

MS. NEW GOODS!

NEW GOODS!

W. M. A. DENWICK Agent just opened at his Store a stock of large and carefully selected...

FALL and WINTER GOOD embracing all articles generally kept in first class country store. Particular attention is called to his stock of...

BOOTS AND SHOES

A fine assortment of fashionable N.C. and BREAKFAST SHAWLS.

HOSIERY AND GLOVE

Also a choice stock of French and domestic CANNIES, all of which are offered at low prices for cash. Oct 29, 1868 - 4w

MILLINERY

and

FANCY STORE

MRS. MARY J. CAMPBELL Washington City, is now open in the room adjoining John S. Edwards Store, Leonardtown, a very choice selection of new

MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOOD

of the latest Fall and Winter style. These goods are purchased in Philadelphia and will be sold at city prices, cash. Bonnets made or repaired to order. Oct 29, 1868 - 4w

ESTRAY.

St. Mary's County, to wit:

I hereby certify, that on this 24th of October, in the year 1868, a certain horse, brought before me the subject one of the Justices of the Peace, in for the county of St. Mary's, a Red & a Gray, (describing upon his owners' since August last. Supposed to be between 3 or 4 years old and not marked. Given under my hand, and the seal of my office, this 24th day of October, 1868.

C. CAMALLER, J. P.

When the words are they found utterance, had I then known the one-hundredth part of the misery they have entailed. But it was too late, and the only alternative that occurred to my troubled mind was to write him a hasty apology, explain all, and implore his forgiveness. I had not forgotten that he informed me only a few days since, of his intention to leave M--- the latter part of the week, and I knew that if a letter did not reach him that night, before he left his hotel, it was inevitably to be lost.

I opened a small writing desk that lay upon the table, and with a heavy hand and trembling hand, I pleaded my cause most earnestly. I, E. de Haveston, the proud, spoiled child of fortune, in language which only love can inspire, poured out my heart's dearest secrets upon the paper, and entreated, aye, begged for pardon. I asked for sympathy where I had shown so little, and demanded the love I had so lately scorned.

I rang the bell, and as the servant disappeared with the letter I sank almost listless into an arm-chair, that stood near the window. The cool breeze, fragrant with the scent of the clematis and woad-bane, blew upon my face, and I began to revive. Then for the first time in my life did I realize how much I was capable of loving. My mind was busy with reflection, and I seemed to glide backward on the stream of time. It was that dreamy state when the past and the present are combined, and the absent are before us. I thought of the night when I first met George Walton; the faces, the music, the waltzes. All the pictures that my mind supplied of that glorious scene were before me, more gorgeous than an artist's fairest conceptions. And then I thought of a quiet stroll by the sea, one lovely Summer evening, when the murmur of the waves mingled with the first sweet words of love that had ever fallen upon my ear. I remembered, how strangely happy I felt as the long-hidden affection burst forth from my heart, and all that was brightest, all that was noblest in my nature, soared upward to greet and to hallow what to me seemed life's sweetest dream of affection.

And then, as we walked hand in hand, listening to the ripple of the waves, a silence fell upon us, and we were happy. He spoke all the poetry of my young soul, all the enthusiasm that was so lavish in my nature, and I singled him out as the noblest of God's creatures. I did not stop to question the future. I only knew that I loved, and was contented.

I was innocent then; my *début* upon the stage of life had but recently been made, and I had yet to learn how hollow was the praise that had been so lavishly bestowed upon me. I little thought that this favor of the world would spoil and ruin me, as it had so many before me. But so it was. I was intelligent, accomplished, and above all, wealthy. Thousands, nay, millions, were at my command, and I soon discovered that a word, a smile from me possessed more potency than a magician's wand. I was sought after, courted, worshipped. In the giddy rounds of pleasure and excitement, I soon forgot the promises that I had made George Walton.

