

It Has Been Decided
 —THAT—
SHANAHAN AND WRIGHTSON'S
HARDWARE HOUSE
 IS THE PLACE TO BUY GOODS CHEAP.

For the spring Trade of 1884 we are now offering Choice Lot Clover seed Timothy, Orchard Grass, Kentucky Blue, Millet and Lawn Grass seed.

CAHOON AND WHEELBARROW SEED SOWERS.
CHILLED PLOWS:
 SOUTH BEND, REMINGTON, ROLAND AND WARD.
TAYLOR & WEBSTER WAGONS,
 Carriage, wagon, cart and Plow Harness, Hardware, Agricultural Implements and Machinery. An inspection before you buy will pay you. Respectfully,
SHANAHAN & WRIGHTSON, EASTON, MD.

Wheeler Transportation Line,
 —FOR—
CHOPTANK RIVER.
 STEAMER
 Minnie Wheeler.

On and after Monday April 1, 1884, the steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave HILLSBORO for Baltimore on every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M. touching at the following landing places: Tuckahoe Creek and Choptank River—Cook's Landing, Coward Point, Snow Landing, James's Wharf, McArthur's Wharf, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Meadors's Wharf, Sissy Creek, Chanticleer Point.

Leave Potomac Landing at 12:30 A.M. Mothor's Wharf at 4 and 6 P.M. Baltimore, will leave on every Tuesday and Saturday at 9 o'clock P.M. touching at the above wharves.

Freights reduced at 50c per bushel every Tuesday and Saturday till 6 P.M. All freight must be prepaid in Baltimore.

Agt. in Baltimore, EMORY & SEAVITT, 23 South Street.
 A. G. STEVENS, Agt., Potomac Landing, P.O. 14.

BRICK HOTEL
 —AND—
LIVERY STABLE,
GREENSBORO - Maryland.
WM. H. CONEE, PROP'R.
 RATES REDUCED—Per day \$1 25; per week \$7 00. Carriage meets every train, free for guests.

Jas. Parnell,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
DENTON, MD.

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

THAWLEY & RHINGER,
BUTCHERS,
DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open.

TUESDAYS,
THURSDAYS and **SATURDAYS** all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed.
 1, 18, 24

FOR SALE.

Having concluded to discontinue the mercantile business, I will from this date until April 11th, sell off at

COST FOR CASH

my entire stock of clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and caps, and China ware. In the meantime I will sell out entirely to any one wishing to go into business, and give up the storehouse, which is one of the best in the county, and the best stand in Denton. Respectfully,
WM. A. STEWART.

BUY YOUR FALL CLOTHING
AT
NOAH WALKER & CO'S

165 & 167 W. BALTIMORE ST. BALTO. MD.

SUITS
 —FOR—
Men, Boys & Children

LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS FROM \$5 to \$25. All goods properly shrunk before being made up. Custom Department fully stocked from which to order. Samples and prices sent free on application. Ten per cent. discount allowed to clergymen.

NOAH WALKER & CO.,
 165 and 167 W. Baltimore Street.

SUMMER AND FALL SHOOTING—Sportsmen are requested to call and examine a large and varied assortment of Breech-Loading Double and Single guns also a complete stock of Rifles and Pistols, Ammunition, &c. at the very bottom prices. Guns made to order, and all repairing done in the best manner. **ALEX. McCOMAS, 51 South Calvert St., Baltimore.** Goods shipped C. O. D. and satisfaction guaranteed. 77 6m

DYSPEPSIA. NERVOUSNESS

J. M. LAROQUE'S Anti-Bilious Bitters

ARE DECIDEDLY THE MOST POTENT REMEDY THAT CAN BE USED.

