The Easton Star.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1885. | VOL. XXI.—NO. 9.

Lumber Business.

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Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

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Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

J. F. Bateman, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders.
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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

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DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts., One Dose. The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white* wrappers, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red Strip Caution-Label,* and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.*, Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SALVATION OIL,

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain,"

Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

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CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., N. Y.

Examiners' Notice.

The undersigned having been appointed by the County Commissioners of Talbot county to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the opening of a new public road in District No. 3, beginning at the intersection of the Schwanenger and Ivytown roads, and running thence a southeast course through the lands of Henry Rakes, Jacob Young, Joseph and Solomon Wilson, Mrs. Mary Jane Bassett and others to the Lloyd's Landing road, at or near the front gate of Mrs. Mary Jane Bassett, hereby give notice to all persons interested, that we will meet upon the premises at the beginning of said new road, on THURSDAY, THE 12TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1885, at 10 o'clock A. M., to execute said commission.

JAS. H. WILLIS,
THOS J. GRIFFIN,
PETER H. STEVENSON.

oct6 6t

'Pan Handle Pint'

Meat Market,

Corner of East Lane and Dover street.

JAS. COOPER, Butcher and Proprietor.

The best Talbot county raised and fatted beef, from 8 cents to 15 cents per pound. The best cuts, porter-house steak and rib-roasts, only 15 cents per pound. Please give me a call, and I guarantee to please

JAMES COOPER.

oct6-3m

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HANGING LAMPS, BRACKET LAMPS, STAND LAMPS, HAND LAMPS, KITCHEN LAMPS, and NIGHT LAMPS.

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Plymouth Rocks & Pekin Ducks.

Plymouth Rock Cockerels, $1 50@$2 50
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A few Buff Cochins 1 50

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of Finest Clothing at prices which will surprise many people who have often paid double the money for goods of the same quality we are offering at

CLEARANCE PRICES.

Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats, all equally sacrificed. We lose money; the Insurance Companies lose money. The public reap the benefit. Do not miss this opportunity, it may never occur again.

ACME HALL,

The Glass of Fashion,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

POETRY

NIHIL LONGE DEO.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It is the natural impulse of mankind
To long to lay their dead by kindred clay,
Near the familiar scenes of every day—
The daisied meadows, the oft-trodden way,
The homes and haunts that were so dear, so kind.

He felt the common need—that sad-eyed saint
Who watched his mother die by Ostia's Sea—
And, as the last faint breathing grew more faint,
Opened his stern lips for the one complaint:
"Oh! might thy grave at home in Carthage be!"

At home! where we can deck each grassy bed,
Can watch their rest and say: "They are not far";
Can lay sweet roses by the buried head
And dream that beauty, bloom, and perfume shed
A certain grateful effluence where they are.

And yet, time fleets; we falter and grow old;
And, one by one, the road mysterious
We too must take, where lie the shadows cold,
And none be left to dress and tend the mold
So precious and significant to us.

Each century sweeps clean the loves and hates
Of all its predecessor centuries;
And the worn records, the old carven dates
Are nothing to the new time, which creates
Its own emotions, its own memories.

But what are far or near or less or more
To those who trust thy faithfulness, O, God?
Safely they lay them down on foreign shore
As did Monica, or mid wildest roar
Of ocean waves, as 'neath familiar sod.

We must forsake; but thou forsakest not;
The tasks our hands let fall, Thy hands uplear;
Nothing is far from Thee; no loneliest spot,
No grain of Christian dust shall be forgot,
Or in the Resurrection lose its share.

The angels dug the grave of Moses deep;
And no man knoweth his sepulchre today;
And the same guardian care shall watch and keep
In Christ, and make them fair and safe away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JENNIE'S WHIM.

"I won't go!"

Miss Jennie's pretty face flushed as she spoke, and she stamped her delicate little feet.

"Papa will be very angry," observed the elder sister, a pale blonde, with a quiet, patient voice, whose tone suggested that papa's anger would be visited on her head rather than on the rebellious Jennie, who to tell the truth, generally succeeded in having her own way.

"I don't care!" cried Jennie; "nothing in the world will make me attend this garden party."

"Why be so obstinate, Jennie?" remonstrated Ada. "You know papa has set his heart upon it, and would make you go if he were at home."

