

New Millinery Goods
At Newport, Pa.

I BEG to inform the public that I have just returned from Philadelphia, with a full assortment of the latest styles of

- MILLINERY GOODS.
HATS AND BONNETS.
RIBBONS, FRENCH FLOWERS,
FEATHERS.
CHIGNONS.
LACE CAPES,
NOTIONS.

And all articles usually found in a first-class Millinery Establishment. All orders promptly attended to. We will sell all goods as cheap as can be got elsewhere.

DRESS-MAKING done to order and in the latest style, as I get the latest fashions from New York every month. Gaffer done to order, in all widths. I will warrant all my work to give satisfaction. All work done as low as possible.

ANNIE ICKES,
Cherry Street, near the Station,
Newport, Pa.

SEE WHAT \$2 WILL DO!

A Handsome New \$5 Steel Engraving and a Prize worth from \$1.00 to \$25,000.

BOTH FOR \$2.

Every ticket draws a prize. No blanks. With each ticket you get at the time of purchasing it either Lorley, a legend of the Rhine, the Disinherited, or the Child Christ which are regarded by dealers or experts as the handsomest and best Steel Engravings ever offered at \$5.00. They are 19x24. Each of them is a gem of art. Remember every ticket holder will positively draw one of the following prizes.

THE LAFRIERE HOTEL, DENTON, MD., containing twenty-six rooms, all modern conveniences, outfit stock, &c., worth, cash, \$25,000.

THE PICTURE HILL FARM, of 165 acres on the Choptank river, having a steamboat wharf on it, with a line mill, - \$10,000. The Gold Spring Farm, of 50 acres; worth \$8,000. The Carter Farm, with 80 acres, choice land, \$5,000. A House in Denton; \$3,000.

200 STANDARD SEWING MACHINES! Worth from \$10 to \$150.

50 WALTHAM WATCHES \$10 to \$100. Each worth from \$10 to \$100. 10 Organs and Melodions. One Cash Sum \$2,000. One Cash Sum \$1,000. One Cash Sum \$500.

Three Cash Sums—each \$100. Four Cash Sums—each \$50. 45,670 GIFTS consisting of Washing Machines, Wringers, Standard Sewing Machines, and other household and valuable articles; none of them can be purchased, at retail, for less than \$1.00, while some are worth \$15.00 and more.

The drawing will take place as soon as engravings issued and tickets distributed. Tickets, before as many tickets holders as choose to be present, and to be under their control, at Denton, Md. The Caroline County Land Association is a corporation body, chartered in the State of Maryland and has a subscribed capital of \$500,000. Wm. Fell, of Denton, S. K. Richardson, Sheriff of the county, Denton, Maryland; Jacob Alburger, Postmaster, Denton, Maryland, and others, are among the stockholders.

The purpose of this sale is simply to realize the cash on merchandise on hand, and on the real estate.

OFFICERS.

James E. Higgett, Attorney at Law, President, Henry S. Mancha, (of the firm of Mancha & Bro., Real Estate Brokers, Ridgely, Md.) Secretary.

G. Patrol, Treasurer and Manager. George H. Rissum, Counsel. Refer also to Charles Gooding, Esq., Speaker of the Delaware Senate, the Clerks of both branches of the Delaware Legislature, all the leading men, the Banks, the Editors of this Paper, and the press of the Peninsula generally. Club agents wanted.

One ticket and engraving given free for every club of four with the money \$5.00. Send all your orders to our general office, thus: CAROLINE CO. LAND ASSOCIATION, Sixth and King Streets, Wilmington, Del.

THE CAROLINE PEARL.

Will be sent to all purchasers free for one quarter on application. It will give a detailed account of our proceedings from time to time. Newspapers wishing to advertise for us, will please send us their lowest rates. 5 11 32 b

CARSON'S STELLAR OIL.

The alarming increase in the number of frightful accidents, resulting in terrible deaths and the destruction of valuable property, caused by the indiscriminate use of oils, known under the name of petroleum, prompts us to call your special attention to an article which will, wherever used, remove the CAUSE of such accidents.—We allude to

Carson's Stellar Oil FOR ILLUMINATING PURPOSES.

The proprietor of this Oil has for several years felt the necessity of providing for, and presenting to the public, as a substitute for the dangerous compounds which are sent broadcast over the country, an oil that is SAFE and BRILLIANT, and entirely reliable. After a long series of laborious and costly experiments, he has succeeded in providing, and now offers to the public, such a substitute in "CARSON'S STELLAR OIL." It should be used by every family.

