the season for one mare; and the receipt of the said Clerk, with the seal of his Court attached thereto, for said sum, shall be the license for stationing or standing such stallion or jack for one year from the date thereof; provided, that in no case shall the sum directed to be paid by this section for such license be less than ten dollars; and that every stallion or jack upon which the said tax is paid shall be exempt from all other State Tax.

Any owner or keeper stationing or standing any stallion or jack without a license shall forfeit and pay twice the sum authorized and required to be paid in the last preceding section, one half to the State and the other half to the informer.

Amendments to the License Laws passed January Session, 1868.

(Chapter 238, page 441.)

AN ACT

To add an additional section to article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws, entitled Licenses, so as to empower a trader to sell the license to trade with the stock of Goods.

Sec. 1.—Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the following section be added to Article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws entitled Licenses.

——. And be it enacted. Any trader who has taken out license to sell goods, chattles, wares, merchandise, spirituous and fermented liquors or lager beer, in this State, shall have the privilege to sell out said license to any party purchasing his stock of goods, and purchasing or renting his place of business, and the party so purchasing may continue to sell under the license of his predecessor in business until the expiration of said license.

(Chapter 448, page 865.)

AN ACT

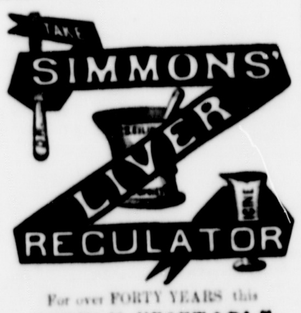
To add to the tenth section of Article 56, of the Code of Public General Laws, a sub-section, requiring a license to enable any person to act as Real Estate Broker.

Section. 1.—Be in enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland. That there be added to the tenth section of article 56, of the Code of Public General Laws, a sub-section to read as follows:

Sub-Section 1.—Any person applying for the same and paying the sum of fifty dollars, may obtain a license for carrying on the business of Real Estate Broker, and any individual, copartnership or firm who shall carry on the business of a Real Estate Broker, without a license, shall be subject to the penalties imposed upon other Brokers by section seventeen of this Article.

N. B.—By instructions received from the Treasury Department at the Clerk's office all persons applying for a license of any kind, (except marriage licenses, which are the same as heretofore,) will hereafter have to pay the fee of fifty cents for issuing the same, making a total of sixty cents, as stated above. The fee of fifty cents has heretofore been charged to the State.

WM. C. DUDLEY,
April, 1-1m. Sheriff of Queen Anne's Co.



For over FORTY YEARS this

PURELY VEGETABLE

LIVER MEDICINE has proven to be the

GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC

for Liver Complaint and its painful offspring, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Heartburn, CHILLS AND FEVERS, &c., &c.

After years of careful experiments, to meet a great and urgent demand, we now produce from our original Genuine Powders

THE PREPARED,

a Liquid form of SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, containing all its wonderful and valuable properties, and offer it in

ONE DOLLAR BOTTLES

The Powders, (price as before,)	$1.00 per package.
Sent by mail,	$1.04

CAUTION!

Buy no Powders or PREPARED SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR unless in our engraved wrapper, with Trade mark, Stamp and Signature unbroken. None other are genuine.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Macon Ga. and Philadelphia

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Lime! Lime!! Lime!!!

The subscriber, agent for Rambo's celebrated Schuylkill Lime, is prepared to deliver Lime by rail road at Centreville, Carville's, Price's and Tilghman's Stations, or any intermediate point convenient to farmers. Orders solicited.

P. H. FEDDEMAN, Sr.,
Oct. 15-6m Carville's Station.

[From the Baltimore Herald.]

WHERE IS HE GONE?

The bird has returned
With bright hued wing
And warbles so sweetly
The soft note of spring

The flowers are waking
On hillside and lawn,
But where is our bright boy?
Oh! where is he gone?

The blossoms are budding
All over the trees,
Casting their fragrance
To the cool, balmy breeze.

The brook it is creeping
Its pebbly course on,
But where is our bright boy?
Oh! where is he gone?

We long for the footsteps,
The loud shout of joy,
The soft dewy kiss,
From the lips of our boy.

We're waiting his coming
From the eve to the dawn,
But vain is our waiting;
To Heaven he is gone.

My Midnight Peril.

The night of the seventeenth of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness, the roar of the autumnal wind thro' the lonely forest, and the incessant down pour of rain?

"This comes of short cuts," I muttered to myself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could just hear the roar of the turbulent stream, forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold as I thought what might be the consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been content to keep in the highway?

Hold on! Was that a light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on to the low, ominous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank. So it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and hurl me down the precipice.

It was a light—thank Providence!—it was a light, and no *ignes fatuus* or copse gleam to lure me to destruction and death.

"Hallo-o-o!"

