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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.

In the meantime I am selling off a large stock of ready made clothing, shoes of all kinds, dry goods, gents' underwear, straw hats, and china and glassware at

COST FOR THE CASH.

12 lbs. gradulated sugar for one dollar; coal oil, 12 cts. per gallon; a nice line white goods and muslins, ladies' gossamers with cape $1.35. All best calicoes at 7 cts. per yd.

WM. A. STEWART.

SEASONABLE GOODS.

My Spring Stock of Ladies Dress Goods is varied and and beautiful, but the low prices at which I am selling them form an attractive feature. For instance: Spring prints, from 5 to 8 cents per yard; Worsted goods in pretty shades at 8 cents. All dress goods at prices proportionately low. The ladies are particularly pleased with my selections.

MY GROCERIES

embrace most everything that is useful in the household. As to prices in this line I will quote for examples: Best granulated sugar 9 cents; brown, 6 cents, etc.

Hardware, Paints and Oils

are here for sale, with many other things particularly useful to the farmer at this season of the year.

☞My goods are all bought for cash from the city and I am enabled to sell them much lower than merchants who buy them on time. Call and inspect my stock.

THOS. S. KINNAMON,
GOLDSBORO, MARYLAND.

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

A RARE CHANCE!!
TO INTRODUCE OUR NEW IMPROVED "Goodrich" (Singer Pattern) Sewing Machines,

We will send to responsible parties, AS A SAMPLE, with a view to taking the agency for them, one of these ELEGANT BLACK WALNUT CABINET Sewing Machines, BEAUTIFULLY VENEERED with French and Bird's Eye Maple Veneer, at ONE USUAL PRICE. THIRD THE EVERY MACHINE WE WARRANT and send with each a full set for FIVE YEARS, and BEST ATTACHMENTS, of the LATEST IMPROVED ON TRIAL, if desired. It will send MACHINES to pay to investigate this. For particulars and Descriptive Circular, Address FOLEY & WILLIAMS MFG. CO., 70 & 72 Adams St., Chicago, Ills.

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Men, Boys & Children

LIGHT-EIGHT 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 to clergymen.

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For DYSPEPSIA, Nervousness, Bilious Attacks, Headache, Costiveness, Chills and Fevers, and all Diseases of the Liver and Stomach,

J. M. LAROQUE'S Anti-Bilious Bitters

ARE DECIDEDLY THE MOST POTENT REMEDY THAT CAN BE USED.

It is a Purely Vegetable, Faultless Family Medicine, and has been manufactured at LAROQUE'S PHARMACY, one of the most prominent Drug Stores of Baltimore, for more than half a century. Its efficiency in all forms of LIVER DISEASE has been tested and approved by thousands of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore, who have used it successfully in combating the above complaints, all of which arise from a derangement of the Liver and Disordered Stomach. We therefore say to you confidently if you have *Dyspepsia, Suffer from Sick or Nervous Headache, have Chills, Bowels are Constipated, or you feel Generally Played Out and don't know a continental whether you live or die,* **try J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters,** and our word for it, a single dose, taken either at night on retiring or in the morning before breakfast, will make you feel like a new man. If you live in a malarious section, where Chills and Fever abound, it will be found a most effectual Remedy in guarding the system from all attack. The price, too, is reasonable and within the reach of all; 25 cents for the Herbs in package, or $1.00 for the bottles ready prepared. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

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FOR ALL CLIMATES, FOR ALL SOILS, ALL PLANTS.

All tested for vitality, and in Gardens for purity and value. LOW PRICES.

Sibley's Pride of the North Corn, ripened in extreme North in '82 and '83. **Sibley's Imperial Barley,** yielded at rate of 236 bush. per acre. **Dakota Red Potato,** best of 125 varieties; NOT FROST, BLIGHT PROOF; yield 725 bush. per acre. **Rochester Tomato,** largest smooth, and earliest large sort; coreless; best for market. **First and Best Pea,** earliest, most productive; mature uniformly; best for market. **Sibley's Tested Cabbage Seed** are unexcelled. $1,000 IN PREMIUMS AT ALL FAIRS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST of vegetable, flower and field seeds of all tested valuable varieties. Mail orders promptly filled, making a seed store at home. LOWEST PRICES.

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Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*

The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.

The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS OF
Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

Dentisty.

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. The remaining days of the same weeks at Preston. Four days the latter part of second and fourth weeks of each month at Greensborough.

Terms moderate for first class work.
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—AND—
LIVERY STABLE,
GREENSBORO' - Maryland.