"But he is not at home," said Jennie, with a defiant laugh, "and I mean to please myself."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Reid, with a sigh of resignation; "if you have fully made up your mind not to go, I suppose it is no use continuing the discussion."

"Quite useless," said Jennie, as she rose from the breakfast table and began chirping to her canary.

She was a bright-looking girl of about nineteen years of age, with regular features, and a slight, graceful figure.

Her father was very proud of Jennie's beauty, and on this account prefered her to the more sedate and tractable Ada.

Jennie would be sure to make an excellent marriage, he thought, if she would only be reasonable.

He knew that the son of one of the most wealthy men in the district would be at the garden party, which had caused the little discussion between the sisters, hence his anxiety that Jennie should be there.

Unfortunately for the fulfilment of his wishes, he had been called away suddenly from his home, thus leaving Jennie to her own devices, for Ada had no influence over her, although Jennie loved her dearly; all the more dearly, perhaps, because she could defy her authority.

All the other girls in the neighborhood would be setting their caps at Jocelyn Trehearne, Jennie told herself, and she was firm in the determination to stay away and show her independence.

The day came, and with it, the lady who was to chaperon the two girls, in gala attire, which formed a rather startling contrast to Jennie's rather shabby gown.

"What not yet dressed?" cried Mrs. Marshall, in surprise. "My dear, how late we shall be!"

"Jennie is not coming," observed Ada, entering the room at that moment, in a pretty white dress and a large hat with a long drooping feather.

"Not coming. What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Marshall. "Go and get ready at once, you little goose. You must be out of your mind to think of staying away. Do you know Jocelyn Trehearne will be there?"

"I ought to know—I have heard it often," said Jennie bluntly. "He wishes to fling his handkerchief at any of the girls at Mrs. Hamilton's garden party, there will be plenty to choose from without me."

"Oh, Jennie!" cried Ada, scandalized by the not very pretty or graceful speech.

"Very well, if you won't go, I am sure I will not try, to persuade you," said Mrs. Marshall, and she swept out of the room; her silken draperies rustling in a way that was suggestive of carefully restrained annoyance.

"Mrs. Marshall is offended," said Ada, looking distressed.

"She will be if you keep her waiting," returned Jennie, and she playfully pushed her sister out of the room.

Then, going to the window, she watched the carriage as it rolled away, a triumphant smile on her pretty face. When it was out of sight she went upstairs and changed her black alpaca for a pretty holland dress with red trimmings, for Jennie had no inclination to be a fright, because she had denied herself the pleasure of attending the garden party.

"I'll practice for an hour," she said to herself on returning to the drawing-room, "and then take the third volume of the new novel down to the brook and enjoy myself. Nobody will disturb me there, and I am sure I shall like it a great deal better than that stupid garden-party," and Jennie nodded her bright head at her own reflection in the mirror and tripped to the open piano.

She would practice for quite two hours, she told herself, taking out her little watch—a birthday present from her father. There would be plenty of time, she had promised herself, afterwards.

"How I hate that Jocelyn Trehearne," she thought, as her white ringless fingers glided over the keys of the piano.

This was scarcely fair, as she had never set eyes on the gentleman in question.

But it was enough for Jennie that he kept her away from the garden-party by attending it, and deprived her of a pleasure that seldom came in her way.

But she had shown her independence, so Jennie told herself, as she arose from the piano, and putting on her hat, left the house, and walked slowly towards the brook, which although at some distance, could be seen, through the trees, sparkling in the sunlight.

It was very quiet and peaceful down by the brook, and, sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, Jennie read her book with such deep interest that she did not notice how the clouds were gathering in the sky, until a sudden darkness made her lift her pretty head and look about her.

"Why, I declare it is going to rain," she cried, and rising hurriedly, turned her footsteps in the direction of home.

She was sorry that the weather was going to turn out so bad, as it would, in a measure, spoil the pleasure of Mrs. Hamilton's garden-party by driving her guests into the house.

But, at all events, they would not get wet, and Jennie herself was in for a regular shower-bath.

If it would only keep off till she reached Old Martha's cottage! Old Martha was one of Jennie's pensioners. The girl increased her speed to a run, and arrived, panting and breathless at the door of the humble cottage just as the first heavy drops fell from the over-laden sky.

"Why there is nobody at home," said Jennie, as, after repeatedly knocking at the door, she lifted the latch and walked in.

