

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1870.

VOL. V. NO. 11.

PUBLIC SALE.

Subscriber will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on the Western Md. Road, 2 1/2 miles from Westminster, Md., at the Gorseuch Road, on Wednesday, the 9th day of February, 1870, at 9 o'clock, A. M., the following valuable Real and Personal Property, viz:

THE FARM CONTAINING 210 Acres of Land, more or less, lying on the said Western Maryland Railroad, with the use of a switch track, and extending along the same to the Gorseuch Station. About 40 Acres of this Farm is well timbered with thriving Timber, and the balance is in a high state of cultivation, having been recently limed, is divided into convenient fields, under good fencing and with running water in every field. There is a Lime kiln on this property, located so as to make it very convenient to convey the lime to all parts of the place. The improvements consist of a Frame Saw Mill, a Corn Mill, a Windmill, a House, with six rooms and a basement, a new Switzer, a new Barn, 80 by 40 feet, and all other necessary outbuildings, all substantial and in good repair; also

TWO TENANT HOUSES, one a Log House, with four rooms, situated near the Railroad Station, the other a frame building with two rooms, cellar and attic, lying on the Gorseuch Road. There are

TWO FINE YOUNG ORCHARDS of choice fruit on the place in good bearing condition. Altogether it is, on account of its many advantages, a very desirable farm, and well worth the attention of persons desiring to purchase.

Persons wishing to view the above property before the day of sale, can do so by calling on Mr. Edward Koontz, who lives on the place, and will take pleasure in showing the same.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of the purchase money, cash; the balance in two equal payments, one in one year and the other in two years, purchaser giving notes with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale. Upon the payment of the whole purchase money a good and sufficient deed will be given.

Possession will be given on the 1st day of April, 1870.

PETER G. SCHLOSSER, Auctioneer.

Immediately after the sale of the Real Estate I will also sell at Public Sale, the following Personal Property, to wit:

Six very fine WORK HORSES, three of them BLOOD MARES with foals; 4 Colts, one 4 years old, fine; 10 Horses, one 3 years old, one 2 years old and under, the cash will be paid in full on the day of sale. Upon the payment of the whole purchase money a good and sufficient deed will be given.

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Select Poetry.

THE KINGDOM OF HOME.

BY W. H. DEWEY.

This song received the \$100 prize offered by the Publishers of Health and Home. The committee who awarded the same consisted of Miss Alice Carey, Bayard Taylor and G. A. Dana. Dark is the night and fufal and drearily, Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea; Little care I, as here I sing cheerily, Wife at my side and baby on my knee; King, King, crown me the King, Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Flashes the lightning upon the dear face, Dearest and dearest as onward we go; Forth the shadow behind us, and places Brightness around us with warmth in the glow. King, King, crown me the King, Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Flashes the lightning, increasing the glory, Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul, Telling of trust and content the sweet story, Lifting the shadows that over us roll. King, King, crown me the King, Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Richer than miser with perishing treasure, Served thus a service no conquest could bring; Happy with fortune that woe cannot measure, Light-hearted I on the heartstone can sing. King, King, crown me the King, Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Select Story.

A Story for Married People.

"Henry, I wish you would give me a dollar before you go."

"What do you want with a dollar, pray?"

"I think it quite enough to give to the account of the use I make of it after I have spent it, without being called on to do so before I have it in my possession."

"I thought if you needed anything, you could send by me."

"Yes, and when I tell you, denour as much about getting the required articles as you do at getting the money."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want notions which I can better get myself than send for. The walk to the store would do me good. I wanted to make a few calls and intended to do so whilst I was out, but instead I must make a virtue of necessity and give you a list of the several articles."

After her husband had gone, Lottie gave way to a flood of tears she could not repress. But a few years had elapsed since her marriage with Henry Curtis, and he was her first love. Her childhood had been a happy one, and all the love of a passionate nature was bestowed on him; yet possessing a spirit that could not bear restraint, she often shed tears of heartfelt grief, for that gallid her proud spirit to know that she must ask a few shillings of her husband, and then perhaps, after the humiliation, be set free, or as in the case of the above conversation, be obliged to submit her wants to his generosity.

In her home she had been beautifully supplied with pocket money, and confidence enough placed in her ability to spend it, without being questioned in regard to the use she made of it. Now, it was different.

No husband who truly loves his wife will subject her to such an unpleasant course. If she has any spirit she will fret and chafe under the restraints on her purse strings and, instead of looking up to him as a generous, nobleman, mindful of her every want, she will be apt to believe him mercenary and herself a burden on his bounty. So she must curb her desire, and will naturally compare her present life with her past one; will grow dissatisfied and hunger and thirst after unattainable pleasures denied by one who should anticipate her every desire.

On this particular day, Lottie sat sad, silent and thoughtful for a long time after Henry had left. She thought of her simple request denied, she brooded over the disappointment she felt in losing, through him, her anticipated pleasure in walking out with her little ones, and of which she knew he could have gratified had he thought of her happiness. She scorned the meanness which attended him; she despised the sad loneliness which surrounded her when he was not at home. She felt it to be an insane ambition which prompted him to deny her the comforts of judicious expenditure, which his moderate income would afford. It spoiled the holy quiet of domestic joys, for in the early twilight, when he returned, she could not cordially meet and welcome him; her heart was full of disquietude and discontent, aggravated and embittered by her mind, which had dwelt with augmenting bitterness upon the morning refusal.

