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Fall & Winter Supplies!

GREENWELL & FENWICK,
LEONARDTOWN.

A Full Assortment of Goods of all Kinds at
Lower rates than ever!

OUR FALL and WINTER STOCK, having been bought for CASH in the cheapest markets, we can afford to sell and are prepared to sell at figures astonishingly low. Give us a call. You can always get what you want, if in season. If not on hand, as we are in daily communication with Baltimore and other cities, we will promptly supply you.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, a heavy assortment, and of much better make and quality than is usually brought to this market;

SHOES and BOOTS, of Baltimore custom make and quality, with all the Eastern varieties of this Stock;

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, and all articles of gentlemen's wear;

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, a heavy and varied assortment, embracing all the grades from the most fashionable articles of wear to the plainest;

We invite special attention to our stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

which we have renewed this Fall and greatly increased. We keep also on hand a large assortment of ladies' and children's HATS, trimmed and untrimmed.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, etc.,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, STONEWARE, WOODENWARE, TIN-WARE, HARDWARE, etc.,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS, etc., etc., etc.;
STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, FLOUR, MEAL, PROVISIONS, etc.

☞ Young people are notified that we have been made the special agents of their old friend, Kriss Kringle, and expect to have a large assortment of all his different wares on hand in full time for distribution before Christmas.

GREENWELL & FENWICK,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Dec 12, 1878.

HEADACHE NEURALGIA **PILLS**

CELERY "DR. C. W. BENSON, a practicing physician, at 106 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., (who has paid much attention to nervous diseases), has discovered that Extract of Celery and Chamomile combined in a certain proportion invariably cures either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50c. per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore."—*Epis. Meth.* PILLS

CELERY BALTIMORE, July 27, 1874. Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have cured my wife of sick and nervous headache of ten years' standing; she had it every week or ten days, and suffered almost everything but death with it. We think these pills worth their weight in gold.
REV. H. SCHLICHTER, Pastor Salem Mission. PILLS

CELERY For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists in this town. Price 50c. a box. Mailed to any address postage free. Office No. 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md. PILLS

CELERY Nov 7, 1878—1y. PILLS

NOTICE.

LOWER rates than have ever been offered to the Public before in the county, as I am determined to give all a chance to have work done. I will from this date SHOE HORSES for eighty (80) cents all round. Also, a GENERAL REDUCTION in my business as **BLACKSMITH** and **WHEELWRIGHT**. All work will be done strictly for cash and with despatch and in workmanlike manner. Thankful for past favors, I again solicit a continuation of the same.

EDWARD FAGAN,
Charlotte Hall,
St. Mary's co., Md.
Jan 1, 1879.

Jan 2, 1879—tf.

Reminiscences of Bulwer.

Bulwer had his town residence first at the "Albany," a fashionable house in Piccadilly, and then in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; and it was at the latter house that he resumed dramatic composition, after an interval of history writing and the production of "Ernest Maltravers." It is interesting, by-the-way, that the chambers in the Albany which he but recently left had been occupied before him by Lord Byron and then by Lord Althorp, afterward Earl Spencer.

One evening Macready was dining in Charles Street, and deploring the dearth of good plays. He was in despair for a sensation which would be town-talk; nothing lately had succeeded. Turning to Sir Edward, the great manager exclaimed, "Oh, for another play like the "'Honeymoon!'" Bulwer said nothing; but next morning set doughtily to work, and in ten days he called on Macready, and put the manuscript of "The Lady of Lyons" into his hands, saying that it was not a purchasable commodity, but a free gift. It was brought out, and satisfied Macready's most eager yearnings. On the first night of the representation, Bulwer, who was then in Parliament, happened to be down for a speech in the House on the ballot; and, at the same time that the sentimental eloquence of Claude Melnotte was thrilling the fashionable multitude at Drury Lane, his creator was holding the Commons spell-bound with one of the richest examples of his always lofty and brilliant oratory. "The Lady of Lyons" was then anonymous; no one, except Macready, knew that Bulwer wrote it. As the latter, having achieved a dazzling forensic triumph was going out of the House, he met a literary *colleague* who had just come from the theatre, whom he asked about the new play. "Oh, it's very well—for that sort of thing." Bulwer went on to the Drury Lane, which he reached just to see the final act, and witness the enthusiastic *furore* with which it was received. The curtain descended amid a perfect storm of applause, but cries for the author were not responded to. Bulwer was in Lady Blessington's box, placidly observing the scene with an assumed air of supercilious indifference.

