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HEADQUARTERS
'TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.'

I HAVE DETERMINED NOT TO BE OUTDONE IN PRICES on anything that I have in my store. I think I have the cheapest line of

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOE

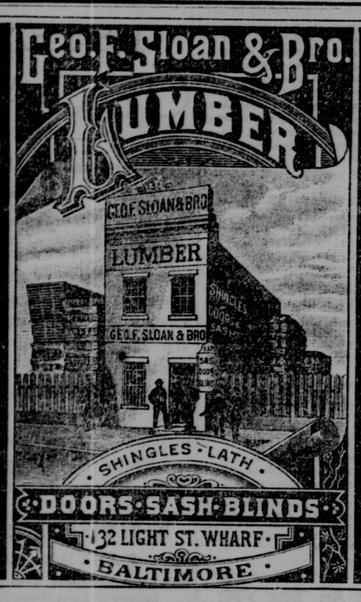
ever offered in Denton, and it will be to the advantage of any one needing goods in that line to call and see me. If I cannot fit you I can take your measure and get what you want at short notice. I have also a complete line of Staple Dry Goods which I am selling at Bottom Figures; also, Hats and Caps, of latest styles. ☞Groceries, Queensware, and as good a stock of Confectioneries as ever. By your fruit cake goods now, and look out for my Christmas advertisement.

11 17 WM. A. STEWART.

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.

Geo. F. Sloan & Bro.

LUMBER



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LIGHT-WEIGHT OVERCOATS FROM $5 to $25. All goods properly shrunk before being made up. Custom Department fully stocked from which to order. Samples and prices sent free on application. Ten per cent. discount allowed to clergymen.

21 NOAH WALKER & CO., 165 and 167 W. Baltimore Street.

THE SPIRAL SPRING BUGGY

HAS THE ONLY ADJUSTABLE SPRING IN THE WORLD.

NO SAC, NO SWAY, NO PITCH, CARRIES ANY WEIGHT.

ADJUSTED TO SUIT ANY WEIGHT BY TURNING NUT ON TOP OF SPRING.

ADJUSTED TO SUIT ANY WEIGHT BY TURNING NUT ON TOP OF SPRING.

LIGHT, STYLISH AND STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.
EVERY BUGGY WARRANTED 2 YEARS. SPRINGS WARRANTED 10 YEARS.
THE EASIEST RIDING BUGGY BUILT.
THE NEWEST AND BEST THING OUT IN CARRIAGE SPRINGS.
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.
THE SPIRAL SPRING BUGGY CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS.

THE OLD AND RELIABLE
"HARRISON."
Established 1850. Thousands in use. The best is the cheapest. Every wagon fully WARRANTED, and none sent from the factory until tested.

THE LIGHTEST RUNNING WAGON MADE.

Farmers and Teamsters in every locality will find it to their interest to look well into the MERITS OF THIS WAGON before purchasing.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. AGENTS WANTED.
WM. HARRISON, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE BEST MADE—ESTABLISHED 1842—
SEND FOR CATALOGUE & PRICES OF
CELEBRATED
HARDMAN PIANOS
ARE UNSURPASSED FOR POWERFUL PURE RICH AND SYMPATHETIC TONE

HARDMAN, DOWLING & PECK, Manufacturers, 48th & 49th Sts., and 11th & 12th Avenues, New York city.

DRY GOODS
FOR THE FALL OF 1883.

Hamilton Easter & Sons
OF BALTIMORE,

Invite the attention of persons wanting Dry Goods to their splendid Wholesale and Retail Stock, much the largest and most varied to be found in Baltimore. Their assortment includes every class of goods, from the most fashionable to low priced, "but no COMMON goods that may look cheap, but would be dear at any price." It has been their aim throughout a business career of over Fifty Years to sell only goods that will give satisfaction and prove of full value for the price paid. This policy steadily pursued has built up their trade, and given them the confidence of the public to the fullest extent. Being large Importers of Foreign Goods, and in a position to purchase all Domestic Fabrics direct from the Manufacturers, to the best advantage, we are able to give our customers the benefit of our position, in low price Samples will be sent to parties desiring to buy from us, on receiving definite instructions in regard to the class of goods wanted, about the price, color preferred, &c. The price in Plain Figures, marked on each piece of goods, from which there is no abatement.

