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WM. HENRY LECC,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

WILL be conspicuously inserted on the following terms: ONE SQUARE (SIX LINES, SOLID MEASUREMENT,) will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion: Longer ones in the same proportion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly. Proceedings of public meetings, and personal communications are matters chargeable at half the rates of advertising. All advertisements collectable on insertion.

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IN all its branches, done in the best style at Goldsborough Station. New work on hand and for sale, at reasonable prices. Work made to order, and old work repaired. Having a full stock of first-class material and a good practical workman I feel confident that I can render satisfaction to my customers. Come one, come all to the new "Enterprise Shop."
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne's counties. d30-1y

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Easton, Md.
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oct3&may13-tf

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mar19-1y.

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50,000 OSAGE ORANGE QUICKS, for sale. Apply to
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may24-y

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Commission Merchant,
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245 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
(BETWEEN PARK PLACE & MURRAY ST.)
aug 2-tf NEW YORK.

IS IT WORTH WHILE!

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart?—that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe or weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide,
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain;
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow soldier down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY?

"*Non di scordar di me,*" sang Esta Brandt, slipping down the terrace steps into the garden, where she was going to gather roses for the parlor vases.

A deep harsh voice spoke her name, close to her elbow. She looked round, with a startled little cry. It was only Dick Hargrave. Dick was her uncle Will's factotum—valet, groom, butler, all in one.

There he stood, as if he had been waiting to intercept her—a great, hulking fellow; with a straw hat slouched low over his wicked black eyes.

"What do y u want?" she asked, a trifle sharply.

He did not meet her gaze, but looked away rather sullenly, kicking the pebbles right and left out of the path with his clumsy boot.

"I had something to say to you, Miss Esta," he muttered. "Perhaps you will not care to listen?"

"Certainly I will listen," she made answer, wondering a little at her words and manner. "But you must not detain me long."

He sent a sudden, steel-like glance flashing over her face, and said:

"You know very well what a true, faithful friend I am to you, Miss Esta. I could not hide it if I would.

She interrupted him.

"Yes, yes," she said impatiently, though a faint suspicion of what he was at sent a blaze of anger into her eyes. "I am ready to take all that for granted. Now, what do you want of me?"

Her curtness abashed him not a little. He colored, hesitated, fumbled in his bosom, and finally brought out a crumpled fragment of paper.

"I found this under the house-door when I opened it this morning," he said, holding it out to her. "It looks like a letter. At any rate; there's writing on the paper. I feared it might mean something. I wish you would read it, miss, and find out."

She looked hard at the greased morsel of paper, and then back to him, but she did not take it.

"Why don't you read it yourself, Dick, as there is no address?" she asked.

"I can't, miss," dropping his head as if ashamed. "I never learned to read writing.

"Humph! that is strange."

And so it was. He seemed to be a fellow of more than ordinary intelligence for one of his class. His language was generally good. It seemed odd, to say the least, that he had not learned to read and write.

He may have seen the doubt and wonder expressed in Esta's face.

"Won't you read what is written here, Miss—just to satisfy me?"

"Why don't you take it to Uncle Will?"

"To be laughed at? No, I can't do that."

He looked hurt, and began slowly to fold the letter—if a letter it was. Then Esta held out her hand for it.

She felt very much puzzled at his strange behavior; but surely there could be no harm in humoring him.

"Give it to me Dick."

She took it, and spread it open in her hand. There was no address, but after reading the first line or two she saw it was intended for her Uncle Will.

It was written in a scrawling, wretched hand, some portions of it being scarcely legible. But after a little study, she succeeded in making out these words:

"You were a friend to me. I ain't ongreatful. I know you have money in the house. Others know it too.—You'd better keep a sharp lookout.—Don't sleep to-night, if the money is still there. If you do, you'll never wake up again; and the money will be gone up. I shouldn't betray my pals; but I won't see you robbed and killed—you who was so good to me once.

'A FRIEND.'"

This was all. It was enough in all conscience. Esta nearly screamed with terror as she read on to the end. The letter fell from her trembling fingers.

