American Union.

J. H. EMERSON, Editor.

DENTON MARYLAND.

FALSELY ACCUSED.

It was the beautiful summer time; the trees were clothed in their richest foliage; the birds sang sweetly; the title lambs frisked about merrily in the green fields; everything looked bright and happy.

Prosperity reigned over the little village Ballyglen, which nestles among the hills, in a beautiful valley, in the western part of Ireland, and as the story which I am going to relate happened there, we will ask the reader to accompany us across the three thousand miles of water that intervenes.

Through the centre of this village a beautiful river wound its serpentine course, the banks of which, on either side, were interspered by numerous picturesque mansions, the property of several rich gentlemen, who were masters of all the lands over which the eye roamed.

As our story relates to one of those mansions, or at least the inmates of one of them we will confine ourselves to it, and not mind the rest.

Godfrey Blake was a very wealthy man, his gold could be measured by the bushel, yet, with all his immense wealth, he possessed none of the arrogance or worldly pride that some men have when favored by such good fortune.

He had a lovely daughter named Molly—lovely in every sense of the word, a beautiful blonde whose long, wavy tresses of golden hair hung over her fine-moddled form almost to the ground, and eyes blue as the summer sky of her native home, and whose tender-hearted goodness made her a favorite with rich and poor for many miles around.

Now, as may be supposed, there are numerous admirers who looked with loving eyes on the peerless girl, some of them the sons of the richest men in the province, but all to no purpose; for her love was bestowed on one, though he was far below her in a worldly point of view. His name was Gerald O'Connor, the only son of a widow and on him she bestowed all the love of her young heart.

Now, there was another young man in the village who loved, or professed to love, Molly Blake, and tried every means available to blacken the character of young O'Connor.

On the evening when we first introduce them to the reader, the pangs of jealousy had a great cause to arouse the ire of his nature.

They were seated side by side under the branches of an elm tree, her pretty hand was nestled on his shoulder, as she listened to his words of love.

"Molly, I love you dearly, and it would be the happiest day of my life when I could call you mine; but, darling, you know that I am poor, and your father may object to my suit.'

"Gerald, don't you know father better than that? He is not the man to offer any opposition to my happiness, when he knows that he whom I love is worthy of the best girl in Ireland.'

"Bless you, my darling, for your words have made me very happy.'

"It is the truth which I have spoken; and as for your being poor, why, haven't I got plenty for us both.'

This was too much for the eavesdropper; he ground his teeth with rage, and an oath escaped his lips, yet he managed to keep his temper, and waited to hear more of their conversation, for he lay concealed among the shrubbery a few feet from where the lovers were seated, and heard every word of their conversation.

For sometime longer they remained seated at their conversation, and at length as the shadows of appraching night began to steal across the tree tops, they arose and separated, Molly going towards the house, while O'Connor wandered leisurely through the sweet-scented meadows toward the river bank.

No sooner had they parted than Anthony Bell, for such was the listener's name, arose from his place of concealment, and, shaking his clenched fist at the returning form of his successful rival, hissed through his clenched teeth:

"Curse you, you low-lived upstart! But I will blacken you in her sight; aye, even if I have to stain my hands in blood to do so!'

And as he ceased to speak, he stuffed his hands in his trowsers pocket and strode fiercely from the place.

* * * * * * *

A month had passed, and the shades of tranquility rested over the little village of Ballyglen, when one beautiful autumn evening its slumbering inhabitants were awakened from their blissful repose by the cry of—

"Murder!"

Murder. The terrible word seemed to be echoed from the surrounding hills, and filled the hearts of the people with awe.

And too true was the awful tidings; a fiendish murder had been committed, and the victim was Godfrey Blake.

And the murderer; he was found bent over the prostrate form of his victim, with a blood-stained dagger in his hand—Gerald O'Connor, the lover of his daughter—and was now safely lodged in prison.

Another man was also found lying almost dead a little way off from where the crim was committed, with a terrible wound in his head. He was a farm hand of Mr. Blake's, and was conveyed to his home.

