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TO THE PUBLIC and friends in general: We are prepared to do all kinds of HARNESS-MAKING and repairing in the best style at low prices.

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Nobody Denies That "Excelsior" has the largest and best selected stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys, Youths and Children in Maryland.

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DR. JACOBS OIL. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Cough, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

Macarian Liniment. Is entirely different from any other Medical Compound for the cure of HEADACHE, NEURALGIA & RHEUMATISM.

Free from Turpentine. Having no Disagreeable Smell, but very Pleasant.

The American, the leading paper of Baltimore, says it is a great discovery.

The Herald of October 12 says it is the finest Liniment that can be compounded.

The Baltimore—A most excellent and efficacious preparation.

The Day—Outside of its many curative properties it does not disfigure or injure the skin.

The Baltimore Methodist says Macarian Liniment is a most excellent preparation.

The Norfolk News—It is a great discovery.

The Union Bridge Index—Macarian Liniment is something entirely new for Neuralgia and Rheumatism.

NEW SPRING GOODS H. BLACKISTON & SON Offer for sale the LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED AND BEST ASSORTED STOCK OF GOODS IN DENTON.

Our goods have been bought at the Lowest Cash Price, and we think that persons dealing with us will be satisfied that we can sell them goods as cheap, if not cheaper than, they can be bought at other places.

Call and Judge for Yourself. We have enlarged our store room, so that our customers will have a better chance to examine our large stock.

GAMBRILL'S BEST FLOUR for sale by the sack or barrel.

Lime by the Bushel or Barrel. H. BLACKISTON & SON, Denton, Md.

A Welcome to Spring. Flowers springing round her feet, And hark above her singing.

Flora! Flora! sweetest maiden! Come with vernal treasures laden; Come, and fill our hearts with gladness!

Summer is a lovely dame; But all her hot caresses Cannot set my heart aflame, Or stir its deep recesses.

Spring is but a maiden coy, With mingled tears and laughter; And to share her simple joy Will bring no sorrow after.

Wooing me with outstretched arms To lie upon her bosom, Tempting with the varied charms Of bud, and bird, and blossom.

Others sing of autumn's hues, Of ripening corn and fallows; I brook the brook would rather choose All fringed with yellow sallows.

And the bright marsh-margold, Of golden sunset-dreaming; Bluebell shy and kingcup bold, In wood and meadow gleaming.

Hark! the skylark trills his love Alone in the azure heaven; Philomel will make the grove A vocal choir at even.

Flora! Flora! sweetest maiden! Come with vernal treasures laden; After winter's dreary sadness, Come, and fill our hearts with gladness.

A Lynched Man's Hand. DENTON, Md., April 30.—I drove out yesterday to a tree, four miles from the village, which still bears the imprint of the hand of a negro, which was nailed there by one of the mob which hanged, quartered, mutilated and burned him nearly twenty years ago.

The story of the crime, criminal and mob fury, of which he was the victim, is remarkable and worth recalling.

Greenwell, the Delaware butcher, was deserted by all his customers. "He may butcher his meat with the same knife with which he carved Jim Wilson," they said, and he sold no more meat in Caroline county.

It was the time of vine gathering. The day's labor was over, the vespers hymn had been sung and village youths and maidens danced and sung in the balmy air and tender light of the new moon, now closing its first quarter.

Among those maidens there was not one so beautiful as Guillelta di Marti, yet her face was very, very sad—for out of her eyes had shined a man ever approached, and had vowed to listen no more to words of love.

She would not even dance with the rest! But she watched while they danced, and smiled so very sweetly, sadly, when old and young brought her flowers and sought to cheer up her drooping spirits.

A child—a girl not over six or seven years—came to her and laid in her lap a silver cross tied with a piece of faded ribbon.

"Santa Madonna! where did you get this?" she asked of the child; and her face was white and she shook her head to foot when she asked the question.

"A handsome cavalier, who gave me a piece of gold, and bade me say, in a whisper, these words, 'One who would die for Guillelta asks but ten words from her alone—no one else near—at the fountain beyond the village wall. He will wait till he counts

one thousand—if she comes later she will find his body but his soul will be fled."

"I will go!" she whispered, "I will go! Stay you here and speak not of this to anyone!"

Crouching close by the wall, where the pure water rippled and sang a song of praise, the bandit watched for her coming—for the coming of one he had loved so wildly and so well—watched with hot, tigerish eyes!

From amid leafy vines and branching trees the moon rays fell on the pathway by which she must come.