Dick stooped to restore it.

"What is it Miss?" he said, staring hard at her. "Was I right?

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak. After a brief struggle she cried out.

"Thank you, thank you Dick, for bringing that paper to me! You have saved us all a great trouble and sorrow."

With a wistful light in his dark eyes, he returned.

"I'd lay down my life for you, Miss Esta."

There was no mistake in his passionate glance. He was treading on forbidden ground again. Esta broke away from him somewhat abruptly, and fled back to the house, quite forgetful of the roses and dismantled vases."

"Uncle Will must see this letter," she thought. It may mean a great deal.

She had reason enough to be apprehensive. Her Uncle Will had been paid three thousand dollars the previous day. The money was, indeed still in the house.

Holmwood was situated at a short distance from any other habitation, and there was no men about the premises save Uncle Will himself—he was an invalid—Dick Hargrave, and Phil Meredith.

Now, one word about Phil. He had been less than a week at Holmwood on this occasion. He was Esta's lover and they were to be married in a fortnight.

It is now clear enough why Esta felt apprehensive, and why Dick Hargrave's bold admiration distressed her.

She ran directly to her uncle's study. Phil happened to be there, sitting with the invalid. In a few words she told them all about the letter.

They read and reread the strange missive. Mr. Brandt could not understand it.

There's something below the surface here," he said, shaking his head and looking wise. The writer of that note is not as generous hearted as he would make us believe. I can't remember ever having done a rogue a kindness. I know it could not have been intended."

Perhaps he wore his sheep's clothing at the time," laughed Phil.

Esta's spirits were at a low ebb.

"What will you do?" she asked anxiously. You don't know but the warning was well intended. It would not be safe to disregard it."

"No," said Mr. Brandt. "I shall send the money to Waltham before nightfall, and have it deposited in the bank. "You will take it Phil?"

"Of course. There is nobody else to whom you could trust it."

"No, Dick could not be thought of on such an errand."

"Would it not be well." urged Esta, "for Phil to bring two or three of the police from Waltham to sleep in the house to-night?"

Mr. Brandt nodded.

"It shall be done, my dear."

Then, after a moment's puzzled thought, he added:

"It is very strange how the rogues learned that money was in the house. I don't understand it."

Phil turned away muttering:

'Bah! It's no surprise to me. Dick told them. He had a dozen means of knowing. I wouldn't trust that fellow as far as I could see him."

"You are prejudiced," said Mr. Brandt, looking annoyed. Dick has been with me nearly six months, and I've never had just cause to complain of him."

"It's a little singular, though. The manner in which he found the letter. Why didn't he bring it to you in the first place?"

Nobody could give a good and sufficient reason. Esta repeated the one Dick himself had offered, but it went a very little way in convincing anybody.

Still, as it was not manifest in what way Dick expected to be benefitted by the letter they could not charge him with knowing more of it than he pretended.

Esta had drawn near the open window ere the close of the interview just recorded. Was it imagination, or did she really hear the soft rustling of the grass under a retreating footstep?

She looked out quickly just as a dark figure darted around the corner of the house. Who had been listening under the window—Dick Hargrave?

She said nothing of what she had seen; but, thought all the more because of her silence.

When Phil was ready to set out on his journey to Waltham, later in the day, with the money safely buckled in his belt, she brought him a pistol with her own hands.

"Take this," she said, looking up at him, very pale, and trembling a little. "You know what may occur. If the rogues are on the watch, they are sure to suspect your errand."

"Bah!" laughed the handsome fellow, stooping to kiss her. "I have no need of the pretty plaything. Besides my own trusty barkers lie here next to my heart."

He slapped his hand over his breast and Esta heard the clear ring of steel.

"You are sure they are loaded?"

"Yes. I looked to them last night. I was target-shooting, you remember."

He vaulted into the saddle and rode away. Looking after him with dim eyes, Esta suddenly thought of the weapon she had brought for him. It lay in the chair by her side.

Some impulse caused her to pick it up, and examine it more carefully. It was capped, and looked all right. She drove the ramrod home. It rang against the bottom of the barrel!