The terror which filled the people when the terrible deed had reachad them, had now passed away, and a desire to be avenged on the murder had taken its place, and foremost in his indignation was Anthony Bell, who urged them on their wrath, and were it not that the peisoner was removed to the county jail, the probability is that he would have been hung without a judge or jury.

Two weeks after the burial of Mr. Blake the trial was to take place, and on the evening before the fixed day Gerald O'Connor sat in his cell, his head resting on his hands.

Only two weeks since his arrest, and what a change had come over him in that short time, every trace of color had left his cheeks, and his eyes were sunk in their sockets.

"Oh, God! what have I ever done to merit this terrible torture that is killing me? I the murderer of Godfrey Blake, a man whom I would shed the last drop of my blood to serve. No, no! There is some terrible mistake made; for he was dead when I discovered him with a dagger burried in his heart. And the people all believe that I am guilty of so foul a crime. Poor mother, what agony must she not be suffering; and Molly, oh, heaven! does she, too, think me guilty?'

His head sank lower, his chest heaved with emotion, and the great sobs that escaped him depicted the agony which he suffered.

He did not hear the bolt of the cell door shoot back, nor was he aware that any one entered till a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice said:

"Gerald!"

He raised his head like one awakening from a dream.

"Gerald, don't you know me?' asked his visitor, as no sign of recognition was evinced by him.

"Yes, Molly, I do,' he answered in mournful accents, "and do you too believe me guilty of this terrible crime? If so, how came you to seek the presence of one whom you believe to be the murderer of your father?

'Oh, Gerald! how can you accuse me so? I believe you to be guilty?—no, no, I am sure you never committed the crime of which you stand accused. Trust in Him who knows all, and he will not let the innocent suffer for the guilty.'

"Your words lighten the terrible load that lies at my heart and makes it easier for me to bear; but the evidence is so strong against me that it is a mockery to hope. I have made up my mind that I am to be made the victim to atone for a crime of which I am falsely accused.'

"Do not give way to dispair, for God will not permit you to suffer for the crime of another; and now, as the time is up, and I hear the jailor coming, I must leave you, so good-bye for to night,' and she pressed his cold hand in her own.

"Good night, Molly, and may God bless you!'

* * * * * * *

The morning came calm and beautiful—the morning of the day on which Gerald O'Connor was to be tried for his life—tried for a murder he never committed.

The hour for the trial had come, the prisoner was led up the aisle of the crowded Court room, and placed in the dock.

The prosecuting attorney opened the case in behalf of the crown, and witnesses were examined.

Anthony Bell was the principal witness for the prosecution; he testified to having found O'Conner bent over the murdered man with a blood stained dagger in his hand; saw him plunge it into the murdered man's breast.

Other witnesses testified to the same with the exception of the stabbing, and the prosecution closed.

The attorney for the defence opened the case in a very eloquent manner, and tried by every available means to prove the innocence of the prisoner, bringing to bear his former good character, etc.

The judge then charged the jury, telling them to think well over the evidence before giving their verdict.

They then retired, and after an hour's conference, returned to the jury box.

Every eye in the crowded Court was fixed on the twelve solemn men, as they took their places and answered to their names.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you decided on a verdict? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?'

The stillnes of death reighned; every breath was hushed, as the foreman of the jury arose to render their verdict—a verdict which was to be either life or death to the prisoner.

"*Guilty!*"

The awful word rang through the crowded Court-room, and every eye was fixed on the prisoner, who stood pale, yet resolute, on the dock.

"General O'Connor," spoke the Judge, arising from his seat, "you have been tried by a jury of twelve of your countrymen, and found guilty of the terrible crime of murder. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on you?"