WM. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

RATES REDUCED—Per day $1 25; per week $4 to $5.

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 & GHINGHER,
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. 1,1,84

IMPROVED DRIVE WELLS

A FULL and unfailing supply of good water guaranteed, or no pay. For term address
M. L. BLANCHARD,
P. O. Box 44. Bridgeville, Del.

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By ALLAN PINKERTON, the great Detective, who, under the *nom de plume* of E. J. Allen, Was Chief of the Secret Service of the U.S. Army during the Rebellion. A marvelous, thrilling and truthful work Containing many secrets of the war never before made public, full of *vivid illustrations.* A rare chance for agents. Write for circulars and special terms.
SPY
OF the REBELLION.

SEND TO JONES OF BINGHAMTON N Y for list of Newspaper Premiums given with the JONES SCALE, and free Price List of Scales.

DR. HALL'S ENGLISH LONDON MALARIA PILLS
NO MEDICINE EQUAL TO IT. THEY TONE UP THE WHOLE SYSTEM. HAVE BEEN USED FOR YEARS. TRY THEM. S. Q. PORTER & CO. PITTSBURGH, PA. AGENTS FOR U.S. & CANADA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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MOTHER SHUCK'S SALVE!
THE TRIED and TRUE REMEDY FOR
CROUP, BURNS, CUTS,
Bruises, Sores, Boils.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED
Double Quick to sell the First Authentic Biographies of
BLAINE & LOGAN,
By the eminent scholars, H. J. RAMSDELL and BEN PERLEY POORE. The people demand this work, because the most reliable, complete, interesting and richly illustrated. It contains nearly 600 pages. Fine steel portrait. Will be the first out, sell fastest, and pay biggest profits. Beware of unreliable, catchpenny books. Write at once to
HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St PHILADELPHIA, PA.

P. S.—Outfits are ready. Send 50c. for one and save time. 6 14 4w

Plant a Home.

Young beginners in life's morning,
Don't forget the rainy day;
Sunshine cannot last forever,
Or the heart be always gay.
Save the dime and then the dollar;
Lay up something as you roam—
Choose some blooming spot of beauty
Some fair lot, and "plant a home."

You, too, who have babes around you
Coming up to take your place,
Give them something to remember,
Homestead memories let them trace.
Would you feel the pride of manhood,
Let the sun your dwelling greet.
Breathe the blessed air of freedom,
Own the soil beneath your feet.

You, too, who perhaps have squandered
Life's fair morn—'tis not too late!
Start at once to woo bright fortune.
Rail no more at so-called Fate.
Sow the golden seeds of saving
In the rich and quickening loam.
Spend your last days not with strangers,
Enter Heaven's gate from home,

THE CLERICOMOTOR.

There was trouble in the Bylesville Orthodox Church. Parson Thorne, who for the last forty years had been a faithful shepherd to his flock, no longer occupied the pulpit.

Bylesville was a struggling little hamlet when the good man first came there, and he had seen it grow to a thriving, bustling town. With this material change there had gradually came a corresponding spiritual alteration in the minds of the churchgoers, and they began to find the parson's simple expositions of the Divine truths a trifle too quiet and slow for the progressive spirit which animated them. As to the parson's personal worth and Christian humility there was no question, but his theology was not abreast of the times. At first the murmurs of discontent were heard from only a few, but the feeling seemed to be contagious, and as time wore on it grew stronger and stronger until there could be only possible climax—the supplanting of the present pastor by a younger and more advanced clergyman. The first of the steps had been already taken; good old Parson Thorne had preached his farewell sermon and the pulpit was vacant. The second move, however, was found to be far less easy of accomplishment. There had been an almost unanimous desire for the resignation of Parson Thorne, but when it came to choosing his successor considerable difficulty was not so much a question of doctrinal belief as of mental and physical equipment. The ladies of the parish were unanimous in their desire for a handsome bachelor. The men, while willing to concede this much to the infirmities of the weaker sex, were equally determined that the newcomer should be a man of phenomonal brilliancy. In short, nothing less than a Beecher with the form of an Adonis would suit all parties. The committee on selection was placed in a very unenviable position. These worthy gentlemen, Deacons Simpson, Stimpson and Grubb, faithfully strove to bring about the desired result; they carried on an extensive correspondence with numerous desirable parties and they made on several occasions visits to neighboring cities, but all to no practical purpose. The desirable clergymen, while willing enough to listen to their proposals, speedily declined them when they ascertained the insufficiency of the salary offered. On the other hand, those who could be secured were found to be altogether too far below the standard desired. At last, failing to secure the wished-for prize through the ordinary channels, Deacons Simpson, Stimpson and Grubb resolved upon a bold move. They inserted an ingeniously-worded advertisement in a prominent New York religious journal and awaited the result. Their patience was not put to a severe test.

