



Empire Grain & Fertilizer Drill AGAIN TO THE FRONT!

Unequaled and Unexcelled. A Record beyond Comparison. The only Force Feed Fertilizer Distributor in the world. Impossible to bunch grain or fertilizer. Is automatic in all its actions. Is the lightest draught drill in the market. Is the best, most accurate, most simple, most durable machine in the market. Beautifully finished in every particular. Has only been used in this county two years, and we challenge any other drill to produce such a record. Its fame fairly won.

It has all the latest improvements to date, and will distribute any kind of grain or fertilizer evenly and continuously, without tinkering.

We sent out a circular letter, a copy of which is below, to the farmers who bought and used the Empire last year, and below we publish as space will permit. Read what the intelligent yeomanry have to say about them and take note of the words of our neighbors who will sell the Empire anything for profit to themselves, no matter how worthless the machine may be, and when the time comes the farmers are called on to settle the bill.

COPY OF CIRCULAR LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—You purchased of us last season an Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and after using it a season, you are anxious to know the result of your experience with it. Please write on the back of this sheet your opinion of its quality for seeding accurately both grain and fertilizer; how your wheat yielded that was sown with it, and also your opinion of the draught of the machine as compared with other machines of the kind. Please answer briefly and return to us in the enclosed envelope without delay, and oblige, truly yours, EMERSON & EVITTS.

"None Name Thee But to Praise."

Here none is Business.

MEAS. EMERSON & EVITTS, London. I regard the Empire Drill as unquestionably the best in use. I drilled my crop of wheat with one season, and its work was in every respect beyond my expectations. Truly yours, T. H. SCHAFFNER.

The old, old Story Told Again.

The Empire Drill purchased of you last fall gave me the most satisfactory results. I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

Excels all Expectations—The Boss. EMERSON DRILL CO. Gent:—I purchased of your agents, Messrs. Emerson & Evitts, last fall one of your Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drills, and it has worked better than I could have expected, and will fully perform all that is claimed for it by the manufacturer. This is the "Boss" drill, and every farmer will have one soon as they find out their superiority over all other drills in the market. E. W. GORDY.

With Confidence, He Recommends the Empire to All His Neighbors. Friends, I purchased of your agents, Messrs. Emerson & Evitts, a State Combined Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and it has worked better than I could have expected, and will fully perform all that is claimed for it by the manufacturer. This is the "Boss" drill, and every farmer will have one soon as they find out their superiority over all other drills in the market. E. W. GORDY.

A Voice from Greensborough from an Intelligent Farmer and Influential Citizen. I have used the Empire Drill one season, and in my opinion it is the best in use. NATHANIEL HOBBS of S.

The Friend of every Horse in America. I bought your last September one of the Empire Drills, which gave me entire satisfaction. I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

Will Praise—How often we have heard these words. The Empire Force Feed Drill is all that is claimed to be for evenness of work in seed and fertilizer. I have used it for several seasons, and it has worked better than I could have expected, and will fully perform all that is claimed for it by the manufacturer. This is the "Boss" drill, and every farmer will have one soon as they find out their superiority over all other drills in the market. E. W. GORDY.

There is no Discom in that Machine. The Drill I bought of you has given entire satisfaction in every particular. I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

The Superintendent of Denton Sunday School Says a Word. The Empire Drill I bought of you last fall gave me the most satisfactory results. I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

From the Birthplace of Our Stevie. I am glad to inform you that the Drill referred to in this circular gave me entire satisfaction in every particular. I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

Let No Body Deceive You—Buy only the Empire. You want to know my opinion of the Empire Drill. I think it is the best in use. I have used it for several seasons, and it has worked better than I could have expected, and will fully perform all that is claimed for it by the manufacturer. This is the "Boss" drill, and every farmer will have one soon as they find out their superiority over all other drills in the market. E. W. GORDY.

His Opinion, after trying all the Rest, is, He Stands by the 11-Tube Empire. In reply to your request concerning the Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill which I used last fall, I would say that I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

It Takes among the Farmers of First District. The Empire Drill that I purchased of you last fall has given me the most satisfactory results. I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

Praise, Praise from every Direction the Wind Blows. I bought two of your Empire Drills last fall, and they have worked better than I could have expected, and will fully perform all that is claimed for it by the manufacturer. This is the "Boss" drill, and every farmer will have one soon as they find out their superiority over all other drills in the market. E. W. GORDY.