The prisoner gazed around him for a moment, and then, in a clear, firm voice, said:

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury; I have been tried and found guilty of a crime which I never committed—a crime most foul in the annals of history! On the night on which the fatal deed was committed, I was returning from a visit to a neighbors when a terrible cry rang in my ears and seemed to issue from a ravine a little way off the path which I followed. Running in the direction from whence the cry came, I saw a sight which chilled the marrow in my bones, and made my blood run cold. I saw my best and dearest friend lying on the ground in a pool of blood, with a dagger protruding his breast, while a little way off lay the body of Jack Rape. I stooped over the body of Mr. Blake, and drew the dagger from the wound; as I did so the hot blood gushed out and stained my hands. Then I was seized by Anthony Bell and others, accused of being the murderer, taken off to prison, and now I have been tried and found guilty. My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, I did not commit that horrible crime. I am innocent."

A profound murmur welled from the lips of the crowd, and it was sometime before order was restored.

The judge put on the black cap and arose to pass sentence.

Just then a terrible commotion arose outside of the Court-room, and two men entered, bearing between them the form of a man, whose face was half hid by a red handkerchief which was tied around his head.

The name was Jack Rape, who had that day recovered his senses, and on hearing that young O'Connor was on trial for the murder of Mr. Blake, requested that he should be brought to the Court, as he had important evidence to give in the case.

A policeman advanced towards the bench and whispered something to the judge, who ordered two policemen to guard the door, and allow no one to leave the Court-room.

The invalid was seated in a chair, on the witness-stand, and after being duly sworn, deposed as follows:

"His name was John Rape; on the evening of the 29th of July, the evening on which the murder was committed, he was walking in the field where the deed was done; saw Mr. Blake pass by, and when he passed him a little way, saw a man with a black mask jump from behind a ditch and attack his master; he ran to his assistance and grappled with the assailant, tore the mask from his face, and as he did so he was struck with some blunt instrument on the head. The man who assaulted his master, and from whose face he tore the mask, was not the prisoner. The man was *Anthony Bell!*

A tremendous uproar arose in the Court-room, and a rush was made to the door.

Bell, seeing that the game was up, thought to escape, and caused the excitement just spoken of, but he was seized by two trusty policemen and placed in the dock from which O'Connor had been honorably released.

Seeing that all hope was gone, he confessed his guilt, and was made pay the penalty of his crime on the scaffold.

* * * * * * * *

A year passed by since the above transpired.

Bonfires blazed on the hillside, from which echoed the joyous shouts of the peasantry were echoed in valley below, where nestled the village of Ballyglen.

The marriage bells peal forth their joyour anthems, as a marriage coterie entered the pretty church and advanced up the flowerstrewn aisle and stood before the alter.

A very handsome couple they are who are about to be joined in wedlock. The bride is dressed in lavender silk and lace, a wreath of white flowers decorate her head of golden hair—as pretty a bride as ever a happy groom led from the alter.

And so thought Gerald O'Connor, as the minister pronounced Molly Blake his wedded wife.

And as our story comes to an end we will bid them adieu, hoping that a long life of love and happiness will be theirs.

Nevada Princes.

An evidence of the substantial wealth of the State is found in the great number of its rich men. One man may meet any day upon the streets of Carson or Virginia more than a dozen citizens who are worth from ten to fifty millions. Sharon owns a railroad, a bank, and palatial hotel; the like of which has never been seen. He talks of millions as ordinary mortals talk of cents. His residence is a palace, a description of which would read like a chapter from the Arabian Nights. There is no end to his wealth, no limit to his power. Any day he may send a dispatch to San Francisco that will shake California street from one end to the other, and cause millions to flow into his coffers. He lives like an oriental Prince, and the Legislatures of two States are the peculiar creation of his genius. When the Legislature of Nevada presented him the Senatorial toga, he invited that body to a lunch which is said to have cost $10,000. He purchased two o Carson's finest saloons, and generously invited the people of the whole State to "take a drink." These saloons are still open, and all sorts of fancy drinks will be administered to thirsty patriots during the entire session of the Assembly at the expense of the great Senator. There are men in the country who can cover with a ten dollar gold piece every dollar Sharon could produce.

