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I have discontinued farming and have removed to Preston, for the purpose of carrying on carpentering and building, and have taken into partnership with me Mr. Wm. E. Todd. We are now prepared to enter into contracts for building and repairing houses, either by the day or contract and we guarantee the most modern architecture and the best workmanship, on very reasonable terms.

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and friends in general We are prepared to do all kinds of HARNES-MAKING and repairing in the best style at low prices. One of our workmen, formerly employed in F. Willoughby's harness shop, is well known as an excellent harness-maker. His work is both stylish and durable. Call at the carriage shop of  
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Carriage building, painting and repairing done neatly and cheaply, in a manner guaranteed to give satisfaction to the customer. [4] 21

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Agency just completed for the counties of Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne's. The superb quality of the Estey Organ is too well established to need further commendation. They sound their own praises. We have perfected arrangements with the proprietors of this justly celebrated instrument by which we are now prepared to supply them at as low figures as can be purchased in the city or elsewhere.

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Booksellers, Stationers, Newsdealers, and Dealers in Sheet Music, Musical Books and General Musical Merchandise.

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In carrying on bricklaying and plastering and prepared to do all kinds of work in the trade in best manner.

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STEAMER  
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On and after Monday April 1, 1883, the steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave HILLSBORO for Baltimore on every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M., touching at the following landings on the Choptank River—Lock Landing, Cowles Point, Reese Landing, Gausey's Landing, Melford's Wharf, Dover Bridge, Rose Island, Melford's Wharf, Seely Cross, Chancelors Point.

Leave Potomac Landing at 11.30 A. M., Medfords Wharf at 4 and Secretary at 6 P. M. Returning will leave Potomac at 9 o'clock P. M., touching at the above wharves.

Freight received at Pier 5 every Tuesday and Saturday till 6 P. M. All freights must be prepaid in Baltimore.

Agents in Baltimore, E. G. STEVENS, Agt., 85 South Street, N. B. E. STEVENS, Agt., EMOVY & NEAVITT, 85 South Street, N. B.

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who are interested in growing crops should write us for our pamphlet on pure fertilizers. A good fertilizer can be made at home for about \$12 a ton by compounding with POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS. References in Every State.

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That "Excelsior" has the largest and best selected stock of Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys, Youths and Children in Maryland.

### Nobody Denies

That "Excelsior's" goods are cut and finished in a style that astonishes Experienced Buyers of Ready-Made Clothing.

### Nobody Denies

That "Excelsior's" proposition, that buyers should take the goods elsewhere, compare them with the goods and prices of other firms and demand that their money be refunded if a better bargain is to be obtained, is something that no other house will advance.

### Nobody Denies

That "Excelsior's" Department of Furnishing Goods presents the fullest, most varied, toniest, and withal, the lowest priced stock to be found in the State.

### Nobody Denies

That "Excelsior" positively has no competitors in Hats and Caps for men, boys and children in the South.

### Nobody Denies

That "Excelsior's" strict adherence to One Price, its Great Guarantee System, the Quality, General Excellence and Bulk of its Stock in all grades and styles and the perfection of its facilities stamp it as the foremost house in the United States.

### EXCELSIOR

S. W. COR. BALTO. & LIGHT STS.  
Largest establishment in Md.

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RETAIL TAILOR,  
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SUITS for gentlemen cut and made to order. Trimmings furnished when desired.

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**STRAUGHN'S HOTEL,**  
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Terms \$1.50 per day. First Class Hotel in all appointments.  
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**DOWNES & MUTCHLER,**  
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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Office nearly opposite the M.P. Church July-7

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—AND—  
LIVERY STABLE,  
GREENSBORO - Maryland.

WM. H. CONEE, PROP'R.  
RATES REDUCED—Per day \$1.25; per week \$4 to \$5.  
Carriage meets every train, free for guests

WM. A. STEWART,  
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### TEACHERS WANTED \$100

For a school in the State of Maryland. For particulars apply to J. C. McCarty & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Macarian Liniment

Is entirely different from any other Medical Compound for the cure of HEADACHE, NEURALGIA & RHEUMATISM Being Compounded with the Greatest Care and Entirely 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 Telegram—A great remedy, and a large sale.  
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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.