It is a Purely Vegetable, Painless Family Medicine, and has been manufactured at LAROQUE'S BATTERY, situated at the foot of the Chesapeake Bay, Baltimore, Md. It is the only medicine which acts directly on the Liver and Biliary System. We therefore say to you, whenever you have Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Chills and Fevers, and all Diseases of the Liver and Biliary System, get at once a box of J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters, and your worst foe, a single dose, taken either at night or retiring in the morning before breakfast, will make you feel like a new man. If you live in a malarious section, where Chills and Fevers abound, it will be found a most effective remedy in eradicating the system from all attacks. The price, 10c, is reasonable and within the reach of all. 25c for the 1/2 Doz. in package, or \$1.00 for the bottle, ready prepared. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

W. E. THORNTON, Sole Proprietor, cor. Baltimore and ...

SIBLEY'S TESTED SEEDS

FOR ALL CLIMATES, FOR ALL SOILS, ALL PLANTS. All tested for vitality, and in Gardens for purity and value. LOW PRICES.

Sibley's Prize of the North Corn, sown in extreme North in '82 and '83. Sibley's Imperial Early yielded at rate of 215 bush. per acre. Dakota Red Potato, best of any variety; not poorer, but more prolific, yield 725 bush. per acre. Rochester Tomato, largest smooth, and earliest large sort; certainly best for market. First and Best Pea, earliest, most productive; mature uniformly; best for market. Sibley's Tested Cabbage Seed are unequalled. \$1.00 IN PREMIUMS AT ALL FAIRS. See our CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST of vegetables, flowers and field seeds of all kinds, valuable information. Mail orders promptly filled, making a seed store at home. LOWEST PRICES.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., Rochester, N. Y., Chicago, Ill.

Courting on the Sofa.

Our memories love to linger on the joys of other days. The sun has tipped with silver, and the care-lines marked our brow; When our life was all before us, and our souls sang sweet lays, Whose burden was to live and love in ever present now. With bounding hearts, and rosy cheeks and unpleasure-speaking eyes We walked the selfsame path-way that all human beings tread; But there's nought among the treasures that memory fondly prizes, Like courting on the sofa when the old folks are in bed! Oh, how often have I kissed you as you sat upon my knee, And your curly head was pillowed on my tender heaving breast! And your heart throbb'd mellow music as it bounded bold and free, And seemed to rhyme with mine that beat tattoo beneath my vest. Ah, the time is sadly over, and my courting days are spent, And another generation comes to woo and win and wed; But among the sweetest pleasures god of love did ever invent, As I courted on the sofa when the old folks are in bed! Pretty prattlers call you grandma, and they climb upon your knee, And kiss your cheek where I did more than forty years ago! Ah! my blood jumps as I see their twinkling eyes and curly hair, For such hair and eyes before have made my quick blood throb and glow; Very few more years will lead me to my earthly journey's end, And beneath the graveyard's grass-mound I shall lay my weary head. And in turn, these happy children will their cozy evenings spend In courting on the sofa when the old folks are in bed!

A RIDE UPON A COMET.

The April evening skies are particularly attractive this year on account of the simultaneous presence of the planets Mercury, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars—a string of brilliant hanging above the western horizon. At one glance the observer can now see nearly the whole planetary family of the sun, the earth's brother and sister worlds in relation to the interval separating the sun from the nearest fixed star. If a man could ride upon a comet as it approached the system from outer space, he would obtain a true conception of our situation in the universe. Suppose our rider meets his comet a hundred thousand million miles from the sun. Even then he has not traversed one two-hundredth part of the interval separating the sun from the nearest fixed star, but he has left all the planets far behind him. From that magnificent height and distance what a prospect expands around him! Here he is, in open space, which spreads away beyond the reach of the imagination in every direction. There is no sunlight here, for at this distance the sun has dwindled to a star and twinkles among its fellows. No air is here, and the vast dome of the universe is like jet, with countless millions of stars glittering on every side like diamonds in the black depths. Yet it is not even starlight, for there is no medium to diffuse their radiations. And that little point of piercing light, so distant that insignificant star, is the sun, which was wont to shed such an incomprehensible blaze of light; to turn night into day; whose rising was like a new creation of life and light upon the earth? Ay, there is no doubt of it. Thus at one stride into space the star-queening sun is diminished to a spark. And where are the planets, where the earth? Hidden in the rays of that star. The height from which Lucifer descended when

