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the game,
Though something worth an honest name
You need not blush to bear,
And over Ned, I want that you,

truth;
For when all clse grows false and cold,
It still shall flourish in immortal youth.
These same hills and fields I've seen,

The old familiar scenes among; To close life's evening sombre gray, Where dawned my morning fresh and

But I sit there, to hear the birds, and see
The space betwirt those grassy mounds
That soon must ope for me.
Through life you'll nobly bear your part;
The wife you'll take you to your heart,
The children gather round your knee—
My precious boy, these fond old eyes
Wilt oft grow dim to see.
Yet God is good;—and I
Ilave feebly tried to serve him,
And so fear not to die. prepared to fill orders for all

LUMBER. Elk Neck, June 11th, 1871.

> From Wood's Household Magazine ELLEN.

BY MRS. M. A. E. RIPLEY.

day, the rate you are studying." White Pine Shingles.

pale girl, who sat listlessly holding her book, while her eyes were fixed on the green shrubbery which she could plainly see from the open window. A deep glow spread itself over the sallow cheek as her head bent to the task. Cut to order at short notice and

cousin Ellen has one of her bad headaches

The mother did not answer, but while apparently engrossed in Carrie's efforts to Ellen?" overcome the difficulties of the first lesson in her reader, she attentively watched Ellen. The child seemed studying, then ATTORNEY AT LAW, Offers his Professional Services to the public. OFFICE—On Main Street, opposite National Bank, Elkton. Mol. [jan 4, 1562—tf. pressed her hand hard over her temples, gave a weary sigh, and again the book went down, and clasping her hands tightly together her gaze wandered away down the shady avenue, till fixing itself on some distant object, she sat unconscious of all her

surroundings. She was startled into consciousness again, by her book falling from her lap, and stooping hastily, she lifted it, while she cast a frightened look at Mrs. Groy.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BLKTON, MD., "Is your head aching Ellen?" the lady

asked gently. "No ma'am," replied the girl, hesitating

aunt, the tone of her voice involuntarily jerked out the watch, and snap went the changing to a slight severity. "No ma'am," half whispered Ellen.

no to the library."

There was a severe decision in her voice,

total failure.

to a boy at a distant table. "You can go and meet Roland and Eddie, they will soon be home now." Alice cast a lingering look at Ellen, as she stood pale and quiet before Mrs. Grey. Carrie whispered as she passed her mother, "Please, mamma, let Ellen go?"

shake of the head being the only reply, if he could hear you!" while Bertie, after arranging his desk, came forward with a troubled look on his

me, I would rather stay and assist Cousin Ellen with her lesson, the boys will soon be home now." he said, glancing at the clock, "so I will not mind much," he continued, as if in reply to Ellen's deprecatory shake of the head.

mained in this position for several moment's there was one of care and perplexity.

murmured, then rising, she followed the children to the library. She met Bertie in the passage.

on? she asked cheerfully.

self because she is so naughty. Come and walk out a little, it will help you."

"Thank you darling," said Mrs. Grey, stooping and kissing the upturned face. fering, I could better understand it, but getting up this little boating party just for day after day, these omissions occur, and I your pleasure." have indulged her till indulgence has ceased to be a virtue."

"I must," she said, compressing her lips, and striving to speak calmly, "I must try soverer measures. But go, and enjoy yourself, my boy; in punishing the guilty, I do killing me now," she murmured, as her not wish to mar the pleasure of the inno-

The child moved slowly away, after giving his mother a pleading look, and as she entered the room, Ellen was in the act of rising from the sofa where she had thrown herself before her aunt's entrance. Her book lay on the floor by her side.

touched the chain significantly.

"Ellen, do you wish to displease me; do The words were burdened with a world you care nothing for my love my child?" of reproachful meaning. said Mrs. Grey, as she glanced at the book,

The heavy eyes lifted themselves to hers, you to watch, and what did you do when I there was a slight quivering about the "Are you not well, Ellen? only tell mo cruel! Aunt had just finished icing the you are suffering, and I will forgive you, cake for the expected company for supper, There was a spasmodic, a choking "I ran in crying, 'give me some,' and I told um not sick," and then the pale lips reso- you Aunt had left me in charge of it, and "I cannot undestand you, Ellen, you are I was frightened, and ran away, and when a mystery to me. Oh, my child, why will Aunt came in it was ruined, and when I you not let me love you! why will you sad- denied touching it, she did not believe me.

