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We call the attention of our friends to the fact that our Mr. Fallowfield has just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Men's and Youth's

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

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FOR THE USE OF

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DOSE.—To move the bowels gently, 2 to 4 Pills thoroughly, 4 to 6 Pills. Experience will decide the proper dose in each case.

For Constipation, or Costiveness, no remedy is so effective as AYER'S PILLS. They insure regular daily action, and restore the bowels to a healthy condition. For Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, AYER'S PILLS are invaluable, and a sure cure. Heartburn, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach, Flatulency, Dizziness, Headache, Numbness, Nausea, are all relieved and cured by AYER'S PILLS. In Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, and Jaundice, AYER'S PILLS should be given in doses large enough to excite the liver and bowels, and remove constipation. As a cleansing medicine in the Spring, these PILLS are unequalled.

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Full directions, in various languages, accompany each package.

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Coal delivered in town when requested at 90cts. per ton.

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JOHN H. VAN GESELE, Proprietor.

I keep also a good stock of horses and carriages; in fact, a

complete livery stable, and am prepared to furnish single or double teams on reasonable terms.

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JAMES S. TODD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

DENTON, MD.

All legal business and collections promptly attended to.

Unfinished.

The day had ended and the sun had set.

Unfinished. The task I planned to do I sit and ponder o'er with deep regret.

The golden sunlight vanished from my view.

And thus fell off at last when life doth close.

And toil is ended for the restless feet.

The cherished work of life is incomplete.

O Thou who knowest all from sun to sun,

From birthday morning to Death's evening chill,

Look on Thy children, with their tasks un-gone,

In loving kindness, and forgive them still.

—J. Chandler McLean.

A MYSTERIOUS NOTE.

I was a harem-secum youth, and for

fourteen years of my manhood had no settled aim.

I started out as a clerk in a country store, then I became a school teacher, next a clerk in a drug store, where I learned my

chemical mysteries; finally I became a law student; and it was my knowledge of chemistry—a science of which I am a passionate fond—that gave me a start as a lawyer.

My shingle had been hung out in vain for several months, and I had not a single brief to prepare. What

little money I had possessed after my studies were completed was rapidly melting away, and I could not

light the fact that no fees came in for a couple of months I should have to go on the street, or on the prairies, and labor for a living. It

would be no disgrace, to be sure, but when one has spent his little all in preparing himself for a professional life, and when he has set his heart and hopes on such a life, it is sad to have to abandon it.

I was seated in my office one afternoon, indulging in certain gloomy thoughts on the subject, when the door opened, and a middle-aged man in humble garb came in, and I recognized him at the first glance as an honest and industrious machinist, William Campbell. He was hurried and nervous, and I saw at once there was something wrong.

"Good morning, Mr. Campbell," said I. "How did you happen to find the office of a poor lawyer like me?"

"By accident," he replied. "I am in trouble, and if I don't get out of it I am ruined. All the savings of my life will be gone unless I can find some lawyer smart enough to defeat the rascality of a certain man, and I was going along intending to call on the first lawyer I should see, and it happened to be you. As I knew your father well, and knew you when you were a boy, I thought I could not do better than to put the case in your hands; I'd at least be sure of fair treatment, I thought."

"You would be sure of that at the hands of any lawyer to whom you should intrust your case," said I.

"Now let me hear what it is, and I'll see what can be done."

"Well, it is this: I've worked quite hard at my trade all my life, and accumulated some money—about six thousand dollars, in fact. I have six

hundred dollars in cash, and I have a mortgage on my property to increase my money all I could. A year ago a friend of mine, who is in the same business I am in, told me he wanted a partner in the spring, and if I would go in with him we could make a lot of money. I looked into the matter and found he was not mistaken. I saw I could, in a few years, increase my six thousand to twenty thousand, and I told him I'd be ready to join him in the business when the time came. Meanwhile my money was lying in the bank, where I ought to have left it, drawing five and a half per cent. interest.

"Shortly after I made this arrangement with my friend about the partnership, a man whom I knew well, and had every confidence in, came to me, and asked me to lend him the money till I should want it at the end of the year, and he said he could readily return it by the time, and only would give me 8 per cent. So I let him have it, and now it is due and I can't get it back."

"Has he any property?"

"Yes—the amount of it; but I've since understood he's a slippery fellow."

"But you took his note, surely," said I.

"Yes, but I can't find it; that's what troubles me. I called on him yesterday and told him so, and he said he had no recollection of borrowing any money from me; if I had the note he would pay it; if I hadn't, he certainly would not."