measurable to human comprehension. The sun continues to increase in size and splendor as he approaches it, and if he had any means of measuring his velocity the passenger would perceive that the speed of the comet is becoming frightful. Now he sees that it is a metropolis on its axis, which it has made prisoners of all roads lead to it; the number of his fellow travelers, coming from every direction, increases. They draw closer together as they near the focus of their motion. And presently the solar system, this great city of space in which we dwell, begins to open upon his view as the shining cupolas and minarets of Damascus rise from afar before the delighted eyes of the traveler approaching slowly across the plains of Syria. First, perhaps, he catches sight of that mysterious trans-Neptunian planet, which no human eye has ever yet beheld, but whose existence some astronomers believe has been demonstrated by means of comets which it has made prisoners to the sun—turning them by its attraction into closed orbits as they entered the outskirts of the solar system. He sees this far-away sentinel planet revolving at a distance from the sun equal to nearly twice that of Neptune. Yet from his point of view it seems to be just outside the rays of the sun. But, forthwith as he continues to approach, he catches sight of another faintly shining planet circling around the sun much nearer than the first. It is Neptune. Then Saturn with its rings slowly emerges to view; next gigantic Jupiter rolls into sight; then that swarm of tiny worlds, the asteroids; and then ruddy Mars, after which our earth, with its attendant moon, turns its round, spotted face to his view. Venus and Mercury and the teeming millions of meteors that crowd the neighborhood of the sun appear in turn, and finally the voyager from outer space beholds the whole solar system before him.

As the microscopist, by means of his powerful lenses, which, in effect, enable him to bring the object he is studying exceedingly close to his eye, sees a dull speck enlarge into a wonder-world of minute creation, so our man upon a comet, merely by approaching close to the solar system has seen a twinkling star enlarge into a blazing sun, and out of its rays emerge a crowd of worlds, basking in its heat and light, and presenting a spectacle which might make an angel exclaim with wonder and delight. From the cold and darkness and loneliness of space the wandering comet has borne him into the glare and bustle of a solar system. He cannot doubt that if his celestial courier had carried him into the neighborhood of some other star he would have beheld a scene equally or perhaps even more wonderful. And now the comet enters the solar system, and rushes headlong in among the planets toward its centre of attraction, the sun. A great change gradually takes place in its appearance. Perhaps the comet's rider could tell why and how it occurs, but as to the appearance of the earth have never been able satisfactorily to explain it. At any rate it begins to assume a fiery aspect. From a faint cloudy object it becomes a blazing meteor, throwing out behind it a glowing train that stretches like a conflagration across the sky and adds millions upon millions of miles to its length as it approaches the sun. Now, indeed,

its green prairies and forests glowing with beauty cities dotting its surface a cloud-peopled atmosphere surrounding it; vegetation covering the slopes of its mountains; and its continents and oceans filled with a profusion of life from its luxuriant equator to its snow-capped poles; the other hanging almost motionless on its axis, a worn-out world, without air, without water, without vegetation, without life, only a desert expanse of barren rocks; its naked mountains; its silent volcanoes; its untenanted plains, and its old empty sea bottoms presenting a scene of utter desolation turned to the untempered glare of the sun without the shadow of a tree or a cloud to hide it. And these two worlds, presenting so complete a contrast, he beholds chained together by the resistless power of gravitation, their distance apart being, as astronomical measures go, but the merest step. If he passes close to Venus, he may be able to penetrate the mask of clouds which has ever hidden the face of the Planet of Love from terrestrial star gazers, and possibly he will discover that the planet's beauty, like that of the amorous goddess whose name it bears, is only skin deep. We cannot guess what discoveries he might make upon Mercury, the inmost planet of all, which braves the sun at close quarters, for our telescopes give us little hint as to its condition. And at last the comet is face to face with the terrors of its perihelion passage. It must swing around the sun, which from a little star has now grown to a gigantic orb of fire, so close as almost to touch it. Long before he approached so near the comet's rider beheld astonishing appendages about the sun. Instead of a smooth, dazzling white globe, he saw the sun ringed with scarlet flames, while shooting out on every side, hundreds of thousands, and in some cases, perhaps, even millions of miles, were huge fans and shafts of incandescent light, like fiery spears radiating from the glowing hub of the solar system. And now, as the comet darts closer in, he sees the whole surface of this melting pot of the elements surging and swirling in the mighty rush of contending solar forces. People have lost their heads by gazing too long at the Niagara Whirlpool. That would tear a ship to pieces. But there are madstroms here in the sun which would shatter and swallow a world. Iron and copper and zinc are here reduced to vapor and spouted heavenward thousands and even hundreds of thousands of miles, and down they come again, ceaseless and awful rain of molten metal. Aye, masses of sun substance are hurled from beneath the glowing surface and go hurtling out into space, scattering white-hot showers of fragments, and cooling and condensing as they go, never to come back again, flung forth by the tormented sun to wander until they fall perchance upon the earth or on some other planet, or join the system revolving around a distant star. What a gigantic Gatling gun of the universe, belching fire and smoke and fearful missiles, must the comet face now!