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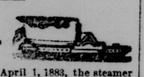
—FOR—
CHOPTANK RIVER.

STEAMER
Minnie Wheeler.



On and after Monday April 1, 1883, the steamer MINNIE WHEELER will leave HILLSBORO for Baltimore on every Monday and Thursday, at 9 o'clock A.M., touching at the following landings on Tuchahoe Creek and Choptank River—Cook's Landing, Cowads Point, Reese Landing, Ganey's McCarter's Wharf, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Medford's Wharf, Sec'y Creek, Chancellors Point.

Leaves Potters Landing at 11.20 A. M., Medfords Wharf at 4 and Secretary at 6 P. M.

Returning, will leave Pier 5, Light St. Wharf, Baltimore every Tuesday and Saturday at 9 o'clock P. M. touching at the above wharves.

Freight received at Pier 5 every Tuesday and Saturday till 6 P. M. All freights must be prepaid in Baltimore.

R. G. STEVENS, Agt., Potter's Landing. n 14 — Agts. in Baltimore, EMORY & NEAVITT, 83 South Street.

FOR SALE.
Well Seasoned Lumber.

I now have constantly on hand, at my Mill known as Pea Liquor Sawing and Plaining Mills, well seasoned building lumber, such as Dressed Flooring, Siding, Weather Boarding, Shelving, etc.; in fact, all kinds of lumber used for building purposes.

Also all kinds of sawing, planing and mill work done at short notice and on reasonable terms.

The Pea Liquor Mill is now an established fact, and the public are most cordially invited to call and examine my stock. Post Office address,

E. W. WILLIAMSON, Potter's Landing, Md. or Denton Md.

BRICK HOTEL
—AND—
LIVERY STABLE,
GREENSBORO' - Maryland.
WM. H. COHEE, PROP'R.
RATES REDUCED—Per day $1 25; per week $4 to $5.
Carriage meets every train, free for guests

Jas. Parnell,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
DENTON, MD.

SUITS for gentlemen cut and made to order. Trimmings furnished when desired.

—STOP AT—
STRAUGHN'S HOTEL,
Centreville, Md.
Terms $1.50 per day. First Class Hote in all appointments.
Jas H. Straughn, Proprietor

PHILIP W. DOWNES. M. S. MUTCHLER
DOWNES & MUTCHLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
DENTON, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjoining counties.

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J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

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CASPER MILLER,
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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately- Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cure wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents. 4-21-1yr

T. DAWSON LARRIMORE,
SUCCESSOR TO
J. J. JUMP & CO.
EASTON, MD.

WM. H. MOWBRAY,
RICKLAYER & PLASTERER,
FOWLING CREEK, MD.
Is carrying on bricklaying and plastering and prepared to do all kinds of work in the trade in best manner

HENRY IRWIN & SON,
AUTIONEERS,
DENTON, MD.

PATENTS.

Send a rough sketch or a model of your invention to GEORGE E. LEMON, Washington, D. C., and a Preliminary Examination will be made, without charge, of all United States patents of the same class of inventions and you will be advised whether or not a patent can be obtained.

If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send $20, to pay Government fee of $15 and $5 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when application is made. When allowed, the attorney's fee ($25) and the final Government fee ($20) is payable. An attorney whose fee depends on his success in obtaining a Patent will not advise you that your invention is patentable unless it really is, so far as his best judgment can determine; hence, you can rely on the advice given after a preliminary examination is had. Design Patents and the Registration of Labels, Trade-Marks, and Re-issues secured. Caveats prepared and filed. Applications in revivor of Rejected, Abandoned, or Forfeited Cases made. If you have undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents that he recognize GEORGE E. LEMON, of Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention and about the date of filing your application. An examination and report will cost you nothing. Remember, this office has been in successful operation since 1865, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

GEORGE E. LEMON,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents,
615 Fifteenth Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Mention this paper.

Hiawatha Johnson's Wooing.

