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This Is the Busy Season

with the agriculturist, who will find, as the season progresses, that there will be many things needed in his work—things which cost little and yet add greatly to the satisfaction of life on the farm.

Every farmer should be provided with a good

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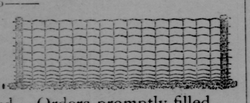

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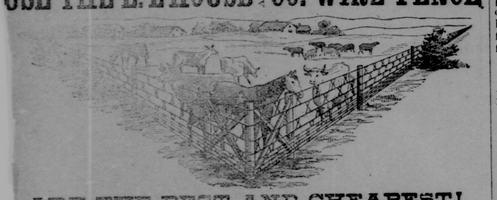

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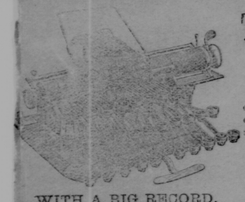

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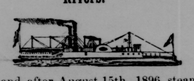

On and after August 15th, 1896, steamers will leave Pier 5 Light Street Wharf daily except Sundays at 7 p. m., for Oxford, Trappe, Cambridge, Chancellor's, Clark's, Medford's (Choptank), Lloyd's, Dover Bridge, Kingston, McCarty's, Ganey's, Todd's, Downes', Towers', Williston, Tuckahoe Bridge, Reese's, Coward's, Covey's, Hillsboro and Queen Anne.

Arriving at Oxford the following morning in time for connection with the Delaware & Chesapeake R. R., and at Cambridge with the Cambridge & Seaford R. R.

Returning will leave Hillsboro, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 10 a. m.; Covey's 10.30; Coward's 11; Williston 1 p. m.; Ganey's 1.30; McCarty's 2; Kingston 2.15; Dover Bridge 2.30; Medford's (Choptank) 4; Clark's 4.20; Cambridge 6; Trappe 7.30 and Oxford 9, stopping at intermediate landings, arriving in Baltimore early the following mornings.

Steamer leaves Hillsboro Sundays at 6 a. m.; Coward's, 7 a. m.; Williston, 8.30 a. m.; Medford's (Choptank) 11 a. m.; Cambridge 12.30; Trappe 1.30 p. m.; Oxford 2.45 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 8 p. m. Sundays.

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All persons who have real estate in this and adjoining counties for sale, and who wish to have the benefit of the extensive advertising which we use, will please call on or communicate with us. We are daily brought into correspondence with intending purchasers from all parts of the north and northwest, and we feel confident that we are able to bring to our communities substantial settlers. We have on hand now for sale large and small farms, timber lands, dwellings, stores, mills, etc. We also have all kinds of property, city or country, to be exchanged for city or country. We will be pleased to hear promptly from all who have property for sale or exchange. Enclose a stamp for reply.

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A LOVE STORY.

Oh, lay that dreary book away
And list to me—oh, list to me!
While wanes the purple of the day
A story I will tell to thee.
Lay not the book away in ruth,
With longing look or sorrowing sighs.
You know you'd rather read the truth
Within the iris of my eyes.

The swift air murmured silver clear
A moment since, "She comes to thee."
Your pulses told you I was near;
So don't pretend you do not see.
My brief, brief story, never rare,
Is only sweet as it is true.
Oh, don't pretend you do not care,
While all the while you know you do!

For from the winy warmth of spring
A fancy flashed in ruby gleams—
"You'd teach my heart a deeper thing
Than it had ever dreamed in dreams."
Well, I have learned your lesson now—
Have learned it all—oh, look and see—
The sweet, brief lesson in your vow
You said your heart should teach to me.

Men, eager in their quest for power—
For fame—to live forevermore,
Will always use a vagrant hour
To teach a woman love's sweet lore.
The praise of nations, sounding far,
Acclaim that pieces aisle or dome,
Is never dear as voices are
Which tell them they are loved at home.

'Tis hardly worth your while today
To look so very, very wise.
You'll lay that dull old book away
To read the story in my eyes,
To list the story on my tongue—
The one you wish to hear from me,
The story sweet, if said or sung—
I love but thee! I love but thee!
—Mary C. Ames in New York Ledger.

LEAVING ROYALTY.

Origin of a Peculiar Custom Discussed by Several English Writers.

