



TO THE FARMERS OF CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

CUSTOM WORK.

OFFICE OF DENTON FLOURING AND LUMBER MILLS, DENTON MD. Sep. 11, 1886.

The Farmers and Grain-growers of Caroline and adjoining counties will please take notice that the

DENTON FLOURING MILLS

has begun operation on custom work. Farmers everywhere in this and adjoining counties are invited to call and inspect the workings of the Mills.

Very low rates have been obtained from the Maryland Steamboat Company for the transportation of grist to and from various points on the Choptank river.

The most rapid machinery for the manufacture of meal is being placed in the mill, and the customer will at the same time be enabled to use this expeditions and improved method of grinding corn.

FRANK W. REDDEN, PROPRIETOR.

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LUMBER

SHINGLES, SASH DOORS

BLINDS, etc.

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Full Line of General Hardware Always a Specialty.

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Manufacture the most extensive line of HEATING AND COOKING STOVES, including the celebrated

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Embodying all the latest improvements the most Perfect in Operation, Attractive in Appearance, and Unequaled in Durability

BEST IN THE WORLD.

MARLIN Magazine Rifle.

The large or small game, all alike. This standard hunting rifle sends the bird or animal flying, and the hunter is enabled to shoot with accuracy and ease.

STANDARD MAGAZINE, REMOVING AND TAPPING RIFLES, and various other rifles.

ATTENTION!

You are requested to call and look through my large stock of cheap and assorted goods—all of which have been bought at the lowest cash prices—

DRY GOODS.

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New assortment of Carpets,

Oil Cloths and Matings just received, Ingrain Carpet, 18 cents per yard, and so on.

I have and intend to keep on hand a large assortment of Furniture. An examination will pay you.

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Special attention paid to Fertilizers and Manures, including those of commerce and the farm.

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No Farmer in the Atlantic States, from Delaware to Georgia, can afford to be without this old and reliable adviser and guide on farm work.

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KNIGHT'S CHILL PILLS. HAVE NEVER FAILED.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CLARK & M'DANIEL, PROPRIETORS, Dover, Delaware.

FOR SALE BY Thomas M. Cooper, Charles Stevens and George & Redden, Denton, Md.

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Real Estate.

The undersigned has for sale two farms near Bridgetown. One contains about

140 ACRES,

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The land is good and there is plenty of timber for use on both farms. If not sold by October 1st, these farms will be for rent. Apply to

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 N. 5th St., New York.

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Table with columns for NORTH and SOUTH, listing stations and times.

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We handle only the best white ash coal, clear of slate. Stove coal, \$5.50 per ton; Egg, Nut and Broken, \$5.00 cash.

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Take Notice. All persons indebted to Evitts & Holbrook, and who have not recently settled their accounts, will please come forward and settle of once, either by cash or note, as we must have all accounts closed by the end of the year, at which time we have heavy bills to meet, and must have the money to enable us to continue business. EVITTS & HOLBROOK. JOB WORK AT CITY PRICES AT THIS OFFICE

DR. J. K. SAULSBURY, RIDGELY, MARYLAND. FRANK TOLSON, M. D., HENDERSON, MARYLAND. Also will be at Maryland from 2 to 4 p. m. every day.

J. W. BRYANT, T. PLINT FISHER, BRYANT & FISHER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, DENTON, MD. Will practice in Caroline and adjoining counties. 717.

GEORGE M. RUSUM, HENRY R. LEWIS, RUSSUM & LEWIS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, DENTON, MD. Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties. (14-85)

OSWALD W. TILGHMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, EASTON, MD. J. E. TYLOR, Attorney-at-Law, EASTON, MD.

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MONEY TO LOAN. Large or small sums on good farms in this county for 5 years or shorter periods. Interest 6 per cent. THOMAS HILL, Fayette and St. Paul Streets, 7 24 St. Baltimore, Md.

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THE BLADEL CHURN. FASTEST AND MOST THOROUGH. LIGHTEST, YET MOST SUBSTANTIAL. Any quantity from one quart to three gallons of cream can be converted into good butter, ready for salting and printing in from five to eight minutes. Call and see them at Trazzard's grocery store.