Henry handed his wife the things he had purchased, with the question, "Are these right?"

She found them so, but questioned, "Why couldn't I have got them?"

"You acknowledge them right, and you have them; you could not have done more. Then, I got them for sixty-five cents. You wanted a dollar; you would have left it all at the store."

"I would have got nothing but what I needed. Many times I want to do some thing I have not got and cannot think to send for, when if I could go to the store myself once in a while, I should see and get a supply of the nameless necessities which you know nothing of, and which I am obliged to work for, and which I am obliged to get without because I cannot think of them till I need them."

"Well, when you do think of them pencil them down and I will get them for you. Isn't that generous?"

"No, it is not. A generous husband would not want his wife to come to him for a dollar, or five dollars, and then require an account of what she did with it. Had any one else come to you with the same request this morning, would you have denied them?"

"Perhaps not; but it would have been different. I should have lent the money, and would have expected it returned."

"There it is; one would think I am obliged to beg for the paltry amount I am obliged to beg. I can call it by no milder name; yet to another person it is a pleasure to open your purse for double the sum I ask. Yet you expect me to succumb to fate quietly?"

"I give you all you ask but money, and I have but little of that."

"My friends gave me all that you do, and even more, and I gave them nothing in return; yet to give all of your home comforts. I make the best use of everything. Things that were not required of me at home, and that I would not do for my own mother I do for you, and what is my reward? I have food to eat, and perhaps, after a good deal of fault finding, I get a pair of shoes and a calico dress a year. No one else would do for you what I do for five dollars a week, yet you weekly refuse me one; whilst you are away at your work earning money, I am at home working for what? You come home, count your money, and replace it with never a word of money to me. And any man who will strive to make his wife dependent on his bounty, deserves not the name."

"There is no use getting warm on the subject. I got what you sent for. What more do you want?"

"Nothing at your hands. I shall cease to respect you if you follow this course. I cannot help it; you even find fault with the expense of my going home once a year. Those among whom my lot is placed are nothing to me. I respect them as friends; but you for whom I have sacrificed so much, to strive to make me a dependent, then I cannot help the longing desire for my to do so before I have it in my possession."

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Select Poetry.

WINTER VESPERS.

How stand the black, unsmiling boughs, Stand out against the sky;

How clear the January air— How clear and sky now still; Come forth, for lo! The driven snow Inspreads the hill.

How white the mantle of the earth; Is it for joy or fear? Or doth it hide The buried year?

How softly through the stillness steals— How soft, and yet how keen— The evening bell; How sweetly fall The pause between.

And how, like funeral-trains of snaws, Upon the hill-side, slow; And sable clothes, Cypress grow.

The cold and cloudless winter sky Yet not unkindly seems; Day's almost done— The slanting sun, Sheds feeble beams.

Rest, earth, beneath thy snowy veil; And, upon thy breast, The evening bell; Thy peace shall share, And make our rest.

"There is no use getting warm on the subject. I got what you sent for. What more do you want?"

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Select Poetry.

A Good Story for Lawyers.

It is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard of the celebrated Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well as his displays in the Senate of the United States, will never be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in this story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the stage with him, and as the weather was extremely cold, the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much acclivity to the inclement weather. The young man lawyer by sight, and, as he was also a lawyer, the thread of talk soon began to spin itself out of legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering upon my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, sir, you will give me from your experience the key to distinction at the bar, I will—"

"Will, sir?" exclaimed Martin. "What, will, I will pay your expenses while you are at Annapolis?"

"Done. Stand to your bargain now, and I will furnish you with the great secret of my success as a lawyer."

"The young man assented."

"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The whole secret of my success is contained in one little maxim, which I laid down early to guide me. If you follow it, you cannot fail to succeed. It is this: Always be sure of your evidence."

The listener was very attentive— smiled, threw himself back in a philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis, with true lawyer patience, of—"Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made peculiarly out of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in making learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all-powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

The young man watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating and drinking were concerned, he was indeed a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immediately fond of the after dinner, after-supper, after everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed resolved to make the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young or old, have legal rights, and so the young man began to think of the study of self-protection. It ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel bills of a lawyer were concerned. The subject daily grew on the young man. It was all-absorbing to mind and pocket. A week elapsed. Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him. "My friend Mr. —," will settle my bill, agreeable to the engagement."

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He has pledged, professionally pledged to pay my bill," he hurriedly repeated.

"Where is your evidence?" asked the young man.

"Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin. "Yes, sir," said the young man demurely. "Always be sure of your evidence, Mr. Martin. Can you prove the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulled out his pocket-book, paid the bill, and with great humor assured the young man.

"You will do, sir, to get through the world with your profession without advice from me."

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a small stone around your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.

To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears.

To dream you are lame, is a token you will get into a hobble.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.

To dream of fire, it is a sign that—if you are wise you will see that the lights in your houses are out before you go to bed.

To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

Wit and Humor.

PITTSBURG.—Pittsburg people never have fresh air, except when out of town. They live on coal smoke and floating cinder. The people breathe smoke, eat smoke, chew smoke, and carry it loose in their pockets. Little boys and girls stand on the corners with wet brooms and sponges to wash people's faces for five cents. Everybody is of a color in Pittsburg. At the post office window the clerk distinguishes the people by certain signs, it being impossible to see their faces for the layers of coal dust and smoke.

Every one wears mourning in Pittsburg. A barber once went there to cut hair and whisks. He more or less bled in a week. Men kiss each other