of conduct, which you seem determined to she had intrusted it to me, and I would not

persist in! My heart yearns over you, my answer. And as to the nectarine, I was child, my only sister's daughter. Come to the last one seen in the garden, and I was me and tell me you love me, and that you looked upon as the guilty one." "Because you have such a hateful way She opened her arms, but Ellen shrank of turning red over anything; you know

"She didn't, Ellen !" The girl did not reply, save by a weary sigh. "That don't make you one, Nellie," he I shall endeavor to discharge it. Your

"Oh, Eddie, that is worse. Fannie

clears up Aunt's room, and the blame will fall on her."

I would rather be dead," said Ellen wailingly. "Pshaw!" said the boy, a bright color

"Well, Ellen, if you think more of Fanny be here to hear it, for I swear I'll run away this night !" he said, starting up. "I'm not going to be pointed out by Tom Jones and the rest of them as having smuggled

"Hush, Eddie, hush, and I will do anything you ask," cried the frightened girl, throwing her arm around his neck, "only promise me you won't leave me."

lying thus perhaps half an hour, when a her; "but you must not get into trouble, quiet step was heard in the passage, and a you have been in enough for my sake now, "Where is heaven knows," he said, a spark of generous feeling tlashing up. It can't hurt Fanny, and it will all blow over in a few

"Nover mind, Eddie, I will manage it," said the girl, growing very pale, "one thing you must promise me, though," she said.

flush mounting her cheek. "Have you sister," he said, eagerly. "Yes," he cried, boisterously, "we had a "Promise me you will quit saying such plendid time, and got lots of fish, but see

Tom Jones. Oh, Eddie, he is ruining you!" "Hah! that is two things instead of one. Well, we'll see about it. Don't forget your promise about this though," he said, touchcheer up, little heart, it'll all blow over and dry your eyes and come and have a

He kissed her, and was gone.

[Concluded next week.]

This town, located as it is several hunired feet above, and 14 miles north of Washington, among the hills, is noted for its general healthfulness, particularly between this and Georgetown. On almost overy hill is seen the stately home of some if probed, would have been found in his pocket, and who, through sutlery, or Government favor, occupies a high position .-Yet there remain visible, here and there, in lonely chimneys and unenclosed farms. in consequence of this vicinity having been the camping-ground of the armies, and a

of a school; a Mr. Johnson, (col'd,) who claims to have aided, in person, the arrest Until Wednesday last, it was unusually

dry here; the prospect for an oats crop hopeless; but the timely coming of two hours of a perfect torrent of rain, seems to have given them new life, and the yield promises well, while the straw must be very short. Wheat, too, must be short in straw, tears trickled silently down the pale cheeks as well as grain; will yield, perhaps, half a crop-say 10 to 12 bushels, while corn you can tell nothing about this year, not being visible yet. The wheat and grass cutting both commence to-day, and the services of four horses will not be needed view. I had seen all this from the top of to any reaper or mower.

> We have a shaver here, with blue, red and white pole, gathering them in at 100 per cent. But they need another shaver and grabber iere, at about 25 per cent., who would reap a harvest twelve months in the year; whose business should be known and represented by capital unlimited. Greenbacks are very, very scarce. People agreeable, aristocratic in the extreme, -many preferring the companionship of the extravagant mule and old army saddle to the fleet horse and buggy of days past,-doubtless the not of reduced circumstances; for were No, he is fascinated with the gentle jogtrot or rabbit gallop, and the accompaniment of double spurs, -which denotes danger ahead or behind; (generally more of the latter) and he cries no more—" A horse ! my kingdom for a horse!" OBSERVER.

Sweet summer is coming, the insects are humming,
The birds are all wooing, and building their home;
The wild flowers are blooming, the garden

ing eye; Whilst she in her gladness, forgets winter's sadness And sends up her odors and songs to the

And sends up her odors and songs to the sky.

The stream of the mountain, escaped from its fountain,
Skips, dancing like childhood, along through the plain,
All nature rejoices, her ten thousand voices,
Awake now that summer is coming again.

described his appearance than when he said.