At the perihelion swing the tremendous globe of the sun seems to fill the whole expanse of the sky, a boundless, raging, tossing and spouting sea of unquenchable fire, a universal conflagration, where iron and all the metals, calcium and all the elements of the solid rocks, flaming, lick the heavens. There are no words invented that can describe the heat, the glare, and the roar of it. This terrific passage around the sun is the culmination of the comet's career, the fiery Cape Horn of its passage. Flung off by the storm-giant, it speeds away again, back thro' the gulf of the planets, and out into the black depths from which it emerged. Even though furnished with the wings of imagination, the rider must look alive and leap quickly as his racer passes the earth, unless he would be carried back again into the utter darkness.—Garrett P. Serviss, in N. Y. Sun.

Pearls of Thought.

Lost time is never found again.
 The future destiny of a child is always the work of the mother.
 He is rich who is satisfied with what he hath—whether it be little or much.
 Sudden expectations, which kindle the mind to a fever, sometimes kill the heart to frost.
 How long, how slow, and how inscrutable can be one man's fate against another's finding out!
 Do nothing by halves. If a thing is right do it boldly and well; if it is wrong, leave it undone.
 Good resolutions are like horses. Their first cost is an item of little importance than the keeping.
 In judging others a man often errs; but in examining himself, always laboreth fruitfully.
 Truth—is always the safest for any one, under any and all circumstances. That state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required and where necessities are not wanting.
 We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic words to do every day. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine.
 Going to seed—The farmer.
 The lost chord—A missing word.

HER PUNISHMENT.

Hasn't the lawyer come yet, Lola?" inquired a feverish voice. "It must be hours since I sent for him."
 "It is only just thirty minutes by the clock, dear uncle, since John started to fetch him."
 The sick man groaned, and moved uneasily upon his pillow. Perfect silence reigned and the ornate clock ticked away fifteen minutes more within the darkened, richly furnished apartment where old Martin Dillon lay, stricken with his last sickness. The furniture was of the costliest, the carpet a thick pile of velvet mass. The windows were darkened by the heavy crimson brocade curtains, drawn closely together. The old man's niece sat by the window, her white face bedded in the rich curtains, which she had pushed aside just enough to enable her to see out, her brain busy with the projected visit of her uncle's lawyer. She wondered if it pertended evil to her—her uncle thought to revoke a former will which she knew was all in her favor. Had his heart softened toward her cousin Jesse, who had married two years before and gone to the South with her handsome husband, heartlessly deserting him in his old age, as the old man peevishly declared? And although sweet Jesse Carleton had been brought up as his daughter, and with expectation of being his heiress, the old man had, in his unjust anger made a will leaving all to her cousin, Lola Desmond, who had only been with him a few months. Lola felt slightly consoled for losing the man she loved, who had preferred Jesse, when she learned that her uncle's vast wealth was to be hers—What if this too were going to be lost to her now? Her face grew dark at the thought. Her meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door, and rising she admitted a little, wizened-faced man, sharp and shrewd, who had been her uncle's lawyer for years. The sick man's face brightened as Biggs came to the bedside with soft, cat-like tread, and bent over him. His eyes roved toward his niece.

