MARYLAND COURIER.

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DORCHESTER COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Grain, Ship Timber and Eastern Shore Lumber,
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Orders filled for any Description of Oak.

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MANNERS, FISHER & CO., Propr's.
Sashes, Blinds, Doors, Shutters, Window and Door Frames, Mouldings, Scroll Sawing, Planing, Turning, Bending and Sawing. We propose to furnish all the above named articles, also Fruit and Oyster Boxes, and Crates of every description, together with a full assortment of
LUMBER,
such as Flooring, Siding, Roofing, Scantling White and Yellow Pine. Railing and Banisters for Stairs always on hand.
We expect to compete with Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore in price, quality and workmanship. Give us a call and save money thereby.—Hoping to give satisfaction in all cases, we earnestly solicit a share of public patronage. MANNERS, FISHER & CO.
8-23

MARTIN JOHNSTON,
BOOK BINDER,
HAS ALL THE APPOINTMENTS OF A COMPLETE ESTABLISHMENT.
[illegible] city in ability to do good work and fill large orders.
BLANK BOOKS A SPECIALTY.
Address, MARTIN JOHNSTON,
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NEW STOCK WATCHES AND CLOCKS,
LARGE STOCK OF
Foreign and Domestic Jewelry,
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Fine Table and Pocket Cutlery,
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FINE CIGARS, CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO, PIPES, &C.
Large Stock of Linen-face Collars and Cuffs.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner, and at reasonable prices.
Give me a call.
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FOR THE SALE OF
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Consignments solicited.—Reference—Cash.
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SEAFORD, DEL.,
Dr. M. V. B. Johnson.
COME ONE! COME ALL!
If you want fresh and reliable drugs and Medicines, go to Dr. M. V. B. Johnson's. The best Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs are to be found at Dr. Johnson's. Prescriptions carefully compounded at the City Drug Store.
If you want a Bible, Good-book, Magazine, Newspaper, School Books of all kinds, Novels, Fine Albums, Hymn Books, Fine and Fashionable Writing Paper of all kinds, Envelopes of all kinds, Window Shades and Fixtures, Picture Cards, Nails, and a full line of all kinds of Pens, Pencils, Inks, Gold Pens, complete assortment of Fine Wall Papers, and a complete assortment of
DRUGS, DYES, OILS, &c., &c.,
GO TO
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Building Materials of all Kinds.
Weatherboarding, Framing,
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Laths, Bricks,
Lime and Hair,
Doors, Sash, Shutters, Mouldings, &c.
White, Virginia and Carolina Pine.
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Lumber dressed and Undressed.
Farmers and Builders look to your Interest.
EVERYTHING AT BOTTOM PRICES.
LUMBER-YARD AND OFFICE ON WASHINGTON ST., NEAR THARP'S PEACH HOUSE
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The subscriber informs the public that he has a full line of all kinds of Building Materia mentioned above, which he is offering below "CITY PRICES." All orders delivered promptly by cars, boat or wagon. Write and get his prices before buying elsewhere. He particularly invites a call from all wanting Lumber, satisfied that he can please all as to PRICES and QUALITY.
Easton, Md., April 7, 1877-1y] JOHN A. ARRINGDALE.

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CARRIAGE MAKERS,
—AND—
UNDERTAKERS.
Mahogany and Walnut Caskets
Furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices.
HEARSE AND UNDERTAKER
Will accompany Orders free.
Carriages Built, Repaired and Painted.
Our aim is to please both in price and character of workmanship.
FRAMPTOM & HOLLIS.
Federalsburg, March 17th, 1875. 5-7-1y

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

GREENABAUM & CO.,
DEALERS IN
FINE CLOTHING,
(READY-MADE,)
Cor. High and Market Sts.,
SEAFORD, DEL.
Our goods are bought for cash, are of the finest quality, and are sold at a low percentage, and it will be seen upon examination that we can successfully compete with the large city establishments in our prices.
Independent of our stock of ready-made clothing, we keep on hand and for sale an endless variety of notions, trunks, valises, umbrellas, and articles usually found in a
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE.
3-39 HIDES, PELTS AND GOOD FURS.

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SOLE TILE WORKS.
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Post Office Address, OAK GROVE, DEL.
We are prepared to furnish Sole Tile, from 2½ to 7 inches bore, 13 inches in length, by the cargo, or in the smallest quantity, on demand.
All Tile warranted hard burnt, and to fit close at the joints. Delivered on board of cars free of charge.
Price List sent on application.—Practical Drainers furnished when required. 6-41
For further particulars address as above.

Learn the Value of Money.

Hunt's Merchants' Magazine. A silver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. It is given to a boy; he has no idea of what it has cost or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn the dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a hundred weary days' labor and it seems a great sum of money; a thousand dollars is a fortune and $10,000 is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expect to possess. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy to bring him up to man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at 21 without it is almost inevitably thrown away. With it and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.

KNITTING.

