JOB PRINTING!

Every Description of Job Printing executed at THE WHIG OFFICE:—

Pamphlets, Checks, Receipt and Bill-books,

Printed and Bound in any style ordered.

POSTERS,

LETTER HEADING, Envelope Printing

CARDS OF ALL KINDS.

Colored and Bronze Printing,

EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE.

☞ Anything in the Printing or Lithographing line can be ordered at The Whig Office.

Satisfaction guaranteed, or no charge made.

Terms Cash on delivery of all work.

THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXI---NO. 48. ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872. WHOLE NO. 1615.

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.
Black Silks, 1 37 1-2.
Black Silks, 1 50.
Black Silks, 1 62.
Black Silks, 1 75.
Black Silks, 2 00.
Black Silks, 2 50.

Japanese Silks, 75.
Japanese Silks, $1 00.
Japanese Silks, 1 12.
Japanese Silks, 1 25.

Black Hernana, 50.
Black Hernana, 62 1-2
Black Hernana, 75.
Black Hernana, $1 00.
Black Hernana, 1 25.

MOURNING GOODS.
MOURNING GOODS.

New Plaids, 25.
New Plaids, 25.

White Goods.
White Goods.

Shawls, $3 00.
Shawls, 3 50.

Colored Silks, $1 50.
Colored Silks, 1 75.
Colored Silks, 2 00.
Colored Silks, 2 25.
Colored Silks, 2 50.

Black Mohairs, 37 1-2.
Black Mohairs, 50.
Black Mohairs, 62 1-2.
Black Mohairs, 75.
Black Mohairs, $1 00.
Black Mohairs, 1 25.

Grenadines, 37 1-2.
Grenadines, 50.
Grenadines, 62 1-2.
Grenadines, 75.

ALL KINDS,
ALL KINDS.

New Stripes, 25.
New Stripes. 25.

Every Variety.
Every Variety.

Shawls, 4 00.
Shawls. 4 50.

And every style of NEW GOODS for Ladies' and Men's wear, oll to be sold at REDUCED PRICES to close before returning to New Store.

May 18, 1872.

BRICK MEETING HOUSE

NE PLUS ULTRA STORE.

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
WHITE GOODS,
NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
WOOD & WILLOW-WARE,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS,
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 10, 1872—tf

LIGHT! AIRY! COMMODIOUS!

Light enough to make Goods visible!

Airy enough to keep them pure!

Comomdious enough to give room for all who come to examine them!

THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE

NEW GLASS-FRONT STORE,

INTO WHICH

LEVIS

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.

Jan 27, 1872

YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN PAINTING

BY USING

Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint,

The Most Economical, Beautiful and Durable.

These Paints are composed of PURE WHITE LEAD, ZINC and LINSEED OIL, with other materials which add greatly to the durability, elasticity, beauty and strength of the paint. The whole are chemically combined, so that the pigments are held in permanent solution, thus forming a new compound which dries upon the surface and adheres firmly to it, thus forming a smooth, glossy, firm elastic and durable Paint. The Oil, which is the real life of the Paint, cannot leave it and be absorbed by the substance to which it is applied, as it does in paints mixed in the ordinary way, and thus leave the pigment dead and brittle, to wash and rub off in a few months, or at farthest in three or four years. This paint is unaffected by changes of temperature, is perfectly impervious to the action of water, is well adapted to all classes of work, and is in every way a better Paint for either INSIDE or OUTSIDE WORK or BOAT PAINTING, than any other Paint known to the trade, and will last at least THREE TIMES AS LONG AS THE BEST LEAD AND OIL MIXED IN THE ORDINARY WAY.

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.

☞ SPECIMENS AND PRICE LIST FURNISHED GRATIS. [Jan 6, 1872—1y

☞ SPECIMENS OF THE DIFFERENT COLORS MAY BE SEEN AT THE OFFICE OF THE CECIL WHIG, ELKTON.

For The Cecil Whig.

WAYSIDE PENCILING.

Balmy breezes blow,
Golden sunbeams glow
O'er the meadows green.
Sweetest music swells,
Through the woodland dells;
Rarest beauty dwells
Round each lovely scene.

Crystal fountains pour,
Down the grassy shore
To the silver sea.
O, ye shady bowers
Deck'd with blushing flowers;
Palaces, and towers
Have no such charms for me.