It was a very close day, and Jennie pushed up the little window, watching the heavy falling rain, her sweet face framed with clustering honeysuckle.

As she stood watching the rain drops, a gentleman came in sight walking hurriedly down the road. Jennie wondered who he could be. She gazed at him curiously as he approached the cottage, and started when he knocked sharply at the door, not having caught sight of the pretty face at the window.

The spirit of mischief took possession of Jennie. She took off her hat, snatched up a large white apron and tied it around her slim waist, tucked up her sleeves, and taking a broom, went to the door as if the knocking had interrupted her in her household duties.

"I"—began the stranger, and lifting his eyes to her face, gave an expressive "By Jove!" and stared at Miss Jennie in silent astonishment, until a warm blush stole up to the roots of her pretty, fair hair.

"What can I do for you, sir?" said Jennie, with a demure curtesy.

"You can give me shelter from the storm, if you will?" said the stranger, recovering from his surprise; and shaking the raindrops from his hat, he stepped inside the cottage, glancing at Jennie's little feet as he did so, and thinking the little rustic was uncommonly well shod.

Jennie, on her part, was wondering who this handsome man, with dark, searching eyes could be.

"You don't live all alone in this cottage," he said, accepting her timid invitation to be seated.

"Oh, no!" faltered Jennie, blushing like a rose.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

What a pretty child it is," thought the young man. "And how she blushes; but that, I suppose, is rustic simplicity. I dare say she is quite unconscious of my admiration, and does not even know how charming she looks."

And then he smiled, remembering how he had been courted and flattered by certain fair ladies that afternoon, and congratulated himself on the fact that the storm had come after his departure, for be it known, the angel Miss Jennie was entertaining unawares was no other than the "lion" of the garden-party, Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne.

Jennie's book lay on the table, and he looked at it in surprise. The little rustic subscribed to Mudie's then, or had some friend who was kind enough to lend her books to read.

"Is this your's?" he said, and the little deceiver faltered out that it belonged to Miss Jennie Reid.

"Miss Jennie Reid," repeated Mr. Trehearne. "Any relation to that nice girl who they tell me is engaged to young Dr. Brown?"

"You know Ada Reid?" said Jenhie in surprise, and a painful blush suffused her face. How she regretted her foolish whim now!

"I have seen her once," returned Mr. Trehearne; "but it is her sister who is so kind to you eh?"

"Yes," faltered Jennie, ready to sink through the floor.

"Is she pretty, as well as kind?" asked Mr. Trehearne, adding to himself, "I only saw one Miss Reid at the garden-party."

"Some people call her pretty," said Jennie with a smile: "I am no judge." Then going to the window, she added quickly. "The rain will soon be over; see how bright the sky is getting."

"Yes, it will soon be over," he returned, thinking to himself "Those pretty little shoes are, I suppose, a present from Miss Jennie. I should like to make that girl's acquaintance."

"It has left off raining," said Jennie, in an agony, for she could see old Martha toiling along the road, armed with a gigantic gingham. "Here's your hat, sir?"

And before Jocelyn knew where he was, found himself outside the cottage, while Jennie, having closed the door, hastily divested herself of her big apron, and replaced her hat on her bonny head.

Old Martha was delighted to see her, of course, and would have had her remain to take a cup of tea; but Jennie declined, and hurried away with all speed; hating herself for the deceit she had practiced.

The garden-party had been very nice, Ada told her that night, although it had been more of a house-party than anything else after the rain came on. Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne had been there, but he had been obliged to leave early.

Jennie scarcely heard what her sister said. The girl felt wretched, and to add to her discomfort, her father came home on the following day, and scolded her roundly for her disobedience.

"Don't cry, Jennie," whispered her sister, "or you'll spoil your eyes, and papa says we have a gentleman coming to dinner tomorrow. I don't want my pretty sister to look a little fright."

"I don't care what I look like," declared Jennie; but she wiped her eyes nevertheless.

Ada was the useful one of the family, and went about her duties with a light heart, for her sweet-heart, the young doctor, had asked her to "name the day" when they met at the garden-party.

She was a little vexed that Jennie did not take more interest in the joyful news; but Jennie was thinking of what had happened on the previous day. She could think of nothing else.

The morrow came, and with it the gentleman before-mentioned.