"It was a mountain at whose verdant feet wide,
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
I left between
Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea;

Age, weary with duty, and youth in fresh beauty,
E'en the pale with disease, now come forth at the sound;
Each heart swells with pleasure, the miser

his treasure,
Forgets, for the while, as he gazes around. Oh nature! what feelings thy glorious

revealings
Awake, as we bow at thy shrine and adore
The Power that upholds thee, whose love e'er infold thee, Renewing thy life as each year passes o'er.

The Jordan and the Dead Sea. BY DR. HURST.

way he was surrounded by the multitude

these should hold their peace, the stones

After passing Bethany and a group of

houses which George said was Bethpage-

has not been identified—the country became

wild, desolate, even more hilly than before.

It was one vast and unrelieved scene of

mountains seem to have been loosened from

their foundations, and rent to pieces by

some terrible convulsion, and then left to

be scathed by the burning rays of the sun."

Yet what a history has this region! Over

our worn pathway through the rocks Christ

he was tempted; where John the Baptist

spent his solitary hours; where Elijah was

fed by the ravens during the famine in Pal-

estine. On gaining the top of the moun-

tain range, the Jordan Valley, the Dead

Sea, and the long and regular Moabito

mountains beyond, with Nebo and Piscali

easily distinguishable, came suddenly into

Olivet, but for once the nearness gave

wait for my horse to find his way down the

sides of the abyss at whose bottom the

brook Cherith still murmurs its way Jor-

Our guard of two soldieas, who had

joined us near Bethany, acted as if appro-

hensive of danger, and kept a sharp look

out. I have since seen that these two fel-

lows were great cowards, and have no ques-

tion whatever that they would have taken

flight at the first appearance of mounted

Bedouins. They stayed with us two days

and their timidity was no welcome ingre-

dient in our cup. Last year, an American

family were robbed near this place, and

the guard made flight as fast as their Arab

CAMPING AT JERICHO.

On reaching the base of the mountains

and fording the Cherith, we came to a few

mounds, all there is left of old Jericho .-

The desolate appearance of the broad plain

stretching to the Jordan, only relieved by

these sepulchral mounds, is comment enough

on the prophecy: "Cursed be the man

before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth

this city Jericho." Just beside the Cher-

ith. I stopped my horse to pluck a few of

the Dead Sea apples. They drop to pieces

they are about the size of a large walnut,

horses could carry them.

danward.

would immediately cry out?"

The journey to the Jordan and the Dead | willow, reeds and balsam. We secured Sea requires about five days, provided you boat and crossed it, and walked some disextend it—as it should by all means be tance down its clayey eastern bank, welldone-to Bethlehem and Hebron. It is an excursion on which one needs company the water's edge. We lingered long by the perhaps more than any other in Palestine, margin, as if bound by a spell that none of both for the purposes of companionship and us could well break, and too forgetful of safety; for you have to pass through a the warning not to go far from the boat, most desolate and dispiriting region, and because of lurking Bedouins. The water the Bedouins lose no opportunity to way. is of a light yellow color, about that of a lay travelers when they have any reasonable hope of escape. I was, therefore, very The current is very rapid, and to have tried glad to learn that two gentleman at our to swim across it would have been fatal to hotel-the Rev. Dr. G. E. Boardman, of the best swimmer in our little company .-Philadelphia, and a congenial layman of the same city, Dr. Darby-were proposing followed the path close to the bank through to start at the same time that I had determined on, and we accordingly arranged to make the tour together. At the appointed hour, our dragoman George announced horses, tents, provisions, and everything onally across the plain, and were glad, after olso ready. We went out of the Jaffa gate, a wearisome ride, to cast ourselves down and wound around the north side of the with the lazy lizards under the broken old wall, leaving to our left the hill on arches of an old and forsaken church, not which the Romans encamped, and from knowing which was the more welcome, our ing: "Lord, restore Christendom, restore which they besieged and took the city .- good luncheon or the pleasant nap after-We crossed the now dried brook Kidron, ward .- Methodist. and, after gradually ascending one of the outer slopes of the Mount of Olives, found The Baby's "Second Summer." ourselves in Bethany. They will show you