Somebody had withdrawn the charge!

The discovery frightened her. A nameless dread sent the blood from her heart. Scarcely knowing what she did, she rushed down stairs to the housekeeper's room.

"Where's Dick?" she cried.

Mrs. Bramble didn't know.

"He must have been gone fully an hour," she said. "Perhaps he was a squirrel-hunting—at any rate, she had seen him cleaning his pistols that morning."

Esta grew cold as death. But she said nothing more. With her own hand she rammed home a charge in the pistol she carried. Her mind was full of the horror of a strange suspicion.

"God grant I may be mistaken," she thought, "It would kill me if anything were to happen to Phil."

Tying a straw hat under her chin, she rushed to the stable. The horses were all there save two—the one Phil had ridden and another

Of course Dick had taken that other.

Esta seemed gifted with sudden strength. She flung the saddle into its place, and led out her dappled mare.

Five minutes later she was on Jenny's back, tearing down the gravelly road-drive like mad.

In the warm, rich glow of the Summer day, Phil Meredith was riding toward Waltham with Brandt's money hid away in his belt.

It was ten miles to the village—a wild, lonely road with one long stretch of wood where the shadows always lay dark and deep.

Perhaps he had the start of Esta by fifteen minutes. But he rode rapidly. The banks were closed at four. Besides, he was anxious to get back to Holmwood as quickly as possible.

He reached the lonely stretch of wood. It shut him in. For all the sun lay in the heavens above like a great, red ball, dark, cool shadows filled the silent wood.

The bushes grew close to the road on either hand, almost meeting above it. Suddenly a sharp, rustling, carshing sound in the underbrush, and a man leaped into the narrow road, and caught the bridle-rein in a vice-like grip.

Phil drew back in sharp recoil. He sent a single sweeping glance over at his horse's head. It was a big, burly fellow whose entire face was hidden under a mask of black crape.

Phil's purpose was taken in an instant. He tore a pistol from his pocket, and aimed straight at the villian's heart.

"Stand aside," he thundered, "or I'll put a bullet through your carcass."

"Try it," screamed the man, with a loud, sneering laugh.

Phil's finger was on the trigger. He hesitated an instant, as if to give the mocking devil a last chance. Then the hammer fell into its place. There was a sharp, cracking sound, but no explosion.

He knew the truth in an instant—his pistol had been tampered with.

The man laughed louder than before. He leaned forward quickly. A sharp report rang on the air. Phil reeled dizzily in the saddle. Clubbing his weapon he made a last frantic effort to deal the villian a crushing blow.

In vain—all in vain. A sudden mist swung before his eyes. He staggered, groped blindly, and tumbled headlong to the dirty road.

He felt the villian's grip on his throat; cruel fingers tore into the quivering flesh; the thud of horse's hoofs sounded like thunder in his ear; he gave a long, long, gasping sigh, and knew no more.

It was Esta who tore up the road like mad the next instant. She took in the terrible scene at a glance. Phil lay white and helpless in the dust, and a masked villian was bending over him, his murderous fingers at his throat.

She dropped from the saddle, and ran forward.

"Good God!" she screamed, "Dick Hargrave have you killed him."

The villian turned. He sent one flashing glance all over her ghastly face. A knife gleamed suddenly in his hand.

"You know me," he hissed. "No matter you have come too late to save your lover."

He said this with his hand shaking wildly in the air. Another instant and the knife would have descended in the heart of his would-be victim. But Esta was equal to the emergency. Like a flash she covered Dick with a deadly rim of steel.

"Hold!" she screamed. "This pistol will not miss fire. I loaded it with my own hands. You stir from your tracks at your peril."

He paused and looked her straight in the eyes. I don't know what he read there, but his hand dropped to his side again. Even the wickedest of God's creatures cling to life, loth to yield it up.

"Put down that knife," said Esta, in a low, stern voice.

He flung it from him into the underbrush. Then he faced her sullenly.

