

STORE FOR SALE.

Being desirous of discontinuing the mercantile business, I will be pleased to answer any communications relating to the sale of my stock. My stand is the best, most centrally located and the largest store room in Denton; rent moderate; cash business and no old goods.

COST FOR THE CASH. 12 lbs. graduated sugar for one dollar; coal oil, 12 cts. per gallon; a nice line white goods and muslins, ladies' gossamer with cape \$1.35. All best calicoes at 7 cts. per yd.

It Has Been Decided

SHANNAHAN AND WRIGHTSON'S HARDWARE HOUSE

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 WIARD.

TAYLOR & WEBSTER WAGONS. Carriage, wagon, cart and Plow Harness, Hardware, Agricultural Implements and Machinery.

SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON, EASTON, MD.

TABER ORGANS ARE GUARANTEED STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENTS. Send direct to the Manufacturers for Descriptive Circular. TABER ORGAN CO., WORCESTER, MASS.

Goodrich Warranted 10 Years. Sold on Trial. Write for Full Particulars. HOLEY & WILLIAMS, MFG CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

SUITS FOR Men, Boys & Children. LIGHT-EIGHT OVERCOATS FROM \$5 to \$25. All goods properly shrink before being made up.

DYSPEPSIA. NERVOUSNESS. J. M. LAROQUE'S Anti-Bilious Bitters. ARE DECIDEDLY THE MOST POTENT REMEDY THAT CAN BE USED.

SIBLEY'S TESTED SEEDS. For all climates, for all soils, all plants. All tested for vitality and in gardens for purity and value.

Dentistry. HAVING arranged to practice in Caroline county, I expect to be in Denton the first four days in the first and third weeks in each month.

BRICK HOTEL - AND - LIVERY STABLE, GREENSBORO - Maryland. WM. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

Jas. Parnell, MERCHANT TAILOR, DENTON, MD. SUITS for gentlemen cut and made to order.

THAWLEY & GHINGER, BUTCHERS - DENTON, MD. KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats.

IMPROVED DRIVE WELLS. A FULL and unfailing supply of good water guaranteed, or no pay.

WALL PAPER AND WINDOW SHADES. AT OUR LOWEST FACTORY PRICES.

HOWELL & BROS., MANUFACTURERS, 260 W. Balto. St., Baltimore, Md. DR. A. A. WHITE'S BLOOD AND LIVER PILLS.

THE NEW HIGH ARM DAVIS Sewing Machine. The lightest running Shuttle Sewing Machine ever produced.

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO., WATERTOWN, N. Y. 158 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

DELAWARE AND CHESAPEAKE RAILWAY. On and after MONDAY, May 20th, 1884, (Sundays excepted) Trains will run as follows:

"Only Cousins, Don't You See?" Charming cousin, tell me where shall I find one half so fair? Let me, as I taste thy lip, Swear how sweet is cousinship.

Charming cousin, in your eyes I can read a faint surprise. And the one who loves the nearest To yourself will be the dearest; Type of what my love must be, Cousin, what if you are she?

THE LUCK OF ELECTIONS.

How Trifles May Turn the Tide of Election—Interesting Figures. In Republican circles throughout the country there is an evident apprehension that the "independent" dissatisfaction, concentrated as it is in the doubtful States of the country, will be found a very difficult matter to deal with.

It is hard to realize how altered would have been our whole history if Lincoln had not been elected President in 1860, and yet if 18,109 citizens in California, Illinois, Indiana and Oregon had voted differently he would have been beaten. In 1856 Maryland was the only State which gave its electoral vote to Fillmore, and yet a change of 7,945 votes in that State would have elected Fremont.

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for "the hero of Lundy's Lane," he would have had a majority of the Electoral College. In spite of the "hunker" and "burnover" split in New York in 1848, Gen. Cass needed but the transfer of 7,169 votes in Pennsylvania to have made him President, while the ambition of the great Henry Clay and the ardent hopes of his hundreds of thousands of devoted friends would not have been dashed to the ground had in 1844 2,554 New York voters polled for him instead of for Polk.

BUG CEPHAS CONFESSES.

The Story of a Merciless Murder by the Author of the Crime. CAMBRIDGE, Md., June 27.—Fredrick, alias Bug Cephas, the murderer of Mrs. Calla Bush-Murphy, near Williamsburg, Dorchester county, has confessed his guilt.

He confessed the murder, the confession implicates one not himself. The narration of the murder, as related by Cephas himself, in which he depicts the agonizing struggles, the cries and entreaties of his aged and helpless victim, while the merciless death blows were inflicted, is even more revolting than the mangled body of his victim and the bloody surroundings indicated.