Those who Know Mr. Daughley will Esteem his Judgment—Hatschell's Words. In answer to your inquiry in regard to the Empire Drill which I purchased of you last fall, I would say that I have never used any other drill, and I have never seen any other that will do what the Empire will do. Truly yours, J. H. MILLER.

The Surveyor of Caroline County Slightly Enthusiast. I am very pleased with the Drill I purchased of you last season. It has worked better than I could have expected, and will fully perform all that is claimed for it by the manufacturer. This is the "Boss" drill, and every farmer will have one soon as they find out their superiority over all other drills in the market. E. W. GORDY.

The Empire Drills in all sizes are kept in stock and sold by Emerson & Evitts, Denton, Md., or their agents. They are also General Agents for Engines, Saw Mills, Threshers, Grist Mill Machinery, engineers' supplies and all kinds of Agricultural Machinery. Give us a call.

EMERSON & EVITTS.

LANDRETH'S PEDIGREE SEEDS

ESTABLISHED 1837. SEEDS FOR THE MERCHANT ON THE MARKET GARDEN SEEDS FOR THE PRIVATE FAMILY SEEDS Crowned by ourselves.

Handsome Illustrated Catalogue and Seed Register FREE TO ALL. MERCHANTS, SEND US YOUR BUSINESS CARDS FOR TRADE LIST.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, SEED GROWERS, PHILADELPHIA

One Small Profit

is all the consumer of Clothing should pay.

We manufacture more Clothing than any other retail house in the United States.

We know how to make the best goods at least cost.

We are willing to sell at the smallest profit. Hence we offer our customers the best bargains.

WANAMAKER & BROWN, OAK HALL, 6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

HOME MANUFACTORY. New Repository. R. S. FOUNTAIN, Successor to A. W. Fountain & Son. 1836. 1882. OLD RELIABLE PLACE. SPRING. 1882.

I have now a workman from Brewster & Co., New York, whom I have given entire charge of the Wood Department. All my departments are filled with first-class workmen. Side-Bar Buggies, Jump-Seat Carriages, End Spring Buggies, Dayton Four-Gear Side-Bar Wagons, Varminished Doctor's Phaetons, Two-Passenger Jaggers, Business Wagons. Every carriage guaranteed. Come and see my stock and get prices made. Repairing done promptly and at reasonable rates. R. S. FOUNTAIN, Easton, Md.

GEO. F. SLOON & BRO., Lumber Dealers, 132 LIGHT STREET WHARF.

The fire will not interfere with our business. Our Office is not injured, and only a portion of our Yard No. 1 destroyed. We will be pleased to fill all orders promptly, having a good stock in our other three yards.

Greensborough Hotel AND LIVERY STABLES, GREENSBORO, Maryland. W. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

VOSHELL HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN, MD. J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Prop'r. ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL EASTON, MD. (Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.) G. W. W. HADDAWAY, PROP. First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 411

Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, Light and German Sts., Baltimore Maryland. Rates Reduced to \$3.00 and \$2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Porters, Bath and Double Rooms, according to list. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors. All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors. F. W. COLEMAN, Manager. 12-31-81.

THE "Clarendon." COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS., BALTIMORE, MD. \$1.50 to \$2.00 Per Day.

Table board \$1 per week. Permanent Guests, \$5.00 to \$7.00 per week. Rooms without board, 50 cts., 75 cts., \$1.00 a day. The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and every first-class at low rates. J. F. DARROW, Proprietor. [LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.]