He was standing on the hearth rug talking to her father when Jennie entered the room in her pretty white dress with its dainty lace elbow sleeves.

She gave a little gasp of astonishment and consternation as she looked at him; but his smile was reassuring, although he, too, was dumbfounded at the first moment.

"My dear Jennie, Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne"—and then Jennie knew Father had been too much for her; she had stopped away from the garden-party for nothing.

Well, not exactly that, for she had won a lover.

Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne in due time proposed and was accepted; but, oh, how he does tease his little wife about her protegee

Smith Had Misjudged Her.

There were half a dozen of them holding down as many chairs in a suburban drug store the other evening, when the talk changed to tramps, thieves and burglars, and Smith said:

"Well, now, but I'd like to try an experiment. I am a little skittish about these desperadoes, and Mrs. Smith knows it and takes advantage to brag about her own courage. She says she'd just like to find the tramp on the doorstep who refused to dust when she ordered him to."

"Well?" asked one.

"Well, suppose one of you rig up and go to the front door and demand something to eat, and be mighty impudent about it. It will give her a scare and stop her bragging."

The crowd fell in with the idea and one of the men donned an old hat and coat and fixed up as a tramp. Ten minutes later he was knocking at the side door, while Smith and his friends were posted across the street.

It wasn't over two minutes after the tramp's first knock before he came out of the yard. He came over the fence. He was in such a hurry that he ran thirty rods before he could bring up. When Smith and the others reached him he had his hat off and was feeling of his head and gritting his teeth to keep back a groan.

"Well," said Smith, "what did you do?"

"Told her that I wanted a hot supper pretty quick."

"And what did she say?"

"She asked whether I would have boned turkey or fricaseed chicken, and while I was trying to make up my mind she kicked me on the shin, struck me on the head with with a club and pushed me off the steps at the same time."

And every one of the group looked back and saw Mrs. Smith on the walk in front of the house, apparently waiting for somebody's return, and each man gasped out:

"Well, I'll be kazooed!"

The Same Old Postoffice.

Find on the map of South America the Straits of Magellan; look at the mountain hanging over; imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a postoffice. No postmaster stays there to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact, it has no key. Yet it is a grand old postoffice. Ships coming along that way stop, and their captains take out packages of letters that have been dropped therein, see if they can find any that want to travel their way, and if so, take them on; in their place they leave a package which is to go in another direction. And the barrel swings, doing its duty day by day, without being watched, sending joy to many hearts.

Keeping a diary is not what it is cracked up to be. Thirty days of accuracy is about the limit of the endurence; but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has never yet disappointed any one who has used it.

"My son, when you go to the city, get you a Bicycle, some tight pants, some toothpick shoes, and a slender cane, but with all your gettings don't fail to get a bottle of Salvation Oil, for "pride (you know,) goeth before a fall."

A little boy, on returning from Sunday school, recently, when asked by his mother, "What was the golden text?" instantly replied, "Hold a grater to Solomon's ear." For a moment the mother was puzzled, and then could not restrain her laughter as the true text came to her—"Behold, a greater than Solomon is here." Children get strange notions, and need plain words and clear thoughts.

THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHERN STATES, at certain seasons of the year, whole communities are subject to fevers, ague, bilious attacks, and a hundred ailments. "Quinine" is the popular remedy, but the occasional use of VINEGAR BITTERS renders such medicines entirely unnecessary. Nothing is known to relieve a torpid liver so quickly.

"My dear, look below," said a Harlem man, as he stood on the bridge with his wife and gazed at a tug hauling a line of barges, "Such is life. The tug is like a man, work and toiling, while the barges, like woman, are—" "I know," interrupted Mrs. G., with a smile, "the tug does the blowing and the barges bear all the burdens."

Teacher: "So you can't do a simple sum in arithmetic? Now let me explain it to you. Suppose eight of you have together 48 apples, 32 peaches and 16 melons, what will each one of you get?" "Cholera morbus," replied Jonny Fizzletop, an Austin boy, who is addicted to that malady.

A matchless story—One in which there are no weddings.

My Maryland Improved Whitewash, Of all tints, for indoor and outdoor work, better and cheaper than kalsomine, for sale by *Hayward & Bro.*

Seller's Liver Pills, Schenck's Mandrake Pills, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, Sholl's Ague Pills, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

TONSORIA
Removes Dandruff, and promotes the growth of the hair, price 50c per bottle. Prepared by HAYWARD & BRO.