"Hum!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, "it's very good: very good, indeed—for that sort of thing!"

"It's the first time," said Lady Blessington, as he hurried from the box to the House again, "I have ever seen him jealous!"

Shortly after, Lady Blessington laughed heartily to hear that the cynic of the box was the author of the play.

Speaking of Bulwer's oratory, he arrived at the front rank of parliamentary orators by a process almost as painful as that recorded of Demosthenes with his pebbles, or Charles James Fox with his determination to speak every night until he became a forensic adept. Bulwer was at first halting, confused, awkward; he always spoke with difficulty, and describes himself as having felt wretchedly at the moment he arose to address the House.

Hawthorne, in his "English Note-Book," tells a good anecdote *apropos* of this:

"Bulwer and a certain Dr.—— were talking together about public speaking, and the doctor said he feared he should never be a good speaker, he felt so badly before he 'got on his legs.'

"'Do you feel your heart beat,' said Bulwer, 'when you are going to speak?'

"'Yes.'

"'Does your voice frighten you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do all your ideas forsake you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you wish the floor to open and swallow you?'

"'Yes.'

"'Why, then, you'll make an orator!'"

Hawthorne goes on to relate that Canning, on one occasion, just before speaking in the House, asked a friend sitting near him to feel his pulse, which was throbbing intensely. "I know I shall make one of my best speeches," said the future premier, "because I'm in such an awful funk!"

There is no doubt that Bulwer felt the sensations he so vividly described to Dr. ——, and that he became a great orator no one who ever heard him, or read one of his magnificent speeches, can doubt. Mr. Dallas, our minister to England under President Buchanan, speaks of him as, after Gladstone, the most eloquent man in the House of Commons; though Bright, Disraeli, and Cobden, were in the House at that time. Another theatrical anecdote of Bulwer is worth reproducing. Thirty years ago he became intimate with Dickens, and the friendship lasted till death separated them. No one who has ever read Bulwer's speech at the banquet given to Dicken's, at Freemason's Hall, previous to his second and last visit to the United States, will forget the splendor of his eloquence, or the generous testimony he gave to his brother novelist's genius and attractive personal qualities. On one occasion, Dickens was visiting Bulwer at Knebworth Hall with a company of literary and theatrical notabilities, and, the host having erected a stage and scenery in one of the spacious apartments, the party engaged in a merry series of private theatricals. The conversation happened, one evening, to turn upon the pecuniary necessities of Leigh Hunt, a veteran in letters and play-writing, and one of the sweetest and most genial of men. Dickens asked if something could not be done to relieve so deserving a person, and proposed that some theatricals should be got up for the purpose. Bulwer at ance caught at the idea, and Forster and Jerrold heartily applauded it.

"If you will act yourselves," said the Lord of Knebworth," I will agree to write the play."

Arrangements were at once made; Bulwer produced at short notice a charming little comedy, entitled "Not so Bad as we Seem; or, Many Sides to a Character." The Duke of Devonshire had a temporary theatre constructed at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, and an audience which included Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and many royal and noble folk, assembled to witness the play. Dickens took the part of Lord Wilmot, Mark Lemon that of Sir Geoffrey Thornside, and Forster that of Mr. Hardman. Bulwer's interest in the drama, like Dicken's, was enthusiastic, and continued to the end of his life. He was one of the most active members of the benevolent "Guild of Art and Literature," where he met on equal terms the leading *literati*, artists and actors of the day; although a proud man, full of aristocratic feeling and *hauteur*, he never displayed an undue pride or condescension in his relations with his brethren in art, however little famous.