A few of the many residents of Frederick county who endorse Macarian Liniment are, Mrs. I. Cutsail, of Kempton; Mr. Nathan Canby, Mr. Dennis Howser, Mr. Howard Bartholow, Mr. C. C. Smith, Mr. Jno. Griffith, Mr. Joseph Runkles, near Prospect, and many others.  
Price 50 cents. For sale by druggists. Send for circulars.

**ORKNEY CHEMICAL CO.,**  
56 N. Eutam St. Baltimore, Md

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ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHERS,  
S. E. COR. EUTAW & LEXINGTON.  
BALTIMORE.

Our well known reputation rests entirely on the quality of our work, coupled with reasonable prices. No humbug, no quackery, no puffing of magic processes to push cheap, trashy work; in fact, we eschew all questionable methods used by quacks, which have lately disgraced our profession. You will be sure to obtain satisfaction, and secure permanent pictures by patronizing us. 5-26

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BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS,  
For the cure of diseases arising from the impure state of the blood or derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys. Are mild in operation and cure with dispatch, Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Liver complaint, Jaundice, headache and constipation. 25ct. a box at all druggists. 5-19y

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NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.  
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**JOHN B. PIET & CO.,**  
PUBLISHERS,  
BALTIMORE.

Catalogue mailed on Application.

### FREIGHT AGENCY.

The arrangements now completed render great convenience to the public having business with the Maryland Steamboat Company at Denton.

Freights for shipment to Baltimore and points on the route are received at any time, carefully Landlaid, housed if necessary and promptly forwarded. Freights to Denton are stored in our ample warehouses and safely kept until called for.

Grain is received in bags and housed for shipment when desired. The bags may be obtained on two days' notice to me.

Ample storeroom is provided in a building set apart for shelter of phosphate, and it will be kept dry until sufficient time for its removal.

Persons wanting purchases made in Baltimore can leave their orders at any time with me, which will be cheerfully attended to.

Thanking the patrons of the Steamboat Co. for past favors, I am now better than ever prepared to serve them.

M. FINN, Agent.

Grandpa and Little Flo. Down the shady lane they go, Grandpa and little Flo, Hand in hand; Happier man was never seen, Nor a happier child, I ween, In all the land.

See! those locks all snowy white Falling on his shoulders light 'Till his age; Four-score years old, even more; Grandpa has added to his store Another page.

Little Flo, a fairy child, With great eyes, so blue and mild, Leads the way. Seeks the smoothest place of all For his feet, lest he should fall By the way.

Down the lane they always go, Grandpa and little Flo, And the birds in the trees, Flitting light among the leaves, Bless the sight.

A BITTER CUP.  
Mr. Martin had just come in to tea. It was one of those sultry summer evenings when the leaves hang stilly on the trees, and the dull electric fires blaze along the east, foreboding of storm.

It had been very hot all day; the farmer's hands had lagged at their work on the lowland meadow, and all the world's wheels seemed to revolve as if they were weighted. Mr. Martin was very tired, and withal, a little cross.

Perhaps Mrs. Martin was tired, too. She, poor soul, had been up since four o'clock in the morning. She had washed, taken care of four cows' milk, prepared three meals for the hungry farm hands, been up in the woods to search for a family of adventurous young turkey-chicks, soothed the sorrows of a teething baby, and mended up the suit of clothes which Patsy Blim, the tailor, had declared "not worth a needle of thread," had said that "willful waste was woful want," and that there was a deal of wear in that shirt yet, if only there was a stitch taken here and there.

But her cheek was pink and her eyes sparkling when Thomas came in, for all the heaviness in her heart and the dull pain in her back, for little Esther had come home from boarding-school.

Esther, the youngest sister of all, the darling of the family circle from which Mrs. Martin came—the pet for whom they had all scraped and pinched so that she, at least, might have a "Boston education."

And Esther sat in the window-seat, grown into a blooming young woman, with bronze-brown hair lying in fluffy masses over her fair forehead, cornelian, blue eyes, and a dress all trimmed with ribbon bows.

"Look, Thomas!" cried Mrs. Martin excitedly. "It's Essie! Essie has come home two days before we expected her."