J. H. K.

LETTER FROM MY DEAD WIFE.

Iy young wife died on the 9th of January, 186—, giving birth to a daughter, which followed her to the grave immdiately after.

Hw I survived that period and that whiwind of grief surprises me. I had won ay wife against odds. I was poor and roud, and when taunted by her fathe with the words, "fortune hunter," swore that I would earn an indepenence and then claim her. I kept my wd. For five long years I labored as dy a man urged on to his labor by one absorbing passion can work.—For fiv long years I scarcely saw her, but whe my long work was ended we were nried, and she made my life happy ined.

But sn! oh, how much too soon! came the reat trouble, and I lost her!

* * * * *

I resold upon travel; my medical man advis change of climate, of scene, of people, d of association; mechanically I assted to his suggestion, mechanically look my seat one lovely summer's rning (the 19th of June) in a first-cls carriage en route for Paris, and ere afterwards I cared not.

I bribed guard to lock the door that I might dulge in my own sad musings with fear of intrusion, and had wrapped yself up in a fanciful security when just as the train was about to start, small valise was pitched in through window, followed by a hat-box, and ile we were actually in motion the d was unlocked, and a man, jumping lily over the luggage which strewed floor of the carriage, subsided into a at exactly opposite mine.

One feels almo an aversion towards a new comer in railway carriage.—With what ill-wi he passenger at a wayside station is eived by the occupants of a well-ated well-heated compartment, whe the door opens to admit the rush of piercing wind, a dash of rain, and obably a damp body.

I was almost sav with the faithless official, and disged with the intruder. I felt irritat to a degree that I could scarcely acct for; and rolling myself into a corn I gazed steadfastly out into the cry, as though an agent for a telegra company employed to count the po.

The stranger, cool collecting his luggage and divesting imself of a courier bag which he across his shoulder, proceeded, with e nonchalance of a Queen's messger, to prepare to smoke; and, hav selected a cigar, and biting off the , languidly observed, 'No objection tooking.'

"This is not a smokin arriage," I replied.

"Really?"

"I object?"

"Really?"

There was a cool imperti e in the tone that roused my anger, I turned round and gazed at him.

He was a well-built, hande man, apparently about five and th. His eyes were small and glitteris that of a rat. His moustache vbushy and carefully pointed. He wessed in a grey tweed traveling suit; loves were yellow, and in one hand eld a very handsome Russian leath igar-case, with the initials C. B., ved thereon, in the other the unlight gar and fusee.

The state of nervous excitemunder which I labored would have me to attempt anything; and altho I felt that at any other time I shobe physically unequal to an encounterh this man, there was that within me temporarily gave me a superhu strength.

"I object," I again repeated, words oozing from between my clen ed teeth.

"Your objection shall not affect resolve in the least, and I shall smok So saying, he lifted his right foot, la it delicately across his left knee, ad justing the fusee, rubbed it deliberaly against the dry leather of the sol The combustible portion of the matc fell off. "Confound it, the only one had; I must wait til we get to Canterbury."

I was so nager for a contest with this man that this was a source of intense disappointment. If I had a light about me indeed I should have presented it to him for the purpose of bringing the question to an issue.

"I imagine if you tried you would find one, sir," I sneered.

"Can you give me a light?" he asked.

"I cannot."

"Wait till we get to Canterbury and I'll smoke you dry as an Egytian mummy."

"I shall."

This closed our conversation. I leaned back into the corner of the carriage, an unaccountable hatred against this man envenoming every thought. I did not stay to reason with myself. I did not ask, is this trifle of lighting cigar worth so much of bad and bitter emotion? I did not admit a ray of hope that, ere we reached Canterbury, that the vengeful feelings should pass away. No; I tonged with the craving of a gambler for the moment when the game was to be renewed; and no pilgrim ever desired to gaze upon the green stone at Mecca with a greater fever than I did to behold the spires of the grand old cathedral.

The shadow was upon me. The black cloud was looming overhead.

