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TO THE FARMERS OF CAROLINE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

CUSTOM WORK.

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

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6 41	2 56	Easton,	11 55	6 55
6 54	3 09	Chapel,	11 42	6 42
7 01	3 16	Cordova,	11 35	6 35
7 11	3 26	Queen Anne,	11 25	6 25
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7 58	4 14	Marydel,	10 35	5 36
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TAKEN FROM THE DEPTHS.

In this sad world of ours—
This dreary wilderness of care and pain,
This mystery, this turmoil of unrest,
This rough and stormy pathway to the tomb,
Where many tears and blurring shadows fall—
How sweet, O Lord, to know that we are thine;
That in thy hand this mighty chaos lies;
That thine the key of this great mystery—
We could not bear it else!

For as the years go by
One sorrow makes a strange, prepared way
For yet another; one by one our joys
Are wrested from us ere we call them ours,
And sweetest human ties are severed wide,
And sweetest human cares slip from our grasp;
And dear home nests are robbed of all the birds,
And family trees are stripped of flower and leaf;
And many graves lie greenly side by side,
And oceans roll between some we hold dear:—
Till with sad folded hands we sit and say,
How can God have it so?
For human hearts will cry out for their loves,
And human eyes seek dumbly for the smiles
Of angel faces gone.

God pity us!
Oh, wrap us in the fullness of thy love!
In infinite compassion lay thy hand
Upon our hearts, and make them very still.
And since the cross is thine, oh, help us bear
It very patiently until that blessed morn
When all the shades of night shall flee away,
When we shall clasp again the loved and lost,
And every severed bond shall join again;
Where, in the light that circles round the throne,
In all his beauty all shall see the king.

A DOOR AJAR.

It was all over; past and done with forever; not a hope remained. Inez Cameron had plucked them one by one from his heart in her cool, stately, graceful way, half an hour before, when she had declined his hand and offered him her friendship in the dim, sweet-scented glen which he could see from the window at which he sat.

"Friendship from her!" he muttered savagely, while a burning wrath flamed in his dark eyes. "Did she think I had been her slave for almost a year to be content with that at last? As true as there is a heaven above me, she allowed me to think she cared. I was no fool to say such words as I said to-day to her, unless I had not been encouraged! You have taught me a lesson, my fair-faced Inez. I stake my hopes of an earthly heaven on no woman's smile hereafter; and I dangle no longer in your train, lovely as you undoubtedly are, and dainty and dazzling. I doubt if I ever take any fair lady to reign here. When sister Nettie and her host of friends depart in a month's time, I will go roaming once more. No man cares for his home when his heart is as heavy as mine is."

The shadows gathered and lengthened, but Guy Handel sat silent and miserable, trying to crush down the regrets—trying to bury the corpse of his love dream.

It was bitter to him, this rejection by the girl he had wooed in such a princely fashion; whom he, perhaps, had reason to think he could win.

Life seemed a very poor and barren possession to the stalwart young owner of that fine old homestead, while a summer twilight gathered its soft draperies about him, and still he forgot that it was time to dress for dinner, and his sister and friends would wonder where he lingered when they came down presently.

Suddenly a low, sweet, soothing melody stole to him there—the air of a tender old ballad, played lowly, by some dainty fingers.

Somehow the music soothed the pain in his heart, comforted him in a strange manner, as though the white hands that toyed with the keys had left a tender touch on his forehead.

"I wonder who is playing?" he thought. "Whoever it is, I hope she will continue. I wish she would sing."

As if his wish had been heard, a voice took up the words of the old song, and sent them to him sweetly where he sat—sad, tender, yearning words which made his eyes grow dim as he listened.

"I wonder who she is? I do not recognize the voice," he said to himself, and then, rising, he quietly crossed to the door, which was ajar, and looked into the drawing-room.

In the twilight he saw a slight, girlish figure at the piano, clad in pale amber. The face was turned from him, but he knew by the slim, willowy figure, the masses of rich auburn hair, that it was Inez Cameron's lame cousin Hilda Dallas.

"How sad the girl's voice is!" he thought. "How intensely sad! Yet she has always seemed bright and cheerful when I noticed her. I fear I rarely did notice her, poor, afflicted child!"

Just then the drawing-room door opened and Inez Cameron entered.

Guy watched her with passionate adoration and bitter regret in his eyes as she went and stood near her cousin.