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Martin, in the cold, measured tones which always dampened his wife's enthusiasm like so many drops of freezing water. "How do you do, Esther? Ruth, what are you putting cold chicken on the table for? Corned beef is plenty, I am sure. You had a great deal better save the chicken for the men's breakfast. Working folks have hearty appetites."

"Esther is fond of cold chicken," whispered Mrs. Martin. And—"No one need want anything better than good corned beef," Julia blurted out, while Esther, near the golden door of antique portiere, into a large, tastefully furnished room, where the singing birds, the open piano, the low satin sofa, all betokened no lack of money.

Yes—Mr. Smith was at home. He had not yet gone to the store, and presently he came in, waving welcome to the man who had married Mrs. Martin's sister.

"Lend you a thousand dollars?" said he. "Of course we can lend you a thousand dollars. What is money for if not to help each other with? Oh, yes. We've a snug little sum laid up in the bank, and we live very comfortably. My business? Yes, it is to help you. I never get us all these things," glancing at the soft arabesques of the carpet, the graceful folds of the crimson silk curtains, and the easel filled with proof engravings.

"That is my wife's doing."

"Th?" said Mr. Martin, staring all around him.

"Yes," said Smith, with a certain quiet satisfaction. "Essie is an artist, you know—a designer. She invents patterns for the paper-hangers and upholsters. They are glad to pay her fifty dollars a week."

"Fifty dollars a week!" exclaimed Thomas Martin. "Why that's more—fifty dollars is, I mean—than poor Ruth made by all her poultry for a year. Well, I never."

In all his life he had never respected Essie as he respected her now.

"She has money laid up," said Stephen Smith. "And if she's the girl I think she is, she won't grudge it to help her sister's husband in a pinch."

Gall and bitterness—gall and bitterness! But, thought poor Martin, how was Stephen to know all that was come and gone?

Essie's light step, on the passage-way, sounded at this instant; and she came in, dressed in a picturesque linen blouse; her hair still shading her forehead, like a fringe of floss silk, after the old, graceful fashion.

"Yes," she said brightly, when her brother-in-law's errand was stated to her of course you shall have it. I owe you as much as that, I think, Thomas, were it only to erase from

your memory that last scene of our parting. How defiant and insolent it was, to-be-sure!" and she laughed the sweetest of mellow laughter. "But I insist upon it still, that my theory was correct; a woman can work without becoming a drudge."

"Perhaps she can," slowly and unwillingly admitted Thomas Martin—"perhaps she can! But it didn't use to be so, in my mother's days."

And he sighed to think of poor Ruth, broken down in the meridian of her days, by the cruel necessities that drive the wife of an American farmer to her doom. Was it his own fault? Perhaps it was.

Essie's thousand loan was the straw which drove him from figurative drowning. He paid the interest, purchased a new flock of merino sheep, and weathered the storm.

And the next year when Essie visited her sister for the first time she found Ruth sitting on the piazza, and watching the little lambs play in the sunshine with listless, heavy eyes.

"Yes," said Ruth, "I can't work any more. But Thomas is very kind. He don't grudge the hired girl's wages, and he is always saying he wished he had taken more care of me in the old days. But it's too late now. You were right, Essie, when you said you wouldn't stay on here, and help with the household."

"Yes," said Essie, fondling the thin hand, which lay on the arm of the rocking-chair, "I think I was right."

—Helen Forrest Graves.

### Importance of Roads.

We are not aware that any estimate has ever been made of the actual cost of the public roads of the United States, but that the expense of providing them has been attempted by any bureau of statistics, but we make the rough estimate that one of these terrible droughts that undo a farmer's life-work in a season, and sweep away his prospects as an autumn wind sweeps away a mere forest. The cattle died, a pestilence broke out among the flock of sheep, which Thomas Martin had just bought; a high wind blew his best barn over, and disaster stared him in the face on every side.

"I can't use talking, I cannot meet this year's interest on the mortgage. The place will have to go."

"Oh, Thomas!" groaned Mrs. Martin, who, poor soul, now lay all day on a hard wooden lounge, and groaned to see how wofully she was needed at the helm.

"Can't help it," said Martin, "everything is against me."

"It's only five hundred dollars," said Mrs. Martin. "You might borrow it."