I met with so many who were gayer than he, so many who had the excitement of fashionable dissipation that I was learning to love so well, that I almost regretted even having met him. He was far above the foppish representatives of society who gathered about me in all that pertains to mental worth, and I knew that he looked down upon these fawning sycophants with a cold disdain. I knew, too, that he would blush to think that his wife should ever become delighted by these false flatteries, and I longed to be free — in the midst of this life. He had received my letter, and I did not know

it. He remonstrated my anger arose at this restraint upon my liberty, and a quarrel ensued. I was proud, and I did not seek to extenuate the circumstances of my conduct. We parted, and for many months I heard no more of him; nor did I endeavor to. Regret had not yet come, and the sunshine was far more brilliant.

I was stopping for a few days with some friends in M---, and one evening the Hon. George Walton was invited to tea. As I went into the large dining-room, leaning on the arm of the handsome Col. C---, the eyes of George Walton met my eyes. He was standing near an old-fashioned bay-window, chatting and laughing merrily with Ellen Dudley, the beautiful heiress of Dudley Hall — He was handsome as ever, though I thought I could detect a slight shadow which some forgotten sorrow had left upon his manly face. He failed to notice my entrance for a few moments, and when our eyes met the blood rushed to my cheeks, and involuntarily uttered an exclamation of surprise. Remembering myself the next instant I turned to arrange the folds of my dress, and when I again looked toward him his dark eyes were resting upon me, and his face wore that calm, steady look which I had never known to change but once.

He greeted me coldly, and at first was shy and indifferent, but as the weeks wore on — for I did not care to go away — and we were thrown more in each other's society, I began to notice the change in his manner. I easily perceived that the old flame was not entirely extinguished, and that the icy barriers he had about him gradually thawed themselves away. I did not detect the charming influence which old acquaintance awakes in the human heart, and soon the long-pent-up affection, which was not dead, but retaining new strength from its slumber, leaped forth in fiery flames. He told me all; the story of his wrongs and bitter sufferings at my hands, and implored me, begged me to blot out the memory of the past, by becoming his wife. I was stern. The scenes of gayety through which I had passed, the cold and senseless enjoyments of fashionable life, had well-nigh rendered me heartless.

I was, in fact, a confirmed coquette; and when George Walton, but a few hours before, pleaded with an eloquence which love alone can inspire, his words had no effect upon my stony heart, and I refused him without a moment's thought. So naturally a shadow was the first of deception, that to be candid with any one, much less the lover, was a self for which I had no room. And thus, almost without knowing why, I had thoughtlessly wrought my own ruin.

The door bell rang, and a servant entered and placed a sealed envelope on the old marble stand before me. I snatched it up, gazed swiftly at the clear, bold handwriting, kissed the well-known monogram, and breaking the seal, read:

"You would call me back, to play with me like a butterfly, unless some flattering fool, with gayer colors, arrests your attention, and then I would again be cast aside. Farewell, G. W."

The paper fell from my hands. A great shiver ran through my frame, and the sobbings choked my utterance. I sat as one stunned, my eyes riveted upon the paper which had, as it were, opened the portals of a hell to me. My brain felt hot and burning, my blood grew chill, and I almost shrank in very agony. I could have torn my hair like a maniac, but something seemed to restrain me.

"I will go to him myself, I will explain all, and I know he will forgive me," I cried hollowly to myself, and rising from my unattractive posture I staggered out of the drawing-room, and the noise being heard within, I was soon surrounded by my excited friends and removed to my room.

For weeks I lay unconscious, not knowing, not caring, only feeling that inexpressible calm which seems to rest upon us at such a time, making us utterly unmindful of all around us. No one was allowed to see me but my most intimate associates, and they asked me no questions. As the days grew cooler, and the autumn like stillness of the weather pervaded the room, I began to recover. I knew nothing of the outer world, and for hours I would sit by my window gazing silently out upon the beautiful hills, and fields. At such times the ethereal clouds drifting to and fro, and the calm aspect of the surrounding landscape seemed to inspire me with vigor, and I prayed to live.

Weeks wore on, and still I was unable to quit my chamber. Oh! how fervently I longed for strength — how ardently I yearned for the fresh, buoyant life of my childhood.