During the later years of Bulwer's life, he was not much in the public eyes, but kept himself for the most part secluded among a circle of a few friends. Domestic troubles—for he had long been separated from his wife, and their disagreements took a public course, for Lady Bulwer on one occasion appeared on the hustings with her husband's opponents—added to the painful affection of his eyes, by which he suffered for years before his death, and seem to have cast a gloom over his life. After being made a peer, he seldom appeared in the House of Lords, and I believe never made an elaborate speech there, although on one occasion he intended to speak on the Irish Church, but gave way, much to the public disappointment, to Earl Grey. He resided in Grosvenor Square, had a marine-villa at Torquay, and was accustomed to spend most of his winters at Nice, for the benefit of his own delicate health. From July to December, he lived at Knebworth, whither his only son, the gifted "Owen Meredith," joined him, and where he enjoyed the luxurious life of a wealthy country gentleman, keeping up his literary labors to the last. He was at work upon a new novel—inspired, perhaps, by Disraeli's venture in "Lothair"—when death overtook him. His friendship with Disraeli existed in all its youthful cordiality up to his death. Bulwer was a man of genial temperament, though this was impaired by the sufferings of later years, and toward strangers his demeanor was often haughty and abrupt. He disliked any instrusion upon his privacy, and resented it gruffly. But his affections were sturdy and faithful, and he had the power of attaching his friends to him in the most zealous devotion.

☞ "You wait a little," says a New York policeman to a newspaper reporter, "don't be in such a hurry! Mark my words! Mr. Stewart's body will turn up all right. I allude, sir, to the resurrection!"

☞ It is very difficult to find fault with a dear little three-year old who buries her head under the clothes and sings: "Now I lay me down to sleep—pop goes the weazel!"

The Inch Before the Saw.

Only from day to day
The life of a wise man [illegible]
What matter if seasons [illegible]
Have gloom or have [illegible]

To climb the unreal path
We stray from the road [illegible]
We swim the rivers of wrath
And tunnel the hills of [illegible]

Our feet on the torrent's brink
Our eyes on the cloud afar
We fear the things we think
[illegible]

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best;
To-day is a king in disguise,
To day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work, in life
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

BOYLE O'REILLY

The State's Case Against Mrs. Cobb.