TRAZZARD & WATTS, MANUFACTURERS FOR CAROLINE COUNTY. C. C. Seymour, MERCHANT TAILOR, DENTON, MD. (SECOND DOOR FROM THIRD STREET.) SUITS FOR GENTLEMEN cut and made to order. Trimmings furnished when desired. A large assortment of samples always on hand.

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In The Lane. And art thou then, my heart, too old. Ever to leap with me again. To feel the strong blood-current rolled Through heaving breast and teeming brain? Is it no more, my heart, for me, For Life's one unquestioned ecstasy? Are faded quite those dim, far days When music mothered every sound, When up and down youth's happy ways Fared glories on eternal round? Has chill of years killed every joy That blossomed for the wandering boy? These are the trees once known so well We felt to them all but unknown. Their very shadows we could tell From others by the forest throned. The same glad songs from bush and bough As once we heard, we hear them now. And those sweet flowers beneath my feet, Their young eyes great as of yore. The hope, there! Still think to meet Her glance that shall not answer more To us alone it cannot be. They're looking up so tenderly.

This is the same gray path we took Behind the slowly going day: As they do now, the light leaves shook When evening breezes blew this way; And here's the glow upon the dome, And here the crows are coming home. Ah, no, good heart, thou still canst stir, Still lives the love first bid thee stir. Still are we at the side of her They hid away 'neath yonder steep. Though clouds be on her and a stone, In the dear old lane we are not alone. —John Vance Cheney.

SENSATIONAL ELOPEMENTS. There is an article in a recent issue of the Chicago Mail, which treats of runaway marriages in which Chicago notables have figured. We copy: "The most sensational affair of this sort that has ever happened here was the marriage of Ella, the daughter of rich Colonel J. L. Hancock, to Lindon, her father's English coachman. The Colonel was one of the richest packers in the city then, and he lived in elegant style on Michigan avenue and Twenty-sixth street. The daughter Ella was a bright girl intellectually, and a fine girl physically. Those who knew her best have always believed that she acted the silly part she did simply because of a mad passion she had for notoriety. She was only 18 years old when the wedding took place. Lindon, a typical English 'boiler,' had driven her out, and finally made love to her, or, perhaps, only allowed the girl to make love to him, for the denouement showed him to be a cool one. They were married by the Rev. Mr. Fowler, a Methodist pastor of Centenary Church. Ella finally admitted the marriage to her mother. It well might have broken her heart. Then followed a famous divorce suit and an effort on the part of the parents to show up Lindon as an infamous adventurer. This was not successful, and the divorce suit was a failure. Lindon, who had started a livery stable, wanted \$50,000 to release his lien on the daughter. He never got anything. He fell dead with heart disease while the city was still agog over the case. There were more carriages at his funeral than at any other ever known in this city. The South Side livery men made Lindon's cause their own. All of them turned out every rig they had. Ella, the widow, afterward married happily and according to her station.

There have been a number of elopements where physicians have played the part of betrayers. The most amazing was caused when Dr. Henry Webster Jones abandoned his splendid practice and fled with Mrs. Bigelow. Men do not often abandon for a woman as much as Dr. Jones did when he threw up his \$20,000 a year business, deliberately to run off with another man's wife. Jones is now employed in a London wholesale drug house and lives comfortably in London suburb. Bigelow obtained a divorce from his runaway wife; but Mrs. Dr. Jones, womanlike, decided to allow her truant husband to live the rest of his days undisturbed, if he chose, with his paramour. She decided that she would never allow him to make the woman his wife. Dr. Davis' elopement with the wife of a lumberman was not so sensational. Davis made no such sacrifice as Jones did.

