

Table with columns for 'LOCAL MATTER', 'STANDARD RATES', and 'ADVERTISING'. It lists various rates for different types of advertisements and their durations.

JOB PRINTING! Every Description of Job Printing executed at THE WHIG OFFICE. Pamphlets, Checks, Receipt and Bill-Books, POSTERS, LETTER HEADINGS, Envelopes, Printing CARDS OF ALL KINDS. Colored and Bronze Printing, executed in THE BEST STYLE.

THE CECIL WHIG. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872. VOL. XXXI--NO. 41. WHOLE NO. 1,608.

W. M. KENNARD & CO., FOR THE PRESENT AT FOURTH & KING STREETS, WILMINGTON, DEL. OFFER THE FOLLOWING GOODS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER. Black Silks, \$1 25. Colored Silks, \$1 50. Black Silks, 1 37 1-2. Colored Silks, 1 75. Black Silks, 1 50. Colored Silks, 2 00. Black Silks, 1 62. Colored Silks, 2 25. Black Silks, 1 75. Colored Silks, 2 50. Black Silks, 2 50. Colored Silks, 2 50.

THE PATH TO SCHOOL. BY G. COOPER. He helped her over the meadow brook, While her feet so timidly set (Twin lilies they were) on the mossy stone With the cooling ripples wet. They passed the brook, and it seemed to sing With a sweeter, merrier sound, As the two with their school-books wandered On 'er the clover-laden ground.

FAMILIAR LAW. EXECUTION. After judgment is obtained, and it be not superseded, which must be done in sixty days, an appeal may be entered at any time within the sixty days; but will not stay execution except the bond be filed. There are two ways by which the plaintiff may proceed to enforce his claim; one fieri facias against the goods and chatties of the defendant; the other, attachment, affecting credits and moneys of the defendant. The first is a lien from the time it is placed in the officer's hands—it always being best for the officer to note the hour and day of receiving it, as in a question of priority it will often save trouble. The second or attachment being a lien from the time it is served or laid in the hands of the garnishee, as the plaintiff has a lien in all the effects in the hands of the garnishee from the time of service and from that time until final judgment or a decision is rendered, the garnishee is a stakeholder of everything in his hands affected by the attachment. It is also his duty to give notice to the defendant and to demand information as to the extent and justice of the plaintiff's claim, that he may know what defense the defendant may have, and which he may and should plead before the Justice of the Peace, as though the defendant himself had appeared.

THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA. A PROPHECIC TALE. The following is supposed to have been written in 1802 by Max Adeler, who was a witness of the terrible scene which occurred at the time of which the story tells: THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA. You ask me to tell you, my children, of the events which immediately preceded the destruction of the once great American Union, and the capture of the country by its present European rulers, and to say something also of the cause which led to these deplorable results. I undertake the task with a heavy heart, for whenever I revert to that terrible time, I cannot help contrasting our proud condition up to that fatal year with the humiliating position occupied now by the American people. The story is a short one. In the fall of 1872 Horace Greeley, the editor of a newspaper in New York, was elected President of the United States. The people voted for him because they believed him to be an honest man. But he was vain and weak, and he entertained certain fanatical and preposterous notions—about agricultural matters, for instance—which he was determined to force upon the people at all hazards, and despite all opposition. To be believed, among other things, that every man should go to the West to earn his bread, and long before he was chosen President he used to advise everybody to move to that region as a cure for all the disorders which could befall the human family.

And every style of NEW GOODS for Ladies' and Man's wear, all to be sold at REDUCED PRICES to close before returning to New Store. May 18, 1872. LIGHT! AIRY! COMMODIOUS! Light enough to make goods visible! Airy enough to keep them pure! Commodious enough to give room for all who come to examine them! THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NEW GLASS-FRONT STORE, INTO WHICH LEWIS HAS REMOVED. Within it are kept and displayed to rare advantage and sold at prices that will please all, the most complete stock of DRY GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS, QUEENSWARE, STATIONERY, & C. TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY. Don't fail to examine for yourselves.