At 2.18 o'clock on Wednesday last, George S. Ripley, Assistant Prosecutor, faced the jury and began a rapid summary of the evidence against the prisoner. Charles H. Cobb, he urged, was not the man to take his own life by arsenic. No jollier, more warm-hearted or engaging man ever lived in Norwich. Beloved by his wife, his companions, and by every one who knew him, why should he destroy his life without cause? The idea that he had taken arsenic powders for months was too glaringly preposterous for serious consideration. Dr. Jewett's testimony and that of every reliable authority, showed that whatever the legends in regard to the Styrians, persons in this country could not take doses of arsenic, ordinarily fatal, and escape. Could they imagine that, with a loving mother and friends hanging over him for months, and conjuring him by every consideration to tell them what was ailing him, whether he hadn't taken poison of some [illegible] he had not sense enough to tell [illegible]ily and the physicians that it was a[illegible]ic that was killing him by inches? It was impossible to believe that a loving wife, such as the prisoner claimed to be, could have seen her husband sinking into the grave, knowing all the time that it was these arsenic pills which were killing him, and yet have [illegible] sign. It was not until the body [illegible] the hands of the experts for chemical analysis that the prisoner remembers anything about these mysterious arsenic powders. But the defence claimed that Cobb's arsenic eating was a secret habit of which he was too ashamed to tell his friends. What, a secret, when, according to the prisoner's own account, he puts this arsenic on a shelf in the pantry and openly confessed to taking it in the presence of herself and his mother? There was scientific and unanswerable evidence, however, that the man had never indulged in this preposterous habit. Every physician who had been on the stand had sworn that if he had, he would have shown it by dropsical swellings and bloatings under the eyelids, of which there was not the slightest sign. No fact had been more thoroughly established by the evidence than that in Cobb's case the signs of chronic arsenical poisoning were entirely absent. It could not be accident. A man could not be accidentally poisoned in February, again accidentally poisoned in March, a third time accidentally poisoned in May, and finally fatally poisoned by accident in June. [Mild applause, which was speedily checked by the Court. The speaker took a sip of ice water, and then, wheeling around, pointed at the prisoner.] "There," he cried, "is one of the persons who can explain this hideous mystery. The only other one who can has already done so. Kate Cobb and Wesley Bishop stand facing each other in this case, with the dead bodies of her husband and his wife between them. Of Wesley Bishop [lowering his voice] I wish to speak as to one who has passed through all that the law can do for him. He stands under the shadow of the gallows, and will shortly meet his fate. No inducement has been offered, no hope of mercy held out to him. We regard him as a man beyond the pale of human hope and of human sympathy. Her theory requires too much. She says she never loved Bishop, never encouraged him in any way, that she had kept him at a distance, and yet would have us believe that he committed this atrocious deed without the slightest knowledge on her part, and when he must have known that it was impossible for him to win her in any event. And he commits these two hideous murders for the sole purpose of marrying a woman whom he knows beforehand wont have him. [Applause, checked by the Court.] She insists that she never encouraged him, when reputable neighbors, whose testimony no one impeaches, swear that he was in the habit of visiting her five, six and seven times a day, and others swear to have seen them walking together in the streets at night, exchanging notes, and coming again and again to each other's houses. Why should she pay $4.25 for that beautiful little mirror? Why should she write, "Since I have known his [illegible]," underscoring the HIS? Why should she exchange notes at the store, in presence of Mr. Mills and others, if she was not infatuated with the man? If this man Bishop's story was fabricated on a basis of carefully arranged facts and dates, he would not have made the perfectly natural little slip about the operetta of "Don Munio" being played on a certain night, when, in fact it had been played a month before. The facts show that on the night mentioned an operetta was played in the same place by the same cast as "Don Munio" had been. A perfectly natural slip of the memory like this in a matter of small importance was one of the best proofs in the world that the whole of his story was true. Again, this man in the jail there on the hill, carefully guarded from the newspapers and from every one, said that there was aconite in that body, and one of the very first poisons to be detected by the chemists was aconite. The Tuesday before her husband died, when he was already, so to speak, on his deathbed, and begged for a little more of her company, this innocent wife is seen by three different persons walking on School street with her husband's murderer. She tries to bring witnesses to account for her time until half-past nine that night. Even then she admits herself to have been guilty of the grossest neglect of duty in leaving her dying husband, to loiter about in the society of her friends of that secret organization, the Victory Lodge.

While the counsel was speaking, the prisoner's mother, Mrs. Waterman, sat by the side of her daughter, with the hand of Adele clasped in her own. Her face was ashy pale and wore a troubled look. Mr. Ripley turned toward her and continued.

"It was to be expected that the prisoner's mother should be an expert at falsifying, with the life of her child at stake. It is a terrible temptation for ordinary humanity to withstand. But that she should teach her little grandchild to utter a lie, to perjure herself before that God whom she acknowledges will punish her for falsehood, is something too horrible to contemplate. What was the meaning of these secret attempts at communication in the jail, if there was not a guilty secret between this couple, if they were not partners in crime? Before the arrest she would allow this grocer's clerk to visit her four and five times a day, from fifteen minutes to an hour at a time, yet there was nothing between them. Their crime was not merely one of lust. Bishop swears that he was not criminally intimate with her until three months before her husband's death, and if that was their sole object they had already secured it before the murder. But they wanted something more. They had 'affinities' for each other. Theirs was a kind of devil's religion—not merely a lust of the body, but a lust of the soul as well. It was this frightful thing that they called love, and it was to further gratify it and consummate it by marriage that they resorted to these horrible assassinations. It began with the woman herself, and when she found out that their passion for each other was becoming town talk, she stealthily sent word to Bishop, 'We're watched by the neighbors.'"