"With a blooming maiden sitting,
While she nimbly plies her knitting,
Blessed—I gazed upon her beauty,
While I fill my happy duty,
"Paying out" the zephyr double,
Richly paid for pleasant trouble
Just to watch her nimble fingers,
And her ruby lips where lingers
Many a beauty in her smiling,
All my loving soul beguiling.
Just to feel the wond'rous thrilling,
Of my heart with rapture filling.

While beside the maiden sitting,
"Paying out" while she is knitting,
I am thinking—how our knitting
Is an illustration fitting
Of the real life we're living;
Of the mercies God is giving
To the active world around him.
Then to woman—man has bound him,
[illegible]
The joys our souls are taking,
Pain to labor are supplying.
"Paying out" life's thread, and trying
Ever to undo its tangling;
His—to give life's thread and hold it;
Hers—in love to gently mould it
Into forms of use and beauty,
Thus they link their love and duty."

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

There lived upon a time, in a land there is no need of mentioning by name, a person who was not a young prince, as my preamble seems to indicate, but an ordinary mortal, down whose papa's chimney neither good nor evil fairies came at his birth, though both seemed to have a hand in the weaving of his [illegible] in which the woof was perfect and the web sadly imperfect.

He was rich, he was young, and he had a pleasant face and a warm heart, and a fine mind; but, in his youth, a nurse had dropped him from her arms to the stone floor of the court-yard, and had so hurt him that he never could be anything but a bent and distorted cripple all his life. As a child, he had been so sheltered from every annoyance, so loved by his mother, and so much had been done to ease him from pain, that the fact had not troubled him much.—He limped about with a pleasant smile on his face, as happy a child as any. He had but to breathe a wish and it was gratified. Books, toys, music, whatever he wanted, came at his call as though the fairies had given him a wishing cap. If he could but have remained a child all would have been well, but, as all children must, he grew to be a man, and suddenly it dawned upon him one day that he was unlike other men; that women pitied him instead of admiring him; that all that he had was worth nothing to him, since he could never hope to have a straight back, well formed limbs, and six good feet of height; and having once fallen into this train of thought, he would have been the poorest laborer on the road-side if that laborer would have given him for his wealth and advantages his well-knit figure.

This was after his cousin Linda had been sent to his father's care on her parents' death in a foreign country—his cousin Linda, fresh and sweet and fair as a snow drop. She had been in great grief at first, and he had done his best to make her happier. He read to her from his valuable volumes; he played to her the music he loved best. They had long talks; they were companions for days together; and strange, sweet emotions grew in the boy's breast. He did not understand them at first. It was not for a long while that he knew that he was in love.

Knowing it, he awoke. He stood before the glass one day and looked at himself, and tears arose to his eyes.

'No woman could love me,' he said; 'I must not dream of it.' And from that moment he was changed; he sought Linda's company no more, but hid himself away from her.

'Have I angered you, cousin Clarence?' she once asked him; and he only shook his head and made no answer.—Other men were about her. Others perhaps loved her also. He began to hate them. All his tenderness turned to bitterness. He had not a kind word for any one—he who had been always so utterly amiable.

His mother was repulsed most rudely when she questioned him. He closed his doors against his friends; and at last he had the misery of hearing one he had offended say to another:

'I believe deformed persons are always bad tempered. I used to think Clarence an exception, but it seems I was mistaken.'

'It is true,' he said, 'I have a deformed body, and my soul is deformed also;' and he went sadly away to a lonely place where he hoped to be left to himself for awhile.

It was a river bank, shaded by the trees, under which he laid himself down. The waters were clear and deep; in them he saw himself reflected.

'Little hunchback,' he said with a groan, and menaced his own image with his clenched hand.

Then shame possessed him, for, looking up, he saw a tall, well built young man gazing down upon him with a singular smile—a tall, handsome man; but the dust of the road was upon his clothes and his feet, and he carried a little knapsack on his back. He was evidently either a poor man or an eccentric one, who liked long tramps over weary ways. And he was not a bashful man, for while Clarence eyed him angrily, he spoke with a laugh:

'Good evening, sir. The world does not seem to please you.'

'It is scarcely your affair if it does not,' replied Clarance.

'I don't feel sure of that,' said the other, taking a seat beside him. 'I'm a curious kind of a fellow, and I should really like to know what is on your mind.'

At this was very impertinent, Clarence thought, but there was that in the man's manner that did not deepen the offence. Suddenly the poor boy's heart softened.

'Would there not be something on your mind' he said, speaking as he might to a brother whom he had known all his life, 'if this was your reflection instead of mine?' and he pointed to his image in the water.

'Oh,' said the stranger, I understand. I certainly have a better figure than you, and doubtless can walk further, but you'd not change with me. You're master of that old mansion yonder. I think. You are rich. You are learned and accomplished. You have troops of friends. This is all the money I have in the world,' and he tossed a coin in his hand. 'I have neither house nor lands; no prospects no profession, no learning. I stand alone in the world.'

'Ah! but you stand so tall and straight in it,' said Clarence. 'Change with you! Heaven knows I would if that were possible.'

'Possible!' cried the other. 'You have learning, I have none, but I know something that you do not. It is possible; and if you would change your good fortune for my long legs and straight back, I'm ready.'