If Mr. Labouchere continues with his average assiduity to search for the origin of customs that have come down to these days from prehistoric times, his successors in that interesting line of inquiry will have nothing to do but to pore over the pages of his unique publication, London Truth. Whence came this custom of walking backward before royalty? is one of the questions to the solution of which Truth has recently addressed itself with characteristic energy. We do not know that the prosperity or happiness of mankind or the advancement of civilization is involved in this inquiry. We could imagine the nations of the earth going on for ages to come, growing wiser and better in the future, as they have done in the past, and not caring a continental where or when or how that old habit got its start. Indeed it requires no great stretch of the imagination or of the probabilities to picture a time when all royalties shall have walked or been walked off the stage, backward or forward, never to return. Humanity has but to go on as it has been going on for some centuries in order to arrive at the end of the monarchical institutions. But, inasmuch as Truth considers this query worthy of serious consideration, we must conclude that it possesses some importance, some claim to human interest, even though that claim is not within our visual range.

One of Truth's correspondents gravely suggested not long ago that the custom of walking backward before royalty was due to an instinct in man implanted by Providence. In other words, nature is responsible for the habit. In a certain sense this is true. Nature endowed the earliest specimens of the human race with power to walk, and it must have given them that veneration for superiors which prompted them to amble backward before kings and queens.

We suppose nature is to some extent responsible for toadyism in all countries. It is nature that makes the English people "dearly love a lord," and nature causes a great many Americans to make fools of themselves and burlesque their own democratic government whenever they get a chance to pay homage to a titled aristocrat, real or bogus, from the old world. But it is perverted nature, and the growing democratic spirit of the age is getting the better of it.

Another correspondent of Truth, writing from the far east, where he is supposed to have seen much of savage life, makes a philosophical suggestion that seems to us to throw a great flood of light on this question. His notion is that the custom of always turning the face toward royalty originated in the stern necessities of rude and poor people who had little skill in tailoring. He says the first kings were rulers of savage tribes, whose clothing was extremely limited and rarely consisted of more than a scanty garment modeled on the primitive fig leaf. He respectfully submits that when a subject thus appareled had to present himself before royalty, courtesy, not to say decency, would suggest that he should present to the sovereign only that portion of his anatomy which was concealed by clothing. He therefore kept his back averted in approaching and retiring.

This explanation is highly creditable to the rough and simple people from whom modern notions have descended. That necessity long since ceased to exist, but the custom of walking backward survives because etiquette now demands what decency called for when the world was younger.—Washington Post.

An amusing illustration of the force of Shakespeare's line, "Brevity is the soul of wit," is contained in the following anecdote from Marshall Brown's "Wit and Humor of Familiar Sayings:"

A farmer traveling in a foreign land, becoming anxious about the condition of his live stock, telegraphed home:

Is things all right at the barn? JOHN BREEN.

His stable boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back:

John Breen: Things is. ROBERT.

NOT ALL KILLED IN ACTION.

Loss of Life In Battle Not So Appalling as Many Believe.

Summing up the whole question as between any two European peace trained armies of the present day, the extreme percentage of loss to be anticipated locally—i. e., on particular brigades and divisions—will not exceed one in three (of which one is killed to four wounded), whereas for whole armies of 250,000 and over one in ten is the very outside punishment we may reasonably expect.

Compared with the slaughter of the seven years' war and the best contested fields of the Napoleonic period, this is very little indeed. At Zorndorf the Russians left 21,000 out of 52,000 on the ground, and, though this is undoubtedly the bloodiest battle recorded since the introduction of portable firearms, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram and Borodino all exceed the figures for any fixed battle since the breechloader appeared in the field. Moreover, the horror of the whole thing is not to be measured by figures of percentages only, but by the density in which the killed and wounded lie and the fate of the latter afterward. In a modern battle 20,000 men would fall on an area of about 20 square miles. At Zorndorf the 21,000 Russians and 12,000 Prussians lay on a single square mile, and of the wounded not one in three survived, and the Prussian medical staff anticipate even better results next time.

But death on the battlefield is by far the lesser of the two evils the soldier has to face. There is the death on the line of march and in hospitals along the road, whereas formerly, particularly under Napoleon, ten would die by the way for one who fell in action. In the last Franco-German war only one man died of disease for two killed in action. Indeed the health of men in the full prime of life was actually slightly better in the field than in quarters.