Mr. Ripley closed with an eloquent appeal to the jury to put their prejudices and sympathies behind them, and find a true verdict on the evidence.

☞ "Be ever ready to acknowledge a favor," says a writer. We are, sir, we are. What troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce.

☞ A practical joke is poor fun, because the laugh doesn't reach all the way around.

☞ What a common expression is "How do you do?" and yet what a queer one would be: "How do you don't?"

☞ Many mistake the love of life for the fear of death.

NAMES AND THEIR MEANINGS.

The study of men's names is as curious as it is interesting. Arbitrary as they seem to-day, they all had their source evidently in some fitting fact.—Many English surnames express the county, estate or residence of their original bearers, as Burgoyne, from Burgundy; Cornell or Cornwallis, from Cornwall; Fleming, from Flanders; Gaskin [illegible] Gascoyne, [illegible]; Hanway, from Hainault; Polack, from Poland; Welsh, Walsh or Wallis from Wales; Coombs, Compton, Clayton, Sutton, Preston, Washington, from towns in the county of Sussex, England. Camden, the antiquary, says every village in Normandy has surnamed some English family. Dale, Forest, Hill, Wood, and the like, are derived from the character or situation of those who first bore the names. The prefix *atte* or *at*, softened to an *a* or *an*, has helped to form a number of names. Thus, if a man lived on a moor, he would call himself Attemoor or Atmoor; if near a gate, Attegate or Atgate. John atte the Oaks was in due time shortened into John Noaks; Peter at the Seven Oaks into Peter Snooks.—By field, by ford, Underhill and Underwood indicated residence originally.—In old English, applegarth meant orchard, whence Applegate and Appleton; chase, a forest; clive, a cliff; clough, a ravine; cobb, a harbor; whence these names. The root of the ubiquitous Smith is the Anglo-Saxon smitan, to smite. It was applied primarily to blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons and smiters or strikers in general. Baker, Taylor, Butler, Coleman, (coalman), Draper, Cowper (cooper), Cutler, Miller and the rest plainly denote occupations. Latimer is from latiner, a writer of Latin; Lorimer is a maker of spurs and bridle bits; Arkwright, a maker of chests; Lander, contracted from lavandier, a washerwoman; Banister, the keeper of a bath; Kidder, a huckster; Wait, a minstrel; Crocker, a potter. Such names as Baxter and Bagster are the feminine of baker. Webster of webber or weaver, which shows that these trades were first followed by women, and that when men began to take them up they for a time kept the feminine names. Steward, Stewart, or Stuart, Abbot, Knight, Lord, Bishop, Prior, Chamberlain, Falconer, Leggett, (legate) either signified what the persons so styled were, or they were given them in jest or derision, like the names of King, Prince and Pope. The termination ward indicated a keeper, as Durward, doorkeeper; Hayward, keeper of the town cattle; Woodward, forest-keeper. Read, Reed, Reid, is an old form of spelling red and was bestowed, as White, Brown, and Black were to denote the color worn or the complexion had.—Hogarth, from the Dutch, means generous, high-natured; Rush is subtle; Bowne, ready; Bonner, kind, gracious: Eldridge, wild, ghastly. Many Welsh names, naturalized in English, are from personal traits, as More, great; Duff, black; Vaughan, little; Lane, slender; Mole, bald; Gough, red. Surnames, now apparently meaningless, had meaning in old English and provincial dialects. Brock, for instance, signifies badger; Talbot, mastiff; Todd, fox; Culver, pigeon; Henshaw, young heron; Coke, cook.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE FOOD OF THE ROBIN.—Lt. Lyle, of the United States Army, has made some interesting observations on the food of the robin. He details in the *American Naturalist* his experience in feeding young birds and testing their decided preference for beetles and other insects, showing that they ate seeds only when there was a lack of insects, and that for every cherry or grape they ate they destroyed thousands of injurious insects. In the Springfield armory grounds twenty-three pairs of robins were known to be nesting in one month. It was estimated that, as one young robin was found to be capable of eating seventy-two large beetles in one day, it is not unreasonable to assume that each bird would destroy at least one hundred insects per day, taking them as they come, small and large. Hence the forty-six birds known to feed on these grounds and vicinity would require 4,600 insects each day, or in thirty days they would dispatch 138,000 insects.