He confessed himself behind the door in the thicket and waited until the pine door was closed, then he crept forward and returned to the edge of the thicket, where he was lying in wait. Mrs. Bush was sitting on the front of the cart, with a shawl thrown around her shoulders and a "chicken" bonnet on her head.

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MADGE. It was a very poorly furnished room in a cottage home; a small cot, one of many, all small, mean and very scantily furnished, and the "hands" lived there. This was Morgan's cottage, and it was Jack Morgan himself and his fair sister, Madge, who were seated at breakfast, lingering as was possible only on Sunday mornings.

Madge was a tall, well-formed, strikingly handsome girl of 19, as she sat facing her brother, who was some five years older, and upon her face was an eager, troubled look, while he was sullen and downcast.

Madge was the braver of the two, meeting their reverses with quiet courage, and bringing energy, trust and cheerfulness to the mean cottage. Just one week had elapsed since an aunt from whom they had never hoped for aid, had left them each a hundred pounds, and Jack had resolved to try his fortune in Canada, while Madge put hers aside for a rainy day.

"I'll stay here until you are sure of success, Jack," she said, when he urged her to join him, "and keep a home for you, in case that you should need it."

"Do you call this hole a home?" he asked bitterly, and she only smiled. "A shelter, then."

But she was not smiling when she sat at the Sunday breakfast, eating little, brooding sadly, until suddenly she cried— "Jack, we must do something— think what we owe Tom King."

"Owe him money? I believe we have paid him every farthing," said Jack, searply. "We paid him the money, I know; but we can never pay him what we owe him still."

"Bah! Don't be so sentimental, Madge."

"A noble gratitude is not sentiment alone, Jack. Can you forget who came to us in that sore hour of need, paid doctor and butcher, and then buried our mother beside father in the cemetery?"

"And do you forget," her brother replied angrily, "how we worked and saved and starved and perished, until every shilling of the money was in Tom King's pocket again?"

"I know. But think how he helped you and me to get our situations in the mills, and how delicately he made the loans of money. And now— Oh, Jack, I must do something!"

"What can you do? If Tom King chose to lose his money in speculation, how are you responsible?" "I am not, Jack, but there is Aunt Kate's money."

"All you have in the world." "No," she answered, "I have my wages."

"A noble fortune! Don't be a fool, Madge."

unfortunate there." "Oh, I see," he said, with an odd look in his eyes; "you've been reading the papers. Unlucky, wasn't I?"

"Yes. But, Tom—I came to tell you—" the words came slowly—"that I have some money—that that is of no use to me. If it will start you again, I—"

"You want me to take it?" "You can borrow it," anxious not to hurt his pride, "and some day when you are rich—you can return it."

"Yes! I see! Have you got it with you?" "I thought I would bring it with me," she said, her face flushed with pleasure, "and here it is."

He opened the white envelope and took it out, one note, just as the lawyer had sent it to her. Tom King laid it on the broad palm of his hand and stroked it tenderly.

"All your wealth, Madge?" he asked. "Not while I have these," she held up her hands, "I am so glad though, that I have it."

He lay very quiet, looking steadily at the note for some minutes; then he began to speak, his eyes still fixed on the money, his voice steady but monotonous, as if he were reading a story there.

"When I went away, nearly three years ago," he said, "I went to see if I could not shake myself free from a dream I had. I dreamed that I could win the love of a child, a mere slip of a girl, who was forced into a premature womanhood by trouble. She was utterly unconscious of my love, but I knew I could not hide it if I stayed beside her. Out of her sight, far from the sound of her voice, the dream, instead of fading, became clearer, more vivid. Day and night I dreamed, but I worked as well. I put what money I had into investments that promised well—but there, I will not speak of that. Providence was merciful. I am alive, at least," he paused there, but a low, sweet voice took up the story.

"And the dream will become reality," the voice said. "The child-woman did not starve and perished, nor understand why nothing in her life met or filled the longing there. Not until sharp sorrow came, and she heard of him she loved lying ill and in poverty and pain, did she understand that he took all the love she could ever know away with him."

"And now, Madge?" "I am young and strong, and I think I can be a help and not a burden to you."

"Will you be my wife, Madge?" "Whenever you will."

"Madge, did you think, my dear, that I was ruined? Because I was sick and came here to be nursed, people jumped to the conclusion that I lost everything. But I came here simply because I would have the best of care and because with all my wealth I could not purchase half the disinterested kindness that I got here. I couldn't go to you, you know, Madge. Don't believe all you hear or read, my dear; I am a rich man still—richer than ever I was—but I mean to keep this; and his hand closed over the note. "You shall never have it again, Madge."

"I am content," she answered. And even Jack was satisfied; something in the sunny temper being lost when he once more found himself on the road to prosperity.