almost anything you ask for there, and so bountifully has tradition dealt with this place, that you will be led to the top of the house in which Mary and Martha lived, that call for careful nursing. and down a slippery and break-neck stoneway into the tomb of Lazarus. I inquired of some of the villagers who stood around if any children there were take on a dysenteric appearance. Concalled by either of these three names, and stipation is more dangerous than simple learned in reply that there was one child in loosennss—more likely to be accompanied the place called Martha, but none who had the name of Mary or Lazarus. Bethany must impress every one who is attracted to this country by an interest in sacred associations; for it was the favorite home of our Lord when in Judea. We had come of cold (not short) and cold for the disturbance to the head, and cause a malady more dangerous and difficulty to cather than the favorite home of our Lord when in Judea. We had come of cold (not short) and cause a seven hundred miles over Mount Cents to Genoa, encountering on the way a succession of hardships and cruelties. Of the

reach. I have invariable found that an injection of cool (not shockingly cold) water, immediately following every passage of the bowels that had a stimy appearance, mitigated this symptom of dysentery. It simply washes and cools the lining of the intostine which the slime shows to be morbidly irritated. If farther treatment seems necessary to prevent dysentery, wrap a bandage of double coarse linen (a folded towel will do,) wrung out of cool water, around the little one's abdomen, and over this secure a double dry towel. Wet this compress again before it becomes dry, unless the child is sleeping. If you would less the child is sleeping. If you would the receipt of the contraction of the seven ships dashed to pieces on the rocks of St. Pietro, a little island off the southeastern up the very rocky hill from Jerusalem which he ascended every evening, in order to escape from the bustle and distraction of mitigated this symptom of dysentery. It the city by seeking the society of the little domestic circle at Bethany. There is one point in the approach to Jerusalem from Bethany where the whole city breaks suddenly upon the eye; going castward, as we a bandage of double coarse linen (a folded were, we as suddenly lost sight of it .-Hero it would seem certain that Christ, the temple and the city starting as by magic before him, wept over it and uttered his lamentation for its sins. Down this very as he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and on either side of these still bald rocks stood the people, who cried: "Hosanna to the Son of David !" How could I help thinking, as my horse was slowly Nature calls for bone-making material, and picking his way up the rocky acclivity, and the nursing mother's feed or the food of occasionally stumbling over the loose stones the weaned baby should not be lacking in that no hand over casts out of the path, of this element. Any food that requires the memorable words: "I tell you, that if

much chewing is clearly improper for it.

If mothers are healthy and are surrounded by intelligent friends who will guard them from over-work and excitement, it seems most safe for teething babies to though the critics tell us this latter place depend mainly upon its mother's milk for nourishment; but many a case of cholera infantum has resulted from some severe physical strain or mental agitation of the riven rocks. Dr. Olin says truly : "The mother: and because of this intimate con nection between mother and child, it is, perhaps, best, that a teething child should not be too dependent upon the breast. A watchful mother can refuse to nurse her babe for several hours after any unavoidable excitement, drawing off the milk by had passed; it was the "desert" where artificial means and giving her child more wholesome food. My heart aches as I write this, because our race is still in such almost impossible for mothers to give their babes a fair start in life, in respect to health and happy temperament. It is not uncommo for teething children to suffer great distress just before a passage of urine, and mothers are sometimes in entire ignor ance of the cause of their cries. If the enchantment to the view, and I could hardly writhing and crying ceases after this discharge, there is little doubt in respect to the seat of pain. For this I know nothing better (and in all this matter I speak from experience as well as inquiry) than warm sitz-baths. If the child is accustomed to wake in the night with this distress, try the warm bath before putting it to bed .-Simply to immerse the feet in warm water and hold them there a few minutes, afterward drying them and guarding them from cold, is often sufficient to prevent this trouble returning. Water that feels only warm to your hand may be very hot for tender little feet. As children go, in these degenerate days, the mother of a teething child has almost constant work and anxiety night and day, in the simple care of her child, and should be relieved from other labors, and encouraged to take needed rest and out-door exercize. If people were

looked as if it might be delicious. Our strongest safe that was ever constructed.

statistics would show a much smaller pro-

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> Milking-Time. BY GEORGE COOPER.

When shadows lengthen on the plain, And leaves are scarlet in the sun; When cows are lowing in the lane, And coming homeward one by one; When mists are tangled in the trees That overhang the river's bank;
And farmers chat and take their ease,
And shining pails go "clink and clank;"
That's milking-time.