☞ There is where clergymen get left. They get no more for marrying a couple weighing 200 pounds apiece than they do for splicing a sharp-nosed woman to a man with a voice like a darning-needle.—*Free Press.*

HOW RAISINS ARE PREPARED.—A strip of land on the Mediterranean, somewhat less than one hundred miles in length, and in width not exceeding much more than five or six, is the raisin-producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the muscatel grape, from which the raisin is principally produced, may grow and thrive abundantly; but the fruit must go to the market or the wine press. When the grape begins to ripen in August, the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lays on the warm, dry soil, and one by one clips the clusters as they reach perfection.—In almost all vineyards slants of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hotbeds, and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry.—But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far; it is better, he thinks, to deposit them near at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where the bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut bunches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill-top, and there deposited in the empty wine-press till enough has been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage great piles of rough dried raisins are brought forth from the wine-press and heaped upon boards.—One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries, and deposited in piles by themselves. So, in turn, are treated those of the second quality; while the clippings and inferior fruits are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers, and reserved for home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin box and about an inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid, so as to lap over and cover the raisins evenly deposited in the trays, which are then subjected to a heavy pressure in a rude press. After pressing, the raisins are dropped into the boxes for market.

LIGHTS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.—The mysterious lights in the gulf and the lower St. Lawrence, which are firmly believed by the fishermen to be a warning of great tempests, have according to the Montreal Herald, been unusually brilliant this year. It is said to be a fact, established by the experience of a century, that when these lights blaze brightly in the Summer nights the Fall is invariably marked by great storms. They give the appearance to spectators on the shore of a ship on fire. The heavens behind are bright, and the clouds above silvered by the reflection. The sea for half a mile is covered with a sheen as of phosphorus. The fire itself seems to consist of blue and yellow flames, now dancing high above the water and then flickering, paling and dying out, only to spring up again with fresh brilliancy. If a boat approaches, it flits away, moving farther out, and is pursued in vain. The lights are plainly visible from the shore from midnight until two in the morning. They appear to come from the sea shoreward, and at dawn retire gradually and are lost in the morning mist.

ECONOMY IN COAL.—Though coal for many years has been an article of fuel, few persons know enough of the different qualities to economize in the use of it. A leading fact is worthy of attention. Commencing in the longitude of Mauch Chunk, we find the hardest coal now used for domestic purposes; running westward the density decreases, so that as far west as Wicanisco or Lykens Valley, we find a semi-bituminous coal, weighing, bulk for bulk, with Lehigh, about one-fifth less. To economize in the use of coal, the consumer should have both hard and soft; in cold weather, when the stove doors are closed and all the draft on, the hardest coal should be used, then there will be no complaint about the fire "going out." When the weather is moderating, use the soft coal with none or but little draft, and sufficient heat will be obtained, and the fire will not go out. Men do not wear winter overcoats in spring, nor do they wear summer clothes in winter. There is about the same difference in the varieties of coal that there is in hickory, oak and pine wood.

☞ "Yes," said a Texas lawyer, who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."