The elopement of Mrs. Matteson, the pretty and accomplished soprano of the Second Presbyterian Church, created a tremendous sensation at the time. Many years ago, so many that there are not now a hundred people in the city who remember it, the young and pretty wife of a rich Westsider, eloped to Paris with a handsome but poor artist, leaving behind two children. A divorce followed in time and the runaway couple, having been married, took up residence in Paris. A girl was the result of that union. That girl was the leading artiste last week at a

When Judge Black Quit Tobacco, Judge Jeremiah S. Black used to say after he came to Washington as Attorney-General and had to work very hard he took up the notion that tobacco was bad for him, so one morning he concluded to let the evil thing alone. He went down to his office feeling as if he had lost his best friend. It was his duty to go up to the Supreme Court and argue a case. He went and made the poorest argument of his life. He thought the Judges were a set of mutton-heads. Then he went to see the President, and for the first time suspected that he was an old hypocrite. He went back to his office, quarreled with his clerks, kicked the office-boy and swore for the first time in twenty years. On going home in the afternoon he met a very pious clergyman, for whom he had a great respect, and who joined him, but before they had gone ten yards the Judge felt that he hated him. He mentioned, however, that he had given up tobacco that day. The clergyman shook his head, "Ah, my dear friend," he said, "I am afraid it was at the devil's bidding. I tried it once. I scolded my children, told my wife she was a fool, got into a fight with the deacons in the church, and if I hadn't taken up smoking just in time I'd have been a miserable reprobate at this moment. Go and read your Bible, and if you can find a word in it from Genesis to Revelation against tobacco come and let me know. But if you want to save your soul go back to the noxious weed." The Judge says he took his advice, and from that moment he never thought the Supreme Court composed of idiots. Mr. Buchanan anything else but a statesman, had no more quarrels with his clerks, gave the office-boy \$1, and never used another cigar until that day forth.

The Winds of Heaven. If the winds of heaven could become visible to us, and if from some standpoint far out in the blue we could look down upon them, we should, no doubt, find some of our preconceived notions considerably modified. That they would present a spectacle sublime beyond conception goes without saying, and though no doubt wild and seemingly chaotic enough to baffle the eye of an archangel in attempt to trace the entire system of their motions, a comprehensive view would yet perhaps present more regularity than we are accustomed to associate with the winds. No doubt the first thing that would strike the attention in such a survey would be, not the wild chaos of aerial currents, but their orderly rhythmic motion. For instance, throughout the tropics at ordinary times there is a morning and evening ebb and flow of the air as regular and pronounced as the ebb and flow of the ocean. All coasts there suck in a moist refreshing breeze from the sea in the morning, and breathe out again at night. To the eye that could detect this grand inhaling and exhaling over the whole tropical earth, and could see also the great trade winds sweeping down from the poles to the equator in majestic currents hundreds of miles wide, two mighty streams that meet in the torrid zone flow upwards and move back in the upper atmosphere—to the eye that could discern all this and the many other regular and periodical currents, as well as the circular whirling of storms, and, possibly, the circular movements of storm centres, the most impressive fact of our atmosphere's movements would not be their capricious irregularity, their fitful uncertainty, but the sublime order and rhythm of the winds.

The Meaning of Cards. Our preacher has got about as many eyes in his head as anvils, and as he sat near my secretary, his fingers mended in a deck of beautiful cards that the girls forgot to hide, and as he shuffled them carelessly in his hand he exclaimed: "Well, this is an age of pictures. I never saw so many, and some of them are too lovely for anything; but these are different from any I have seen. What are these for, young ladies?" I saw their cunning embarrassment and came to their relief. "Those are my lecture tickets," said I. "Oh, yes, I see!" said he, "this one with five spots admits a family of five and this one with ten spots a family of ten." "Exactly so," said I, "and those with pictures are complimentary for the preachers." "I understand," said he, "and so I will just take two or three of these home with me, and he slipped a queen and a jack in his pocket. "Those cards," said he, "are reminders of many things. There are four kinds which remind us of the four seasons. The spade reminds us that labor is the leading trump in this world's affairs; the club that we must be aggressive and force our way; the diamond that money is a good thing; and the heart, that after all, chess and labor and force are worth nothing without love. There are five of these picture cards, which remind us of the twelve months in a year, and fifty-two cards in the deck, which tell us of the fifty-two weeks in the year, and— " "And," said he, interrupting me, here are just three hundred and sixty-five spots in all, which remind us of the number of days in the year." "Right then I surrendered, for I knew he was as much about a deck of cards as I did, and I expect he has laid many a game behind his clerical's hat."—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Institution.