"Who'd lend to me, I'd like to know?" said Martin, remembering with a sigh how he had hardened his own face against every humble suppliant in the golden days of his prosperity.

"There's Esther's husband," suggested Ruth. "I've heard that he's doing well in Boston. And, after all, Esther's my own sister."

Mr. Martin's features contracted into a hideous grimace. Of all the bitter cups which circumstances had held to his lips of late this was the bitterest.

But it had to be swallowed. There was no help for it.

"I didn't suppose Smith's folks lived so genteel as this," said he to himself, as a neat maid led him across an octagonal vestibule, floored with black and red marble, and fragrant with flowers, under the golden rays of antique portiere, into a large, tastefully furnished room, where the singing birds, the open piano, the low satin sofa, all betokened no lack of money.

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### A HAPPY COMMUNITY.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF AN OHIO VILLAGE LEAD LIVES OF CONTENTMENT.

About eighty miles from Cleveland and six miles south of Mineral Point, the terminus of the Valley road at the Wheeling junction of the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad, there is a quiet little old village known as Zoar, inhabited by a strange, frugal and industrious people, the happiest, perhaps, in the world. They know no care, nothing troubles or worries them. A large number of them never saw the outside of their beautiful home, a veritable paradise, and trouble themselves little, if any, about the turmoil and strifes of the wicked world.

The colony was first founded in 1817 by Huber and Ackerman, two Germans, the former a native of Wurttemberg, and the latter hailing from Bavaria. Shortly afterwards, in the same year, they and a few followers from the same country formed a community and named it Zoar, because they looked upon their home as a place of refuge from the world, which they termed Sodom and Gomorrah. The first two houses which Huber and Ackerman built in 1817—quaint and antique structures, are still inhabited by the descendants of the two pioneers. They are built of logs and mortar and contain but one large room, sparsely furnished. The windows are small, each containing nine panes of glass about six inches square. The roofs are covered with tiles, as are those of all the houses erected up to 1850, when the art of tile-making died out in Zoar.

The inhabitants, who have no desire to amass wealth, work for one common end—that is for the good of the community, which owns and controls the village, including thousands of acres of the richest land in the Backeye State. The money goes into one common treasury, the necessities of life including food, provisions and garments, are furnished by the village officials, consisting of three trustees and a committee of five, who are annually elected by ballot. The village contains about 300 inhabitants, which number has been the same since 1817 and never increases or decreases to any noticeable extent. The people are all devout, worshipping after the manner of the Friends. The marriage vow is held sacred and the laws are rarely broken.—Cleveland Herald.

### Love for Home.

If you love me and be In my heart of hearts and see How I think of you and thee! If you hate me, tell me so; If I should love you still, I know; Hate to love will sometimes grow.—Exchange.

### The Propagation of Fish.

The attention which the United States section attracted in the Fisheries Exhibition in London emphasizes the importance of this food product and is a generous tribute to the efforts made in this country, by both national and State authority, not only to protect the existing fisheries but to increase the supply by artificial propagation.

The United States Fish Commission has been in existence about ten years. It became apparent about 1872 that the food fishes, especially along the New England coast, were on the decrease. The danger of such a condition became apparent and the agitation resulted in an inquiry and finally in the appointment of a commission. The labors of this body have been directed to a careful study of the best varieties of food fishes of rapid and healthy growth, both for salt and fresh waters and for running streams. There are now thirteen government hatching houses scattered over the country for the propagation of fish natural to the regions in which they are located.

The young fish are distributed on the coast by means of two large and fine vessels employed for both research and hatching purposes. For the interior the distribution is effected by special cars carrying infinite numbers of these artificially hatched fishes to every State and Territory in the Union. The principal varieties propagated are shad, carp, salmon, white fish and herring. More than 15,000,000 shad were distributed last year, while the number of carp reached about 200,000, giving twenty to each of ten thousand persons. The propagation of the carp is largely confined thus far to persons of German birth, this being esteemed a very valuable food fish in the Fatherland.

The result has been most encouraging when the brief time since interest was shown in the matter is considered. The different States have recognized the importance of protecting and extending fish growing and have almost without exception passed stringent laws, which public sentiment has sustained and enforced. The season when certain kinds of fish may be caught has been strictly defined; fish ways have been constructed over dams and a practical interest manifested in every way. At most every State has hatching houses for receiving, propagating and distributing fish and commissions for executing the law and arousing public interest in the question until many streams and lakes which had ceased to supply fishes are now again teeming with life and ready to do their part in the work of furnishing a mighty population with cheap and fresh food.