When puss and fide linger round. When puss and fido linger round,
And run beside the dairy-maids;
When circling swallows skim the ground,
And on the eaves make sudden raids;
When rosy girls a ditty sing,
And squirrels hide in leafy home;
And crosswise jets go "ping and ping,"
And pails are heaped with creamy foam:
That's milking-time.

When little ones are tired with play,
And in the corners blink and nod;
When katydids are loud and gay,
And wetted grows the chilly sod;
When stars are few and faintly glow,
And waking firelies gather fast,
Like drifted ilakes of golden snow—
It's hey for home; the hour is past
For milking-time!

The Crusades of the "New Innocents."

One of the most remarkable episodes

which took place in the middle ages has been neglected by the historians-Gibbon and Milman not even mentioning it in their pages. It was called the children's crusade, and took place in the thirteenth century. It was made up of two separate movements, one in France and the other in Germany, originating from a common impulse, but differing in particulars. A peasant boy of Cloyes, France, Stephen by name, and twelve years old, in the year 1212, believed himself commanded by a vision of the Saviour to preach a crusade to the boys of France, promising them, under divine leadership, an assured triumph. A letter was given him to the King of France, Philip Augustus, ordering him to assist the novel enterprise. Stephen made his way to Paris, preaching everywhere on the road. showed his letter to the King, and established himself at St. Denys. Crowds followed him. His fame spread throughout France. He worked miracles, or was supposed to, and was called the prophet.-Mimic prophets-children like himselffor a mile or two, and then, after filling a were sent through the kingdom, preaching from the text: "Out of the mouths of with water from the river, we struck diag-babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mayest still the enemy and the avenger." Children, including girls, marched through the towns with banners and torches, singto us the true and hely cross." Thirty thousand marched from Vendomo in June, of whom twenty thousand reached Marseilles, three hundred miles distant. Here they expected the sea to divide and make a road for them, as it did for the Israelites of old, but it did not. Many were disappointed and returned home. Two merchauts, however, offered to fit out ships for them, and five thousand of the youthful heroes waited and embarked for the Prom-

isod Land. While this was going on, a boy, Nicholas, was preaching the crusade at Cologno. He collected an army of children, like these of the French Stephen, but containing a greater proportion of children of

ships dashed to pieces on the rocks of St. Pietro, a little island off the southeastern coast of Sardinia, and sunk with all their rews of at least one thousand children.—
The pretending merchants turned out to be slave-dealers, who had bargained to sell the deluded children to the Mohammedans for their vile purposes. They were divided into three companies; some were taken to Bujelah, a town on the African coast, about one hundred miles east of Aleisan. Bujelah, a town on the African coast, about one hundred miles east of Algiers, some to alexandria, some to Bagdad. Not one of them ever returned to Europe. Not one, so far as the old priest knew, could over be tempted to apostasy. The priests at the caliph's court had plied them assiduously with threats and promises to induce them to renounce their faith. They one and all refused, and eighteen were put to death on the spot, some by drowning, some death on the spot, some by drowning, some by arrows. The rest were reserved for a more tedious and trying martyrdom. In all, some one hundred thousand chil-

In all, some one numered thousand chil-dren were made victims to this adventure. Pope Gregory IX. had the "Church of the New Innocents" erected in memory of the little martyrs on the island of St. Pictro. Bung Cooperage.—A cooper was seen packing his effects and preparing for a speedy flitting from a village where he had plied adze and shaving-knife, and, in answer to interrogations, assigned as his reason that he had honestly attempted to do the work ignorance and wickedness as to make it of the villagers, though they often demandof the vinagers, though they often demand-ed absurd and unreasonable things. He had mended incurable leaks; had patched up hopeless dilapidation; had fitted pails with missing staves, casks with heads; had done everything, until that day they had brought in a bung-hole and require him to fit a tight barrel around it, and then he left in despair. To make a barrel round a bung is the task the New Departure assign the Democratic coopers.

Democratic coopers.

Here we "rise to explain" that nothing offensive is meant in comparing the Demo-cratic platform to a tight barrel with a bung, large. The coincidence may be striking, and historic facts may cause it to be more so, but no reflections of the sort are deso, but no reflections of the sort are designed.

