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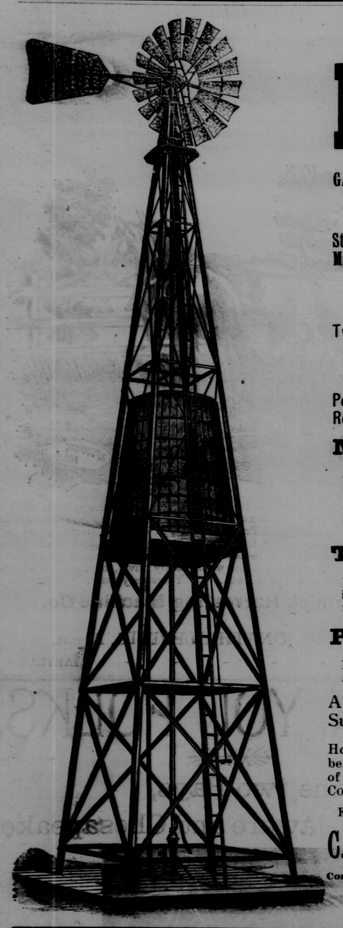

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Arriving at Oxford the following morning in time for connection with the Delaware & Chesapeake R. R., and at Cambridge with the Cambridge & Seaford R. R.

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 4.15; Cambridge 7; Trappe 8.30 and Oxford 10, 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 a. m.; Medford's (Choptank) 10.30 a. m.; Cambridge 12.30; Trappe 1.45 p. m.; Oxford 3 p. m., arriving in Baltimore at 8.30 p. m. Sundays.

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Two John's,	Kirby's,
Turkey Creek,	Oxford,
Kingston,	Bellevue,
Dover Bridge,	Double Mills,
Hog Island,	Easton, 9 30 p. m.
Windy Hill,	Oxford, 10.30 p. m.
Choptank,	Tilghman's Island.
Wright's,	

Arriving in Baltimore at about 5 o'clock next morning.

Returning, the steamers will leave Baltimore from Pier 4 Light St. Wharf, at 7 o'clock p. m., daily, except Sunday, for all points named, and arriving at Easton about 3.00 a. m.; Oxford, 3.45 a. m.; Cambridge, 6.00 a. m.; East New Market, 7.00 a. m., and Denton at 11 o'clock a. m.

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On and after July 4, steamer will leave for Baltimore every Monday

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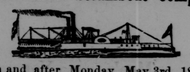

On and after Monday, May 3rd, 1897, the steamer EMMA A. FORD will leave Chestertown at 7 a. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Queenstown and Kent Island.

☞Leave Queenstown 8.45 a. m.

Returning will leave Baltimore at 3 p.m.

Round-trip tickets from all points, $1.00, good until October 15, 1897.

On Monday, April 12, the steamer Gratitude will leave Centreville daily, except Sunday, at 7 a. m., for Baltimore. Will leave Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 2.30 p. m., for Centreville.

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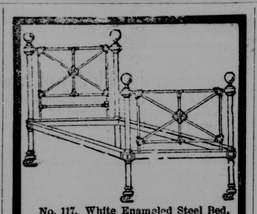

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(orders promptly filled.)

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Has opened a Shaving Parlor on Main St. opposite the Brick Hotel. The room is very neat and clean, large, light and comfortable. Best work guaranteed. Call and see.

A WOOD BIRD'S WHIM.

Hollow of a dead man's breast,
In a mighty wood—
Here's a place to make a nest
And to warm a brood.

Bees through its caressing vines,
Honey heavy, flit.
Every star of God that shines
Sees the way to it.

Buds which at their beauty blush
Weep their dews out here,
And the snake—I pray you, hush!
Something slides anear.

Was he poet—he to whom
All these things have paid
Reverent rites in sacred gloom,
Loving, not afraid?

He was poet. What dark whim
Set his heart to wings?
Oh, the song that wasted him
Now the wild bird sings!

—Sarah Platt in Century.

MRS. PARSONS, M. D.

There are so many fools in the world that I do not mind confessing that I was one of them for a few dismal years, not one of the complacent, happy ones either.

To begin with, I took up medicine comparatively late in life. They had made an architect of me, but I soon found myself kicking vigorously against that honorable profession. After a deal of persuasion I was allowed to enter as a student at Bart's and for two years worked hard.

I read a good deal at the British museum, like other fellows, from the 8th of August, 188—, always at the B 11 seat.

Why, you ask, always at that place?

Well, because it was on that date the most charming little woman I ever saw first came and occupied the seat marked B 12. I hoped she would keep to that seat, and so she did. The pile of books she used daily staggered me, and of course it would have been troublesome to alter the indications on all her reference slips if she had changed or been ousted from B 12.

From the 9th of August, 188—, it was generally a toss up which of us was the first reader to appear in the reading room. The assistants often smiled.