Supreme Court judges are men of decision. In summer the toboggan is not worth an assent. A harder thing to keep than a secret—Money. All railroad men sing "Blest be the tie that binds." A horse wood shed—When a block-head's hat comes out. The wood chopper is the chap who can always "make his pile." What kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery, of course. Solo—"What's the matter with the newspaper man's work?" Chorus—"It's all right." Sam Jones says that a man should be ninety-five per cent. backbone. That don't leave much for cheek. "Good niece meant will improve with age," says an exchange. Did you ever tackle a railroad restaurant pie? Josiah (who has just broken a valuable jig while dusting the parlor)—What a good job there was nothing inside! "This stock pretty blue to milkmen these cold mornings. They also look blue to the housewife when she takes in the pail. "Garments without buttons" are advertised. Evidently the cast-off clothing of mechanics who don't know how to handle thread and needle. A notice posted in a certain town reads "Cash paid for butchers' hides." This shows what popular indignation against butchers may lead to. "Tramp—I am in need of a little money. Gent—Why don't you shovel snow? "I haven't time." "How so?" "All my time is taken up in hearing." A morning contemporary says: "He fell heavily to the floor a lifeless corpse." We think, under the circumstances, he was fully justified in falling. The tramp's distaste for work may be very much exaggerated. You will always find him ready to mow the lawn in winter or shovel snow in summer.

Electrical Searches for Bullets. From the New York Sun. When President Garfield was slowly dying at Elberon, and the attending surgeons were locating the fatal bullet in spots clear away from where, after death, it was discovered, an electrical apparatus was constructed by Professor Graham Bell for the purpose of finding the bit of lead. The failure was ridiculed, much to the chagrin of Bell and the doctors. The discovery has since been made that Garfield lay on a malleable material, which frustrated the electricity. Now, under the sanction of the New York Academy of Medicine, a machine has been constructed and tested. The machine consisted of a battery, coils, and other familiar telegraphic devices, but principally of a thin steel probe connected with the wires in a manner invented by Bell. The surface of the patient over an imbedded bullet was coated, so as to deprive it of feeling. Then the probe was thrust in. As the end of the steel came within six inches of the bullet, the surgeon with his ear to a telephone cap heard a humming sound, which grew louder as the metal was approached. The flesh was jabbed a number of times, and the trial was regarded as a success. Later a war veteran submitted to a search for a bullet that had entered his chest and remained somewhere in him for forty years. The needle hummed its way to the lead's hiding place and it was removed. Dr. John H. Girdner, who operated the instrument, said that its use would have saved Garfield's life in all probability.

A Poor Mind Reader. Mabel—"Oh! I am just crazy over these mind-reading tests, aren't they wonderful?" Argus—"I have not paid much attention to them." "I'll tell you how I'm done. Take hold of my hand, there that way." "Yes." "Now, you must not press so hard because you won't catch the—the im, pulses, you know." "Oh?" "There, that's right. Now tell me what I'm thinking of." "You are thinking that if I should ask you a very important question, the most important of a lifetime, you would have to say 'No'." "Oh! you're not a mind-reader." "Not?" "Why no. The answer was just the opposite."

David Webster's Pear Tree. Mr. Webster once owned and occupied the house that Mr. Corcoran lives in on Lafayette square. He and Mr. Corcoran were always intimate friends. Once when Mr. Webster was a guest at Mr. Corcoran's table, after the house had become the home of the banker, Mr. Webster going with Mr. Corcoran into the garden, pointed out a tree, and said: "Corcoran, do you see that tree?" "I planted that tree when I was with Tyler. I hope you will always care for it." The tree, which is a pear tree, still stands in Mr. Corcoran's garden, where it is carefully attended, and it still bears an abundance of luscious fruit.