Daphne Odora. Oh! ladies, why do you So powder and so paint? Forgive me, but to you I must make complaint. Rose, Kate, Flo and Milly, This warning now share, For "painting the lily" Can't make it more fair. To spoil your complexion, Oh, why do you love? Fair Nature's perfections You cannot improve. Jack, Tom, Dick and Willie Are all well aware That "painting the lily" Can't make it more fair. I feel it my duty To tell you my own boast That unadorned beauty Adorned is the most. Love's blind, true, but still he Hates rouge and dyed hair, For "painting the lily" Can't make it more fair. You think rouge an aid is, But I'm much afraid That each of your ladies Unless you soon mill, Take your ways with care, For "painting the lily" Can't make it more fair. Yet should you be gaining Some poor fellows' hearts, They'd be complaining Your beauty departs. Their loves would grow chilly, So hear and beware, For "painting the lily" Can't make it more fair. Advice, you refuse it? Well, soon you will know That paint, if you use it, Your beauty must go. Come, then, don't be silly; 'Tis truth I declare, That "painting the lily" Can't make it more fair.

A CAMP SURPRISE. During the summer of 187— a merry party, ten of us in all, camped out in the Adirondack wilderness. There were three guides—I mention the guides first because they are the most important members of a camping party—two gentlemen, two children, two ladies, the children's old maid aunt, myself, and an English nurse to help take care of the little ones. We had pitched our tent in the grand old Adirondack forest on the shore of a beautiful lake in the heart of the "North Woods," and for ten days had had the lojliest time imaginable. At last we were getting out of venison, and the gentlemen proposed a night hunt for deer. On former occasions they had always left a guide to guard the camp, but knowing that deer were scarce, we thought the men more in the party the more likely would they bring home a fine fat buck. So we protested against being left in charge of a guide, and after talking it over awhile the gentlemen finally agreed to take all the guides with them, and just before dark started for a pond some miles distant from our camp. We watched the boats until they passed out of sight, and then strolled about the shore until it was dark. Then drawing near the tents we sat down on some logs around the campfire. Touching a match to a huge pile of brush hard by we sat gazing upon the flames as they leaped upward, roaring and crackling, and filling the forest with cheerful glow. Every one, we suppose, knows that being courageous in broad daylight is one thing, and being courageous in the dark is another. We had been as brave as lions before sunset, but I think the feeling that we were alone in this hunter's tent made us feel a little nervous. For I noticed that we started at every rustling of the bushes, looking up anxiously if the wind gently stirred the branches overhead, and the English nurse jumped at least a foot as a loon sent forth his wild, moaning cry. "Was that a panther, eh?" she asked. "Oh, no indeed," replied the children's aunt, and yet the feeble attempt at a laugh ended in a little shiver, and I saw her glance quickly over her shoulder in a scared sort of a way. Piling several logs of wood on the fire to make it last as long as possible we withdrew to our large sleeping tent. The English nurse headed the procession, with an old rusty hunting knife she had found among the cooking utensils. Bob, the youngest boy, lugged a broken ear into the tent, while Aunt brought up the rear with a tin pan and a pudding stick. "I have often read that any loud noise will serve to frighten away wild beasts," she whispered to me, "and I thought these might be handy to have with us." After securely fastening the canvas flaps at the entrance of the tent, we lay down on our beds of hemlock boughs, but we didn't seem to be very sleepy; in fact, we were too nervous to sleep at once. I was just dropping into a doze when I heard a sound in the distance—a kind of prolonged howl. I raised my head to listen—so did Aunt. "What was that?" she whispered. "Oh, nothing but another loon," I answered as calmly as I could, but I knew very well it was not a loon. For a few moments all was still.