Onwards dashed and shrieked the train. Through the meadows laden with the perfume of the summer dew. Past rivulets sparkling in the golden sunlight. By villages, toward which by-and-by the mowers would wend their joyous way when the sun would be red in the West. Everything looked bright and beautiful, yet I could not share the brightness or the beauty, for grief and rage were warring in my breast, and my heart, which an hour before had been steeped in tears, was now bathing in the glow of anger. Onward dashed the train. For a momen- I was myself again; we were approaching the village of D——, where I first met her who was lost to me for ever. There stood the old church with its ivied tower, the rooks whirling round and about it as of yore, unmindful of the time when I used, with bated breath and throbbing heart, to watch her as she wended her way to offer up her pure prayers within its sacred walls. On the right lay——Hall, where I first bathed in the inexhaustive glories of love's young dream. There the corpse where I dared breathe my burning hopes. I could gaze no longer; and, burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up to one of those reveries during which the hour, the place, the circumstances of my surroundings, were utterly forgotten, and I wandered by her side as in the olden time, and all was light, and joy and love. How long this dream may have lasted, and why I awoke from it until the train stopped, I cannot tell, but when I looked up, my campanion was engaged in reading a letter—an ordinary looking letter, written upon pink note paper. Sudden my attention became rivetted—closer—closer—every nerve in my body began to tingle, my heart gave one mighty bound, for the handwriting was that of my dead wife!

An icy sickness crept over me. The small portion I could read showed me words that should be explained, words of to me—unfathomable mystery. I felt as if I should swoon, my brain began to throb, and for a moment I was almost insensible. Then in a voice that startled me from its very hollowness, I said,

"When did you receive that letter?"

He looked up, smiled, and resumed his reading of it.

"When did you receive that letter?"

"Excuse me if I refuse to comply with your request."

"You must tell me."

"You're a cool hand 'pon my soul!" he exclaimed.

"I beg of you to answer my question."

"I don't understand it."

"My question is"—and I was as cool as ice, though my brain was on fire—"when did you receive the letter you are now engaged in reading?"

"What if I refuse to answer your question, which I consider grossly impertinent?" he replied angrily.

"You must tell me. You must give it to me. You have no right to it!" I shouted.

"You are either mad or drunk, but which ever it is, you shall neither know when I received this letter, nor shall you become possessor of it as long as I can control my tongue or make use of my arms."

He was preparing to replace it in his pocket.

Mine it should be.

Without a moment's hesitation I made a snatch at it

He was too quick for me, but, in throwing back his hand to avoid my grasp, his fingers relaxed their hold, and the letter flew out of the open window.

We were traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Houses, trees, hedges and telegraph posts flashed past.

The letter must be mine. It must be regained.

Houses, tree, hedges and telegraph posts flashed past.

The one absorbing idea rushed through my mind. I did not hesitate the tenth part of a second.

Houses, trees, hedges and telegraph posts flashed past.

I threw open the door and stood upon the step.

Houses, trees, hedges and telegraph posts flashed past.

My companion seized my arm.

Houses, trees, hedges and telegraph posts flashed past.

I sprang forward.

"God save me!' I said.

A horrible crash! A million of lights!

* * * * *

When I recovered consciousness I found myself in a reclining position, and surrounded by a number of strange faces. I could not realize the situation for some moments; and when at length my reason began to assert itself the whole truth flashed upon me. I endeavered to rise, but found so much pain in moving that I desisted.

"Do not stir, sir," said an elderly man, who was engaged in bathing my temples. "We've sent for a doctor, and we expect him every moment."

As he was speaking the medical man arrived,

He made a careful examination, and pronounced that, as far as his judgment went, the bones were unbroken, that a contused cut on the temple might prove troublesome, and that immediate and careful removal and rest would be essential.

I listened to all this, and more, as the doctor gave his directions to the man who was engaged in bathing my head, whom I subsequently learned was the man of a gang of plate-layers engaged in reparing the line at the place where I had alighted. He described me as bounding along the line a huge mind that my escape was nothing short of a miracle.

"Here, sir, is his watch, and keys, and a pocketbook," added the foreman, handing the articles mentioned to the doctor.

I up and fervently returned that Him whose name was the last on my lips ere springing from the carriage.

"I bounds to any man who will bring me a letter written on pink paper, dropped from the carriage right window from London, about half an hour before I fell out."

The men looked at each other, then at me, and lastly at the doctor, evidently under the impression that I was raving.

"Five pounds, men! What are you staring Now then, men, stir.