On the tenth day following the first appearance of the advertisement a stranger stepped from the New York morning express train into the Bylesville depot, and a few moments later was conveyed in the village omnibus to the Wallingford House. His baggage, a metallic-bound trunk of unusual size, soon followed him.

As he stepped to the clerk's desk to register he appeared to be a man of about forty years of age. He was of medium height and of spare frame. His eyes were keen and piercing, and his sallow complexion was heightened by the extreme blackness of his abundant hair and pointed moustaches.

He registered as "John Rogers," and after a short conversation with the clerk, which resulted in the sending of the bell boy on a mysterious errand, was shown to room 16, whither his trunk preceeded him. A subdued noise of hammering was heard from the stranger's apartment for a brief period, and then all was still. Half an hour later a gentle knock on the door of No. 16 announced the presence of Deacons Simpson, Stimpson and Grubb. The stranger ushered them in with quiet courtesy, and begged them to be seated.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are doubtless aware of the business which has brought me here?"

"I presume," replied Deacon Simpson, who was the self-elected chairman of the committee, "you come in answer to our advertisement."

"In the Trumpet of Faith," added Deacon Stimpson.

"Jes' so," chimed in Deacon Grubb, sententiously.

"You are quite right," responded the stranger with a pleasant smile which displayed his fine teeth to advantage, "your advertisement has indeed brought me here."

The committee eyed him critically.

"You won't mind our asking you a few questions?" queried Deacon Simpson.

"We have 'em written out," explained Deacon Stimpson.

"Here they be," said Deacon Grubb, producing a bulky note-book.

"One moment, gentlemen," cried the stranger; "I fear you are laboring under a slight misapprehension. I am not a candidate for ministerial honors."

The committee looked in astonishment at each other, and then stared blankly around the room. For the first time they noticed that half of the apartment was partitioned off by a heavy curtain.

"We supposed, of course, that you were the applicant," said Deacon Simpson, looking annoyed.

"Naturally enough, as you arrived alone," put in Deacon Stimpson.

"Jes' so," added Deacon Grubb.

"Another mistake," said the stranger. "I did not arrive alone. My friend, the candidate, is of a retiring disposition, and desired me to see you first and give him time to prepare for the interview."

"Where is he?" in chorus cried Deacons Simpson, Stimpson and Grubb, looking with a common impulse toward the curtain. The stranger followed their glances.

"You are quite right," he calmly answered. "My friend is there. Excuse me, gentlemen." He dashed behind the curtain. A low, clicking noise was heard for a moment, and then the drapery was suddenly drawn aside.

An exclamation of surprise broke from the three deacons. They saw a reading-desk at the end of the apartment, behind which, in a thoughtful attitude, sat a distinguished-looking man.

"Gentlemen," briskly cried Mr. Rogers, unconsciously assuming the air of a traveling showman, "I have the distinguished pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Mr. Dummeigh."

The deacons arose with much gravity and bowed very stiffly.

"We welcome you, sir, to Byesville," said Deacon Simpson with a dignified air.

"And extend, sir, the right hand of fellowship," added Deacon Stimpson.

"Right hand of fellowship," echoed Deacon Grubb.

To this cordial greeting the distinguished-looking figure at the table vouchsafed no response; his attitude of profound meditation remained unchanged. Somewhat taken aback by this frigid reception, the worthy deacons, after a moment's hesitation, turned an enquiring look upon Mr. John Rogers.

"Ah," said that gentleman in a reassuring tone, "I see I must explain. Let me do so as briefly as possible. Our clerical friend here is not, as you suppose, a being of flesh and blood, but a creature af my own invention."

This astounding revelation had a startling effect upon the deacons. Simultaneously they arose with the evident intention of inspecting the figure at close quarters, but Mr. Rogers checked them.

"One moment, gentlemen," he said; "after I have finished my explanation I shall be most happy to exhibit the figure and its workings to you. You may not be aware of it, but I am an inventor of considerable repute, although this is my first effort in this direction. The idea, however, of such a mechanical figure has long possessed me. My father was a Methodist minister, and in my boyhood we were obliged to change our residence so often that I grew to look upon him as a sort of peripatetic machine.