Look! Look!—If you want to see cheap Soap, something new, that will astonish the natives, just go to the drug store of J. C. HENRY & BROTHER.

Lubricating Oils—
Lard, Castor, West Virginia, Golden Machine, B. & Y., for sale by *Hayward & Bro.*

Call and see the new American Anti-Moth Paper we have just received, for protecting your winter apparel. Nothing better. Cheap. At J. C. HENRY & BROTHER'S.

IMPERIAL GRANUM,
Nestle's Milk Food, Condensed Milk and Mellin's Infant Food for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

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Jayne's Expectorant, Allen's Lung Balsam, Boschee's German Syrup, Piso's Consumption Cure, and a full line of the leading patent medicines always for sale at HAYWARD & BRO'S.

THE FINEST LINE OF
Of Fine Brushes, Nail Brushes, Tooth Brushes, and Fine Perfumeries on the Eastern Shore, for sale by *Hayward & Bro.*

Peruvian Fever & Ague Cure,
Price 50c per bottle. For sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Wilbour's Cod Liver Oil & Lime
Phillips' Palatable Emulsion Cod Liver Oil Nemeyer's Emulsio Cod Liver Oil with Extract of Malt for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

SOZODONT,
Irisodont, Jenning's Dentifrice, Turkey Myrrh, and Mead & Baker's Carbolic Tooth Washes for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

HOFF'S EXTRACT MALT,
Wyeth's Extract Malt; Wyeth's Beef, Iron and Wine; Celery, Beef and Iron, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Pure Vasseline,
Pomade Vasseline, Carbolated Vasseline, Vasseline Camphor Ice, Vasseline Cold Cream, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Ely's Cream Balm,
Sanford's Radical Catarrh Cure, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Brown's Iron Bitters,
Brown's Jamaica Ginger, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

POND LILY,
Lait De Iris for the Toilet, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Allcock's Porous Plaster,
Benson's Capcine Plasters, Arnica Plasters, Belladonna Plasters, Mustard Plasters, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

DENTINE,
For cleansing and whitening the teeth for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

BIRD SEED.
For to keep your canaries in a healthy condition, feed them on Buist's bird seeds. A mixture of imported Sicily Canary, Russian Hemp, German Millet and German Rape, in packages, only 10 cents, at the Drug Store of HENRY & BROTHER.

EXTRACT OF VANILLA,
Strictly Pure for flavoring, price 35c per ottle, prepared by HAYWARD & BRO.

ST. JACOB'S OIL,
Hamlin's Wizard Oil, and Salvation Oil, for sale at HAYWARD & BRO'S.

EXTRACT OF LEMON,
Strictly pure for flavoring; price 35c per bottle; for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Kendall's Spavin Cure
And Kendall's Blister for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

GREEN'S AGUE CONQUEROR,
Ayer's Ague Cure for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

SEED WHEAT.
NEW VARIETY of WHEAT raised by Mr. Fleckenstein. This year it produced 26 bushels per acre on corn ground. Sample on exhibition at R. J. TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

Color Your Butter
With Wells & Richardson's Butter Color, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

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At HAYWARD & BRO.'S.

John's Celebrated Asbestos Paint,
The best paint in the market, for sale by *Hayward & Bro.*

Lumber for Sale.

100,000 SPRUCE PINE SHINGLES, and
10,000 FEET OF BUILDING SCANTLING.
A. H. BARNETT.

Trappe, Sept. 8th, 1885 tf

Hall's Hair Restorer,
Japanese Hair Dye, Parker's Hair Balsam, Montgomery's Hair Restorer, Jayne's Hair Tonic, London Hair Restorer and Ayer's Hair Vigor for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Trippe's Syrup Blackberry Root,
The old standard remedy for Diarrhœa and Dysentery, and especially good for Summer Complaint with children. Prepared and sold by R. J. Trippe.

Key West Cigars.
A splendid smoke for 5 cents, at HENRY & BROTHER'S Drug Store.

Talbot Savings Bank of Easton.
Banking House on Dover street. Deposits as low as 25 cents received. sep1,85tf

Blue Grass Horse & Cattle Powders,
Price 25c per package. Prepared by HAYWARD & BRO.