In an instant off they started, tearing along the line in the direction indicated.

"Do not excite yourself, sir, it is sure to be found," said the doctor, his finger on my pulse. "Had you fine weather in town?"

This was to distract my attention, but the good fellow little knew that my whole of life was concentrated on the discovery of that tiny piece of pink paper.

"Do not, sir; pray do not. I insist on it," said the doctor, endeavoring to restrain me from rising.

I shook him off and stood upon my feet, very sick and giddy, but still able to stand.

"How long have I been unconscious?" I asked of the foreman, who stood respectfully by.

"About twenty minutes, sir."

"Did any train pass up the line, either way, since

"No, sir."

"Then the letter must be safe. I feared that the wheels of the up-train might have caught and annihilated it.'

At this moment there was a shout, and one of the men came running towards us waving something in his hands.

"He has it, sir," said the foreman.

I held out my hands mechanically; with a last effort I clutched the letter which the breathless navy tendered to me, thrust it into my bosom, and fainted away.

* * * * *

"At what hour does the train start for Canterbury?"

"Four o'clock, sir."

"What delay shall I have in Canterbury, so as to be able if necessary, to catch the tidal train?"

"Thirty-two minutes, sir."

"Can I telegraph?"

"No sir. Lord bless you, sir, it's enough for us to see the wires. A telegram here would set us crazy."

These questions were addressed by me to the station-master at the B—— Station, to which I had been carried by the navies on an improvised litter during my second period of unconsciousness.

My head had been dressed, brandy and water administered; and, though against the strongest remonstrances of Doctor Flethurst, the kind and accomplished physician who attended me, I resolved to push on—to track and fellow, if necessary, to the uttermost limits of the earth, my companion of the morning, and compel him, with a sword at his throat or a revolver at his breast, to explain the purport of the letter of my dead wife.

It was undated.

These are the words:

"Thursday.

'Dearest.

'Why have you not written? I cannot understand it. You have no idea how perplexed I have been by your silence. I am compelled, as you are aware, to be very careful, lest our letters should be discovered, but I have taken every precaution. Come at once. I think our lucky star is in the ascendant. 'FANNIE."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

RAILROADS.

Col. Forney, Editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, is on a tour of observation, in company with Col. Thomas A. Scott, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. In one of Col. Forney's letters to *The Press* he gives the following sketch of the great railroad system controled by the Pennsylvania Company.

"The Pennsylvania system of roads commences at Philadelphia with a line from New York intersecting at Philadelphia, and a line from Baltimore and Washington intersecting at Harrisburg, thence diverging to Erie, forming connections at Erie with the system of lakes and lake shore roads, and all the various connections throughout the entire Northwest. The main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad extends to Pittsburg and connects at that point with all the roads now under the control of the Pennsylvania Company, a corporation which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company controls by the ownership of its stock, This last company is now under the control of Colonel Thomas A. Scoot as president. who still retains his position as vice president of the parent company at Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania Company now controls all the lines west of Pittsburg in the Pennsylvania system.

It owns the road to Cincinnati via Columbus, then a line from Columbus to Louisville, controlls a line from St. Louis, and another from Columbus via Logansport to Chicago; also, the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, direct to Chicago, the Cleveland and Pittsburg road, from Cleveland to Pittsburg, and the Erie and Pittsburg road, to Erie. These various lines, with their branches to Washington, Pennsylvania, the Muskingum Valley road, and their branches from the several main lines, *now aggregate over thirty-two hundred miles of road, all connected, and all equipped.*—These, when added to the line controlled by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburg, embracing 1,384 miles, making a grand aggregate of about 4,600 miles, all connected, equipped, and managed under one interest, the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which John Edgar Thomson is president, and were built from the time he took charge as cheif engineer in 1847, embracing a little over a quarter of a century in the service of the company, and accomplishing a result by his combination of roads that has never before been achieved by any man in railroad life. During all that period he has paid his stockholders an average of ten per cent. per annum.

Those of us who can recollect the bitter conflicts that marked the inauguration of this grand iron network of important highways, will congratulate the South that the genius which has wrought results of such magnitude is now turned to the completion of a still grander series of continental connections.