"And this gave me the notion of an automaton that would fulfill most of the requirements of the average clergyman. The idea grew upon me and I gradually enlarged its scope until you see before you now the perfected fruit of my imagining."

He paused with a dramatic gesture toward the figure. The three deacons were listening with breathless attention.

"Having thus," he continued, "but briefly touched upon the conception of the clericomotor, I will now proceed to explain its merits and its workings. In the first place you are aware that the popular church of today is the successful one. And the successful church can only be erected upon a sound financial basis. Look around you," he cried suddenly, with a grandicose sweep of his arm, "at the successful churches, where the pews command gilt-edged premiums and the tinkling of the silver as it falls into the contribution-box drowns the loudest notes of the pealing organ!"

Carried away by his eloquence Deacons Simpson, Stimpson and Grubb stared wildly about the room as if the edifice alluded to were actually within sight.

"What constitutes their prime attraction?" he continued. "Is it the soundness of their theology or the breadth of their Christianity? No, gentlemen; no! It is the popular clergyman with his glittering platitudes and his resounding rhetoric. But the demand for these paying cards is so great that the market price has been raised far beyond the reach of ordinary congregations, until it lies within the power of only the wealthiest churches to secure them. It is here that the clericomotor comes into play. By means of it I place within the reach of the humblest congregation an attraction of the strongest form."

He checked his voluble address and wiped the perspiration from his face. The deacons took advantage of this momentary gap to gather their scattered senses.

"But how," queried Deacon Simpson, "do you supply the brains?"

"And the voice?" added Deacon Stimpson.

"An' the gesturin'?" concluded Deacon Grubb.

"Nothing easier," said the inventor. "You are, of course, familiar with the principles of the phonograph. I will frankly state that I have adapted this idea—in an improved form, of course—in constructing the clericomotor."

He approached the automaton.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "if you will give me your closest attention I will show you how the figure is operated."

The deacons crowded around him in open-mouthed expectancy. He went on glibly: "By pressing upon the right hand button at the back of the coat a trap-door, you observe, flies open between the shoulder blades. Into this receptacle I slide this prepared electrotype plate. By pressing upon the left hand button I close the trap door. Now, if you will cast your eyes at the calf the left leg you will see a small projecting rod. To this I attach an ordinary crank—thus." Suiting the action to the word he placed the handle in position and turned it vigorously. The result was marvelous. The figure arose from its sitting posture in a dignified and natural manner, and resting one hand gracefully upon the table and extending the other in an appealing manner, said in a powerful though well modulated voice: "The usual collection will now be taken up!" Then, with equal grace and deliberation, the automaton resumed its seat.

This performance had a surprising effect upon Deacons Simpson, Stimpson and Grubb. So natural was the speaker's tone and gesture that the committee sprang back in some confusion, and instinctively buttoned their coats tightly over their pockets.

"Perfectly surprisin," gasped Deacen Simpson.

"As natural as life," murmured Deacon Stimpson.

"Jes' so," whispered Deacon Grubb.

"Thank you, gentlemen," cried the smiling inventor; "I knew you would appreciate it. A word or two more. These sermons (pointing to a pile of metal plates upon the table) I obtain from a prominent literary bureau. They are all new, original and guaranteed. You get them at the wholesale rates. With each clericomotor I also throw in twenty assorted hymns, announcements and remarks suitable to all occasions, together with two bottles of my celebrated electrical lubricator and a monkey-wrench. My schedule rate is $500, but as you, gentlemen, are the first purchasers, I will make it $450 net."

The deacons were almost overcome by this rapid way of doing business.

"Hold on," cried Deacon Simpson, "how about christenings?"

"Weddings first," drily remarked Deacon Stimpson.

"An' pastoral calls?" added Deacon Grubb.

"All arranged, gentlemen," cried the genial Rogers; "plates for everything! Just think of it—no bickerings over the parsons visits; no devastating donation parties; no soul-destroying slippers to distract your daughter's mind; no salary falling due every quarter! The clericomotor is never troubled with clergymen's sore throat and needs no vacations. In short, the only expense he will entail upon you will be for a small boy to turn the crank."

Deacon Simpson's face lighted up.

"That won't cost much, I reckon," he said; "my boy, Hezekiah, will be just the one for that."

Deacons Stimpson and Grubb looked at each other with a dubious expression, for Hez. Simpson was generally considered the worst boy in Byesville.

"Understand, gentlemen," said the inventor, gravely, "This matter is to be kept a profound secret. I ask nothing until the clericomotor has publicly proved its usefulness. Today is Friday—if you have no objection we will try it next Sunday."