The Marriage Cure. There is something very pretty, well-fashioned, heroic and suggestive about the story of the wedding of young Mr. and Mrs. Grey, who were spending the first day or two of their honeymoon in Baltimore. Like a gallant bridegroom, Mr. Grey started from his home in South-Carolina to seek his betrothed in Poughkeepsie, where they were to be married. Reaching Baltimore, he was taken with rheumatism and had to telegraph a postponement. But the bride was made of material not to be put off by an attack of rheumatism, and so hastened to Baltimore, in charge of her father, had the bridegroom propped up in bed and married him for better, or worse. Of course the man was well next day and thinks he has a jewel of a wife.

Every now and then young men appear to find help by this sort of cure. The other day a young man at Manayunk was near dying of typhoid fever, but his affluence arrived in the nick of time, married what she supposed was a dying man, but from that hour the fever left him. These are only a couple of recent instances out of the many known and unknown wherein the ministry of woman becomes divine and all-healing the moment it takes some true and noble relationship to unfortunate and lonely men. It seems to verify a pretty old saying.

Certainly it is not good for a man to be alone, especially if he is a sick man. People are now saying if President Arthur had had a wife he might have got the Chicago nomination. Of course he never grew sick enough. If Tilden had been a married man no Electoral Commission would have dared to count him out. Selfish old bachelors will say the marriage cure does not last and so frame some excuse for the deprecations of our unburdened existences. But the facts and the ladies are against such cracks, and with either arrayed in opposition to him a bachelor had better get married or die, especially if he is sick. It appears to be a certain cure.

Man. Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few in the hill.

He riseth up to-day and flourisheth like a rag-weed, and to-morrow the day after the undertaker has him in the ice-box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is dead, and the tax collector pursueth him wherever he goeth.

The banister of life if full of splinters, and he slideth down it with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path, and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle springtime he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far away from home, and filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up riches in the bank, and the president speculateth in margins and then goeth to Canada for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter trousers, and a wisp that abideth in them filleth him full of intense excitement.

He starteth down-collar with an oleander; goeth first hastily, and the oleander goeth after him and sitteth upon him.

He sitteth up all night to get the returns from Ohio, and in the end learneth that the other fellows have carried the day.

He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he cometh home late from the lodge the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him until rosy morn.

He goeth to the horse-race and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze face winneth.

He marryeth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day her parental ancestor goeth under, with few assets and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.— W. Scott Way in Puck.

Sleeping in Church. Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems, formerly of Baltimore, but now pastor of the Church of the Strangers, in New York, rather stole a march on the sleepers of his congregation a few Sundays ago by an outbreak of generosity, as the following report indicates: "Now, boys and girls, somebody has taught you that it is a very improper thing for you to go to sleep in church. I have great respect for those teachers, but let me tell you something. During the hot weather you fix up in the morning to come to church, and when you get there everything goes on as usual, the preacher's voice is just the same, and by and by, when the sermon is about half done, you find yourselves feeling drowsy and it is hard work to keep your eyes open. Now, when you find yourself in this condition go to sleep. I shan't blame you for it; neither will the Lord. The next best thing to close communion with God when you are awake is close communion with Him when you are fast asleep. But you mustn't make a noise while you sleep; do it quietly. I know there is one little boy among you who makes a good deal of noise, but he doesn't intend to do it. I want to ask the person who sits next to that boy just 'hunch' him a little when the noise begins, not hard enough to wake him, but just enough to stop the noise. There are sometimes a few old people in church who hear every sound while the sermon is going on, and these noises disturb and worry them. Now let that be the rule during the sermon—when you can't keep awake go to sleep."

The Grand Procession of Thieves. "Dear me!" exclaimed a young lady the other day, "what a horrid place Washington is! Nearly everybody is out on bail. Why, it's dreadful!" The innocent remark struck near, very near, home. I reflected on it as I went down the street; it came back to me as I walked to the Capitol for news; it haunted my waking hours at evening. I saw, with my mind's eye, the grand procession of thieves, public and private robbers, political plunderers, professional corruptionists, panders, perjurers, the bribed and bribers, (grain, stock and fare), the oilers and schemers of legislation, the purchased and purchasable statesmen which had paraded Pennsylvania avenue during the last twenty years. There are those among them who have made public robbery respectable by the high places they occupied and aspired to, their sins being glossed over by success at the polls.

Out on bail! What a procession it is! A few are missing from the ranks, but there are new ones to take their places ten to one. Were it not for the changes which cast the majority of these upon the country, Washington would now be a city of rogues, instead of being half and half.

Des Moines has a black man by the name of Red who is a whitewasher. A correspondent would like to know how to get the tendon out of a spring chicken's leg. Pullcutt.