We have been traveling for the last twenty-four hours over another line lately purchased and now managed by another citizen, almost of Philabelphia—I mean Colonel Henry S. McCombs, of Wilmington, Delaware. The close friend of Colonel Scott, he seems to have taken him for his model; and it is not less pleasing to know that they are working in noble harmony to the objective point of the development of the unparalleled rescources of the South, not alone in regard to her connections with Mexico by land, but with the European nations by water. Of the Southern roads owned in large part by Colonel McCombs, and under his direction, are the line from Jackson, Tenn., to Canton, Miss., 239 miles; from Grenade to Mephis, 100 miles; all completed and in order. He has also under contract a line from Memphis to Paducan, Ky., 163 miles, of which 60 are finished and operating, and he proposes to extend his line from Jackson, Tenn., to Cairo, Ill., 180 miles. Still other projects are on foot under the same bold leadership. I do not propose to define or classify these various connections. My object is to give the readers some general idea of vast results accomplished and of vast preparations for still grander results. The mind fairly reels before figures and facts little short of magic. And yet as we grasp them, and become familiar with them, we are disciplined for the still more extensive system under which thousands of acres of alluvial soil in this section, which have been growing richer under the neglect of ages, will be populated by and made to bear endlees harvest for millions of men, while the untold and untouched wealth of Mexico will be turned into the channels of trade as a new inspiration for the elevation and improvement of all the nations of the earth."

—A correspondent writing from Oxford, Mississippi, to the Washington *Chronicle*, mentions the following:

SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE,

is that of a child marked very plainly on one side of its face, with the mask or disguise worn by the Ku-Klux. This may seem at first incredible, yet nevertheless, is true, and can be vouched for by any member of the United States Court here.

THE PARTICULARS

are these: Some time last summer, in June or July, a band of disguised men came to a young man's house (who had been but recently married) for the purpose of taking him out and whipping him. His wife became terribly frightened and last winter she gave birth to this child, which bore the above described marks. She is now a witness here against several of the party, yet Governor Alcorn says there is no Ku-Klux in Mississippi.

JULY.

From brightening fields of either fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, effulgent summer comes.
In pride of youth; and felt through nature's depth.
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever fanning breezes on his way;
While from his ardent look the turning spring
Averts her bashful gaze, and earth and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

'Tis noon; and vertical the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.

How Paper Collars are Made.

One hundred and fifty million paper collars, it has been estimated, are yearly used in the United States; and statistics show that even this immense number is steadily increasing as improvements in the manuture multiply.

The collars are made in two varieties: of paper and cloth comdined and of paper alone. The best materials are used in the manufacture of the paper. It is supplied in heavy white sheets, sixteen by thirty-six inches in dimensions, weighing 125 pounds to the ream. On being received in the manufactory, it is sent to the enameling room, where each sheet is covered with a thin layer of enamel and then placed on racks heated by steam pipes until thoroughly dry. This work is performed entirely by hand, and the enamel mixture applied with an ordinary brush.

After the sheets have become thoroughly dry, they are embossed to imitate cloth.—To produce this effect, muslin is tightly stretched and pasted on plates of tin corresponding in size to the sheets of paper. Between pairs of plates thus prepared, the paper is laid, about fourteen sheets at a time being thus arranged, making a pile of alternate layers of paper and tin. The whole is then passed between heavy steel rolls, the pressure being sufficient to imprint the threads of the cloth on the paper, so that a perfect *fac simile* is thus obtained.

Each sheet is then polished by passing it over swiftly revolving brushes, when it is ready to be transformed into collars. The paper is next sent to the finishing loft, where, by means of movable dies made of steel, with edges sharpened so as to penetrate the material readily, the collars are cut out. A heap of sheets, about eighty in number, is arranged under a press, the die placed upon them, and the press set in motion. A single stroke cuts through the paper, and the collars are shaped. They are now perfectly flat, destitute of button holes, and besides, must be molded before they are ready for packing.

At one end of the loft are large rolls of starched muslin, the use of which it is at first somewhat difficult to divine. A glance at the next process through which the collars pass soon affords an explanation, for the muslin is seen cut up into little elliptical bits called "patches," which are pasted on the extremities and middle of the collar, Their object is to give the button holes the necessary strength and to prevent them tearing out when soaked by perspiration.—A very ingenious machine puts on these patches, cuts the button holes, impresses the imitation of stitches on the borders, folds the collar, and stamps its size on it, all in one motion.