The deacons nodded assent.

"In the meantime I must again urge upon you the necessity of the strictest secrecy."

* * * * * *

It had been whispered about Byesville that the committee on selection had a new candidate to present to the congregation. Consequently the church was filled to its utmost capacity at an unusually early hour. Notwithstanding this fact, the first comers were surprised to find the clerical stranger there before them. As the church filled up many comments were whispered over this unusual proceeding, but they were supplemented by numerous complimentary allusions to his distinguished appearance.

The service opened with the doxology—sung by the congregation—and proceeded in the customary manner. The congregation was charmed with the new-comer. His gestures were graceful, though exceedingly numerous, and his voice was full and deep. So finely developed were these admirable qualities that when he made the announcement that the usual collection would be taken up, it was noted that he imparted to it a sympathetic flavor that it never before seemed to possess.

It was, however, in his sermon that he achieved his crowning triumph. Never before in the history of the Byesville Orthodox Church had such an eloquent effort been heard. Replete with graceful imagery and profound thought, it held their undivided attention from the opening sentences. And most remarkable of all, it was delivered extemporaneously! The faces of Deacons Simpson, Stimpson and Grubb wore looks of the proudest satisfaction, and they exchanged smiles of congratulation across the church.

Happily they did not know what was in store for them.

As is understood, the motive power of the clericomotor was Hez. Simpson, the deacon's harum-scarum son, who was concealed behind the pulpit. At first the responsibility of his position held his frolicsome disposition in check, and he performed the duties prescribed for him with exemplary fidelity, but as the novelty wore off his natural spirit of mischief asserted itself. Despite his solemn instruction not to turn the handle backward, and probably because of this very interdiction, he was dying to try the effect of the forbidden experiment.

The clergyman had reached "seventeenthly," and was just entering upon a glowing peroration, when he was observed to slightly hesitate. Almost immediately, however, he recovered himself and clearly and forcibly ejaculated, "Sixteenthly!"

Hez. had commenced experimenting.

The reverend gentleman repeated a few sentences smoothly, and then, without a moment's warning, shouted, "Thirdly!"

The hair on the heads of Deacons Simpson and Stimpson stood on end in horror. Deacon Grubb was bald. It was very evident that Hezekiah had thrown all prudence to the wind. The new minister, without in the least losing the expression of gravity which added dignity to his countenance, calmly proceeded backward by jerks through "secondly" and "firstly." Then he jumbled together two announcements and a hymn, and varied the astonishing performance by rapidly sitting down and rising again half a dozen times. Following this with a variety of wild gestures, he fiercely delivered what was commonly supposed to be a quotation in Choctaw, and then suddenly roared: "The usual collection will be"——

The balance of the sentence was lost in a frightful explosion. Intoxicated with success, Hez. had jammed the crank back too far and the main cylinder had burst.

The collapsed clericomotor sank to the floor as the congregation rushed in dismay from the building.

The pulpit of the Orthodox Church of Byesville is still vacant.—Detroit Free Press.

SHOT DEAD IN THE ROAD.

Murdering His Sweetheart's Father Because He Prohibited a Drive.

PRINCESS ANNE, Md., July 27.

This county of Somerset and the adjoining one of Worcester are in a tumult of excitement over the brutal shooting of Captain L. Q. C. Davis, a respectable and wealthy resident of Pocomoke City, in the last named county. For the past two years Mrs. Mary E. Ross, daughter of Captain Davis, a beautiful young widow, has been residing with him and receiving the attentions of Irving J. Mills, a drummer for the Baltimore firm of of William G. Bansemer & Co. Mrs. Ross is about 28 years old, and both before and since her marriage has been quite a belle in the lower peninsula. Her father some time ago, finding that she continued to accept the attentions of young Mills despite his protests, forbade the latter to come to his house. The lovers, however, frequently met clandestinely and yesterday, Mrs. Ross, during the absence of her father, went out driving with Mills. As they were returning home and were about to cross a small bridge in Dublin district, near Pocomoke City, they were seen by Captain Davis, who was standing talking to his niece, Mrs. Marcellus Dickerson, in the latter's yard, near the bridge. Captain Ross ran out into the road and called to Mrs. Ross to leave the carriage. Mills objected to this and when Mrs. Ross tried to get out he whipped up the horse. Captain Davis sprang forward and seized the animal by the rein. Mrs. Ross then jumped out, when Mills, in a frenzy of rage drew a pistol and fired. When the daughter's feet touched the ground she almost fell over her father's corpse lying in the road.