1ST. Because it is safe beyond a question. The primary purpose in the preparation of STELLAR OIL has been to make it PERFECTLY SAFE, thus insuring the lives and property of those who use it.

2D. Because it is the most BRILLIANT liquid illuminator now known.

3D. Because it is more economical. In the long run, than any of the dangerous oils and fluids now in too common use.

4TH. Because it is intensely BRILLIANT, and therefore economical, giving the greatest possible light at the least expenditure to the consumer. Its present standard of SAFETY AND BRILLIANCY will always be maintained, for upon this the proprietor depends for sustaining the high reputation the STELLAR OIL now enjoys.

To prevent the adulteration of this with the explosive compounds now known under the name of kerosene, &c., &c., it is put up for family use in Five Gallon cans, each being sealed, and stamped with the trade-mark of the proprietor; it cannot be tampered with between the manufacturer and consumer. None is genuine without the TRADE-MARK.

STELLAR OIL is sold only by weight, each can containing five gallons of six and a half pounds each, thus assuring to every purchaser full measure. It is the duty and interest of all dealers and consumers of illuminating oil to use the STELLAR OIL only, because it alone is known to be safe and reliable.

All orders should be addressed to

JARDEN & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS,

136 South Front Street,

Philadelphia.

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NOTICE.—The undersigned caution all persons against the use of any kind of nets for the purpose of hunting or fishing, and all persons violating this notice will be dealt with according to law.

W. L. DONNELLY,
JOHN RICE.

May 30, 1871 31*

SUNDAY READING.

An Old Story Worth Repeating.

An old story contains a lesson which many married couples have not yet learned. When Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut a gentleman called at his house one day requested a private interview. He said: "I have called on a very unpleasant errand, Sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, Sir?"

The Governor sat a few moments in thought; then turning to his visitor, said, "How did you treat Mrs. W.—when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?"

Squire W.—replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could for I loved her dearly at that time."
"Well, Sir," said the Governor, "go home and court her just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result."

The Governor then said, "Let us pray." They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away Squire W.—called again to see the Governor and said: "I have called to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel. I am glad to hear it, Mr. W.—"

said the Governor, "and I hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

A Mother's Prayer.

Almighty God and Father, I come before thee now to speak unto thee about the children whom thou hast given to me. They are very dear to me, and I earnestly desire that they may walk in the narrow way that leadeth to everlasting life.

But I feel my own ignorance and sinfulness, and need thy grace and wisdom to train them aright. Thou, O God, hast said, "Ask and ye shall have;" I do ask thee for the gift of thy Holy Spirit for myself and children. Help me to set them a good example in word and deed; create in each of them a clean heart, and renew in each a right spirit. Give to each a tender conscience; make them obedient, respectful, gentle unselfish. Strengthen them to resist temptation, to speak the truth, and to be diligent in their work, ever remembering that thine eye is upon them.

Grant, O Lord, to each one of my dear children a sure trust in the precious blood of Jesus Christ as their only atonement; and clothe them each in the blessed robe of his righteousness.

Watch over them, good Lord, by day and by night, in health and sickness; and after they have served thee on earth, take them to dwell with thee forever in heaven.

I beseech thee, O God, mercifully to hear my prayer and grant me my heart's desires for the sake of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen.

Our Father who art, etc.

Lost.

Has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon civilization are these lost women? A little child strays from the house enclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found! There are no harsh comments upon the poor tired feet, be they ever so miry; no reprimand for the soiled and torn garments; no lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown to womanhood, let her be led from the enclosure of morality by the voice of affection, or driven from it by scourge of want—what happens then? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return?—or, if she returns of her own motion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as will secure her against wandering again? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost. "Lost," echo friends; "we disown you. Don't never come near us to disgrace us!" "Lost," says society, indifferently, "How bad these girls are!" And lost, irretrievably lost, is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability.

Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet.

Don't believe the man who talks the most; for mewing cats are seldom good mousers.

By no means put yourself in another person's power; if you put your thumb between grinders they are very apt to bite.

Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says.

Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyer's houses are built on fools' heads.

A Witness' Troubles.

IN the beginning of last week, I made my first appearance in the court room in the case of Valentine against Orson, in which the point in dispute was the ownership of a tract of land in Wyoming territory. I knew something in regard to the sale of these lands, and was fully prepared to testify to the extent of my knowledge in the premises; but judge of my utter surprise and horror on being obliged to go through such an ordeal as the following extracts from my examination will indicate:

The counsel for the plaintiff commenced, by asking me if I was a married man, and when I had answered that I was, he said:

Is your wife a believer in the principles of the Woman's Rights party?