Again the same unearthly sound broke the stillness of the night. This time it seemed nearer—a long dismal howl. The children's aunt rose to a sitting posture. The English nurse asked in a frightened whisper, "Indian's, eh? Panther, eh?" "Nonsense," returned I. "There are no panthers here, and as for Indians, there isn't a red man within a thousand miles." Here I stopped. My hair was braided down my back in a Chinese pig-tail, and it seemed to raise straight in the air as a gust of wind brought to our ears a third howl, followed by a chorus of unearthly yelps. We sprang to our feet. I felt some one pulling at my dress and heard Bob's voice—the oldest boy was fast asleep—"What is it, Auntie? Is it—is it a wolf?" Then I knew his eyes were as big as butter plates. "Whatever it is it shall not hurt you, dear," said I, putting one hand on his shoulder, and feeling with the other for the rifle which one of the gentlemen had placed in a corner of the tent that very afternoon. "Aunt, where is the rifle?" And Aunt, who had a horror of firearms confessed that only a few moments before she had carried it out of the tent and laid it down in the bushes with the butt end toward the camp. "But it wasn't loaded," I replied angrily. "Well, dear, rifles go off sometimes when they ain't loaded," she answered. I knew by this that Aunt was very, very nervous or she never would have made such a foolish speech. "Our last hope is gone then," I said with a groan. "Now, keep still; not a word for your lives! Perhaps the wolves may go off in another direction; they may be chasing a deer." "The moment I said 'wolf' the English nurse faints," "Let her alone," said Aunt; "if you bring her to her senses she will faint again. I am sure if I have got to be eaten by wolves I had rather faint too, than I shouldn't know anything about it." "Fush! Listen!" We held our breath. This is what we heard: A howl or two, a crackling and rustling of twigs, the noise of long leaps through the underbrush, and then, oh, horror! the sound of animals rushing madly around the tents. The children's aunt had been peeping through a small hole in one side of the tent. "Look! for mercy's sake, look!" she gasped. I put my eyes close to the rent, and there, rushing wildly about, were four great, lean, shaggy brutes! By the light of the fire I could see their glittering eyes, red tongues and sharp white teeth. I drew back in horror. "Try the tin pan," I said. Bob beat a lively tattoo with the pudding stick. For a moment the patter of the paws ceased, only to begin again more madly than before. "Oh, dear!" moaned Aunt in despair. "Any decent wolf would have been afraid of a camp fire, to say nothing of such a racket as this." She seized the ear and put herself in a warlike attitude. "Something must be done," exclaimed Aunt with an air of resolve "to do or die." "I have often read that a wild beast will quail before the steady gaze of the human eye." Then she drew herself up looking the picture of a veritable Lady Macbeth. "The trouble is, I can't look in four pairs of eyes at once." "And while you were staring at one wolf the others would eat you up," I answered. "Young woman, this is no time for jesting," said Aunt solemnly. "Heaven knows what will become of us." At this instant it flashed before my mind that there was something familiar in the sound of the howling outside. I took another look through the little loophole, then whistled softly. Dropping the hunting knife I had been bravely brandishing and running to the entrance, I began untying the canvas flaps. "Aunt," said I, "listen! Don't you hear? Those are not wolves, they are dogs; I am sure of it." In another moment four great tawny hounds were leaping about me, putting their paws on my shoulders, nearly knocking me down in their attempts to express their joy. I led the way to the tent where our supplies were stored, and, throwing them some food, knew from the greedy way in which they seized it that they had been off on a long tramp. It often happens that hunting dogs get lost while on the scent of an animal. In such cases they always make their way to the nearest camp. After the hounds had satisfied their hunger they followed me to the sleeping tent. I found the children's aunt and the English nurse pale but calm, with the happy Bob between them. We left the tent flaps open and the cheery fire-light shone inside the camp; the largest dog stretched himself before the entrance as if to say, "I'm going to keep watch here to-night," while the others took their places by the children's beds. Then we fell asleep, safe indeed under the watchful care of our new-found friends. "There is nothing like settling down," said a retired merchant contentedly to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down and found I quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have had a cent."