The wonder in the house grew as to what had caused this sudden indisposition, and great change in my life. I had no complaints — no one knew my secret, and I was discreet enough to reveal nothing that would lead to disclosure. I took no interest in anything, my favorite authors were neglected, and I seldom spoke of the future.

Weeks flew by — months grew into years, and people said I was becoming beautiful again. The flush came back to my cheeks, my steps resumed their girlish elasticity, and apparently I had forgotten my great sorrow. It has been many years since, and now I am growing old. Life has few charms left. I have drunk deeply of its bitter, and have learned well the lesson which philosophy practically teaches.

Loveless of womanhood. No pleasure knows my weary mind. Without your gentle smile and laugh No more life is blessing on my side. Yours Dorothea Adams."

Never," said the melancholy Simpkins, "did I forget her; perhaps, even now she is in the vicinity of Maryland."

Heaps have actually grown out of fashion in Paris.

Some eighteen or twenty years since a well known resident of Tipton county, Tenn., was put on his trial, charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and the eloquence and ingenuity of counsel were required to make an impression in his favor upon a jury which, however impartial it might be, could not but see the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defense made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. Time passed, and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the large throng in attendance, the judge, counsel, etc., retired, an anxious, the accused, not the least, to learn the verdict of the jury, and a me wondering that the jury, hesitated for a moment to bring in a verdict of guilty. In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no further. The appeals of the counsel for the defense had not been without their influence, and the jury stood unchangeable — six for conviction and six for acquittal. Something had to be done. In those days twelve good fellows could not be got together for a night and sleep. Curis appeared mysteriously from the depths of sundry large pockets, and exercises in seven up and poker were zealously commenced.

About midnight, one of the number, Colonel P., proposed they should play a game of seven up, and the result decided the verdict. The proposition was heartily and unanimously agreed to, in all seriousness, and the whole crowd collected around Colonel P. and his opponent, who proceeded to play the game on which was staked a human life.

Colonel P. played to save the accused. The backers, five and five, stood behind them encouraging the champions and watched the game, dimly seen by the light of two tallow candles, with the most intense interest.

The game proceeded with very equal fortune, till both parties stood at six and six. It was Col. P.'s deal; he dealt and turned up Jack. The prisoner was acquitted, and every member of the jury joined in the shout which startled the village, even the revelers in "the grocery." Next morning the jury went into court and gave, to the astonishment of many, the verdict of "not guilty." The jurymen who played an unsuccessful game for human life still lives, and is a much respected citizen of the district. One of the counsel is a very distinguished member of the Memphis bar, and the accused has gone to a higher court; but neither of them, nor any of the assemblage, nor the court, who marvelled at the verdict eighteen years ago, have ever known that a human life was saved by turning Jack. There are some curious episodes in the history of our early settlements; but who would think of venturing life on turning Jack?

Mr. L. — affronted his wife, who, to punish him, resolved to act dumb whenever he was present, and so well did she maintain her resolution, that nearly a week passed away, during which not a word did she utter in his presence. She performed her household duties as usual, but speak she would not. He tried to coax her out of her whim, but in vain. At last he tried the following plan to overcome her resolution by working on her curiosity — the most ungovernable of female propensities. Retaining one evening from his employment, his lady sat there as usual, mute. He immediately commenced a vigorous search throughout the room. The closet was examined, the bedroom, drawers, boxes, shelves; everything that could be thought of was overhauled. His wife was struck with astonishment at his unaccountable behavior, and as he proceeded in his search, she became nervously anxious to find out what he was looking for. What could it be? She looked in his face, to glean, if possible, from his expression, the object of his search; but no go, he was as sober as a judge. He lifted the edge of the carpet, looked under the table cover, and finally approached her chair, looked under it, and even went so far as to brush her dress partially as it was, as if what he sought might be there. "She could stand it no longer. She burst out: "B'gosh, what are you looking for?" He smiled and answered, "Your tongue, and I've found it."

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS. — Female loveliness appears to be so good advantage, as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to the name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princesses. These trinkets may serve to give effect on the stage or upon the ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and real refinement or delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. — Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly, a really refined and intellectual woman will wear the marks of her refinement and high intellect.