I could not for the life of me, see what this had to do with the land in Wyoming, but I answered that I was happy to say that she was not.

The examination then proceeds as follows: Q. You are happy, then, in your matrimonial relations? A. Yes—(and remembering the oath) reasonably so.

Q. Is your wife pretty? A. (Witness remembering at once his oath, and his wife's presence in court)—She is pretty.

Q. What are her defects? A. (Witness remembering only his wife's presence)—I have never been able to discover them.

Q. Have you a lightning rod on your house? A. I have.

Q. How much did it cost you to have it put up? A. It has not cost me anything yet—I owe for it.

Q. Is that all you owe for? A. No. I have other debts.

Q. Have you any money with you now? A. I have.

Q. How much? A. (Counting contents of porte-monnaie). Sixty-two cents.

Q. Where did you get that? A. (With embarrassment). I borrowed it.

Q. Were you present when defendant first offered his land for sale to the plaintiff? A. (Brightening up). I was.

Q. Have you ever been vaccinated? A. I have.

Q. On which arm? A. The left.

Q. At the time of the first mention of this land to the plaintiff, who were present? A. (Witness speaking with hopeful vivacity, as if he hoped they were coming to the merits of the case). The plaintiff, defendant and myself.

Q. Has your wife any sisters? A. She has two; Anna and Jane.

Q. Are they married? A. They are.

Q. Are either of them as pretty as your wife? A. (Quickly). No, sir.

Q. Have you any children? A. Two.

Q. Have they had the measles? A. They have.

Q. Has any other person in your house had the measles? A. I have had them, and my wife has had them.

Q. How do you know your wife has had them? A. She told me so.

Q. Then you did not see her have them? A. No, sir.

Q. We want no hearsay evidence here; how can you swear that she has had them when you did not see her have them? A. She told me so, and I believe her.

Q. Did she take an oath that she had them? A. No, sir.

Q. Then, sir, you are trifling with the court. Do you understand the obligations of an oath? A. I do.

Q. Beware, then, that you are not committed for perjury. Is your gas-meter ever frozen? A. Yes, sir.

Not a Pleasant Bed-Fellow

ANew Western town, but lately reclaimed from the wilderness, where the houses are few, mean and ugly; the streets mud or dust; the trees destroyed, and the general appearance one of poverty struggling with heavy obstacles; where the wolves run the mail in ahead of time, and night is made hideous by a tailor practising on a flute—this is a good place to keep away from.

Into such a town as this, and during court week, I once rode on horseback. At the end of a weary way, passed into a continuous mud-hole, studded with stumps and ornamented with logs, that a benighted country called a road. Night had already closed in, and I was guided to the hotel by the thousand and one boys of the place, and the noise issuing from the bar-room, no less beastly and disagreeable. I found the landlord shut up in a corner pen, dealing out liquid insanity to his customers. To my request for supper and bed he responded that I could eat my fill, but there was not a bed unengaged or not occupied in the house. I persisted, until the wretch informed me that there was "a feller" in No. 9 occupying a double bed, and I could "roll in there," if so minded.

It was dismal, but my only hope; so, after the evening indigestion, I climbed the rough stairs to No. 9. I was told by the landlord to walk in without knocking, and did so.

I found my companion measuring off his dreams by snores, and, undressing, "rolled in," as the landlord had suggested. My stranger turned over, with something between a growl and a grunt, as I crept to his side.

Tired as I was, I could not sleep.—The bed-tick felt as if it were stuffed with grasshoppers, and the pillows were of the sort to slip up one's nose in the night, and be sneezed out some time during the day. Besides this, my bedfellow snored abominably. It sounded like a giant trying to blow "Old Hundred" through a tin horn, without knowing exactly how. I bore this infliction as long as I could, and at last gave my friend a dig in the ribs, exclaiming at the same time:

"Hillo—sh—what is it?" he asked, in a confused way.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I think it my duty to inform you that I walk in my sleep."

"Well, walk."

"My Christian friend, I am wellaware that this is a free country, and if a man wishes to walk in his sleep, there is no constitutional provision to prevent him. But I wish to remark that if I do walk, you had better not interfere with me."

"O, walk; I won't say a word about it."

"Well, don't. When addressed or interfered with, I am apt to get furious.—I nearly brained a poor man with a dog-iron the other night."