In the city of Chicago,
Where her father made his money
Selling wheat of which he had not
To the men from Cincinnati,
Lived a soft-eyed pale face maiden—
Minnehaha H. McNulty—
(With the accent on the penult),
Who was young, and fair, and slender
And who wore her hair in frizzes.
Very beautiful was Minnie,
Free from care of all description,
And as William J. McNulty
Paid her bills for fancy dry goods—
Bills for seven-dollar stockings,
Corsets, crimping-pins, and so forth—
He would often let his memory
Wander back a score of summers
To the time when he was courting
Agnes Genevieve McCarthy
(Now the mother of his daughter).
How they used to sit at even
On the front step of her father's
Mansion on the Rue Tom Cat,
Swapping lovely lies about their
Wild affection for each other.
And as William J. reflected
On the past and on the present
It occurred to him that Minnie
Had a quite decided bulge on
Her mamma in point of wardrobe.

In the summer when the ball club
Of Chicago lost the pennant,
Lost the pennant that their hired
Men had held since 1880,
Minnehaha went out riding
In a nobby side-bar wagon,
And her parent drove an equine
That was thought to be quite speedy.
Down the boulevard they traveled,
Every now and then proceeding
To pull out and knock the socks off
Some more unpretentious flyer,
Until Minnie and her father
Had about reached the conclusion
There was nothing in Chicago
That could make the old mare hustle.
So they chatted on the topics
Of the day—Maud S.'s record,
Mr. Beecher's indigestion
And his love for Henry Irving.

But anon the ear of Minnie
(Pretty ear with pink of sea shell)
Caught the soft and murmurous breathing
Of another horse behind them,
Of another horse that seemed to
Be in something of a hurry,
From the way in which he made the
Landscape vanish in perspective.
So she punched her father gently
'Twixt the sixth and seventh riblets,
And suggested that, unless he
Had a wild desire to witness
The surrounding country through a
Cloud of dust, he had better hit the
Old bay mare about amidships
With the whip and holler at her.

You have seen the tempest raging
On a wild and rocky seacoast,
You have read about the battles
In which thousands bravely perished
They were nothing in the struggle
That took place between McNulty's
Old gray mare and the gray gelding
That the stranger deftly handled.
He was handsome, was the stranger,
With a form like an Apollo,
And he steered the big gray gelding
With a skill that won the heart of
Minnehaha as she sat there
And beheld her parent distanced.

"Hold, brave youth!" cried old McNulty;
"Pull your horse up and come hither.
I would speak with you concerning
That good steed which you are driving.
Will you sell him? what's his record?
Does he ever have blind staggers?
Is his owner a poor widow
Who is forced in want to sell him,
Or who argues that the climate
Where her husband now has gone to
Is too sultry for fast driving?
Seek not too deceive me, sonny,
With a tale extremely gauzy,
But get down to bed-rock figures
On your horse, and let me have 'em."

Then up spoke the youth whose driving
Had enamored Minnehaha:
"I will never sell my horse, sir,
For I value him too highly.
With the swiftness of a whirlwind
He can draw two in a buggy,
And the famed steeds of the desert
Fall so far in speed below him
That if one should try to pass me,
I opine his driver quickly
Would conclude that he was going
In the opposite direction.
He is bred just like St. Julien—
Hamiltonian stock, and you can
Bet your everlasting dollar
He is kind, and sound, and gentle.

"Money cannot buy this horse, sir,
But to you I'll gladly give him
If you only will allow me
To pay court unto your daughter,
She who sitteth now beside you,
In the flush of maiden beauty;
Sitteth there like any lily,
Tall, and fair, and pure, and stately.
I have loved your daughter madly
Ever since I first beheld her
As I came up on the near side
Of your buggy and went past you.
And without her life is aimless.
All my hopes are wrecked forever;
And unless my love returned is
I will jump into the river."

"You may have her," cried McNulty.
"Have her with a parent's blessing.
And before the winter cometh,
When the leaves are turning golden,
You shall marry Minnehaha
In a style to make your head swim,
For I love my only daughter
And would make her whole life happy.
Take her, Hiawatha Johnson—
(You will notice that I know you)—
Take her with this horse and buggy,
And let me get in behind that
Gelding with abdallah action.
I will give my Minnehaha
To the man who pineth for her,
And console myself hereafter
With a horse that beats 2.30."

Friendly Advice to Swearers.