Warner's Safe Kidney & Liver Cure,
Dr. Simmon's Liver Regulator and Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Trippe's Extract Vanilla.
Made from best Vanilla Beans. For sale at R. J. Trippe's.

Johan Hoff's Extract of Malt.
If you are weak, debilitated and have no appetite. Use Hoff's Extract of Malt and it will make you feel like yourself again. For sale at Trippe's drug store.

DIAMOND DYES,
The best in the market, only 10 cents a package, for sale by *Hayward & Bro.*

Sponges, Chamoise Skins,
And Dusting and Shoe Brushes, for sale by *Hayward & Bro.*

COX'S GELATINE,
Baker's Chocolate, Phillips' Cocoa, for sale by HAYWARD & BRO.

Extracts Vanilla, Lemon and Bitter Almonds,
For sale at HAYWARD & BRO.'S. Price 25c per bottle.

Public Sale.

Having discontinued farming, on

Wednesday, Nov. 25th,

if fair, if not, the next fair day, I will offer at public sale, at

THE VILLA,

Mr. Simeon Brady's farm, in Easton district, all of my

LIVE STOCK

AND

Farming Implements

INCLUDING

1 pair of good Mules,
1 good brood Mare with colt by her side,
1 fine driving Mare,
1 good work Horse,
20 head of Sheep,
1 Standard farm wagon,
2 horse carts,
1 Champion cord binder,
1 wheat drill,
1 corn dropper,
and a lot of harrows, plows, small tools, plow gear and other articles.

TERMS.

The terms are cash on all sums of $10 and under; on all sums over $10 a credit of Ten months, with note and good security, with interest added, payable at the Easton National Bank of Maryland. No property to be removed until terms are complied with. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

CLINTON T. PORTER.

oct27-5t

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

Personal Property,

Near Dover Bridge.

Having rented my farms, I will offer at public sale, at "Choptank Heights," near Dover Bridge, on

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11th, 1885,

ALL OF MY

LIVE STOCK

AND

Farming Implements

CONSISTING OF

4 good carriage and work horses; 12 Alderney milch cows—3 fresh to the pail, with calves by their side; 50 hogs and shoats; 1 single ox; 1 Holstein bull, 2 years old, and 1 two-year-old Hereford bull, both thoroughbred; 1 Champion self binder; 1 wheat rake; 2 wheat fans; 2 corn shellers; 3 wagons with bodies; 3 wagons with hayracks; 1 pair of timber wheels, new; 2 grind stones; 6 set of wagon harness; 4 horse carts and harness; 1 water cart; 2 trucks that go to wagon wheels; 1 corn and cob crusher; 1 Randall harrow; 1 cider mill; 1 buggy and harness; 1 dearborn, plows, harrows, drags, and small tools, &c.
1 brood Mare with foal by Hannibal.

TERMS.

The terms are Cash on all sums of $10 and under; on all sums over $10, a credit of 10 months, the purchaser giving note with good security, bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed until terms are complied with. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

A. A. PASCAULT.

JAMES A. ROE, auctioneer.
J. PRICE KIRBY, clerk.

oct20-4t

Bargains! Bargains!

I am selling my entire stock of

CLOTHING,

Hats, Underwear,
Neckwear, Hosiery,
JEWELRY, &c.,

at and below cost to change my business. These goods must be sold in the next sixty days, and persons in need of anything in the above line can save money by examining my stock before purchasing.

J. H. LINTHICUM.

Easton, Oct. 27th, 1885.

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

Notions in Variety.

Mrs. R. V. Leonard

Dover Street, Easton,

has just opened her Fall stock, and invites the ladies to call and see the latest fashions. Her assortment is as complete as any similar establishment out of the city. Ladies hats and bonnets this season are just lovely. Everything is exceedingly cheap as well as beautiful. Call before buying elsewhere, and you will certainly be suited. The ladies cannot fail to be delighted with the new styles of birds, plumes, feathers and other fashionable trimmings.

Easton, Oct. 27th, 1885.

FOR SALE.

A farm of 227 acres, situated in Caroline county, on the Choptank river, near Hog Creek. Price, $2 000.

J. TILGHMAN TODD,
Executor of Purnell Todd, dec'd.
Matthews P. O., Talbot co., Md.
may26,85tf