Virginia city, the stronghold of many of these millionaires, and the field of their heavy financial operations, is a city worth seeing. The strongest impression in the mind of a visitor from the quiet villages of the Mississippi Valley is that the people are all stark mad. The streets are narrow and crowded with wagons, pack-trains, howling muleteers, bull whackers and people of every nation. Piute Indians, in war paint; Chinese, bearing burdens attached to their native bamboo poles; Russians, sweating beneath fur cloaks; Mexicans, lean Italians, fat Dutchmen, chattering Frenchmen and sober Britons, all apparently laboring under the greatest possible excitement, may be seen passing through any street. Every one in a hurry. The crowds rushed through the streets as if they feared the mountains were about to fall on them.

On one side of the street you may observe a stream of miners and workmen crowding their way to a faro bank; on the other side are fine ladies, with the wealth of an empire, diamonds and laces upon their persons, moving in the same throng with the successful gambler and the dashing demi-monde. It has been the boast of the people that the streets of the city are paved with gold, and you may easily demonstrate that the boast is not a vain one. So much quartz has been crushed in hauling it through the streets that you may at any time wash gold from the very dust that clings to the sides of your boots.—*St. Louis Globe.*

"Julias, why didn't you oblong your stay at the Springs?' "Kase, Mr. Snow, dey charge too much.' How so, Julias?" "Wy, de Landlord charged dis colored individual wid stealing de spoons."

After waiting four years a Michigan lover finally popped the question, and the girl answered: "Of course I'll have you! Why, you fool, you, we could have been married three years ago!"

A Race for a Corpse.

REMARKABLE ENTERPRISE AMONGST METROPOLITAN CORONERS.

Nathan Fiddler, eighty-four years of age, whose residence was on Temperance Hill, West Troy, died suddenly on Thursday afternoon on Broadway. He was seen to fall down on the street in the vicinity of the Collins House, and although help was close at hand and immediately afforded, yet before the unfortunate man could be carried to the station house it was found that the vital spark had fled. The body was conveyed to the rooms of McMoran Bros., undertakers, and Coroners Eccles and Steenberg were summoned by telegraph.

In exactly thirteen minutes both the coroners appeared on Broadway, near Auburn street, making for where the body lay, Coroner Steenberg was leading by about one hundred and fifty yards, but by the time the canal bridge was reached Eccles had managed to overtake his rival. A scene now followed. Steenburg, observing the approach of Eccles, at once plied the whip to his horse. Eccles had already done this. Both horses were pressed to their utmost, but it soon became manifest that the Cohoas coroner had the fleetest horse. The latter however, had been informed that the body was at the station house, and he shot past Mr. Morgan's rooms 160 yards in advance of his rival.—But he had not got as far as Genesee street when a boy informed him of his mistake. Pulling up his horse and turning round, he drove back and managed to reach the corner leading to McMoran's workshop a second later than Coroner Steenberg. The latter knew where the body lay, and observing that Eccles had turned back, and fearing that he might loose the case, did not take time to pull up his horse, but jumped from the wagon to the sidewalk.—Both reached the door at the same time, and Eccles managed to pass Steenburg on the step and reached the body first. A crowd had now assembled, and Eccles was cheered. While the body was yet warm a post-mortem examination was ordered and conducted.

Suicide of a Millionaire.

One of the saddest cases of suicide that has occurred recently was that of the venerable Captain A. P. St. John, which took place Friday afternoon on board the People's Line steamboat St. John, lying at the foot of Nineteenth street, East river, New York. Mr. St. John was treasurer of the company, and on Friday was on the boat inspecting the progress made by the workmen. He had dined with the officers of the steamer Drew at noon and seemed to be in excellent spirits. Afterward he went over to the St. John, and seemed vexed when he inspected the work, and repeatedly said that he thought two much money was being expended in refitting her. After carefully examining every part of the big steamer, and repeatedly saying: Too much expense, too much expense, too much expense," he went into the barber shop. No attention was paid to him by the workmen. About three o'clock an employee on the steamer went into the barber shop and discovered Captain St. John stretched back in a chair, dead. There was a bullet wound in his right temple, and tightly clenched in his hand was a revolver. Information was quickly sent to the company's office and to the police. No one had heard the pistol shot, as the sound of hammering on the steamer was deafening. Coroner Eickhoff soon arrived, and permission was given the company to send the body to the Captain's home. The verdict of the jury was that the act was committed "while laboring under temporary aberration of mind."