But the position to day is this: The Northern Democracy are tired of their old platform. They have an enormous hole, which is all that is left of opposion to the war for the Union, repudiation of the National debt, funding of the Rebel debt, Negro Freedom, Negro-Citizenship and Negro Suffrage. Around this huge bunghole Vallandigham and his aiders require the Tammany coopers to make a barrel.—No wonder that Tammany swears.—Whence shall come staves, heads and hoops? The old negro-hating, negro cursing, The old negro-hating, negro cursing, negro-Ku-Kluxing wont fit round the bung. Toombs' thunderbolts, Stephens haircloth strainers, Wise's basswood logic, Jeff. Davis' ancient worm-caten stuff, sawed out years one word. Jell. Davis' ancient worm-caten as an, sawed out years ago—none will do,—Nothing can be made from the planks of the platforms of 1868 or 1864—nothing, neither hoop, stave nor head. The Republicans have all the solid oak, all the hickory, and wine all of it stored seasoned. statistics would show a much smaller proportion of deaths of infants under three years of age. At present not half the human race lives beyond the age of five.

American Agriculturist.

—The Scientific American says it is now impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe, for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and exygen, can in a few seconds burn holes of any size in the hardest metal—his fire drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed.

Iicans have all the solid oak, all the hickory, ash and pine, all of it stored, seasoned, dressed and Vallandigham lifts up his voice; lie cries long, loud, carnestly, persistently. He has found a bung; it is a large bung, a beautiful bung, a bung suitable for a very superior article of barrel. The barrel, once made, will hold all sorts of things, and many of them, and so the cry "has" is again heard—this time for staves, heads and hoops. By all means, gentlemen of the New Departure, let us have them.—Let your adzes hammer the new tune, and build your cask around the first-class Ohio bung-hole. We are curious to see the article turned out. But are you not slow?

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GOING WEST. BY A. A. C.

Though I shall never see that glorious land, Where those young giant cities stand, Those broad, grand rivers flow; But with your father's full consent, Remember, Jesse, that you go.
You'll find it well you've seen life in the rough

rough When in the ranks—both you and Ned; Out there is where they need such stuff; Strong hands and steady head. 'Tis little I can give; alone you win or loso

WEATHER-BOARDING. Oh, Jesso! have a care. Don't let him sell his soul for gold Or fame; for naught save God's owi

Some fifty yoars, exchange the green
Of Spring, for Autumn's russet brown;
Hero read the quiet pages of my life,
As fauth hath wrote them down.
It is not strange that I desire to stay

young. 'Neath the walnuts by the knoll, you know, They laid your mother years ago;
And close beside her, little Graco;
An me! ten weary years has wild grass hid
From me the bonnie, bonnie face.
And not a day the sun shines fair,
But I sit there, to hear the birds, and see

CHAPTER I.

"Ellen you will not know your lesson to-The words were addressed to a little,

"Mamma," whispered Alice, who was sitting near her mother, engaged in copying a corrected French exercise, "I think

o-day."

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July 16, 1870—if

OFFICE-Main street, (building formerly occupied by aris & Creswell.)

may 2, 1868—1f "Do you know your lesson?" asked her thing caught in my line some way, and

"I give you ten minutes more," said hateful, old thing." Mrs. Grey, looking at her watch, "if you are not prepared then, you must go with

as again the lady bent to the little one at her side. Again the sallow check flushed, and the head bent to the book. This time the eyes were not removed, and at the eqpiration of ten minutes, Ellen was called if I could not do that much for you. You upon to recite. The recitation proved a "It is as I expected, Ellen, these idle,

careless habits must be overcome. It is painful for me to discipline you, and that I do it for your good. You can go, children, she continued, turning to Alice and Carrie, who were neatly arranging their books "and you also, Bertie," she said, speaking

"Mamma," said he "if you will permit

"Very well, my son," replyed Mrs Grey, an unconscious wearines in her tone. "Go of the child. to the library with Ellen. I will be with you in a few moments." The children left the room, and Mrs.