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged onward through the tangled vines, dense briars and rocky banks, until, as in a dream, I perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cloak, carrying a lantern.

As the dim light fell upon his face I almost recoiled. Would not solitude and the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered old man? But it was too late to recede now.

"What's wanting?" he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow stumps of teeth all bare.

"I am lost in the woods. Can you direct me to R . . . station?"

"Yes; R . . . station is twelve miles from here."

"Twelve miles!"

I stood aghast.

"Yes."

"Can you tell me of any shelter I could obtain for the night?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"Down to Drew's, down by the big maple swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."

"Would they keep me for the night? I'd pay them well."

"Guess so; folks do stop there."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; 'bout half a mile."

"Then let us make haste and reach it. I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me. Presently we left the ravine, entering what seemed to be a trackless wood, and keeping straight on until the light of some habitation gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars to the rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow traveler's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of her accommodations, but I was welcome to them such as they were.

"Where is Isaac?" demanded my conductor.

"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of hard, coarse bread.

"I should like to retire soon," I said, for my weariness was excessive.

"Certainly."

The woman started up with alacrity.

"Where are you going to put him?" asked my guide.

"Up stairs."

"Put him in Isaac's room."

"No!"

"It's the most comfortable."

"I tell you no!"

But here I interrupted the almost whispering colloquy.

"I am not particular; I don't care where, only make haste."

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in one corner of the room into an apartment ceiled with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead, crowded close against the board petition, and a pine table with two chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light, an oil lamp, on the table.

"Anything more I can get you, sir?"

"Nothing, I thank you."

"I hope you will sleep well, sir. When shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R . . . station in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I will, sir."

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. So! Here I stood and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

"I will sit down and write to Alice," I thought; "that will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire glowed redly on the stone hearth, my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous-looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trousers.

I asked for writing materials, and returned to my miserable room to write to my beloved wife.

"My darling Alice."

I paused and laid down the pen as I concluded those words, half smiling to know what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Not until two sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare for slumber. As I folded the paper I happened to glance toward my bed.

Was it the gleam of human eye observing me through the cracks of the board partition, or was it my own fancy? There was a crack there, but only black darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something sparkled banefully at me.

I took out my watch; it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep. I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise close to my head, and barricading the lookless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful, but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, a startling, electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow and quiver through the room—no light of any material kind, but a soft penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating white, with her long golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands and eyes full of anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the darkness, and I was left alone. At the same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded. I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow, straight, straight through the very spot where, ten seconds since, my head had rested.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the ledge of the window, jumped some eight or ten feet into the tangled rose-bushes below, and as I crouched there recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteps in my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with the half closed eyes.

"Of course he is," cried a voice back. "That charge would have killed ten men. A light there, quick, and tell Tom to be all ready."

A cold, agonized shudder ran through me. What a den of midnight murderers I had fallen into! And how fearfully narrow had been my escape!

With a speed that only terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of a starlight. I know not what guided my footsteps—I shall never know how many times I crossed my own path, or how close I stood to the brink of that deadly ravine; but some merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned I was close to the high road, six miles from R . . .

Once at the town, I told my story to the local police, and a detatchment was sent with me to the spot.

After much searching and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house, but it was empty and deserted. Our birds had flown; nor did I ever recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of the police, "and they have troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they will come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is to come yet. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister, who was with Alice in her English home—a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise.

"I must tell you something very strange," wrote my sister, "that happened on the night of the 17th of October.—Alice had not been well for some time—in fact, she had been confined to her bed for nearly a week—and I was sitting beside her, reading. It was late, the clock had just struck one, when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing cold and rigid as a corpse. I hastened to call assistance, but all our efforts seemed vain to restore life or animation. I was just about to send for a doctor, when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, pushing back her hair and looking wildly about her.

"Alice!" I exclaimed, "how you have terrified us all! Are you ill?"

"Not ill," she answered, "but I feel so strange. Gracie, I have been with my husband!"

"All of our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertion; she persist to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the night of October 17th or rather on the morning of the 18th. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it was some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries; I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthine skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in any ghosts, neither am I a spiritualist; but this I know—that although my wife was in England in the body, the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit stood beside me in Western New York at the moment that that deadly peril menaced me. It may be that, owning to the subtile instinct and strength of a true wife's holy love, all things are possible, but Alice surely saved my life.

Number of Eggs that a Hen can Lay.