Her name was Bella Whitcombe. I learned that very soon. An official left one of her slips on my table by mistake. She had asked for Strauss' famous "Lecture on Cardiac Troubles," and the slip came to me marked "In use." I had the greatest pleasure in the world in returning the slip to her with a smile. Then she smiled back at me with those sweet, brown eyes of hers and remarked: "What a nuisance! I did so want it."

After this we often exchanged words, trivial words. Any pretext was good enough for me that procured me a glance or a smile from her.

I did not get on at all with studies. If I had not been a fool from the professional point of view, I should have bolted to the W or Y part of the room. But I had come to the conviction that it was more enjoyable to fail in my exams and see Bella every day than pass with distinction at the cost of severance from her.

Blissful, lazy, heartbreaking, anxious hours, day after day from half past 9 until 3, with an interval of three quarters of an hour for lunch.

Bella was brought to the museum every morning by a maid. The maid took her off for lunch, and the maid was always waiting among the pigeons under the portico from five minutes to 3 in the afternoon.

There was no getting rid of that precious abominable domestic.

When we had known each other a month, I proposed (it was a wild, foolish thing to do) to accompany her toward Bayswater on an omnibus. The maid was to go inside, she and I outside, but it was no go.

"My father wouldn't like it, Mr. Marrable," she said, with a sympathetic smile.

I tried whispering conversations about the weather, textbooks, exams and so on. But, to say nothing of the frowns I raised on other studious faces and a formal protest from the gentleman on his throne in the middle of the room, Bella did not greatly encourage me.

"I am here to work," she wrote on a slip at one time and pushed this toward me.

It will hardly be credited, but I ostentatiously put that slip to my lips and then folded it and placed it in my watch pocket, the heart pocket.

How she looked at me when I did this! An ordinary girl would have giggled. She did not giggle, and thenceforward her smiles were not quite what they had been. The pensive seriousness in them, however, made her more and more dear to me. Even when, for a joke, I recommended her to ask for Spencer on "Shoulder Blades," a well known absurdity, she only gave me a little reproving nod of her pretty head, with the bronze colored hair and the tiny shell ears.

So it went on until November, when I could bear it no longer. I knew less about surgery and medicine than in July.

"I must speak to you at luncheon," I whispered to her that morning. My face impressed her. Besides there was another reason why she should assent.

We came out among the Egyptian tombs, mummies and things. I told her she was everything to me—life, blood, ambition, happiness—and, as was right, she believed me. Better still, she admitted that I was much to her.

"But, Philip," she added (I was holding her hand; we had wandered into a Greek statuary room, where there was no soul else), "it must all depend upon my father. If you satisfy him, I shall be a very happy girl."

The Greek statues had, I dare say, seen a great many people kiss each other 2,000 or 3,000 years ago, but they never saw a more earnest exchange of such tokens of affection than ours.

"Tomorrow, dear," said Bella, "at 11 o'clock would be the best time for him."

. . . . . .

An exciting but felicitous evening followed, unmarred by my sister's scoff at the idea of my marrying a medicine woman; so she termed my Bella.

But when I was at Bella's father's door I did not feel happy. What were my prospects? I had $100 a year of my own; nothing else.

Of all things, too, Professor Whitcombe was a teacher of philosophy. It is just those men who are so concerned with ideals that look so tremendously sharp after the downright material good things of this life.

The gentleman disconcerted me from the outset by his formal manners and his blue glasses. Up went his eyebrows when I told him what I wanted. Still he heard me to the end. Only when I had exhausted all my powers of asseveration about the great things I could and would do with Bella engaged to me did he cough and pass sentence.

"I never in my life, Mr. ——" (glancing at my card) "Marribone, heard anything more absurd or impracticable than your proposition. I have nothing more to say. Good morning."

When I was outside, I held my senses just sufficiently to rush back to Great Russell street. Some one else got my seat, of course, a hulking, raw young Scotsman, also a Bart's man. I waited, however, till lunchtime and then told her all.

"Poor Phil!" said she. "I—I'm afraid it is all over!"

We are again among the Greek gods and goddesses. She cried gently as she spoke.

"But you love me?" I asked in a boiling rage against fate.

"Yes, I love you," said she chokingly.

"Very well, then; I shall win you yet. Bella, always love me, and things will right themselves."

The kiss we then exchanged seemed our last, for, though I saw her in the afternoon, she never again appeared in the reading room.

I wrote to her and received one letter in reply as follows:

MY VERY DEAR PHIL—Papa forbids me to correspond with you in any way, and I must, alas, obey him. I can only repeat what you know. You are enshrined in my heart. Let us pray that the future may be brighter for us both. Your fond BELLA.

Sweet, sweet letter, in spite of the despair it indicated!