Grey's head sank on her hands. She rewhen at length her head was lifted, the weary look had left the face, but in its place "What shall I do!" she more than once

"Did you succeed in assisting Ellen, my laughing. "Jones and I were too smart for him to-day. Jones calls him a conceit "No, mother, she said she preferred ed pig, and we managed to get a boat to studying alone; and after trying in vain to ourselves, and had a royal time. I wouldn't persuado her to let me at least go over the have been home now, but Mr. Davy came esson with her, I loft her. "But, mother," by, and broke up our party. You see he said, as the look of perplexity deepened Nellie, the boys had a jug of sweetened upon his face, "do not worry about her .do not think you ought to punish yourmake it go well, and the old skunk had to

"I will go to Ellen now-if she were suf-

head sank. He failed to catch the words, though the tone jarred on his feelings. "Pshaw! you can fix up something, as

"Well, you don't! what did you do the day I snatched the cake that Aunt had told

pulled that nectarine from the orchard?" "I bore the blame, Eddie, but oh, it was and left me to watch it, and you know you you snatched at it, broke it, and spoilt it. den all of our hearts by this sullen course and then she asked me why I left it when

away, and covered her face with her hands. you did not do it, and why did you not say "Well, Ellen," said Mrs. Grey, rising, so?"

after a long and painful silence, "if you "I did, Eddie," said Ellen, softly, "but will it so I must submit. I have offered I was suspected of being a liar and a thief. you my love, asked your confidence, and Aunt Lucy told me as much to-day." you refuse both. It now only remains for me to do my duty, and painful as it will be,

said coaxingly, putting his arm around her, "but get me out of this scrape like a good crimes which deserve punishment. My sister, and I won't bother you again. I'll admenitions, my reproofs, my warnings, tell you how to do-don't you say anything about it, and somebody else will have to you super-add to your misdemeanors a bear the brunt of it."

Ellen, you grieve me to the very heart, "Well, what of that; they can't prove may God forgive you, poor child, and teach me to deal truly with you. Until I see "They did not prove it on me, and oh, you, you will no longer sit with the family,

mounting into his face, he sat moodily silent for a few moments. than of me, you can go and tell Uncle Grey the whole story; but remember, I won't

the watch, and then be punished like a child. I don't intend to submit to it, and I won't, neither !"

"Well, Nelly, well," he replied, kissing

"A hundred, if you wish, my dear good

bad words then, Eddie; and give up that ing the chain, "and now I must go, the girls want me to fix their croquet ground. So chain," he said drawing the broken links

> Letter from Rockville, Md. ROCKVILLE, MD., June 12, 1871. Mu. Entron: Supposing a few items night find space in your paper, I propose o write of nothing special, but of general observations," as T. T. says.

would know I nover did care anything and how I begged you not to make me do shoddyite war shrieker, whose patrotism, ped into aunt's room and got it for me out marks of the war and traces of vandalism, part of the field in which Mosby operated; you will recollect there occurred here a vulgar, wicked words, what would our running fight or two. Among the notables uncle, what would our own dear father say here, dwells John H. Surratt, as principal

of J. Wilkes Booth ; Hon. Jos. H. Bradley, of Fisher fame, &c., &c.

This, like your town, would be a great country for a man of money to harvest in. so recklessly before. Were you not with cider, with just enough brandy in it to offect of habit during the war: certainly come by just as we were taking a swig, they in need, would they not grow hedges, and he cut up immensely over it. Whow ! or put up some fence to protect crops?-

are you going to do about this?" and he Good HEALTH-Good health is the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of "What am I going to do? please Eddic talent will shine more clearly, and the sun don't ask me, I can do no more, it is all of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely in the hand under only slight pressure one. It it like green in a landscape harmonizing in every color, mellowing the and of yellow color. They look very much you've often done before. You don't mind it."

The face that lifted to his was ghastly in its whiteness. "Don't mind it Eddie!"

Its whiteness. "Don't mind it Eddie!"

Its whiteness. "Don't mind it Eddie!"

Its whiteness."

Its whiteness in the concord by the early feet high, and the fruit, at a distance, with its deep melody.

Song of Summer.

encampment that night was well chosen by George, for it was just by the fountain whose waters Elisha healed with salt. We drank plentifully of it, and better water I have not tasted in Palestine. We fell asleep that night within sound of the perfuming,
And woodland and meadows invito us to

cheerful stream by which it empties into the Jordan. Right back of us rose, like a vast pyramid, Quarantania, the mountain The bright spheres are chiming; the sun proudly climbing.