Whatever may be the education, the dispositions, or the tendencies of individual men, it is certain that crime is generated more by idleness and idle habits than by anything else. A truly industrious person — one who is fully occupied in some honest employment — seldom commits a crime. If it be done by such a person, the cause of it will be found to have been generated by some idle habit indulged in in the hours devoted to a relaxation from labor, when there has been some association with persons of idle and dissolute habits. As a general truth, any idleness may perceive there is no security against crime; for those who form it are usually infected with deplorable morals, and are ready at almost any time, to overstep the bounds of honor and propriety. Pericious influences arise from association with such characters. They are usually reckless in their expenditures, and not very punctilious as to the means by which they are enabled to gratify their disposition to bounce and make a display of themselves, as more richly provided than their associates. Step by step, they go on from one scene of degradation to another; and finally, finding character injured or destroyed, become lost to all sense of shame, and openly make companions of notorious thieves and pick-pockets. Idleness is the true source of all evils which eventually surround the young man who deserts the pleasant path of labor for fancied and promised pleasure. He alone can be truly happy who is employed; and no man should consider himself happy, or in the enjoyment of moral health, whose time is not occupied either in some useful employment, or engaged in society that may change his mental and moral powers. Industry will preserve society from dangers; idleness alone can corrupt it. It is better to work for nothing, as security against danger, than to sit idly in idleness awaiting for the tide to bring treasures to one's feet.

FAITH AND FEEL. — A practical philanthropist who picks drawbacks out of the mire, gets them washed and clothed, once visited a poor widow on a cold winter day. A clergyman was trying to console her. "Have faith in Christ," said he, "he will help you." "What the practical man — " "It is not faith in Christ, my lady, — but has as much of that as you or I, it is word she stands in need of. Her faith will not save her, with the thornroot tar at zero. No such thing. She has got faith, but she wants firewood." The missionary went his way; there was no more that he could do. The practical man had the wood there in an hour. Faith is good, but practice is sometimes best.

"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedent: — Adam and Eve, 0; Shalalpare, 18; Ben Johnson, 21; Franklin 24; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterling, 28; Linnaeus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32; Woodworth and Davy, 33; Sir William Jones and Wallington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, 113; time, 120.

A colored firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following notice: — "Dissolution of copartnership heretofore existing between me and Moses Jones de barber profession, on heretofore resolved. Persons who owe must pay to de barber. D-m what de firm one must call on Jones, as de firm is dissolved."

Conjugal solicitude is said to have been illustrated as follows on a train during a chilly night. "My dear," said the husband to his wife, "are you comfortable in the corner there?" "Oh! very snug." "Don't you feel cold?" "Not in the least." "Does your window shut tight?" "Yes, very, thank you." "Well, come, let us sleep seats."

A sailor's wife had just received intelligence that her husband had perished at sea. She was visited by a neighbor, who sympathized with her on her loss, and expressed a fear that she would be pained by it. "Dear mad I," said the widow; "but he did all he could for me — he saved me the expense of his burying."

A married woman in Wisconsin says that when her husband is a little drunk he kicks her, and when he is very drunk she kicks him. She congratulates herself that she does the greater part of the kicking.

Clerical duns is so addicted to scriptural texts that he invariably orders "Roast beef, well done, good and faithful servant."

The last question before the debating society was, "Whether, if the doctor orders back, the patient has not a right to growl?"

Fanny Fern having said that "most of the present day are fast," Providence says that they are to be to catch the eye and to be fast.

at Mary's Beacon.

NARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1868

NO. 3

I am slowly recovering from the torments of that terrible agony, but the memory of the past is deeply graven upon my heart.

As for George Walton, they say he is happy, at least seemingly so. He lives in a distant city, surrounded by wealth and a family. I have never seen him since the event at M---; and though another claims his love, I would like to peep in upon his quiet home, and feel for a moment the happiness that nestles there.

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"People about to marry," who wish to know the proper age, are referred to the following precedent: — Adam and Eve, 0; Shalalpare, 18; Ben Johnson, 21; Franklin 24; Dante, Kepler, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterling, 28; Linnaeus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32; Woodworth and Davy, 33; Sir William Jones and Wallington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, 113; time, 120.