For the ensuing fortnight I was like one bereft of half his senses. I tried to work, could not and ran down in health at a gallop.

I learned that Professor Whitcombe was a cold hearted, scheming monster. He worshiped rank and money, though he taught the pursuit of the noble, the true and the beautiful. Hypocrite! It was plain I had nothing to hope for from him.

Then my father compelled me to see our doctor—he and they all were so alarmed at my personal appearance, plus a cough.

The upshot was that in mid-December I was in the bay of Biscay, bound for Australia. It was my only chance, said the doctor. He little knew. One word from that philosopher fellow, and I would have been a Hercules in five minutes.

However, the Rubicon was passed.

I had written "goodby" to Bella and received no answer.

. . . . . .

Landing at Melbourne, I at once made arrangements for going up country to present certain letters to a cattle owner, Mr. Grant, among whose acres and quadrupeds I was supposed to have the best possible chance of regaining health.

And here I settled down.

It was less than 18 months afterward that I received an awful note from Professor Whitcombe informing me that his daughter was married to a "distinguished colleague in every way able to insure her happiness." That was how he put it. I was further requested to see both the absurdity and impropriety of continuing to address letters to Bella at her father's house.

My own people confirmed the miserable news. They didn't know the particulars, but they had seen Bella's name in The Times.

Once more I had a fit of raving, but it passed, and then I set to work to make money, the only aim that seemed left to me.

Under advice from Mr. Grant I had already bought a good block of land. I now prepared to stock it.

In three years I was worth $10,000, and scant joy the knowledge afforded me.

This, however, was nothing to what happened in the fourth year. Gold was discovered all along our line of country, and an expert I had told me I was a millionaire. So it proved. After a vast deal of excitement I cleared out of the country fabulously rich, considering my antecedents.

But, though rich, I wasn't happy, being one of those fellows, sometimes enviable and sometimes to be pitied, who, having once desired a thing, are never happy until they have got it.

Moreover, my heart had gone wrong, what with the excitement and my rather rackety, desperate way of living latterly.

The first thing I did in town after greeting the old folk was to consult old Jensen of Bart's. To my dismay, he agreed that my heart was really very wrong.

"What has done it?" he asked.

"Disappointment," I replied carelessly as my thoughts recurred to Bella.

"By the way," he added, "there's a downright clever woman specialist I would strongly advise you to see."

"You say that," I exclaimed, astonished, for the dear old chap knew all about my other case and also had in the old time expressed his contempt for the fair sex as medicine women.

"I mean it. Marrable, I seriously assure you," he replied, with a curious little cough. "She's written a remarkable little monograph. Here, I have it by me."

He showed it to me, and a brief glance proved that the writer at least knew her subject. "Mrs. B. Parsons, M. D.," was her name.

Then with a shrug I promised Jensen I would see the lady. Heaven bless the old chap! And what excellent luck it was, my thinking to go to him for advice!

I was inwardly somewhat amused the next morning when I called in Harley street and joined a couple of demure middle aged females in Dr. Parsons' waiting room.

In less than half an hour I was something infinitely better than amused.

"Be so good as to step this way, sir," said the man, and I and my card entered Bella's sanctum together.

"Bella!" I cried, and "Philip!" cried she, and we were in each other's arms before the amazed servant cleared out of the room.

It was a tremendous meeting, and minutes passed before I recovered my sanity. Then, with a fresh prick at that troubled heart of mine, I exclaimed:

"But your husband! Good gracious, what have I done?"

"He is dead," she said. "It was a wretched business. My father had set his mind on it, and there seemed nothing for it but to make him happy, seeing that I could not"—

"Could not what, Bella?"

"Could not make you believe that you were happy," she said shyly.

"And your father? Oh, but never mind now. I'm a Crœsus, positively rolling in money—that is to say (for I was conscious of my meanness), I hope he is well, my darling."

"No, Philip; he, too, is dead."

I am sorry to say that the news did not grieve me.

Then I started and told Bella everything, and afterward she told me everything. By the time that we had done with our respective histories the morning was far spent.

"And now, dearest, you must prescribe for me," I said, and I related my symptoms.

But she showed such a sweetly grave face at my words that I shuffled out of the role of patient back into that of lover.

"At any rate, my Bella, you will now be my life's physician?" I asked.

And so she is. We study each other's hearts—that is the main business of our two lives. Nor am I nearly as bad a subject as old Jensen made out when he sent me where he believed and fully hoped I should find my cure.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

A Life of Industry.

The life of the late Rev. Cobham Brewer was a monument to painstaking industry. He was 85 when he finished compiling the last edition of his bulky "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable." But perhaps the most remarkable thing was that he had acquired these habits of industry before he went to college, and that he paid his way through Cambridge with his pen and had $150 left on commencement day.

Poor Doggie.

"Charley, why is that Miss Silly always dragging her poodle around with her?"