"The deuce you did?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, I'll be blowed! That's rather disagreeable. A fellow might, under an impulse, blurt out something to you."

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

A long pause followed this. At last, the now wide-awake lodger asked, abruptly:

"Did you notice my hat on the floor?"

"I believe I did."

"If you walk, you know, I'd rather you would not step in it."

"I'll bear that in mind."

After another pause he again asked:

"Did you notice that door on the left?"

"I saw a door on the left."

"Well, if you walk, I'd advise you not to go out there. It opens on a porch, only the porch hasn't been built, and it's twenty feet down into the stable yard."

up a crazy fellow, who walked and struck out with dog irons."

"Good Heavens, Gillipsy, was that you?"

"And, D., you don't mean to say that you served me that infernal trick?"

It was a case that called for diplomatic explanation.

Slurs on Women.

OF all the evils prevalent among young men, we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than to speak slightly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken, as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others who they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of thoughtless or lewd women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens upon the developments of crimes in our public courts. Let our young men remember that their chief happiness of life depends upon their faith in woman. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God itself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightly of woman.

No Bones in the Ocean.

MR. JEFFREY has established the fact that bones disappear in the ocean. By dredging it is common to bring up teeth, but rarely over a bone of any kind; these, however compact, dissolve if exposed to the action of the water but a little time. On the contrary, teeth—which are not bones any more than whales are fish—resist the destroying action of the seawater indefinitely.

It is, therefore, a powerful solvent. Still the popular opinion is that it is a brine. If such were the case, the bottom of all the seas would long ago have been shallowed by immense accumulations of carcasses and products of the vegetable kingdom constantly floating into them. Dentine, the peculiar material of which teeth are formed, and the enamel covering them, offer extraordinary resistance to those chemical agencies which resolve other animal remains into nothingness. Mounds in the West, tumuli in Europe and Asia, which are believed to antedate sacred history for thousands of years, yield up perfectly sound teeth, on which time seems to have no impression whatever.

Bismarck's Family Legend.

A fantastical story is told of the coat-of-arms of the Bismarck family, which consists of a clover leaf entwined by three nettle leaves. The chronicle runs that one of the maidens of this family, a beauty called Gertrude, being courted by many admirers, selected one of her first cousins. However, there came a rough baron from the German ocean, accompanied by a hundred horsemen, to ask for her hand. When it was refused, he took the castle by storm, killed Gertrude's father, and finally embraced the maiden, remarking:

"You golden clover of my heart, you are no nettle and do not sting;" whereto the sprightly maiden, observing: "I am a nettle when I wish, and can sting, and so do nettles ever sting the one who would break a clover leaf of the Bismarck's," quietly smote the adventurous lover under the fifth rib with a dagger, injuring him so that he died.

A Tough Story.

An Ohio traveler is telling the following story at Dayton. Her name is Prairie Ward. She says she walked all the way from San Francisco to Dayton; that she is forty-nine years of age; that her father's name was Armstrong; and that he was a Wyandot half-breed. Her mother, she claims, was a daughter of Russell Bigelow, Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary. In 1815, when living near Columbus, Ky., she was stolen by Comanche Indians, and carried to the recent Territory of Nebraska, where, at the age of thirteen, she was married to David Ward, a half-breed, by whom she became the mother of eleven children. Her husband afterwards joined the army, and stayed with the tribe. They murdered her children, ate their flesh and danced in their blood. She afterward escaped, taking the long walk above mentioned, and is in Ohio to find out her relations, having an aunt living in Bellefontaine.

Matrimony is—hot cakes, warm beds, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts exulting in buttons, redeemed stockings, bootjacks, happiness, etc. Single blessedness is—sheet-iron quilts, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unregenerative linen, heelless socks, coffee with sweetened icicles, gutta-serena biscuits, rheumatism, corns, coughs, cold dinners, colics, rhubarb, and any amount of misery.

Then came in a silence that was not broken. After a little while I heard my bedfellow creeping softly from the other side of the bed. I could hear him feeling about for his hat and clothes. Then I had the satisfaction of knowing that the door had closed softly on my retreating tormentor. I rolled over and slept the sleep of innocence.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, I found an old friend seated at the table. We had not met for years.—After a cordial greeting, I said:

"Are you stopping here?"

"I have been trying. But I am nearly dead. I slept on a bench in the bar-room, amid a lot of drunken brutes, who sang 'Bingo' for wagers of drink all night."

"Could you get no bed?"

"Yes, I had a double bed to myself, when that stupid ass of a landlord sent