The collars as fast as they are finished by this machine, are bent or folded so as to fit the neck. The molding apparatus accomplishes its work with astonishing quickness, although it may be fairly considered as rivalled in rapidity of motion by the girls who pack the collars in the boxes. A bundle of a dozen is made up and twisted into its receptacle as if by magic, each girl packing 20,000 collars per day.—The last process is to label the boxes, place them in cases, and the goods are ready for the market.

The cloth lined collars are the more expensive of the two varieties. They are made of paper to which muslin, either white or colored, is firmly pasted, so that no embossing is necessary, and are cut out and finished in the same manner as above described. Cuffs and false shirt bosoms go through the same processes, dies being used of the required forms.—This manufacture is largely carried on in this city.—*Scientific American.*

USES OF DEAD HORSES.

As soon as the horse is dead, his blood is sought by the manufacturers of albumen, and by sugar refiners, and burners of lamp-black. Not a drop is allowed to go to waste. The mane and tail are wanted for hair-cloth sieves, bow-strings and brushes. The skin is converted into leather for cart-harness, for boots and shoes, and strong collars. The hoofs are used for combs, horn work, glue, and in old times were the chief source of hartshorn, now obtained from the gas-house. The flesh is boiled down in the rendering vat, and much oil and fat are obtained from it. The flesh left after all has been extracted from it that is of any service, sometimes, burned to be used as manure, or is worked up into nitrogenous compounds, such as the cyanidee to be used by the photographer in taking our pictures. The stomach and intestines make valuable strings and cords for musical instruments, and out of the bones, so many articles are manufactured that it is almost impossible to make out a complete list of them. Among them are buttons, toys, tweezers, knife handles, rulers, cups, dominoes, balls, and the residue from all these is burned into bone-black, to be used by the sugar refiner, who puts in a second claim on the dead horse; and some part of the backbone is burden white, to be used by the assayer in testing gold, and, when the assayer and refiner have finished with it, it is converted into super-phosphate, to serve as a valuable manare on our land. The teeth are used as substitutes for ivory, and the iron shoes, if not nailed over the door to insure good fortune to the household, are worked up into excellent wrought metal. Some portion of the boneblack is converted into phosphorus for the manufacture of matches, and lately a valuable bread preparation is made of the phosphate, and medicines are prepared for the cure of consumptives.

RECIPE FOR MAKING LEMONADE.—Get a bowl of pure water. Let a dozen pretty girls kiss it, then get one old maid to look at it once, and the lemonade is done—did. N. B.—If she looks twice another dozen girls must be got immediately.

LOOK! CECIL COUNTY, Look!—Every one who has not tried the "Wilmington City Soap," should begin at once. If you do not try a bar for next wash-day, you are fined half price. Buy a bar, and save the *fine*.

Horace Greeley in Partnership with Tweed.

About one year since, April 25, 1871 Mr. Greeley entered into the following copartnership with William M. Tweed, viz:

STATE OF NEW YORK, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, *ss.:* We Nathaniel Sands, Moses H. Grinnell, HORACE GREELEY, Samuel W. Barnard, William M. Tweed, Henry C. Holly, Henry Holdredge, Courtlandt Palme., Jr., and Albert S. Yeaston, all of the said city, county, and State, do hereby certify that we desire to form a company, pursuant to the provisions of an act of the Legislature of the State of New York, passed February 17, 1848, entitled "An act to authorize the formation of corporations for manufacturing, mining, mechanical, or chemical purposes," and of the several acts of the said Legislature amending and extending the provisions of said "act." That the corporate name of the said company is to be "The Tobacco Manufacturers' Association." That the object for which said company is to be formed are for manufacturing tobacco and cigars by machinery and otherwise, and for manufacturing machinery and utensils for the purpose of manufacturing tobacco and cigars, and for purchasing all the proper stock, tobacco, materials, utensils, and machinery, for the purpose of manufacturing tobacco, cigars, untensils and machinery, and also for the further purpose of selling the tobacco, cigars, utensils and machinery so to be manufactured as aforesaid. That the amount of the capital stock of said company is to be one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. That the term of the existence of said company is to be fifty years. That the number of shares of which said capital stock is to consist is to be seventeen hundred and fifty. That the number of the trustees who shall manage the concern of said company for the first year is nine, and the names of such trustees are Nathaniel Sands, Moses H. Grinnell, Horace Greeley, Samuel W. Barnard, Wm. M. Tweed, Henry C. Hooly, Henry Holdredge, Courtland Palmer, Jr., and Albert S. Meaton, and that the operations of said company are to be carried on in the City, County, and State of New York.