Looks down upon earth with a love-beamwhich is thought to have been the scene of Christ's temptation. Milton, if his blind eyes had been opened, and he had been gaz ing on it, could not have more faithfully described his appearance than when he said.

sea; Fertile of corn the globe, of oil and wine;

With herds the pastures thronged, with flocks the hills;
Hugo cities and high-towered, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was

room
For barron desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain, too, the tempter
Brought our Saviour, and new train of
words began."

It required some two hours for us to ride briskly from Jeriche over the site of ancient Gilgal to the Jordan. And what a narrow stream it is! We came almost to it before we could see the water, so hidden is it by nigh losing our boots in our effort to reach mountain-stream swollen by heavy rains. We recrossed it, mounted our horses again, the luxuriant growth of trees and rushes few bottles which we had brought with us

The little one is teething; and unless it has a strong constitution, and proper food, clothing, and attention, it is often very pecvish, and shows symptoms of illness

Its bowels will probably be "loose," and that is all right, provided this looseness prevent bowel diseases in children, be careful to keep their lower limbs warm. Of course nothing is more important than the dict, which should be plain and nutritious, and given as regularly as possible .-

wise just here-in the case of young childron and the mother of young children-

ECIL ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871. VOL. XXX---NO. 46.

and took a chair before the girl.

as I have so often done before."

have some reason for thus acting."

inattention, your idleness, your careless-

ness, I could forgive, but your dishonesty,

your defection from truth, must be met as

have failed of any effect, and now, when

sullenness, that hardens itself against the

voice of love, I fear that stolidity will soon

deaden you to the voice of conscience .-

some signs of change and repentance in

nor join in the sports of the children. I

shall expect you to appear regularly at

prayers, at your meals, and in the school-

room, and at time you wish to see me, you will find me in my dressing-room, and may

God put in your heart to see me soon and

often." So saying, she turned and left the

There was a low wail as the door closed,

Ellen sprang to her feet, and extended her

arms as if she would have detained her;

then suddenly clasping her head, she sank

again on the sofa, crying, "Oh that I

could die, oh that I could die!" soon ex-

hausting herself, she lay still and motion

less, the only sign of consciousness being

quick, convulsive shivers, following each

other at short intervals. She had been

The next instant the door was flung

open and a bright, beautiful boy, of about

fourteen, entered. The girl immediately

sprang to her feet, and hurriedly attempted

o smooth the tangled hair from her face.

"I am here, Eddie!" she said, a warm

Ellen staggered, and turned deadly pale,

she sat down on the sofa, to prevent herself

"Oh, but I did, though, see, here is the

from his pocket. "You see the confounded

chain, and down to the bottom of the river

"Well, I can't help it if it was, what did

"Oh, Eddie," again falteringly entreated

the trembling voice, "you said you would have it, and if I didn't get it for you, you

about you. That my love was all pretence

know, Eddie, how you urged me to do it.

"Well, it's no use to go over all that rig-

marole now. I remember devilish well how

like a ghost you looked the night you slip-

of her drawer, while I watched on the

stairs to whistle when any one was coming.

I could not help giving a little squeak

when I saw you got it hard and fast, and

by Jing ! how you did run!" he said break-

"Oh Eddie, hush! why do you say such

"Tom Jones says them," said Eddie.

sulkily "and I don't see any harm in them!

I don't see why uncle Grey should be so

"Hush, Eddie," replied Ellen, striving

"Uncle Grey is so kind and good to us

poor orphans, and dear, dear Aunt Lucy,

it breaks my heart when I think of her,'

and too weak for passionate outbreak, the

"Aunt Lucy is a good fellow-I mean

a clever woman," replied Eddie, warmly,

but see here Ellen, how are you going to

fix up this devil of a bad job?" he said,

throwing the remnant of the chain into

if you do not stop using those vile words,'

replied Ellen. "I never heard you speal

"No," replied Eddie, again boisterously

"How can you speak so of your teacher,

"Bah, Nelly don't preach! I say what

Eddie, and he is so kind and good to you,

ing out into a boisterous laugh.

to cover his lips with her hand.

deucedly particular."

her lap.

cousin Roland ?"

how my head aches !"

went my watch, and that's the last of the

"Eddie! our father's watch !"

you give it to me for?"

from falling. "You didn't, Eddie!"

hearty voice exclaimed:

here, Ellen, I lost the watch."

room.

got back ?"

parting lips, but no answer.

lutely closed.