"And you can't find the note?"

"No."

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it in this pocketbook, where I kept all my important papers; but when I came to look for it among some other notes and the like, I couldn't find it."

He produced, as he spoke, a large leather pocketbook and I looked through it, examining a lot of receipts and notes that were packed together in one of its pockets, thinking that two of the papers might be sticking together.

"There is no promissory note for that amount here," I said. "But what is this blank sheet of paper doing here?" and I took up a slip of white paper that I found among the documents.

"I don't know."

"Who is the man that gave you the note?"

"Alexander Bolton, the druggist."

I knew Alexander Bolton well. He was wealthy and penurious, and had the name of being very tricky. I was satisfied that Mr. Campbell was telling the truth. I was as well convinced that Alexander Bolton was not a man who would be likely to forget having borrowed such a large sum as six thousand dollars, and I jumped to the conclusion that he had played some cunning trick to wrong the confiding mechanic out of the fruits of many years of labor. But what was the trick? That was the question that puzzled me.

"Have you had this pocketbook in a secure place ever since he gave you the note?" I asked.

"Yes; under lock and key, where no one could touch it but myself."

"Are you sure that it has been impossible for any one to find it and to purloin the note?"

"I am perfectly sure of that. The lock of my desk in which I have kept it is one I made myself. But one key in the world will open it, and here it is," he said, producing from his pocket bright steel key, of very odd outline. "Not a thing has ever been disturbed in that desk."

I used a few minutes as I again casually overhauled the papers, then said:

"Mr. Campbell, I don't mean to say that Mr. Bolton is dishonest, but might not he have handed you this blank sheet of paper and slipped the note into his pocketbook with the money you lent him?"

"No, that is out of the question. I examined the note again, after I got home, before I put the pocketbook away, to see that no mistake had been made; found it all right, plain as day in every letter and figure, and I remember it as though it was yesterday; I even remember noticing how brisk the ink was; it had quite a reddish tinge."

"I was in the act of handing the pocketbook back to him as he said this, but a thought suddenly struck me and I opened it again."

"Mr. Campbell," I said, carefully, "do you remember whether the note was filled out on a blank form or not?"

"It was not; he wrote it out himself, on the top of a piece of foolscap, and cut it off with a pair of scissors. I remember everything about it."

"Mr. Campbell," I said, "do you remember whether the note was filled out on a blank form or not?"

"No, I don't remember placing it there; I might have done so, thinking it would sometime come handy to figure on."

"Will you let me have it?"

"Certainly," he replied, somewhat surprised at my request.

"Well," I said, as I laid the paper on the table and set the inkstand on it, "I am going to make an effort to recover your money for you; I shall bring suit against Bolton at once, and have it commenced to appear before Judge D——. You can, of course, swear that you have lent him the money, and the note he gave you is missing?"

"Yes, with a clear conscience; I could not be mistaken about it."

"Then call on me to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock."

"I will."

He left me and I took the slip of paper and examined it closely. It seemed to be nothing but a stray fragment of foolscap, but it occurred to me that it might have a history; it was here my chemical knowledge came in.

I remembered that Alexander Bolton was a chemist; and I also remembered that an ink could be made with aniline, iodide of ammonia and chloride of zinc, in certain proportions, which had a fresh, reddish tinge, and that it would fade out entirely in four days, leaving no mark on the paper. Bolton, no doubt, knew this secret, and used it to swindle the mechanic out of his earnings.

The more I considered this subject the more I became convinced that such was the case. The note had been written with fading ink.

But there was another chemical secret which probably Bolton did not know, as I had discovered it myself by accident. This treacherous ink, on fading out, leaves the zinc in invisible atoms in the paper so that every line traced may be restored by the application of a certain solution clearly, and hydrate of calcium. So, no sooner had Mr. Campbell left my office than I hurried to a drug store, where I obtained the solution.

Returning to my office I saturated a piece of blotting paper with it and applied it to a corner of the blank paper. The result made me jump up, clap my hands and yell with delight, for fresh and clear the dollar mark came out. I knew not what hidden words the paper contained, and I placed it in my pocketbook, corked up the phial—which was destined to prove a phial of wrath to Mr. Bolton—and went immediately to my room, where I had my recovery suit against him for the interest and costs.

A few days later Alexander Bolton stood at the bar of justice to answer in his own behalf. It seemed so easy to him that he did not deem it necessary to employ any counsel.