In this analysis of Mr. Greeley's real character, a persual of the foregoing document is very valuable.

It gives a clear insight into his ideas of the importance of consistency; of harmony between profession and practice. He has been preaching for twenty years in public and private, against the evils of tobacco chewing, snuffing and smoking, and yet, on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1871, he enters into a copartnership "to manufacture and sell tobacco and cigars," so as to make it easy for people to disregard his advice. This is as consistent as for a temperence lecture to engage in distilling whisky and in its sale at the street corners.

This copartnership with Tweed, entered into above a year since, indicates something of Mr. Greeley's capacity in the selection of men for high trusts. It is not probable that he would be more careful or more successful in the selection of men for the public service than in his private business. A man so easily deceived in matters relating to his private affairs, is surely not the most attractive champion of civil service reform.

Washington Chronicle.

Why Everybody Ought to Vote for Greeley.

The principal argument in favor of Greeley is that he was a secessionist at the beginning of the war, and that hence Southern Democrats ought to take a trip to Baltimore to swell the ranks that are needed to shout for him in order to convey the impression that he, above all others, is the man the whole people want to be President. The difference between the kind of argument used in the South and that made to do service in the North is worthy of note. The South ought to vote for Greeley because he declared that secession should be permitted; the North ought to vote for him because he has been such a prominent Republican; the free-lovers ought to vote for him because he has been a Fourierite; the Spiritualists ought to vote for him because he has been a Spiritualist; protectionist ought to vote for him because he has been a protectionist; free traders ought to vote for him, because, if made President, he promises to sacrifice the veto power in their favor; farmers ought to vote for him, because he is a bad farmer; printers ought to vote for him, because he is a miserable type-setter; temperance men ought to vote for him, because he has advocated prohibition; tipplers ought to vote for him, because he has stopped talking about temperance out of deference for them; and lastly, renegades, above all things, ought to vote for him, because he is a renegade. There seems to be a good many reasons why everybody should vote for Greeley. If there is any small faction in the country that he has not been a part of, it is because he has not lived long enough.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU ARE IN TROUBLE.—Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this, you must keep right on with it, till it leads you to ruin; or if you try to pause, you must add physical pain and consciousness of degredation to the sorrow you seek to escape.—Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought till its victim sinks a hopeless pitiful wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit you something else hard; pitch into something with a will.—There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble.

If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking about them.—You want sweet, calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go a loating all day to tell Dick and Harry the stories of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

TO WHITEN IVORY.—Boil alum in water; into this immerse your ivory, and let it remain one hour; then rub the ivory with a cloth, wipe it clean with a wet linen rag, and lay it in a moistened cloth to prevent its drying to quickly, which causes it to crack.

☞ Loving wife at Brighton, "The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband; "Take some of it home with you."

☞ Judge—Well, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now, what would you steal? Prisoner—I would steal away, your Honor.

The Cecil Whig

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY E. E. EWING.

SUBSCRIPTION.

$2.00 a Year, in advance. If not paid within the year, $2.50. Six Months, $1.00. Three Months, 50 cents. No subscription taken at less than the above. Single Copies, FIVE CENTS.

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THE FARMERS AND THE PRESIDENCY.

[*From the N. Y. Times.*]

There are but two alternatives to the choice of General Grant as President; either Mr. Greeley, or some consistent and well-known Democrat. It is possible that the choice of the nation will have to be made between the great General and the flighty editor as their chosen leader; and it is also possible that there will be a "straight" Democratic nomination at Baltimore, and, therefore, three tickets in the field.