Mrs. Ross sprang toward Mills and began to wrestle with him for the possession of his weapon, for he was preparing for a second shot. Mrs. Dickinson went to her aid and the two finally succeeded in making Mills desist. Mrs. Ross then fell fainting on her father's body. Mills glanced at the body and turned away muttering, without offering any explanation. He left the scene and went to the residence of his uncle and requested to be sent to Princess Anne Jail. Unable to get a conveyance and fearing that the community would take the law into its own hands he started to walk to jail. He proceeded this way eight miles and then got a friend to take him to his destination. When called upon in jail to-day he appeared perfectly cool and refused to make any statement.

Mrs. Ross, in speaking of the affair to-day, denonnced Mills in bitter terms and cried and sobbed piteously. She states positively that she saw no attempt at violence on her father's part and that he never carried a pistol in his life. Mill's bullet passed directly through Captain Davis' heart. The son of Captain Davis married the sister of his father's murderer about eight months ago.

Booth and the Lord's Prayer.

When the elder Booth was residing in Baltimore a pious, urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although always deprecating the stage and theatrical performances.

A large company sat down at the table, and, on returning to the drawing-room, one of them asked Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them and all eyes were fixed upon him.

He slowly and reverently arose from his chair, trembling with the burdens of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes and presence of the Almighty Being he was to address. He was to transform himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy supplicant, offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light and guidance. Says one of the company who was present:

It was wonderful to watch the play of emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes turned, trembling upward, were wet with tears. The silence could be felt; it had become absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken, as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice syllabled forth, "Our Father, which art in heaven," etc., with a pathos and fervid solemnity which thrilled all hearts. He finished; the silence continued; not a voice was heard; not a muscle moved in this wrapped audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (the host) stepped forward with streaming eye and tottering frame and seized Booth by the hand.

"Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I have repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never!"

"You are right," replied Booth. To read that prayer as it should be read, caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Not one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so simple. The prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."

My Father's House.

A minister had noted among the most regular attendants at his church, an aged woman. On all occasions she was in her place—always in time—always attentive. He sought her out and visited her, and great was his astonishment to find this poor woman so deaf as to be unable to hear a single word. By means of a slate he entered into a conversation with her, and his first inquiry was:

"Why, being too deaf to hear one word of the services, are you so regular in your attendance at the house of God?"

"Oh, sir," she replied, with warm tears welling up from her eyes, "it is my Father's house, and I love to be there; He meets me in his own sanctuary, and I can, in spirit, join in the prayer and praise, though the words of others may not reach me; and as Jesus speaks to my soul, I hear the whispers of His love, though my outer ears are dead to all the sounds of earth.

"I love to be in the assembly of the saints, because they are the people of God, the children of my Father, and it is very pleasant to be in such good company, though I can no longer converse with them.

"There is now but little left that I can do for the cause and kingdom of my Redeemer, besides trying to set a right example. My day for active effort is past, and all I can now do, is to seek to influence others by the power of an humble and earnest life. Even this will soon be over, and while the opportunity remains I would improve it for my master's glory. He did not in his last hour of deepest agony forget us poor sinners; and shall we weary of our lightest yoke, and throw it off before our last hour has come?"

What a powerful reproof was this aged woman's example, to those who, with faculties still unimpaired, and strength unabated by the infirmities of age, yet absent themselves from God's house!

PEBBLES OF HUMOR.

Do not feed children on cold food. Both children and meals are better when well warmed.

Sings the early melon: "We're cramping to-night on the old cramp ground."

A Montana girl has been kidnapped by a bear. She probably got one hug from the animal and followed it off.

One of the reasons urged by the advocates of the postal delivery system in a small city was that the office should seek the man, not the man the office.

Out west, when a girl wants a male admirer to go home, she takes down her back hair; when she wants him to stay home, she takes out her teeth.

A correspondent wants to know if there is more than one religious denomination that believes in feet wash. It is sincerely to be hoped that there is.

A twelve-year-old mother has a baby which weighs only a little over a pound. It is expected she will do better when she is a little older.

A chap from the country, stopping at one of the hotels, sat down to dinner. Upon the bill of fare being handed to him by the waiter, he remarked that he didn't "care 'bout readin' now; wait till after dinner."

"I've always been a Dimmycrat, but I'll vote for Logan this toime," exclaimed an enthusiastic Irishman on the glorious Fourth. When asked his reasons, he gave them: "Shure an the papers sez he murders the English, an, be the powers, ol'm down on the English!"

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