It was in 1835 that Daniel Drew, Captain St. John, and others established a line between Albany and New York, which has since merged into the People's line. Captain St. John retired in 1862, and since that time he has acted as treasurer of the company, taking an active interest in its welfare. He was 73 years of age. His property is estimated to be worth some $2,000,000, and no cause whatever can be assigned which could lead him to commit the deed, except upon the ground of temporary mental derangement, brought on by old age and his recent severe illness. He leaves a wife and four children.

The Tireless Brain.

Our brains are seventy years' clocks.—The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hands of the angel of the resurrection. Tic tac, tic tac, tac go the wheels of thought. Our will cannot stop them, sleep cannot still them, madness only makes them go faster. Death only can stop them by breaking into the case and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum which we call the heart, and silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapment that we have carried so long beneath or wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at them as we lie on our pillows, and count the death beats of thought after thought and image after image jarring through the tired organ. Will nobody block these wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that hold these weights, blow up the machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes, for silence and rest—this dreadful mechanism unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday. Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassoes; that they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath; that they take counsel of the grim fiend who has but to utter his peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a vase dashed upon a marble floor. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that we could thrust in among the works of this horrible automatism and check them or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery? Men are very apt to get at the machine by some indirect reason or other. They clap on the brakes by means of opium; they change the maddening by the use of intoxicating liquors. It is because the brain is lock up and we cannot touch the movements directly that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, alter its rates of going, and at last spoil the machine.—*C. A. in Christian at Work.*

An English physician, during a lecture to a female audience on the use of alcoholic beverages, asserted that the "babies of London are never sober from their birth until they are weaned."

In reply to a young writer who wished to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" a contemporary advises "a powder magazine, if you contribute a firy article."

An old dairy records thirty-seven days of snow in April in twenty-five years, but the "embattled farmers had no trouble in keeping their powder dry on the 19th of that month in 1775.

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Good Business Opportunity.

THE HOWE Machine Company,

Are reorganizing their AGENCY DEPARTMENT, and can offer better terms than ever before given to reliable, energetic men to sell their

NEW LIGHT-RUNNING Sewing Machines

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Apply at or address

NO. 38 NORTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

N. B. Applicants for country territory must be able to furnish horses.

Facts FOR THINKING PEOPLE

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Sewing Machines

of real excellence, differing from one another more or less in principle, construction and adaptation; one being suitable for tailoring, another for bootwork, another for family use, &c., &c., the rest are inferior, and by far the greater number

ARE WORTHLESS.

It is note worthy that the sewing machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair in New York in 1853, long since supk into merited oblivion. The past fifteen years has seen numerous machines with high sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, confound the simple and vanish.—So will it be while credulity lasts.

Time Tries all Things.

Use only furnishes the final test. As the purchase of a Sewing Machine is, or may be, the act of a life-time, care should be taken to get what time and use have approved.

During the past six years the Howe Machine Co. have made and sold over

600,000

SEWING MACHINES,

and to-day, though manufacturing at the rate of one per minute can hardly supply the demand. What better evidence is needed to prove that the public have decided that they are

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In Caroline County, and offers them to the public on most liberal terms.

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may9th-tf.

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WM. S. RIDGELY,

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DENTON, MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and the adjoining counties. [jan4-y

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Dec17, 1874.—1y.

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I am living upon my farm three miles from town and will be home on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays of each week, ready to transact all business desired by my friends. I will be at my office in Denton on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays of each week, and any business left with Mr. Waddell will receive my prompt attention.

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EGGS, GRAIN,
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☞ *Reference*—CASH. Nov 7 tf

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2y.

Seeds and Plants.