It may, however, be argued that, even granted that battles and marches may be less destructive, there will be more of them, because every ablebodied man, being trained for war, the resistance will be more prolonged than formerly; but this prolonged endurance is only conceivable under the supposition that the leaders on both sides are hopelessly incompetent and both fear to stake all on a single collision, a supposition that nothing tends to justify. On the contrary, every leader brought up in the modern school is taught to understand the vulnerability of all modern military organizations, and is penetrated with the conviction that one downright "knock out" blow effects more than weeks of purposeless sparring, and where both start determined to bring matters to a climax the decision cannot long be delayed. Judging from what we know of the relative efficiency of continental armies, we believe that the first round of the great encounter will also be the last, for the momentum of the blow which decides will simply paralyze every nerve of the opponent's body, and, in adding up all sources of casualties that can occur in a short campaign of this description, we conclude that at the very worst the actual cost in human life to the powers engaged will not amount to more than the same percentage as the influenza epidemic of 1891-2 cost Germany, and rather less than the same epidemic cost us. To suppose that this degree of blood guiltiness would chain the wills of any responsible body of statesmen who believed that they were acting in the interests of their country is surely too Utopian an idea for profitable discussion.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Anecdote of Chief Baron Pollock.

The following anecdote is told of Baron Pollock when he was Chief Baron Pollock. On one occasion some one hinted retirement pretty broadly to the baron, entirely with a view, the person urged, to the prolongation of such a valuable life. As soon as he saw the drift of the speaker's remarks the old man rose, and with his grim, dry gravity said, "Will you dance with me?" Naturally the well wisher stood aghast at the chief baron's strange request, but the latter, who prided himself particularly upon his sturdy legs, began to caper about with youthful vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, the baron tripped up to him and said, "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" and "squaring up" to him, half in jest and half in earnest, literally boxed the gentleman out of the room. After that the old chief baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health and suggesting retirement.—Westminster Gazette.

A Lump of Copper Weighing 420 Tons.

The most colossal nugget of pure native copper ever found was a single bowlder of that metal which was unearthed in a Minnesota mine in 1857. This giant nugget was 45 feet long, 22 feet broad and 8 feet thick. It weighed a fraction over 420 tons.

A Remedy For Cramp.

The following is a simple and certain cure for cramp: When the cramp comes on, take a thin piece of cord, wind it round the leg over the place in which the pain is felt and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. The cramp will cease instantly, and the sufferer can go to bed assured that it will not come back again that night.

HER TEN WORD MESSAGE.

An Instance Where an Attempt to Skeletonize Was False Economy.

Mr. Blodgett twirled the slip of yellow paper thoughtfully around between his thumb and forefinger, and when he looked up Mrs. Blodgett saw that he was about to communicate something of considerable importance.

"Caroline," he said, "it isn't often that I find fault with you because of your expenditures. I like to see you dress well and keep the house up in good style, and I never begrudge you the necessary funds. Now, do I?"

And Mrs. Blodgett admitted he never did.

"But there's one thing I do kick about," went on Mr. Blodgett, and that is the literal throwing away of money. Listen to this last telegram you sent me and tell me what you think of it, viewing it in the light of common sense:

"DEAR ROBERT—Come directly up to the house from the depot. I have invited some friends for 7 o'clock dinner. Joey had a tooth extracted yesterday. Your loving wife.
"CAROLINE.

"Of course I was glad to see our friends at dinner, and it was all right about Joey's tooth, but I should have appreciated it just as much if you hadn't wasted so much money in telling me about it. I don't mind the money so much, but I do hate to give it to the telegraphic company. Hereafter, Caroline, when you find it necessary to send a telegram, limit your message to ten words. It's a very easy matter to express yourself with that number of words if you only think so."

Then Mr. Blodgett went to St. Louis on business. He had been there three days and had pushed his schemes so energetically that a meeting with several gentlemen at the Planters' hotel on the evening of the fourth day would, in all probability, bring the deal to a successful issue. Several hours before the time of his appointment he received a telegram from Mrs. Blodgett. It read:

"Fire Sam frightened Joey badly hurt no one escaped uninjured."

Mr. Blodgett pored over the unpunctuated message for several minutes. It was a decided puzzle. At last his anxious mind evolved this out of the chaos:

"Fire. Sam frightened. Joey badly hurt. No one escaped uninjured."

Then his fatherly heart was troubled at the thought of his little boy's lying at death's door and the wife of his manhood passing into eternity without his being there. He hastily scribbled notes of explanation to his business associates and took the first train for Chicago.

His pulse throbbed wildly and tears coursed down his cheeks as he neared his home, and when he saw that the house, at least externally, was not damaged, a prayer of thanksgiving ascended on high and he hoped things were not quite so bad as represented. He let himself in and hurried up stairs. His wife was in her room. He clasped her in his arms and wept aloud.

"Thank heaven you are not badly hurt!" he cried. "Where are the children?"

"Out in the yard playing," she said. "Why, what on earth ails you?"

"Out playing so soon?" he said. "What did you mean by this?" And he gave her the telegram.