"Lola, you may go now and leave me alone. I have important business with Biggs. He will call you as he goes down," said the old man feebly. Lola arose and left the room. She went down stairs, but immediately tiptoed back again, and stooped in a listening attitude, at the door of the sick chamber. She could hear very little distinctly, but that was enough to cause her to crouch her hands in anger and despair, and she crept away, fearing she had been discovered, and feeling that she had heard all she cared to hear, when her uncle told the lawyer he wanted to change his will. Like a caged tigress Lola swept up and down her room. Why, oh, why were some to have everything and others nothing? Jesse robbed her of her love, and now she would have her uncle's wealth, while she must go forth again to earn her own bread. Bitterly at that moment she hated her absent cousin; she almost felt that there was murder in her heart toward her. Ah, if she might but have that courage, everything would yet be hers perhaps, even the love of her father and the love of Clara; and the girl grew cold, and shuddered, at her dark thoughts. "O Heaven!" she murmured. "Is my brain turning, that I should think of such terrible things?" Then again grew strong upon her a desire to hear of what those two were talking, and with a suppressed sigh she listened at the key-hole. "Biggs," she heard the old man say, "put the will under my head between the mattress and bed. It will be as safe there as anywhere." Lola heard this, and knew that Biggs was about to depart, so tiptoed back again. A moment later she heard him call, "Miss Desmond! Miss Desmond!" and she hastened to her uncle's side.

"This business has tired me, Lola," he said, feebly, "I feel as if I could fall asleep easily. Sit yonder, child, and remain with me. Don't leave me, as she did, you have been a good girl to me during the past two years." And he had rewarded her by turning her penniless upon the world again, thought Lola, bitterly, as she gazed out upon the chill weather, with its gusts of wind and dashes of rain against the pane. How cold and desolate everything was, quite in keeping with her own sad thoughts. A fire had been burning upon the fine broad hearth, and it was getting low. She arose to replenish it, when she saw that her uncle was asleep with the paper that robbed her of his wealth under his pillow. "What am I thinking about?" she murmured, turning to the fire, but she hesitated and turned back again; then stepped forward; then, closing her lips determinedly, she moved stealthily toward the bed, thrust her hand beneath the mattress, clutched the paper and drew it forth. She must not stop a moment; no, not long enough to examine it, for fear she might lose her opportunity to carry out her purpose. Steadily she walked to the fire, threw the paper upon the coals and saw it shrivel into ashes. The deed was done; she had only to wait the issue, she thought, her conscience already to work, as she sat again by the window. She could only trust to the old man thinking the will was safe until—until his death.

Two hours passed slowly to the solitary watcher in the sick chamber; then the old man awakened, and feebly called her to his side. Lola bent over him.

"What is it, uncle?"

"Lola, I feel such a strange sinking; I—I think I must be dying," he muttered in a voice scarcely audible. "My girl, you have been kind to me—you have stayed by me, and did not desert me as she did. It was only a little while—she might have stayed with me to the last. Once closer, Lola, while I tell you. Bend my heart softened, and I made my will in her favor; but it is all right now. Biggs was here in time. It is all right."

Flashes of heat and cold went over the girl as she listened to his strange talk. She thought of the will now buried to ashes; that would give her an unquestionable right to her uncle's wealth; and she, with her own hand, had blasted her prospects while seeking to wrong another.

With parched lips she asked hoarsely:

"Uncle, did you make a will after—the one you made when I came?"

"Yes, yes, Lola; but it's all right now. I have made another, giving all to you again."

"What became of the other will, uncle—the one in Jesse's favor?" she asked in a strained voice, trying not to show her trembling eagerness.

"Biggs kept it—said I might want to burn this one and change back again; but I never should could not if I would for I am dying."