"Holy Virgin!" she gasped. "That look! that dagger drawn!"

"Both are for you—for words I have no time," he muttered hoarsely.

She did not shriek—she did not speak—she was literally frozen with horror!

And while thus, like one petrified, she stood, his keen blade descended, and, only murmuring his name, she sunk at his feet.

Five hours were gone. The bandits were scattered around, some feasting, others at cards, still others wrapped in slumber.

His mantle was wrappd about him, and he shook from head to foot, as if an unspoken terror filled his soul.

"The test was too much," said the bandit queen sneeringly.

"Too much! Hat! Too much!" And opening his mantle he raised the head of the lovely girl he or one of that band had ever seen—raised it close to her face.

Heartless as she was, she screamed in terror and sank fainting to the earth.

While she lay there Andrea di Castino was proclaimed the Chief of the Robbers of the Abruzzi.

When she rose, he claimed her as bride.

Shuddering she bowed her head, and she was never known to smile again!

The guilt of that murder sunk deep in her own soul, and one year from that date she died by her own hand.

His Ma Deceives Him. "Give me ten cents worth of saffron, quick," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in the grocery on a gallop, early in the morning, with no collar on, and no vest.

He looked as though he had been routed out of bed in a hurry, and had jumped into his pants and boots, and put on his coat and hat on the run.

"I don't keep saffron," said the grocery man, as he picked up a barrel of ax-handles the boy had tipped over in his hurry.

The Bandit. Far up in the mountains, in the wild passes of the Abruzzi, the most dreaded portion of the Italian country, a company of banditti were assembled around the body of their dead chief.

Wounded in a fierce skirmish with the Government troops, he had lingered for days, tenderly cared for by rude men and devoted women—but at last tortured nature yielded, and he died.

"Who now shall lead this band?" was the question which passed from lip to lip.

"The bravest!" said the widow of the dead chieftain.

"When all are brave who can decide?" asked one.

"True!" said another. "Let a test be named!"

"What shall it be?" asked one of the oldest of the band—one scarred literally from head to foot, with evidences of past encounters.

"Let Andrea di Castino name it!" said the widow, whose dark eyes rested on a tall and handsome young brigand—him whom she named.

"I will fight any two of the band with my mayer, both at one time, with only this rock at my back!" said the young man, casting a grateful look on the yet beautiful woman who was his senior by several years.

"Bah! He can well make that offer, being by far the best swordsman of us all. It was Andrea who held back eight of the State soldiers when he guarded the Ferro Pass until help came to him, and six were dead when we got there! He will be safe, but two of those two!" cried another old member of the band.

"I will name the test!" said the widowed woman.

And her dark eyes flashed with a strange fire. "On the spot," she said, "let La Signora Adalini name the test!" said the first speaker.

"Will he fulfill my conditions?" asked the signora.

"Ah—to command a band like this I would face Satan in his own dread domains!" Then in a lower tone, only heard by her, he added—"for your love I will do more."

"We will see!" she said, and an ice cold smile glittered on her classical face.

"The conditions!" he cried. "The conditions!"

"You shall soon hear them. First, reply if I am right in what I say? You fled from Francavilla because you had slain a young man, a rival in your love?"

"Yes!"

"And you so madly loved a young girl, that you could not bear another should breathe words of passion in her ear?"

"Yes!"

"That was well. No man is fit to love who will not risk life or take life for her he loves. Now I will name the test!"

"Do so quickly, signora—I am impatient for the trial!"

"You will not be a moment hence. I decide that you descend to the village—it is not three hours' walk from here—say that girl, and bring here her head. I shall know it, for behold, I have her picture!"

And the woman drew a miniature from beneath her bodice.

The bandit trembled, and raised his hand to a chain which was about his neck.

It had been severed in his sleep, and a jealous hand had taken the picture long ago from his heart.

"Decide!" she said, and her superb form was drawn to its fullest height.

"Decide, or another shall fill the place!" cried another, and another yet of the band.

His face flushed, while he met the impassioned look of the queenly woman before him.

"I will do it. In six hours' return, and the test will have been met!"

He said no more, but rushed wildly down the mountain's steep and rough declivity.

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"The ways we are not hoodling! But here upon our memory's page Is very simple reading, It says the forms we still hold fast Were wise as well as pleasant— Have leavened all the present!"

—Edmund Lyons.

A Misericordian by the name of Petty has skipped off rather than be arrested for petty larceny.