The whole nation knows Mr. Greeley thoroughly. His life has been under an intense magnifying light during the past twenty years. There are probably few faults or weaknesses in his character which are not thoroughly familiar to the people. It is this thorough popular understanding of Mr. Greeley's mind and character which will constitute his especial weakness in his struggle for the great office. The people know him. The farmers—who decide our elections—have a certain personal interest in him, from having read his journal so long, or listened to his rural "lectures," or laughed over his agricultural follies. Great numbers of them still hold him to be an honest man. They respect him, too, as a member of the working classes, who has raised himself to a conspicuous position. But beyond this they would not go. Our farmers are, peculiarly a "common sense" class of men. They have a great respect for solid judgment. They do not like wild theories and erratic movements. They are conservative. They would be the last men in the country to choose as President a man whose judgment has been fatally at fault in every great crisis that has arisen in his time—and such a man is Horace Greeley.

Again, the laugh of the world is something that even a backwoodsman does not like. He loses his own self-respect when he thinks of his President as a boor. We are persuaded that this consideration is going to tell vastly more in the canvass than most people suppose in the outset. The flood of low comic caricatures of Mr. Greeley, and of all the possibilities of his future career as President, which is pouring over the country, shows that this sense of the ridiculous, as connected with his administration, has been aroused. So far as we can recall, no previous Presidential canvass has had this feature so strongly marked.

But more than this, the rural classes will dread the possible escapades and wild erratic performances of which Mr. Greeley, if President, might be guilty. They want no more revolutions, or sudden changes of policy, or theocratic legislation. They recall him in his past career as occupying so many inconsistent positions; as wild in his youth for socialism; as anti-slavery, and then trimming and doubtful; as urging on the struggle with slavery, and then failing in courage when the first reverse came; as negotiating with Rebels, apparently to leave slaves in the lurch, and bailing the great Rebel leader, and then pressing the KuKlux laws; as covering up the sins of Tammany, and entering into an alliance with it to reach the Presidential chair. All these strange inconsistencies have weakened the confidence of the masses in Greeley's judgment, and sometimes in his principle. As an editor they like him; as President they would dread him.

On the other hand, General Grant is almost equally well known, and has the immense advantage of having been tried in the fire of the most terrible events of the century. Every one knows and respects his public qualities. The farmers and business interests have confidence in his integrity, his wisdom, and steadiness of purpose. If his administration has not met their highest ideals, it has at least been a safe and creditable one. It will make no sudden changes in anything. As between him and Mr. Greeley, the people will not be doubtful in their choice.

But supposing a third candidate in the field, a pure Democrat. What then? With three tickets it is of course among the possibilities that the election might be pushed into the House. And there General Grant is certain to succeed. Still, we believe there would be nearly as great a defection from Democratic ranks, if Hendricks or Groesbeck were put up, as there would be if Greeley were the sole candidate. The nation would submit to anything sooner than an old, unrepentant Democrat in the Presidential chair. The whole business class, and the conservatives everywhere, would dread it as they would a convulsion. The party of freedom would look upon it as a second Bull Run in politics. The South would be in a ferment. The negroes would fear even re-enslavement. The bondholders would see repudiation in the very air. All the elements of rascality, corruption, revolution, and treason, would be in active movement again.

No! Under no circumstances will this people make one of the old Democrats President—the choice will be between Grant and Greeley. What that will be, we need not doubt. It is the choice between a safe man—a man of common sense—and a man who, in the practical affairs of life, is little better than a baby.

THE POLE CAT.

My friend did you ever examine the fragrant pole kat closely?

I guess not; they are a kritter that won't bear examining with a microskope.

They are butiful beings, but oh! how deceptive.

Their habits are phew, but unique.

They bild their houses out of earth and the houses have but one door tew them, and thrt iz a front door.

When they enter their houses they don't shut the door after them.

They are called pole kats bekause it is not convenient tew kill them with a klub, but with a pole, and the longer the pole the more convenient.

Writers on natral history, disagree about the right length of the pole tew be used, but I would suggest that the pole be about 365 feet, especially if the wind is in favor of the pole kat.

I hav kaught skunks in a trap. They are easier tew git into a trap than tew git out of it.

In taking them out ov a trap grate judgment must be had not tew shake them up; the more yu shake them up the more ambrosial they are.

One pole kat in a township is enuff, espeshily if the wind changes once in a awhile.

A pole kat's skin is wuth 2 dollars in market, after it is skined, but it is wuth 3 dollars and fifty cents tew skin him.

This is one way tew make 12 shillings on a wet day.—*Josh Billings.*