A shiver ran over the young girl as she saw that he was indeed dying and all was lost. A groan escaped her pale lips.

A wild look came into the old man's eyes, and he began to jabber incoherently. He talked of Jesse again, she was a little girl and beside him; then he would reproach her for leaving him in his old age. Lola had begun to think that she must summon somebody when a glaze came over her eyes, then they slowly closed and with a slight shudder all was over.

Like one in a dream Lola went to call the servants. One thought was uppermost in her mind—the destroyed will. Oh, if she had only looked at it before she had committed it to the flames! But it was too late now for vain regrets. She had only one hope; perhaps the old man was wandering in his mind from the first in what he had said.

When Biggs was summoned, Lola saw him search beneath the bed for the will, but he said nothing; he did not find it missing. He did not for one moment doubt that the old man caused it to be destroyed, as he, Biggs, had supposed he would when he had time to think of it.

The funeral of old Martin Dillon was over, and with terrible suspense Lola waited for the reading of the will. Her worst fears were realized. Jesse was mentioned as sole heiress. Generous-hearted Jesse offered to divide with her, but Lola, naturally depraved, began to see that her punishment was just, and refused even the offer of home, which her cousin insisted she should accept from her hands.

Lola Desmond went out into the world alone, and bravely fought the battle for bread beneath the stars of her life grew full of noble works and when a few years later, Jesse's husband, two years a widower, sought her out, and asked her and she came to him and comfort his lonely life, she thanked her Heavenly Father that He had forgiven her sin, and at last granted her peace and happiness.

Garfield's Ambidexterity.

A gentleman who knew Garfield well tells a story which has never before been published of that remarkable man. "We were sitting," said this gentleman, "the office of the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Thompson, of Indiana, waiting to be heard on some matter of routine business, when Garfield took his seat at a desk near by and commenced writing with both hands upon scratch pads on either side of him. He seemed to write with one hand as freely as with the other. Both hands, in fact, appeared to move automatically. The only difference was that the lines on the tablet written with the left hand were reversed from the usual order. The consequence was that the writing on the left-hand tablet could not be read except by an expert, or by holding it up to a light or before a mirror. I looked at the one written with the left hand on its upper side, and while the lines seemed remarkably uniform they conveyed no meaning, but holding the thin paper up to the light I saw not only that the words written were the same as those written with the right hand, but that every peculiarity in the formation of a letter which was found on the right hand tablet was exactly reproduced on the left. The achievement was a marvel to me, as I had never heard of it before. I inquired, I asked since he had that many people do it. Garfield said that he often wrote that way whenever he wished to keep an exact copy of some automatic writing without having a copy made by letter-press, and that in this manner he saved a great deal of time without any more appreciable fatigue. I asked him how he got into that habit. He said that while teaching school once he had occasion to use his right hand to point out something, and that unconsciously he kept on writing on the blackboard with his left. Upon turning to look at what he had written he observed that the writing was reversed, but that he had full use of his left hand for writing, and from that time he made use of both hands. He was, in fact, completely ambidextrous."—Washington Letter.

Denton Restaurant.
A. WILLIAMS, PROPRIETOR.

Oysters in every style served up in first class order. Chicken, Ham, Beefsteak, Eggs, &c., furnished at all hours. A square meal of everything for 50 cents, or a smaller quantity at half the cost. Pleasant dining rooms, clean and airy. Families supplied with oysters. Restaurant nearly opposite Hardware store, up stairs. 12 156m.

Eastern Bay Oysters.

I WILL SERVE fresh Eastern Bay Oysters every Tuesday and Saturday to the residents of Denton at 80 Cents per Gallon.

These are the best oysters to be had anywhere and the price is low.

THOMAS O'DONNELL,
 mar 1.

DR. A. A. WHITE'S
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. 25c. a box at all druggists. 5 19y

VOSHELL HOUSE,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Prop'rs.
 ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.
PHILIP W. DOWNS. M. S. MOTOHAN
DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
 ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
 DENTON, MD.
 Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.