A Comical Marriage. Years ago, in New Hampshire, a young lady and her lover were placed in a ludicrous position by not heeding the advice—"Choose not alone a proper mate, But proper time to marry." It was the custom in those days to choose all town officers at the annual March meeting. After a batch had been chosen they were marched off to a justice of the peace and sworn into office. Squire Chase, the father of the late Chief Justice Chase, being a prominent justice of the peace, usually did this work for that town. As the officers were numerous, the task kept him busy from morning till night. One day, when the town meeting had tired the squire out, he returned home, threw himself into an easy chair, and was soon in a sound sleep. An anxious couple who had been impatiently waiting the squire's return that he might marry them, again called at the house. Mrs. Chase, being somewhat agitated, led them immediately before the sleeping justice. "Mr. Chase!" she shouted, shaking him by the shoulder; "wake up! here's a couple come to be married!" Half-awaked, the justice rubbed his eyes, and supposed he saw in the couple two persons waiting to be sworn into office. "Hold up your hands!" he said. As they had never seen the marriage ceremony performed in that style they hesitated. "Hold up your hands!" exclaimed the squire peremptorily, and they obeyed. "You severally and solemnly swear," he continued, "that you will faithfully perform the duties of your office, respectively, according to your best skill and judgment—so help you God!" The couple looked at each other and then at the squire. "That's all, excepting the fee—one dollar," he added soothingly. It was dropped into the extended hand, and they went out, doubting if the squire had tied the knot as it should be done. "A little conversation, they concluded that if they lived up to the duties they would be much better married than most of their friends and so the matter rested. The Snow of Age. "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts." The figure is by no means novel, but the saying is new as well as emphatic. The scriptures represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The head shall be like the snow of age," says the prophet. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that "it looked as if time had lightly splashed his snows upon its passage." "It never melts"—no never! Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know no retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sigh, "I would I were a boy again!"—but he grows older as he sighs. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing to the rosy scenes of early years, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, which every moment carries him further away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than to die. The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessing upon the valley and the mountains, but soon the sweet spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age. Yet why speak of age in mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old. If any must weep let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is an emblem of peace and rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise to be replaced by a brighter and better one. "Big and Little L." When General Alexander Ogle served Somerset's "froxy sons of thunder" in the Pennsylvania Legislature, it fell to him to write, in behalf of the Democratic members, a letter to General Jackson, then stepping across the Presidential threshold. Such work of the scribe was a labor of love, and submitting it to the caucus what he had written General Ogle said: "Gentlemen and members of the Democratic party, I hold in my hand a letter addressed by General Alexander Ogle to General Andrew Jackson, and I have no hesitation in saying that it's a damned able paper." The members, gathered around, agreed that the letter was the thing to make Old Hickory's heart clump with satisfaction, and all except one, a dapper little Philadelphian, spoke words of praise. This dandy of the House, fixing his glasses and scanning the page with the critic's smirk, ventured the remark: "Pardon me, General,

I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary East, and I may say—in all the civilized countries of Europe, to write with the capital 'I' instead of the little 'i' in using the personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence." General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with his shaft of scorn that shot from his eyes. "Sir," he said, beginning with hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a great, such a towering man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abuse myself, I abuse myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper; but, sir, if I ever get to such a low-down pitch as to have to write to such a damned little snipe as you, I'll use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two sheets of foolscap, so help me God!" Variety. The time to eat breakfast—before it's eight. Be content with your lot—especially if it is a corner one. Murdering a man with a brick might be called a brick kin. If your friends don't stick to you this weather, your clothes do. The ice that ought to prevail—justice. The ice that does—avarice. Does it stand to prove that a pig is an old soldier, because he is a pensioner. A sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't. The trouble with Keely seems to be that the secret of his motor is locked up in his brain and he has forgotten the combination. "A new broom sweeps clean." It doesn't if the boy is sweeping up the back yard and the gang is waiting to get up on his nut to raise a kite. The man who took his seat in the second balcony felt bad at having to change. In fact he was moved to tiers. They have taken to introducing sewing machines among the Indians, and before long it will be with difficulty that a brave will be able to read his evening paper in quiet. When a friend asked a reformed inebriate the cause of his reformation, he said: "As you are married you will quite understand it when I say getting tipsy made me see my mother-in-law doubly."

A paper watch in running order has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker, evidently made from a newspaper, the subscription of which has been "running on time" for several years. The man who "woke to ecstasy the living lyre," is notified that it would have been just as well if the living lyre had been allowed to slumber on. We have enough living liars now. What the world needs is a few dead ones. Some other folks would deceive you about these goods, but I have been in the business twenty years and have never told a lie," said the guileless dry goods clerk. "And why do you begin now?" said the gentle fair one in front of the counter, as she gathered her draperies together and glided away. Advice to Young Writers. William Cullen Bryant once gave the following sensible advice to a young man who had offered him articles for his paper: "My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written, I do not recall an occasion where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language. Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well. Call a spade by its name, not a well known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; a place not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression; and in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability. The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falseness may be a thick crust, but in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write as much as you would speak, and as you think. If with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronouncements. The truly wise man will speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may carry great knowledge of chemistry by showing bladders of strange gases to breathe; but one will enjoy better health, and find more time for business who lives on common air." Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

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