"Why, just what it says," she replied. 'Fire. Sam frightened Joey badly. Hurt no one. Escaped uninjured.' If I hadn't wished to confine myself to ten words I should have said that the fire was around the corner, that Sam frightened Joey with a new false face, and that all escaped uninjured, but I had to leave out words. I thought you'd understand it all right."—Chicago Tribune.

England's High Place In Modern Art.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the British school of painting, it can scarcely be denied that the roll of its artists contains many names distinguished not only among the artists of their own country, but among the artists of the world. To take only three of the greatest—Hogarth, the satirical reflector of society; Reynolds, the portrait painter; Turner, the master of landscape—in what other modern schools shall we find their parallels? It would be rash to prophesy that the name of Millais will rank in the estimation of posterity as the peer of these his great precursors, but it may at least be said that he is as thoroughly national and original as any of them and that in simplicity, sincerity and power he will hold his own with the best.—Cosmo Monkhouse in Scribner's.

Out of Hearing.

The class to be promoted stood before the teacher, who was making out her list of pupils.

"What's your father's first name?" she inquired of one of the primaries.

Mystified silence.

"What does your mother call him?"

"Nothin."

"Oh, she must have some name for him. When she wants him, what does she call him?"

"She don't call him at all," was the reply. "He's dead."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Sister—Stick out your tongue and take your powder like a good girl. You never heard me complaining about such a little thing.

Flossie—Neither would I if I could take it on my face like you do.—

DOOMSDAY SPECULATIONS.

Discussions as to the Fate of Humanity the Last Great Day.

The probable fate of the last man has often been discussed, and dozens of theories have been advanced by persons who honestly believe that they have solved the problem. That there will be a time when this little world of ours will no longer exist there is not the least shadow of a doubt, but exactly how the human race will perish and disappear from the face of the globe is the question that has interested the philosophers of all ages.

Some profess to believe that the oceans are gradually encroaching on the land surface, and that eventually the last man will be drowned.

Opposite to this is the much talked of theory that the water on the earth's surface is slowly drying up, the amount being appreciably less now than it was at the opening of the century. The apostles of this unique theory say that if the drying up process continues for a few thousand years longer the earth will become as arid as the moon, and the last man will perish for want of water.

Some believe that the earth will fall to pieces; others that a monster planet will plunge into the sun, causing that great luminary to blaze up and burn to cinders the earth and the other planets in its train.

There have been dozens of other theories, some of them equally curious, advanced by men who have been making the subject a study. But the most remarkable solution of the question is the opinion lately expressed by a leading German meteorologist and astronomer. He says that the internal fires of the earth are rapidly dying out, and that the sun is sure to burn out and become cold and dark.

This, he says, is proved by the fact that ice is rapidly accumulating at the poles of the earth and slowly creeping down toward the temperate zones. Places visited by Kotzebue, Franklin, Ross, Parry, Lyon and others during the first quarter of the present century and pronounced by them as being free from ice during June, July and August are now covered with several feet of the crystal deposit, which is capped with snow throughout the year. This certainly proves that the earth's glacial zones are rapidly and permanently enlarging and that the old German apostle of the freeze out theory has a basis for his calculations, to say the least.

That Europe is on the borderland of another glacial epoch has been shown by Flammarion, the great French speculative astronomer. During the last 50 years every kingdom, empire, republic and principality in that country as well as those of Asia has lost from 6 to 14 degrees in its mean annual temperature. In France, Germany and Italy the northern limit of the growth of the vine is being steadily forced southward. In South America and South Africa similar conditions are noted. At Rio de Janeiro the annual temperature has been steadily going down since the date when meteorological records were first kept in that city. The German authority just cited declares that this will go steadily on, with the effect of narrowing down the habitable area of the globe. At last shivering humanity will all collect along the equator. Finally that, too, will become a region of ice and snow. Then the time will come when the overcrowded human beings will all be starved or be frozen in a heap.—St. Louis Republic.

Curbstone Repartee.

Newsboys are cute and impudent. One of the fraternity, who had a blacking kit over his shoulder, accosted a seedy looking old man on the corner of Grand River and Woodward avenues.

"Say, boss, want a shine?"

"No, my boy," answered the old man. "I used to cut up shines once, but I'm too old now."

This eloquence took away the boy's breath for a moment; then he asked with great apparent sincerity:

"Don't you have to pay taxes, boss?"

"Whaffor?" inquired the old man.

"Real estate on your shoes, boss."—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

What's in a name? Everything. You can't begin to think how much better Snawley feels, who used to be only "night watchman" at a swimming school, since somebody called him "night commander of the bath."—Boston Transcript.