C. C. C. The true Cape Cod Cranberry best sort for Upland, Lowland, or Garden, by mail prepaid, $1 per 100, $5 per 1.000. All the New, Choice Strawberries and Peaches. Apriced Catalogue of these and all Fruits, Ornamental Trees, Evergreens, Shrubs, Bulbs, Roses, Plants, &c., and FRESH FLOWER & GARDEN SEEDS, the choicest collection in the country, with all novelties, will be sent gratis to any plain address. 25 sorts of either Flower, Garden, Tree, Fruit, Evergreen, or Herb Seeds, for $1.00, sent by mail, prepaid. WHOLESALE CATALOGUE TO THE TRADE. Agents Wanted.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established 1842. [Feb18-6w.

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oct-26 1y

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HAVING purchased the Stock of Goods of Capt. T. E. HEATHER and added thereto a choice lot of

NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS,

my stock is now full and I am enabled to offer inducements to buyers to give me their patronage. I do not propose to undersell others, but I will sell on terms so accommodating as to make it to the interest of the purchaser to call and see me before buying elsewhere. My stock consists in part of

DRY GOODS,

SUCH AS GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, LADIES' DRESS GOODS & TRIMMINGS, BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS, READY MADE CLOTHING, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE, AND QUEENSWARE, A LARGE STOCK OF NOTIONS, RIBBONS, KID GLOVES AND WHITE GOODS, TOGETHER WITH A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF ALL ARTICLES AS ARE

KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods.

Hoping to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I will endeavor to deal fairly with my customers, and give them a valuable compensation for their investments.

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CALL and see Dr. Fisher, at the Drug Store where, you may obtain the article you so much stand in need of. His Stock has been greatly increased and he feels assured that there but few demands that he cannot meet. If there is one article he has not got you may rest assured he will procure it for you.

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SCHENCK'S PREPARATIONS;
SELLER'S,
WRIGHT'S
AND SHOLL'S
PILLS;
HALL'S CECILIAN HAIR RENEWER;
GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER;
BOSCHEE'S SYRUP OF TAR, WILD CHERRY &c.
WILBER'S COD LIVER OIL AND LIME;
DR. BULL'S PREPARATIONS;
DR. GROVE'S ANODYNE;
SOOTHING SYRUP;
BRONCHIAL TROCHES & WORM CANDY;
BITTERS—HOSTETTER'S, VINEGAR, AND MISHLER'S;
FINK'S MAGIC OIL;
ELLIS' SOLUTION OF CITRATE MAGNESIA;
CONDITION POWDERS AND OIL CAKE MEAL FOR HORSES, CATTLE, HOGS &c., &c.

—ALSO—

FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY
HAIR OILS, &c.
PAPER, ENVELOPES
PENS, HOLDERS, PENCILS, &c., &c.

Many other articles not mentioned.

oct30 tf

Choptank Nurseries

DENTON, MD.

PETERS & DOWLING,

Proprietors,

OFFER FOR SALE THIS FALL,

50,000 select Peach Trees, No. 1, embracing all the leading varieties, such as the early Beatrice, early Louise and early Rivers. They have also late varieties, such as the Ringgold Cling, Nanticoke and Bilyus into October, Reeves' Late Yellow and Key Port Late White.

PEARS—standard and dwarf, including all the leading varieties.

APPLES—about 50,000, from three to four years old, including all the Southern winter varieties.

APRICOTS, CHERRIES and PLUMS, Shade and Ornamental trees, Roses and bedding plants, &c.

SMALL FRUITS, such as Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries and 300-000 Conovers' collossal Asparagus, Rhubarb, &c. Also 500,000 Osage Oranges, one year old.

PETERS & DOWLING are practical Nurserymen and the public may rely upon every article sold by them being true to representation.

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Oct15-tf. Denton, Md.

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Gilling Thread.

BANNER THOMAS' celebrated Silver Gray Gilling thread; Jno. S. Lee & Co. Delaware Thread, and other popular brands; Net Rope, hand and machine made, at lowest cash prices. J. W. CHEEZUM & Co.

Dec17tf. Easton, Md.