We copy the following item, which has been, for a long time, going the rounds of the agricultural press, showing how little scientific attention has been ordinarily bestowed upon the subject of poultry-keeping. It has been ascertained that the ovarium of a fowl is composed of 600 ovules of eggs; therefore a hen, during the whole of her life, cannot possibly lay over 600 eggs, which in the natural course are distributed over nine years, in the following proportion:

First year after birth	16 to 20
Second " "	100 to 120
Third " "	120 to 135
Fourth " "	100 to 115
Fifth " "	60 to 80
Sixth " "	50 to 60
Seventh " "	35 to 40
Eighth " "	15 to 20
Ninth " "	1 to 10

It follows that it would not be profitable to keep hens after their fourth year, keeping except when they are of a valuable and scarce breed.

To begin with, we may doubt the possibility of making an accurate count of the number of ovisacs in the ovaries, or of affirming that no new ones make their appearance out of minute germs or cells in the course of the life of the hen. In the next place such a limitation must have reference to the actual constitution of the fowl, and this either in its wild or tame condition. If to the former, the number of ovisacs, even if definitely ascertained, can have no connection whatever with the real habit of the hen, since she lay in a wild state only as many eggs as she can cover; if to the tame fowl, it is strange to find so definite a rule laid down for an animal that is, in the highest degree, of an artificial character, and whose nature is, in many points, constantly being remade.—*The Poultry World.*

The Chicago *Post* says: The servant girls of this metropolis have adopted a sort of informal schedule of prices and conditions, which reduced to definite proportions, reads somewhat thus:

Four dollars and a half a week.

Does the street railroad run by the door?

Have you got a water-back?

Is the house heated with a furnace?

Is the kitchen floor painted?

Is there a water closet on each floor?

Has the servant's bed a concentric spring mattress?

Is there a pier glass in the dining room?

Can I have every Wednesday and Saturday?

What room can I receive my company in, and can he come in at the front door?

Manners.—Before you bow to a lady in the street permit her to decide whether you shall or not, by at least a look of recognition.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology for the glove should not be withdraw to shake hands.

When your companion bows to a lady you do also. When a gentleman bows to a lady in your company; always bow to him in return.

A visit must be returned in like manner, even through no intimacy is intented.

A smiling countenance is pleasant; but excess of laughter should be avoided, especially when it is possible for any one to suppose himself derided by it.

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting, instead of the men, they would make bloody work of it?"

"No—why do you ask?"

"Because I think they would, they have such an *engaging* way with them."

That's very true, but they have also such a *explicating* way, that there would be doubtless more prisoners than killed."

Will you darn my stockings?" is the latest way of popping the question.

THAT DOG OF SIMMS'.

We did not want to take Simms' dog home for him; but Simms' insisted upon it. He wanted to go somewhere to meet a man, and so he placed one end of the chain in our hand and left before we had time to remonstrate. So, as it was absolutely necessary to do something with the dog, we concluded that it would be better to do as Simms suggested, and take him home. He was a large dog, and his temper was not of angelic sweetness.—When we started home with him he seemed disinclined to go. He appeared to entertain a preference for lying down and thinking—probably about the succulence and juiciness of the bites he had taken out of various human legs during his career. When we pulled at the chain he growled. When we whistled he rose and shook up the hair on his spine and showed his teeth. When we attempted to drag him along by force he flew at our leg and attempted to help himself to a mouthful, so that he could in the future have another cherished recollection upon which to muse and ponder. We dodged him and seized a cane, one end of which we inserted in his collar, so that he could be kept at a safe distance.

Then he was suddenly seized with an intent yearning to reach Simms' house at once, and he started with a jump. For three or four hundred yards the procession went on smoothly enough. Then Simms' dog chanced to perceive a cat, and made a dash for it. The cat darted round a tree, and the dog followed. The chase continued to circle the tree until the dog's chain was completely wound up, and then the cat climbed the tree, and the dog nearly pulled himself through the collar in his frantic struggles to reach his prey. He appeared to feel that life would be a dreary blank and happiness a delusion if he could not attain that cat. As fast as we walked round to unwind the chain Simms' dog would make a fresh circuit and give it a new turn. Meanwhile a crowd gathered, and the observations made upon the situation by the boys became embarrassing. A policeman unraveled the dog at last; but we should perhaps have gone more rapidly toward Simms' if the dog had not been possessed by an irresistable desire to be social with every other dog that came within a square of him. Every now and then he would make a dart for some adjacent dog, while we were not thinking, and would either prostrate us on the pavement or jam us against the board fence.

Once Simms' dog obtained too much sociability. There was a bigger dog, which seemed more anxious to commune with Simms' dog than the latter did with him. The brief interview ended with a fight. We were so much interested that when hostilities began, we climbed impetuously over a fence, in order, as it were, to obtain a better standpoint from which to view the conflict. We watched the fray from the other side, while we passed the chain between the panels and endeavored to soothe the excited passions of the parties. Simms' dog, we regret to say, whipped; because, somehow, he wound his chain around the other warrior's hind legs, and then took a mean advantage of him by removing a cubic inch of his nose. Then we concluded to vary the exercises a little by starting for home again. But the blood of Simms' dog was up. As soon as we began to cross the fence he made such a savage demonstration at us that we felt it would be suicide to get down among him. We determined to remain where we were.—But Simms' animal was animated by aggressive zeal. If we would not come to him he would go to us. So he began to crawl throught the fence at the panel through which his chain went.