"Because the pup can't break the chain."—Detroit Free Press.

The oil meals, gluten meal and bran are materials which may be used as carriers of fertility to the soil. Cottonseed oil meal is thus used to quite a large extent in the southern and Atlantic coast states, and the Connecticut experiment station has repeatedly called attention to it as a source of nitrogen for the New England states. The following paragraph is from a report of that station:

Cottonseed meal has been by far the cheapest source of available nitrogen during the past season. Experiments indicate that it is as rapidly and fully available as the best forms of animal matter. It has been extensively used in home mixed fertilizers and has given perfect satisfaction.

The Next Hay Crop.

The New England Homestead reports as follows:

Farmers will devote a full area to hay the coming season. Many of our returns from the middle and western states point to an increase of 10 to 20 per cent over last year—occasionally more than this—while others an acreage about equal to last year and some to a decrease. In the western states, where the crop is nearly all prairie hay, the amount cured will depend to some extent upon prices in July. In many of the older central and eastern states, given over largely to timothy and clover hays, there will be an increase owing to the cheapness of potatoes and grain.

THE MATHEMATICAL GOAT.

His Wonderful Feats of Calculation In His Saltatorial Exercises.

Almost every movement of a kid proves the mountain origin of its race. Its powers of climbing are extraordinary and must be witnessed to be believed. I have seen them clamber on slippery roofs and up the almost perpendicular face of a quarry to places which seemed impossible to reach without the aid of a ladder, or the clinging power of claws or fingers. I remember once seeing a pair of kids running races up and down the shafts of a disused farm roller which were tilted up at an angle of about 45 degrees. On the extreme ends of the shafts, high in the air, the little creatures would stand, one on each, and turn about, as on a pivot, with the tips of all four hoofiets close enough together to rest on a penny piece.

Such feats on the part of a goat are far more artistic exhibitions of skill in climbing than anything that can be done by a cat or a monkey, for he does everything by calculating his distance with absolute exactitude and by an infinitely delicate power of adjusting his weight so as to maintain his balance. What gives such finish to the performance is his sublime confidence in himself and the extraordinary precision with which every movement is executed. His judgment is so perfect that he scarcely ever makes a mistake. Necessity has been his grim schoolmaster, for it is, of course, easy to see that when leaping from ledge to ledge along the face of a precipice the least error in calculating either his distance or the amount of muscular force to be exercised would instantly prove fatal.

This is a branch of the study of natural history which has a peculiar fascination for me and which, the more I think of it, fills me with admiration and amazement. What a mathematician the goat would make if he could only tell us the process by means of which he performs his feats! A senior wrangler or a Smith's prize man would be nowhere beside him. Let me endeavor briefly to point out the nature of certain problems which he is in the habit of solving with absolute accuracy at a moment's notice:

Supposing a goat, following a new path, has to take a leap so as to alight on a pinnacle or narrow crag overhanging some abyss. First of all he must estimate the distance to be traversed and, having got it, whether by trigonometry or by some capricious method of his own, he has next to compute to the fraction of an ounce how much propulsive force is required to project his body (the exact weight of which has to be taken into account) precisely that distance and not a quarter of an inch farther. Moreover, he must take into calculation whether the spot he wishes to reach is above or below his starting point, and plainly his brain, when it sends forth motor impulses to the numerous muscles involved, must beforehand reckon and apportion to each its share in the task. At the same moment he must also estimate the exact proportionate amount of muscular force which will be required in each of his limbs to stop and balance his body on his new and precarious foothold.

Of course one need scarcely say that the whole process goes on without reaching the consciousness of the goat or anything that could even by courtesy be called his mind. But nevertheless it is obvious that in some way or other the calculation is made and is completed in a time and with an unerring accuracy which completely put to shame the mathematical triumphs of the human intellect.—Blackwood's.

The New Coachman.

This is the sort of an interview which may be expected when motor carriages come into use:

"You advertised for a coachman, sir?" said the applicant.

"I did," replied the merchant. "Do you want the place?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had any experience?"

"I have been in the business all my life."

"You are used to handling gasoline, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are well up in electricity?"

"Thoroughly."

"Good! Of course you are a machinist also?"

"Certainly."

"Then I presume you have an engineer's certificate?"

"Of course."

"Very well. You may go around to the outhouse and get the motorcycle ready. My wife tells me she wishes to do a little shopping."—Toledo Blade.

She Was In Earnest.

"What became of that Samuels girl that Pottersby was flirting with last summer?"

"You mean the girl that Pottersby thought he was flirting with. She married him."—London Tit-

The United Kingdom has more women workers than any other state in the world in proportion to the population, and among them no fewer than 616,000 are set down as dressmakers, an occupation which may be reasonably claimed as an industry.

Fleas will never touch an epileptic and will instantly leave a dead or dying person.