"Don't sing that doleful thing, Hilda," she said in her slow tones of silver. "Even though you may be fool enough to love a man who doesn't care at all for you, there is no need for you to sing that forlorn ballad with your heart in your voice."

The music had crashed into discord, then stopped.

The girl on the piano stool wheeled about so that Guy saw her face; and from his heart he pitied Hilda Dallas when he saw her pained eyes and colorless face.

Ah, and something which was not love stirred his heart for the fair blue-eyed beauty who stood serenely there, her lip curling just a little, her blue and golden draperies falling about her in such graceful folds.

"What do you mean?" questioned the lame girl in a quick voice of pain. "I don't love anybody; I—"

"Bah!" cut in the blonde's silvery tones. "You love Mr. Guy Handel, and I have known it for a long time. He cares nothing at all for you—he scarcely sees you; to-day he asked me to become his wife. Now, perhaps, you realize what a little simpleton you are."

The auburn head was lowered suddenly, and two white little hands were flung over Hilda's colorless face. A moment after, and Guy caught the sound of quick sobbing, mingled with the low ripple of laughter from Inez.

"Oh, I didn't accept him," pursued the flute like tones of the woman he had thought almost an angel. "I don't care to bury myself in this dull old place, and besides I know Mr. Jarvis was very much pleased with me, and he's worth half-a-million."

It all passed through to where Guy had stood so long, spell-bound; unconscious that he should not stand there. Touched to the soul by the passionate weeping of Hilda, love dying in his heart for Inez—it all came to him, through the distance between, because fate had ordained that the door should be for half an hour ajar.

The lame girl had subdued her emotion, picked up her crutch, and left the drawing-room before the young man recovered presence of mind enough to glide quietly away and gain the hall by another door.

That night his guests were rather surprised to find that their handsome host scarcely left Hilda Dallas for a moment and perhaps some of them noticed also how sweet her face was, with its changing color and great shy eyes of purple with a touch of pathos in their velvet depths; that night, for the first time, Guy saw beauty in another face than that of Inez Cameron—and for the first time a dull, jealous pain made the beautiful blonde realize that she would purchase half a million at too great a cost did she give in exchange for it the love of Guy Handel.

It was months later; Mrs. Nettie Lennoz and the gay party she had brought with her for the summer to her old home were about to scatter themselves in different directions.

Many an ideal had had its beginning in those glad days of heat and sunshine, and a few pleasant love dreams had died, that which Inez Cameron had so carelessly laughed down a month before was in its shroud and coffin, and a warm, living love was stirring in every pulse of Guy, as, in the hush of a still evening, he and Inez came face to face in the very spot which once saw him plead eloquently with her for her love.

She was rarely, dangerously lovely as she smiled at him, but no pulse in his heart stirred never so faintly while he turned to walk with her.

"No," she said softly, "let us remain right here, Guy—right where I was so unkind to you some weeks ago. You will forgive it all, will you not? I read my own heart more clearly now, and I know I made a sad mistake." Her fair face was full of warm color as she laid her hand on his arm and whispered, "You understand me, do you not, Guy?"

He looked just a little bit confused under the beautiful tender eyes.

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered. "You were not more unkind to me than most women are under like circumstances."

"But—but I was unkind to myself," she faltered. "I made a sad mistake, Guy; it is not too late—if you love me still—"

Generously he interrupted her there.

"I am to be your cousin some day," he said softly," feeling as though he was dealing a blow on the flushed of her dainty face. "Hilda has promised to become my wife."

"Hilda Dallas?"

There was passionate pain, incredulity, wonder in the silvery tones.

"You will marry Hilda? But you do not love her—you who loved me a month ago! Tell her the truth and she will release you; she is generous."

"She is the girl I love," he uttered sternly. "She is true and tender, and more to me than any being on earth. Make no mistake, Miss Cameron, I cared for you when we last met here, but an hour after we had parted—while yet the wound was fresh and smarting—I knew what folly such an affection was for me to cherish. From words which I overheard you say, I was convinced that you had made no mistake in rejecting me, but did it because Mr. Jarvis was pleased with you and had half a million. An hour after you had spurned my love, it was dead in my life; another, pure and sweet, and tender, stole to me through a door ajar, and I thank Heaven for the gift. Miss Cameron, I think somobedy is coming; compose yourself."