"Lower that infernal death-dealer," he said, "I didn't want master's money. I don't want it now. But that fellow," pointing to Phil, "was in my way.—You loved him, and would never have looked at me while he lived."

"And so you wrote that letter?" Esta broke out, eagerly. "You knew Phil would take the money to Waltham! You meant to waylay and murder him, and avert suspicion from yourself by stealing the money!"

He did not answer. A devilish glitter was coming into his bright black eyes. He glanced at Esta in a way that sent the blood from her heart.

She could not hold him at bay many minutes longer. In the nick of time the loud roll of wheels echoed in the road. A wild shriek arose to her lips at the welcome sound.

"Help! help."

A fearful curse broke from the baffled villian. He made a quick bound toward her. She pulled the trigger.—Dick's right arm fell limp and useless against his side.

Another curse, a moment's hesitation, and then, with a horrible baffled light in his eyes, he dashed into the thickest of the wood and disappeared.

Deliverance was coming too near for him to do aught but make his escape, while escape was possible.

When a carriage with two or three stalwart men in it, tore up to the spot a moment later, Esta was sobbing in the road, with Phil's head drawn up and resting upon her heart.

He was not dead. He had only been stunned and slightly wounded. A brave woman's love and courage had been his safeguard.

PROFOUND study has led a M. D., Arpentigny to the conclusion that the hands represent three types. Those who have fingers with pointed tips are possessed of a rapid insight into things; are sensitive and pious; impulsive. To this class belong the poets and artists. To the "square tops" belong scientific people; sensible, self-contained characters; professional men. The spade-shaped tops—thick tips, with little pads of flesh on each side the nails—are materialists, commercial, practical, with a high appriciation of all that tends to bodily ease and comfort. Each finger, no matter what the kind of hand, has only one joint—that which is nearest the palm—representing the body; another—the middle—the mind; and the top, the soul. Each of these divisions corresponds with one of the types above given.

Nothing can be well done that is done in a hurry, except—catching fleas.

A CRUEL HUSBAND.

A lady of Croton who had some trouble with her husband determined to punish him. She had read in the papers of the revenge of a Pennsylvania woman whose husband had struck her, and she determined to imitate that female's action. When the Pennsylvania woman was struck she threw herself into a tragic attitude and exclaimed: "Villain! nothing but death can wipe away the stain of your blow!" Then she rushed out of the house, ran to the canal, and throwing her hat and shawl on the bank, flung in a big stone, which made a loud splash. She then hid in the bushes and watched with demoniacism for her body. When she thought she had sufficiently punished her lord she made her appearance, and was received by him with demonstrations of joy, and he begged her forgiveness, took her home, and promised to be kind and loving to her forever.

The other day the Croton woman had a battle royal with her husband. He didn't strike her, he was too manly for that—but he said such irritating things that she was driven to madness. "Inhuman monster!" she shrieked, "I will never again rest beneath this roof. The river bed shall be my tomb—its waters my winding sheet." Out she rushed to the river, which ran a quarter of a mile from the house, threw her handkerchief on the bank—she had neither hat nor shawl on—and then she flung into the clear water a large stone. This done she hid in some trees and awaited the coming of the remorse-stricken husband. She continued to wait for about eight hours; but the remorseful man didn't come. Horrible thoughts began to agitate her mind. Perhaps he had killed the children and then committed suicide. She could not bear the suspense longer. It was dark now, and she quietly stole to the house. There were lights in it, and everything looked as cherry and pleasant as usual. She crept to the window and looked in.—There sat the remorse-stricken husband with his arms around the waist of a young lady neighbor, and he was saying: "Jennie, the old lady got her back up to-day, and she went off and drowned herself. Now, you see, I don't want to break up housekeeping, and if you'll only consent we'll get hitched in two weeks. What do you say?"

"She shan't do anything of the sort, and neither will you, you miserable, unfeeling, heartless wretch!" came from the wife as she dashed into the room. For a few minutes Jennie was tossed and tumbled about by the undrowned woman in the most horrid manner, and when Jennie retired from the house she looked as though she had been through a carding machine.