Mr. Campbell swore to the facts he had related to me concerning the

loan. Mr. Bolton answered, on oath, that he had no recollection of ever borrowing any money of the plaintiff. If he did, where was the note? He would thank anybody to produce it.

"Your honor," said I, addressing the judge, "I think that I can produce the note in question."

"I understood that it was not to be found," said Judge D——, somewhat surprised.

"It has never been lost," I said, as I took from my pocket the blank slip of paper and passed it to him.

"This is it."

"I hope you are not trifling with the court," he said, as he glanced at both sides and perceived that it was blank.

"I am not, your honor," said I, and I proceeded at once to explain the chemical fact I have already described.

I watched Alexander Bolton as I did so and noticed he turned pale. When I had concluded I took from my pocket the phial containing the solution, saturated a piece of blotting paper with it, and pressed it upon the blank piece of paper that lay on the judge's table.

A few seconds I left it so, then lifted it up, confident of the result, and I was not disappointed.

The blank slip of paper was suddenly transformed into a promissory note, with every word, letter and figure as clear as sunshine.

It was a note of six thousand dollars, with a year's interest due, drawn in favor of William Campbell, and the signature of Alexander Bolton was at the bottom of it.

The judge gazed with amazement from the note to Alexander Bolton just in time to discover that that tricky gentleman was skulking away toward the door.

At the judge's order he was brought back by an officer, and informed that he would have something more to answer for than the amount of the loan, interest and costs.

And so he had. Abashed and terrified at the discovery of his unsuspecting swindle, and in hopes of propitiating the court, he at once gave his check for the amount due Mr. Campbell, and paid the costs.

In view of his confession he was let off with two years' imprisonment, and I don't suppose he will ever dabble with invisible ink again.

This, my first case, attracted considerable notice, and I have never since had to lounge in my office and yearn for clients.

Eating Before Sleeping.

The notion is widely prevalent that it is unhealthy to eat late at night or just before retiring. This came from the severe denunciation of "late suppers," contained in nearly all the old popular works on diet. The argument in these publications was not directed against what was involved in a late supper, at a period when the revelers slipped from the chairs and were carried by waiting lackeys insensible to their beds.

It was the midnight debauch that was the object of attack, and even here it was less the glutinous than the drunkenness which alarmed the doctors and called forth their reprehension. A man may induce apoplexy by gorging himself with food at any hour of the day, but the bottle after bottle of heavy wine or the bowl of hot punch at the evening revel were what did the business for most who ran a brief career of dissipation to an untimely grave.

Man is the only animal that can be taught to sleep quietly on an empty stomach. The brute creation resent all efforts to coax them to such a violation of the laws of nature. The lion roars in the forest until he has found his prey, and when he has devoured it he will then sleep over until he needs another meal. The horse will paw all night in the stable, and the pig will squeal in the pen, refusing all rest or sleep until they are fed. The animals which are fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly full, no sickness disturbs, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; it will awaken it, and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Paregoric or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. Not even an angel who learned the art of minstrelsy in a celestial choir can sing a babe to sleep on an empty stomach.

We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because the slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is filled with wholesome food. This sleep which comes to adults long hours after partaking of food, and when the stomach is nearly or quite empty, is not of the type of infantile repose. There is all the difference in the world between the sleep of refreshment and the sleep of exhaustion.

To sleep well, the blood that swells the veins in the head during our busy hours must flow back, leaving a greatly diminished volume

behind the brow that lately throbbled with such vehemence. To digest well this blood is needed in the stomach and near the fountains of life. It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. It needs no argument to convince us of the mutual relation. The drowsiness which always follows a well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this interdependence.

The waste of human life by the neglect of the lesson is very great. The daily wear and tear of the body might be restored more fully than it usually is if this simple rule was not systematically violated. Sleep is wonderfully recuperative, but it may be shorn of half its benefits by unfavorable conditions. Foul air in the bedchamber leaves the sleeper almost as exhausted in the morning as when, weary with the day's labor, he sank upon the bed. A gnawing stomach, empty of food, takes out of the night's sleep that refreshing sense of comfort which properly belongs to it. It leaves the blood to throb in the heated brow and haunts the sleep with an ever-present source of disgust. It is like the sleep which a mother takes while her sick child is under the care of watchers in another room. An uneasy stomach is just like an aching heart in its effect upon the nightly repose.