'Change! why, I should be mad not to do so,' said Clarence. 'But what a fool I am. You are only mocking me. Such things cannot be.'

'Try it,' said the other. Take this flask, drink half the contents and give me the other, then shake hands with me and say after me what I shall say; only remember—I don't want to cheat you—when you've slipped into my skin you'll be a very poor man and a very unfortunate one.'

'I care nothing for that,' said Clarence, 'but I will be as fair with you.—You'll be a little hunchback. Think of that.'

'I'm ready, if you are,' said the other. He took from his breast a small flask and handed it to Clarence, who drank a portion of its contents and handed it back.

Then they joined hands, and the stranger uttered some words in what seemed a foreign tongue, which Clarence repeated after him. As he did so, strange thrills ran through his frame, a terrible pain for one moment wrung his every nerve, and then he stood tall and straight as the oak that flung its shadow over him, looking down upon a bent and halting figure by his side. The metamorphosis had taken place. He had read of this sort of thing in queer old German books, but he had never believed the tales until now.

'The deuce!' said his own voice at his side; 'I didn't know I was such a handsome fellow. It's decidedly unpleasant to limp. Well, no matter; I keep my carriage—I can ride when I choose.'

Just then two figures turned the corner of the road—a handsome matron in black silk and a girl in white. Clarence knew them for his mother and cousin Linda. They advanced, but neither cast a glance at him. They looked at the deformed body he had been so glad to leave, with tender glances.

'My dear son,' said the mother, 'I am so glad we have met you.' And she kissed him, with all a mother's love in her eyes.

As for Linda, she only smiled and said, 'Clarence;' but looking on the three, a quiet, unnoticed stranger, Clarence saw what he had never seen in his own body. There was more than [illegible] in the dear girl's eyes, and when she said 'Clarence,' her voice told the story better than her smile.

To be sure, the figure that stood between them was not straight or handsome; but what of that? How fond those two were of him! The handsome fellow, leaning against the tree, felt pangs of regret and sorrows pierce his soul as the three turned away and left him alone with his new-found beauty; he saw them pass out of sight, and sunk upon the grass and hid his face with his hands.

'Oh, what a madman I have been!' he moaned. 'I have cast away my mother's tenderness. I have cast away Linda's love—for now I see plainly that she loved me.'

How long he lay in the grass he did not know; at last a hand touched him.

'Clarence,' said a voice, 'Clarence, you had been gone so long your mother grew anxious and sent me to see if I could find you. You are not ill, cousin Clarence?'

Then he raised his head—Linda knelt beside him. He was lying near the river under the old oak trees, but he saw his own deformed figure in the water, and knew that the stranger and his magic flask, and the transformation that had come of the draught he swallowed, and the incantation he had uttered, had been only a dream.

Yes, he was not the handsome fellow who had been left alone and loveless to go his way.

'I am not ill, Cousin Linda,' he said, softly. 'I have been asleep and dreaming. I dreamt a strange dream. If you knew what it was, you would be angry, perhaps. I [illegible] Linda—I have a mirror there in the water that would drive away such dreams; but what I dreamt was that you loved me, Linda, as I love you.'

And Linda listened. She did not take away her hand; and now he clasped it close and looked into her eyes.

'But for the mirror yonder, I might hope that it was not a dream, he whispered.

'The water into which you look reflects the face that is dearest to me of any upon earth, and the dream is a true one, Clarence. It is not the body that we women love—it is the soul.'

So there was a great wedding, and they lived happily ever after.

Houses Built of Paper.

We sometimes hear of building houses on paper, but building a house of paper is something of a novelty. Yet there is a large manufactory in Wisconsin that keeps three mills constantly running on building paper, having capacity for the making of sixteen tons per day. The business was started by a Yankee, of course; or rather by two of them. As long ago as 1857 the company began the manufacture of paper for building. The idea that paper could be cheaply and advantageously used in the erection of buildings—especially the home of the prairie farmer on the bleak plains of the Northwest—originated with them. They expended money freely in mills, machinery, patents and advertising, believing they had discovered the most effective and cheapest method for making a building warm, dry and healthy, and that the paper would meet with public favor and find ready sale. They have now been manufacturing it nine years, and during that time have made and sold more than twelve thousand tons. It has been tested under all circumstances, and has been a decided success.

The paper used for building purposes is a thick, hard paste-board, wound in rolls of twenty-five to a hundred pounds each, and usually thirty-two inches wide. While in process of manufacture it is subject to a pressure of hundreds of tons, which compress the fibers together into one solid body, thus making an absolutely air-tight sheet, and, as paper is one of the best non-conductors known, it resists the action of both heat and cold; and so a building lined with it is made warm in winter and cool in summer. It does not shrink like lumber, and is not affected by frost, cold, heat or dampness, and it is known that it will not burn as readily as wood on account of its hardness and solidity, and by its use a house can be made almost, if not absolutely tight. It is far better for the retention of warm air in a building than an inch board.—*Paper Trade Reporter.*

The darkest side of the road to heaven is brighter than any part of the broad way that leads to destruction.

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