The Croton woman doesn't intend trying any more sensational experiments on her husband, but will hereafter do all her fighting in the old-fashioned way. It need hardly be mentioned that her husband is not living in a state of perfect and unalloyed beatitude at present.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A Paper Church.

There is a paper church actually existing near Berlin which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular with octagonal without. The *relievos* outside and the statues within the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all *papier-mache* rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime water, whey, and white of egg. We have not yet reached this audacity in our use of paper; but it should hardly surprise us, inasmuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steamboats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick the Second of Prussia set up a limited *papier-mache* manufactory at Berlin, in 1766, he thought the paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes by the slight-of-hand advancing art. At present, we confess to a predilection for substantial brick and stone in the matter of churches. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have seemed as impossible to cover eighteen acres of ground with glass as to erect a pagoda of soap bubbles, yet the thing is done. When we think of a psalm sung by one thousand voices pealing through an edifice made of old rags, and the universal element bound down to carry messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptous to say what can and what cannot be achieved by science and art, under the training of steady old Time.

"What is your business?" asked a judge of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, I s'pose you might call me a locksmith.' "When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night, when I heard a call for the perlice, and I made a bolt for the front door."

Maxims Worth Knowing.

Administrators are liable to account for interest on funds in their hands, although no profit shall have been made upon them, unless the exigencies of the estate rendered it prudent that they should hold the funds uninvested.

When a house is rendered untenantable in consequence of improvements made on the adjoining lot, the owner of such cannot recover such damages, because it is presumed that he had knowledge of the approaching danger in time to protect himself from it.

A person who has been led to sell goods by means of false pretences cannot recover them from one who has purchased them in good faith from the fraudulent vendor.

An agreement by the holder of a note to give the principal debtor time for payment, without depriving himself of the right to sue, does not discharge the surety.

A day book copied from a "blotter," in which charges are first made, will not be received in evidence as a book of original entries.

The fruits and grass on the farm or garden of an intestate, descend to the heir.

Money paid on Sunday contracts, may be recovered.

A debtor may give preference to one creditor over another, unless fraud or special legislation can be proved.

A private person may obtain an injunction to prevent a public mischief by which he is affected, in common with others.

Ministers of the Gospel, residing in any corporated town, are not exempted from jury, military or fire service.

Permanent erections and fixtures made by a mortgagor, after the execution of the mortgage upon land conveyed by it, become a part of the mortgaged premises.

A seller of goods, chattels or other property, commits no fraud in law, when he neglects to tell the purchaser of any flaws, defects or unsoundness in the same.

The opinion of witnesses as to the value of a dog that has been killed, is not admissable in evidence. The value of the animal is to be decided by the jury.

If any person puts a fence on or plows the land of another, he is liable for trespass, whether the owner has sustained injury or not.

If a person, who is made unable from illness to sign his will, has his hand guided in making his mark, the signature is valid.

MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in the world.

To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

To consider everything impossible which we cannot perform.

To expect to be able to understand every thing.

A MAN is so much more polite in church. He is on dress parade, as it were. Nobody was surprised to see that young man last Sunday dive suddenly into the bottom of the pew to pick up her parasol. While he was at the bottom he saw the embroidered edge of her pocket-handkerchief sticking from under the edge of her dress. He would pick up that, too. He commenced tugging at it when there was a fierce scuffle and a little hand darted down. He came up without it. There were two red faces in the Sanctuary to which the calm of the Blessed Sabbath seemed to bring no relief. But he was a young man that meant well.

A young lady being present with her mother at a ball in Denver, Colorado, upon being asked to dance, replied; O, blazes boys, I can't dance, but there's mam jest as good a danciest as ever shuck a foot.

THE following is said to be the very latest style of a fashionable salutation and reply: "How are you to-day, Mr. Jones?" "Suspended, I thank you—how is it with yourself?" "Ditto."

A MAN, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did" said Terence, "but he died high." Like the banks in these days, he was suspended.

THE editor of a Nevada newspaper gives notice that he cannot be bribed with five cent cigars to write a $5 puff.

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