A colored firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following notice: — "Dissolution of copartnership heretofore existing between me and Moses Jones de barber profession, on heretofore resolved. Persons who owe must pay to de barber. D-m what de firm one must call on Jones, as de firm is dissolved."

Conjugal solicitude is said to have been illustrated as follows on a train during a chilly night. "My dear," said the husband to his wife, "are you comfortable in the corner there?" "Oh! very snug." "Don't you feel cold?" "Not in the least." "Does your window shut tight?" "Yes, very, thank you." "Well, come, let us sleep seats."

A sailor's wife had just received intelligence that her husband had perished at sea. She was visited by a neighbor, who sympathized with her on her loss, and expressed a fear that she would be pained by it. "Dear mad I," said the widow; "but he did all he could for me — he saved me the expense of his burying."

A married woman in Wisconsin says that when her husband is a little drunk he kicks her, and when he is very drunk she kicks him. She congratulates herself that she does the greater part of the kicking.

Clerical duns is so addicted to scriptural texts that he invariably orders "Roast beef, well done, good and faithful servant."

The last question before the debating society was, "Whether, if the doctor orders back, the patient has not a right to growl?"

Fanny Fern having said that "most of the present day are fast," Providence says that they are to be to catch the eye and to be fast.

I am slowly recovering from the torments of that terrible agony, but the memory of the past is deeply graven upon my heart.

As for George Walton, they say he is happy, at least seemingly so. He lives in a distant city, surrounded by wealth and a family. I have never seen him since the event at M---; and though another claims his love, I would like to peep in upon his quiet home, and feel for a moment the happiness that nestles there.

I was stopping for a few days with some friends in M---, and one evening the Hon. George Walton was invited to tea. As I went into the large dining-room, leaning on the arm of the handsome Col. C---, the eyes of George Walton met my eyes. He was standing near an old-fashioned bay-window, chatting and laughing merrily with Ellen Dudley, the beautiful heiress of Dudley Hall — He was handsome as ever, though I thought I could detect a slight shadow which some forgotten sorrow had left upon his manly face. He failed to notice my entrance for a few moments, and when our eyes met the blood rushed to my cheeks, and involuntarily uttered an exclamation of surprise. Remembering myself the next instant I turned to arrange the folds of my dress, and when I again looked toward him his dark eyes were resting upon me, and his face wore that calm, steady look which I had never known to change but once.

He greeted me coldly, and at first was shy and indifferent, but as the weeks wore on — for I did not care to go away — and we were thrown more in each other's society, I began to notice the change in his manner. I easily perceived that the old flame was not entirely extinguished, and that the icy barriers he had about him gradually thawed themselves away. I did not detect the charming influence which old acquaintance awakes in the human heart, and soon the long-pent-up affection, which was not dead, but retaining new strength from its slumber, leaped forth in fiery flames. He told me all; the story of his wrongs and bitter sufferings at my hands, and implored me, begged me to blot out the memory of the past, by becoming his wife. I was stern. The scenes of gayety through which I had passed, the cold and senseless enjoyments of fashionable life, had well-nigh rendered me heartless.

I was, in fact, a confirmed coquette; and when George Walton, but a few hours before, pleaded with an eloquence which love alone can inspire, his words had no effect upon my stony heart, and I refused him without a moment's thought. So naturally a shadow was the first of deception, that to be candid with any one, much less the lover, was a self for which I had no room. And thus, almost without knowing why, I had thoughtlessly wrought my own ruin.

The door bell rang, and a servant entered and placed a sealed envelope on the old marble stand before me. I snatched it up, gazed swiftly at the clear, bold handwriting, kissed the well-known monogram, and breaking the seal, read:

"You would call me back, to play with me like a butterfly, unless some flattering fool, with gayer colors, arrests your attention, and then I would again be cast aside. Farewell, G. W."

The paper fell from my hands. A great shiver ran through my frame, and the sobbings choked my utterance. I sat as one stunned, my eyes riveted