The example of this country is beginning to be felt in European countries, where the decrease of the fisheries has been far more marked than here, where their inherent conservatism has kept them from supplying the lack by artificial means.

### The Aged Christian.

At evening time it shall be light.—Zech. xiv, 7.

Oftentimes we look with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that at eventide it shall be light. To many saints old age is the choicest season in their lives. A banister rises the mariner's cheek as he nears the shore of immortality; fewer waves rattle the sea; quiet reigns, deep, still and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the flame of more earnest feeling remains.

The pilgrims have reached the land of Beulah, that happy country whose days are as the days of heaven upon earth. Angels visit it, celestial gales blow over it, flowers of paradise grow in it, and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure, but it is an Eden on earth. We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves, and be satisfied with hope until the time of fruition comes.

The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendor of glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down, but it is an Eden on earth. We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves, and be satisfied with hope until the time of fruition comes.

The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in the hour of death. Unbelieved laments, the shadows fall, night is coming, existence is ending. Ah! no, crieth Faith, the night is far spent, the day is at hand. Light is come, the light of immortality, the light of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed; see the waiting hands of spirits. Angels waft thee away. Farewell, beloved one, thou art gone, thou wastest thy hand. Ah! now it is light. The pearly gates are open, the golden streets shine in the Jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen; adieu, brother, thou hast light at eventide, such as we have not yet.

Oh, long expected day, begin; Dawn on these realms of woe and sin! Faith would we tread the appointed road And sleep in death, and wake with God.—Spurgeon.

### To Make Their Love Romantic.

The novel-reader of the period readily understand why some young people seek all sorts of odd places in which to get married. One ingenious writer of fiction places his hero and heroine in an old tower and lets them make love to their heart's content; another scatters his romance among four jullees in an unlighted dungeon of a castle in Spain, while a third casts his most interesting characters upon a raft at sea, that they may take the bitter with the sweet of their courtship with no one to molest them. It is no wonder that some susceptible lads and lasses get sentimental in practice, and, to come to the point of this paragraph, it is not unreasonable that Miss Wiley and Mr. Barr should have decided to have their nuptial ceremony performed in the surf at Ocean City. These lovers, both of them hail from St. Louis, made up their minds that they would be married thus, and so one day last week they marched into the sea together, standing in the water to the depth of the bride's shoulders. The bathers had withdrawn and the bridal party had the beach to themselves. A few friends stood at the edge of the white sand when the clergyman stepped in and did his best to tie a knot in a lack-luster style. The sky was bright, the breeze was grateful and the waves were just frisking enough to lend zest to this undertaking. Indeed, the whole occasion was pleasant and nothing marred it, save when Neptune, seeking to kiss the bride, ducked her in as bounding a billow as ever buffeted a mermaid.

Perhaps the bride shed a tear at the thought she never would have a real wedding gown to stow away in her chest, but if so, the pearly drop must have been counterbalanced by the laugh that came up from her father's boots when he reflected that he would have no milliner's bills to pay.—Phila. Times.

THERE is something beyond calculation in the speed of steamers, according to one of John Roach's experts. Two boats may be built simultaneously from the same model, with every effort to make them precise duplicates as to shape and machinery, and yet one will prove faster than the other. Why this is so no man can tell. The Mary Powell has for fifteen years been the swiftest in the Hudson River. During all that time she never has been beaten. Time and again an exact counterpart has been built, with everything copied as nearly as the best mechanics and facilities could do it, but none of these has turned out as good as the original. As the reputation of unrivalled speediness is a valuable advertisement for a passenger boat, you can see the object in trying to build a second Mary Powell. Experience has been the same with yachtsmen. They order copies of the swiftest craft, or combine the supposed good points of several, and nine times out of ten are disappointed in the result.

A collector wrote to Gen. Sherman for his autograph and a lock of his hair, and received in reply: "The man who has been writing my autographs has been discharged, and as my order is I had I cannot comply with either of your requests."

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