She forced the color back into her face and stilled the trembling of her figure as a slight halting form appeared down aisle of shade.

Guy hastened forward, met Hilda, and drew her hand through his arm.

"My darling," he said to her, "I have seen Dr. Blank about your ankle, and he says there is a surety of cure if you will place yourself under his care for a half a year. What will you do, my little sweetheart?"

"I will do whatever you desire, dear Guy," she answered softly, and in the dimness of the little glen he bent and kissed her, unmindful of the blue burning eyes upon him, which belonged to the woman who but loved when she had lost him.

Six months later Hilda flung aside her crutch and married Guy. Inez married Mr. Jarvis.

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," as the man said when his wife fell in the well.—Hartford Journal.

What is it which can be right but never wrong—An angle.

Green but Smart.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery store in this city, walked a tall, muscular-looking man, evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town in Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he said:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know. What can you do?"

"Do?" said the man. "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I were to hire a man, it would be one who could lift well—a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store, and never lay it down."

"There now, Cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I can hitch to. You can't suit me better. What will you give a man that can suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant. "If you shoulder that sack of coffee, and carry it across twice, and never lay it down, I will hire you for a year at a hundred dollars a month."

"Done!" said the stranger.

And by this time every clerk in the store had gathered around, and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the sack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and, walking with it twice across the floor, went quietly to a large hook, which was fastened to the wall, and hanging it up, turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now! it may hang there till doomsday; I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do, and a hundred dollars a month, and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh; but the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept his agreement; and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars.—Ballou's Monthly.

Omens.

Most people sneeze in the course of their lifetime, and even in this country there are many communities among whom bystanders, upon such an occasion, will exclaim, "God bless you!" This is designed to avert the evil omen. The superstition was brought here from England and from most of the northern nations of Europe.

Many of our readers will recall what Longfellow wrote of the custom of Sweden, "You sneeze, and the peasants cry, 'God bless you!'"

A writer at the beginning of this century, remarking upon the customs of Italy, says that when you sneeze, "even in the theatres, men rise and wish you 'Felicita!'" The purport of this is the same as the hearty Swedish and English "God bless you!"

The origin of this custom in the different countries of Europe was the same, just as its meaning is the same. It has been traced to those visitations of fearful pestilence known as the Black Death. One will read of it in England in the time of Edward III. In 1350 this plague swept over Sweden and Denmark. Its ravages in those countries were so great that the disease gained the name of the tiger death.

The earliest symtom of an attack was a sneeze. Thereupon the pitying bystanders, with sorrowing glances, would turn to the newly marked victim, and exclaim, "May God be with you!"

If this account of the custom be correct, it will be seen in what good reason the usage originated, and with what want of all reason it continued in times when a sneeze, at the worst, indicates but a trifling cold. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant little custom, which does harm to nobody, and we have not so many acts of formal courtesy that it is necessary to dispense with any of them.

Easy to Spell, Hard to Pronounce.

Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.

Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.

Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrook.

Brougham is pronounced Broom.

Bulwer is pronounced Buller.

Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.

Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.

Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.

Cowper is pronounced Cooper.

Knollys is pronounced Knowles.

Holborn is pronounced Hobun.

Majoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.

Marylebone is pronounced Marrabun.

Norwich is pronounced Norridge.

Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbry.

St. Ledger is pronounced Sillinger.

Talbot is pronounced Torbut.

Grosvenor is pronounced Grovener.

Hawarden, Gladstone's residence, is pronounced Harden.

Wemyss is pronounced Weems.

Thames is pronounced Tems.

Good Judge Wootten, of Delaware.

Wilmington letter in N. Y. Sun.

A few years ago the late Judge Wootten was enjoying an evening with some friends, and stories were passed around. A young lawyer finally said: "I will tell a story if Judge Wootten will promise not to get angry." The Judge promised, and the lawyer went on to tell how he once tried, in summer time, to get a cool drink in Sussex county. He went into a hotel and told the bartender to make a lemonade with plenty of ice in it. "Ice in summer time?" yelled the bartender, in surprise. "Where in the devil will you get ice this time of year?" "It's a blanked lie!" suddenly interrupted the old Judge; "I guess we know what ice is in Sussex county, and can get it in hot weather!" The laugh that followed was at the expense of the old Judge, and the apple-jack passed round again.

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