THE SPECTRE HAND. BY JAMES GRANT. CONCLUDED. "Marie Louise and I were to be married, as you remember, to cure me of all my frolics and expensive habits—the very day was fixed, you were to be the groomman, and had selected a suite of jewels for the day that broke out in Schleswig-Holstein under my battalion of guards to the field, whither I went without much regret so far as my finances were concerned; for, sooth to say, both of us were somewhat weary of our engagement, and were unsuited to each other; so we had not been without plagues, coldness, and even quarrels, till keeping up appearances partook of boredom. "I was with General Krogh when that decisive battle was fought at Idstedt between our troops and the Germanizing Holsteiners under General Willisen. My battalion of the guards was detached from the right wing with orders to advance from Saluro on the Holstein rear, while the centre was to be attacked, pierced, and the batteries beyond it carried at the point of the bayonet, all of which was brilliantly done. But prior to that I was sent, with direction to extend my company in skirmishing order, among some thickets that covered a knoll which is crowned by a ruined edifice, part of an old monastery with a secluded burial-ground. "Just prior to our opening fire the funeral of a lady of rank, apparently, passed us, and I drew my men aside to make way for the open catafalque, on which lay the coffin covered with white flowers and silver coronets, while behind it were her female attendants, clad in black cloaks in the usual fashion, and carrying wreaths of white doves and immortelles to lay upon the grave. Desiring they might find themselves all speed lest they might find themselves under a fire, I ordered, at six hundred yards, on the Holsteiners, who were coming on with great spirit. We skirmished with them for more than an hour, in the long clear twilight of the July evening, and gradually, but with considerable loss, were driving them through the thicket and over the knoll on which the ruins stand, when a half-apart bullet whistled through an opening in the mouldering wall and struck me on the back part of the head, just below my beakskin cap. A thousand stars seemed to flash around me, the darkness seemed myself staggered and fell, believing myself mortally wounded; a pious invocation trembled on my lips, the roar of the red and distant battle passed away, and I became completely insensible. "How long I lay thus I know not, but when I imagined myself coming back to life and to the world I was in a handsome but rather old-fashioned apartment, hung on either side with tapestry and the other portion of rich drapery. A beautiful light that came, I could not discover from where, filled it. On a buffet lay my sword and my helmet, and a beakskin cap of the Danish Guard. I had been born from the field evidently, but when and to where? I was extended on a soft fanteuil or couch, and my uniform coat was open. Some one was kindly supporting my head—a woman dressed in white, like a bride; young and so lovely, that to attempt any description of her seems futile. "She was like the fancy portraits one occasionally sees of beautiful girls, because she was divine, perfectly so, as some enthusiasts dream, or painter's happy idea. A long respiration, induced by admiration, delight, and joy, was the pain of my wound, escaped me. She was so exquisitely fair, delicate, and pale, middle-sized and slight, yet charming round, with hands that were perfect, and marvellous golden hair that curled in rippling masses about her forehead and shoulders, and from which her pensive face peeped forth as from a silken nest. Never have I forgotten that, nor shall I be permitted to do so, while life lasts at least; 'it is over before my eyes, sleeping or waking, photographed on my heart and in my brain; I strove to rise, but she stifled, or stayed me, by a caressing gesture, as a mother would her child, while softly her bright beaming eyes smiled into mine, with more of tenderness perhaps than love; while in the whole air there was much of dignity and self-reliance. "Where am I?" was my first question. "With me," she answered naively; "is it not enough?" "I kissed her hand, and said:—"The bullet, I remember, struck me down in a place of burial on the Saluro road—strange?" "Why strange?" "As I am fond of rambling among graves when in my thoughtful mood." "Among graves—why?" she asked. "They look so peaceful and quiet."

SWISS VILLAGES. An interesting archaeological discovery has recently been made on the shores of the Lake of Bienna. The Swiss Government has been for a long time endeavoring to drain a considerable tract of land between the two lakes of Morat and Bienna, but in order to do this effectually it has been found necessary to lower the level of the latter by cutting a canal from it to the Lake of Neuchâtel. At the beginning of the present year the sluices were opened and the waters of the Lake of Bienna allowed to flow into that of Neuchâtel. Up to the present time the level of the Bienna Sea has fallen upward of three feet, and this fall has brought to light a number of stakes driven firmly into the bed of the lake. This fact becoming known a number of Swiss archaeologists visited the spot, and it was decided to remove the soil round the stakes to see whether any remains of a Lacustine village, which they suspected had been raised upon them, could be traced. At the distance of between five and six feet from the present bed of the lake the workmen came upon a large number of objects of various kinds, which have been collected and are at present under the custody of Dr. Gross, of Locarno. Among them are pieces of cord made from hemp, vases, stags' horns, stone hatchets, and utensils used apparently for cooking. The most precious specimen is, however, a hatchet made of nephrite (the name given to a peculiarly hard kind of stone from which the Lacustrines formed their cutting instruments). The hatchet is sixteen centimetres long by seven broad, and is by far the largest yet discovered in any part of Switzerland, no other collection having any measuring more than eight centimetres in length. A quantity of bones found at the same time have been sent to Dr. Uhlman, of Munchenbuchsee, for examination by him, and he thinks that they belong to the following animals, viz:—stag, horse, ox, wild boar, pig, goat, leaver, dog, mouse, etc., together with a large number of human bones. If the level of the lake continues to sink, it is hoped that further discoveries will be made, and the scientific world here is waiting the result of the engineering operations with keen interest.

WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ. Children read among literary surroundings very early imbuement to reading— with some it becomes a passion. They often devour every thing in the shape of a juvenile book, and their spirits grow on what it feeds upon. All of us know of such children; the writer has one in mind, a girl, who, no matter what may be the character of it, seizes upon any new book with all the eagerness displayed by a cat in chattering at a fresh bag of gold. Then is the critical period in the child's mental development; exercise the greatest care and judgment. It is within their power to mould the child's taste either in a right or wrong direction—to make it fond of real, substantial literature, or of trashy stuff which dissipates both mind and energies. When this selfish reading begins to manifest itself, children should be supplied at once with the best of books—well-standards works, volumes, which they can in future years assert with a feeling of pride that they have read. They should not be left to peruse to peruse this or that volume which may happen to come into their way. More than half of the so-called Sunday school books are of a trashy order. Nineteenth century of the child's stories, published from year to year, are of a milk-and-water color, and weaken rather than strengthen to the child's intellect. It is better for a juvenile to read nothing than to be made addicted with a fondness for flashy, fleeting stories, written to sell. Furthermore, the saying of time is another point to be looked at. While your children are wasting their hours over the miscellaneuous books, which, in one way and another, come into their possession, they might be perusing standard authors—works which they may not have time to read in after years. Who of us does not regret that he did not in youth peruse books which we now prevent us from reading? We repeat then, let parents see to it that their children and their romances. Have no libraries at hand, economize in other ways and buy good books for the juveniles. Wilmington, Delaware, is a thriving city—made by the manufacturers. Not the least of these is the establishment for making the "Wilmington City Soap," which is in such general use over the country.

BRICK MEETING HOUSE. NE PLUS ULTRA STORE. DRY GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, QUEENSWARE, STATIONERY, & C. A FULL AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT ON HAND. GUARANTEED AS LOW AS IN THE CITY. CALL AND EXAMINE FOR YOURSELVES. JAS. C. WILSON. Feb 18, 1872-14

THE SPECTRE HAND. BY JAMES GRANT. CONCLUDED. "I received me, however, courteously and kindly. I found him in deep mourning and on discovering, by chance, that I was the officer who had halted the line of skirmishers when the funeral cortege passed on the previous day, he thanked me with earnestness, adding, with a deep sigh, that it was the burial of his only daughter. "Half my life seems to have gone with her—my lost darling! She was so sweet, Herr Kapitän—so gentle, and so surprisingly beautiful—my poor Tanya. "Who did you say?" I exclaimed, in a voice that sounded strange to me, and which I know not myself, sick at heart and faint from loss of blood. "Tanya, my daughter, Herr Kapitän," replied the Count, full of sorrow to see my excitement, for this had been the quaint old Danish name interred in my dream. "See, what a child I have lost!" he added, as he drew back a curtain which covered a full-length portrait, and, in his growing horror and astonishment, I beheld, arrayed in white, even as I had seen her in my vision, the fair girl with the masses of golden hair, the beautiful eyes, and the pensive smile lighting up her features even on the canvas, and I was rooted to the spot. "This ring, Herr Count?" I gasped. "He let the curtain fall from his hand, and a terrible emotion seized him, as he almost tore the jewel from my finger. "It is my daughter's ring!" he exclaimed. "My burial with her yesterday—her grave has been violated—violated by your infamous troops. "As he spoke, a mist seemed to come over my sight; a pensive smile upon my eyes, then a hand—the soft little hand of last night, with my eye upon its third finger—came stealing into mine, unseen! More than that, a kiss from tremulous lips I could not see was pressed on mine, as I sank backward and fainted. The remainder of the story must be briefly told. "My soldiering was over; my new system was too much shattered for further military service. On my homeward way to join and be wedded to Marie Louise—a union I pondered deeply over the strange subversion of the laws of nature presented by my adventure; or the madness, it might be, that had come upon me. "On the day I presented myself to my intended bride, and approached to salute her, I felt a hand—the same hand—laid softly on mine. Startling and trembling, I looked around me; but saw nothing. The grasp was firm. I passed my other hand over it and felt the slender fingers and the shapely wrist; yet still I saw nothing, my Marie Louise gazed at my motions, my pallor, doubt, and terror, with calm, but cool indignation. "I was about to speak—to explain—to say I knew not what, when a kiss from lips I could not see sealed mine, and with a cry like a scream I broke away from my friends and fled.

THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA. A PROPHECIC TALE. The following is supposed to have been written in 1802 by Max Adeler, who was a witness of the terrible scene which occurred at the time of which the story tells: THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA. You ask me to tell you, my children, of the events which immediately preceded the destruction of the once great American Union, and the capture of the country by its present European rulers, and to say something also of the cause which led to these deplorable results. I undertake the task with a heavy heart, for whenever I revert to that terrible time, I cannot help contrasting our proud condition up to that fatal year with the humiliating position occupied now by the American people. The story is a short one. In the fall of 1872 Horace Greeley, the editor of a newspaper in New York, was elected President of the United States. The people voted for him because they believed him to be an honest man. But he was vain and weak, and he entertained certain fanatical and preposterous notions—about agricultural matters, for instance—which he was determined to force upon the people at all hazards, and despite all opposition. To be believed, among other things, that every man should go to the West to earn his bread, and long before he was chosen President he used to advise everybody to move to that region as a cure for all the disorders which could befall the human family.

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YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN PAINTING BY USING BRADLEY'S PATENT ENAMEL PAINT. The Most Economical, Beautiful and Durable. Always Ready for Use and easily applied. Sold by the Gallon. ONE GALLON COVERS 20 SQUARE YARDS, TWO COATS. C. P. KNIGHT, Sole Agent, No. 93 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore. Jan 6, 1872-17

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