Just as he completed the task we adjourned with singular promptness to the other side. Simms' dog looked surprised and grived, but he emitted a savage growl, and began to crawl back again. It seemed then as if considerations of a strictly personal but very urgent nature required that we should return to the previous side of the fence; and, when we did, Simms' dog gave a scream of disappointed rage, and appeared to regard it as a sacred duty to climb back at once. We like a dog to have perseverance and determination, and Simms' dog had. As these gymnastics were fast becoming monotonous, we concluded to vary them; so we let the dog go and repaired to a neighboring tree, which we ascended, as if in haste. As soon as the dog arrived he gazed upward for a while and drank in the scene. Then he seemed satisfied, and lay down at the foot of the tree to wait till we descended. He stayed there four hours, and so did we. We couldn't desert such a faithful dog as that. At the end of that time Simms' hove in sight and, standing there beneath the outspreading branches of that monarch of the forest, turned his face upward and abused us scurrilously for not bringing home his dog as we had promised to do, intimating at the same time his belief that we cherished an intention to steal the brute. We should have dropped on Simms' head and crushed him to the earth if his dog hadn't been there. As it was we overlooked the insult, and he went home with his menagerie. The next time we have a dog to take home we shall kill him before we start.

Speculation in lots has already commenced at Rehoboth, the new seaside resort. Persons who bought lots early are now selling for about double the original cost.

To Remove Moles from the Face.

Our correspondents frequently inquire how to do this. We find the following in an exchange, and give it for their benefit and what it is worth: "Ladies have a horror of those black eminences on the face called moles. Even homely men dislike them, but there they ordinarily remain as guides in giving a description of an applicant for a passport. A mole is a thickening of the epidermis, or outer skin, probably induced by an obstruction in the outward ends of a cluster of sudoric ducts or sweet tubes. To be clear of them readily, can a fine needle and pull, so as to make the operation as base. It is neither, difficult nor attended with hardly a tinge of blood. Next ligate the neck behind the dragged mole with a delicate, strong, waxed silk thread that cuts off the circulation; clip away the unsues, which is the gluing together the new surface of the stretched skin. In a few days the old offense drops off, deprived of nutrition, leaving no scar. If a little reddish by the remains of a subsiding inflamation, wet the spots occasionally with cold water. Proceed to the next, and the next *seriatim*. Before aware of it any mole disfigured face may become as good as new."

Five Steps to the Gallows.—A man who had committed murder, was tried, found guilty and condemned to be hanged.

A few days before his execution, he drew upon the wall of his prison cell a gallows with five steps leading up to it.

On the first he wrote disobedience to parents.

The second step, Sabbath breaking.

On the third step, gambling and drunkenness. On the fourth step murder. On the fifth step was the platform on which the gallows stood.

This poor fellow doubtless wrote the history of many a wasted and lost life.

"You are about to remove, are you not?"

"No."

"Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'"

"Yes; every shopkeeper is selling off."

"You say, 'No reasonable offer refused.'"

"Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offer."

But you say, 'Must close on Saturday."

"To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

tity of finely pulverished alum in a clean bottle; fill the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved and in clear weather, the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather, the alum will be seen like a flaky, spiral cloud, in the centre of fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. The indications of this barometer can be relied upon with confidence.

Burns and Scalds.—Every family should have a preparation of flaxseed oil, chalk and vinegar about the consistency of thick paint, constantly on hand for burns and scalds. A noted retired physician states that he has used it in hospital and private practice for the past forty years, and believes that no application can compare with it, as regards relief of pain and curative results.

A vessel loaded with oranges and lemons having been recked on the Delaware cost last week, her cargo was distributed through the Peninsula. Two hundred and sixty boxes fell to our share, and it was a novelty to see oranges selling cheaper than apples in our market—less than a cent a piece.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Beauty.—Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simple and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

"An orator, perspiring freely, in a husky voice said, "In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart."

The newspapers printed the speech, leaving the "n" out of "window."

To Wash Oil Cloths.—Take equal parts of skimmed milk and water, wipe dry; never use soap. Varnish them once a year. After being varnished they should be perfectly dry before using.

Girls at Breakfast Time.—Somebody writes: "A girl who looks like a fury or sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening."

Aunt Betsey has said many good things; among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife because every man should have one of his own.

"I've risin from the bar to the bench." That's what a lawyer said on quitting the profession and taking up shoe-making.

Good intentions are like fainting ladies—all they need is carrying out.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff and crossed.

Cambridge has the prettiest ladies.