A healthy person who goes to bed on a full stomach will always wake in the morning with a better appetite for his breakfast. If dinner is eaten in the middle of the day and a light supper is served at 6 in the afternoon a hearty luncheon should be provided in the evening at 10 o'clock, or just before the hour of retiring. The rule should be to eat at the last moment before going to bed, whatever that hour may be. And this latest meal should not be of "light" viands as this phrase is commonly understood. The less a person eats at any time of cake or pie, countless flummeries that go to make up a fancy tea-table, the better, but none of these should be eaten at bedtime. Cold chicken, cold roast beef, corned beef, or fried mutton of any kind, with well-baked bread and butter (saucy and pickle will do no harm) will serve the substantial requisites for the collation. Milk is perhaps the best of all where the pure article can be obtained. With bread and fruit (baked apples will serve when berries and peaches fail) this makes a very wholesome evening meal.

All persons should be very cautious when they reform their habits in this respect. A mouthful or two each night at first is all that should be attempted, gradually increasing the quantity until luncheon becomes a pretty substantial meal. If indigestion follows at any time, chewing the meat of one or two peach bits (for the prussic acid in them) after eating is better than sending for a doctor.

With a clear conscience and a full stomach, any man in tolerable health may derive from his nightly sleep that recuperation which ought to come from this sweet restorer of life's daily wear and waste.

Serenades, Ancient and Modern.

In the old days, when knights were bold and stole for a living, a serenade was a romantic little open air concert, at which a gentleman dressed up like a fire-proof safe trawled a long-necked guitar under the windows of his love and told her all about it in eight lines and a chorus. It was a very pretty, romantic, poetic sort of a thing, although its stilted beauty was liable to be marred now and then by the entrance of a burglar with a lance or battle ax, with which he picked the lock of the fire-proof casting and perforated a large hole in the person of the love-lorn knight and married the girl himself. In either case the young lady was married, and so didn't have to waste her wedding toggery.

But an American serenade is a product of the nineteenth century. If an American gentleman wants a mechanical pipe at a raffle, or is elected President of this United States, or if he goes to Europe, or fights a duel, or eats thirty dozen eggs in thirty days, or if he goes without eating anything for forty days, he is serenaded. The American knight does not go alone when he goeth out to serenade some people. He goeth in a crowd with a brass band and some Roman candles, blue lights and sky rockets. The object of the American serenade is not to delight the soul with the witchery of music, that comes as delicately as the sweet south wind that breathes upon a national bank of violets, stealing a great deal more odor than it gives. It is not to entrance the man in whose honor the serenade is given with the harmony of soft-breathed sound until "borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire, while solemn airs improve the sacred fire, and angels learn from heaven to hear." Ah, no. The thoroughbred American serenade is none of that. It is to frighten the bending arch of heaven with a crash of brass and sheepskin, and then, when attracted by the noise, or waiting by previous appointment, the angels learn from heaven to hear, as the silence is thus rudely shattered, rushes out to see what is the trouble, the braying of the horns is drowned in wild, fierce shrieks of "Speech! speech!" And then the eminent American "horrorist," while the impatient crowd gather round the band and talk with the musicians, who do not understand a solitary word of English, until the time shall arrive

when the speech is spoken and they are asked in to have something.—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Running Passion Strong in Death.

It is not often men reform after they get married. They desecrate times. I knew a man who really entered into a scheme of practical reform. He had as a single man, been fond of poker. Indeed, as a measure of economy, being tired of supporting several institutions in town on a limited income, he made a big bluff at matrimony. He thought he could master the gambling propensity by teaching his young and blushing bride the fashionable game, and she entered into it with all her heart and soul. The stakes were beans, coffee-beans—plain innocent and healthful articles of after-dinner refreshment. But, alas, the gambling spirit grew upon her and one fatal game upset her happiness of their lovely home. He had been honest with her. He had concealed his deep knowledge of the game. But there came a time when he saw his chance and took it. He stacked the cards. He gave her four kings and he himself took four aces. Her eyes glistened. She grabbed half of her pile and put it in. He put everything he had to it. She added hers. He went out to the pantry, and, taking a handful of stakes from the bean repository, threw them down defiantly. She went to the same place, seized the canister, and, returning in wild excitement, turned it up on the table. Against her four kings were four little simple spots. There was a pause for a moment. He had his hair cut and wears a piece of plaster where the tin can struck him, and the lady in waiting finds coffee-beans yet all over the house.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

Cleats out rats, mice, posches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.