The diadem of Shah Jehan, according to Tavernier, had 12 points, each tipped with a diamond of large size and the purest water. In the center was imbedded a huge pearl, and the rest of the crown was a glittering mass of rubies, diamonds and other gems.

The lily of the valley is, in floral lore, emblematic of happiness. In Portugal this flower is symbolic of modesty, its lowly growth and retiring habits giving it a symbolism closely akin to that of the violet

When cementing your cistern, remember that one bushel of cement and two bushels of sand will cover 3⅞ square yards one inch thick.

A letter mailed in New York will be delivered at Cape Coast Castle 33 days later.

A low barometer almost invariably betokens a coming storm.

NO DISGUISE IS POSSIBLE.

Faces Change, but a Man's Handwriting May Betray Him.

"It is impossible for any one to disguise his handwriting so that the attempt cannot be detected," says an expert. "Let me give you an example. Before me at this moment are the papers in a sensational case shortly to be tried. The writer of a series of letters has attempted to disguise his hand so that the letters might appear to have come from several different people. In all there are marring indications that they were written by one and the same person.

"For instance, the habits of the man show in the manner of the beginning of the lines. In each case they are begun close to the edge of the paper, this evidently being one of the man's peculiarities. Then the conjunction "and" is in each sentence made with the sign "&." Even when he has gone to the trouble of printing the letter, so that he may be sure that the writing is effectually disguised, the writer forgets to disguise this one word, and the signs are so much alike that there is no mistaking them.

"It would almost seem as if nature had made even the cleverest criminal weak in some point or other in order that his crookedness might be fastened upon him. This man has disguised his handwriting, but he forgot to disguise the fact that he is fond of the exclamation point and the interrogation mark as marks of emphasis to his words. Over all the letters both exclamation and interrogation points are thickly sprinkled, in some instances the marks being repeated two or three times. No two men in a hundred would have this peculiarity.

"Then, again, when he printed the letter 'S' this stupid writer forgot that he was in the habit of printing this letter in his ordinary writing, so that this mistake makes it possible to compare the two to detect the similarity. When I put them together, no one could doubt that they were by the same hand. As a matter of fact, the writing of the world is as marked and varied in its peculiarities as are the features of the writers. The close observer distinguishes between nationalities by their writings as readily as he does by speech, physiognomy or any other race peculiarity. Even when one has learned to write another than his native language the race distinction remains to a very perceptible degree. The writing of a German, Frenchman or other foreigner who has learned to speak and write the English language will retain a style as perceptible to the expert as will be the accent in the foreigner's speech, and the one can no more be overcome or avoided than the other.

"Although it be a fact that writing ultimately becomes the automatic production of the hand, it is equally a fact that it does so as the pupil and agent of the mind, and in the molding process peculiar qualities of its tutor and master enter unconsciously into its composition, and it becomes a mirror of its creator—the mind. An inspection of the autographs of famous people would reveal the fact that they illustrate how persons whose mental characteristics are a matter of history clearly exhibit those characteristics in their handwriting."—Boston Traveler.

The Coroner's Inquest.

Under some circumstances, and especially if the medical man in charge is one of high standing and repute, the coroner's jury brings in a verdict strictly in accordance with the result of the doctor's examination.

This has been commented on, and some surprise has been expressed that 12 men should be called from their business and put to more or less trouble and annoyance, when the doctor's certificate might, and usually does, answer all purposes.

It has been suggested that a reputable physician should be attached to the coroner's office, and that every death about which there was the slightest suspicion should be carefully inquired into. The knowledge that the most rigid scrutiny would be exercised in cases where the death was not clearly traceable to well understood causes might act as a restraining influence among the ignorant and depraved where infant mortality and the taking off of the sick and infirm might seem to be an advantage to the survivors.

The coroner's jury business is not very well managed, and it has more than once been suggested that a radical change in the administration of this office ought to be made.—New York Ledger.

The Drama In Mexico.

It is hard on the traveling theatrical folk when excited rancheros rush upon the stage, knife in hand, to avenge the death of a favorite actor, as happened in the interior the other day. That the whole scene was far from a reality never entered the head of the ranchero exaltado.—Mexican Herald.

Left Handed Violins.

Violins are adapted for the use of left handed musicians by reversing the order of the strings and the location of the bass bar and sounding post. Guitars, banjos, flutes and cornets are also changed for the benefit of such people. The proportion of instruments so altered is about 1 per cent.—New York Ledger.