Nobody cares for the swearing of an habitual swearer. His volleys of profanity have no terror in them. They mean nothing. It is the man who never swears who scares you out of your boots if once in a lifetime he does swear. So far as we can learn, Washington only swore once during all the eight years of the Revolutionary war. But that one time counted. It turned back the tide of retreat, changed a rout into a victory and made things hum. But the fellow who swears on all occasions, and swears hot and cold with the same mouth, the intellectual pauper who ekes out his barren supply of ideas with an abundant crop of profanity, whose conversation is a long train of mill privileges, and, who talks as a beaver works; his swearing is weak, tiresome, disgusting. So, if you want to swear with any effect, my boy, be very seldom about it. Be very exclusive in your profanity. If you cannot get along without it, bring it out occasionally, like rare old family diamonds; don't keep it running six or eight hours a day, like a kitchen hydrant. And you won't be offended, my son, but if you will examine closely you will perceive that young men, boys, fledgelings of about your age, swear more than men—more frequently, more awkwardly; with less point and direction. A man becomes ashamed of it. It belongs to the cigarette and matinee portion of life, my boy. It belongs to what Puck aptly calls the "unsalted generation;" the fresh young men. So put it away and put on manly things. I know some good men, some of the best in the world, who will confound it, and even dog-gone it, and in New England even a deacon has been known, under a terrible strain, to condemn it. But as a rule, my son, don't do it. Don't swear. It isn't an evidence of smartness or worldly wisdom. Any fool can swear. And a good many fools do it. I, my son? Ah, if I could only gather up all the useless, uncalled-for, ineffective cuss-words I have dropped along the pathway of my life, I know I would remove stumbling-blocks from many inexperienced feet, and my heart would be lighter by a ton than it is to-day. But if you are going to be a fool just because other men have been, my son, what a hopeless fool you will be.—Burdette.

He Was No Thief.

"Gentlemen," said an Arkansaw Colonel, as he stood under the limb of a tree from which depended a rope, "I must protest my innocence. I did not steal the mule. I am above petty theft. I know that you all have the interest of the community at heart, and I do not blame you; but there are times when we are all liable to be rash. If I had stolen the mule, my guilt would impress me until I would beg to be put out of the world in the most summary way."

"The mule was found in your possession," said the leader of the mob.

"Very true, my dear sir."

"Did he jump into your lot?"

"No, sir, I conducted him to the confines of my premises."

"Did you buy the animal?"

"No, sir."

"Did you trade for him?"

"I did not."

"Then who stole him? Let down the rope, boys."

"Gentlemen, I hope you will give me a chance to explain. The mule in question was the property of one of our distinguished fellow-citizens, Major Ruglesberry. Some time ago the Major and I exchanged a few words of an uncomplimentary nature. I intimated that the Major's blood would be highly satisfactory to me, and the Major said that my gore would please him mightily. Well, we separated, thoroughly agreeing with each other. The next day the Major and I met. I got what is vulgarly called the drop on him, and relieved him of the top of his head. He was riding a mule at the time, and when he fell off I saw that he had no longer any practical use for the animal, so I took charge of him. Now, if I had dismounted in the way he did, I should have interposed no objection to the Major's taking my horse."

'I hope, sir, that you will excuse us," replied the leader of the mob. We thought you stole the mule. Your explanation is most satisfactory, and I hope you'll excuse us. Let us take a drink."

The Romance of a Practical Young Man.

A rich man has a plain and unattractive daughter, to whom no eligible young fellow pays much attention. At last one beau is noticed to be rather "gone," and the love affair developes for a couple of weeks. Then to him the father:

"Young man, I notice you are paying very marked attentions to my daughter."

The young man stammers and stutters, taken aback.

"Do not be alarmed. I am willing you should. Indeed, I may tell you that the day I give you my daughter I will place $100,000 in the bank to your account."

"You're very kind, I'm sure. But, if it's all the same to you, supposing you put your daughter in the bank to my account and give me the $100,000."

TENNESSEE'S law prohibiting the sale of liquor within four miles of any school house will, the Chicago Times says, intensify Southern illiteracy by stopping the erection of school houses.

In the Midst of Life He was in Business

On the street the other afternoon, the mass of snow upon the roof of a high building began to slide, and fell in a white and smothering cascade upon the crowded sidewalk. One unfortunate man was caught by it and completely buried from sight. Immediately the people who had avoided a share in his misfortune rushed to his assistance. One man groped into the snow and caught him by the leg; another got a purchase on his arm, and others gripping him by clothing and body, in due time he was brought to his feet again. He presented a sorrowful spectacle, however. He was apparently lifeless, also, and a great crowd collected, with every manifestation of sympathy. The stranger soon revived, he sighed and opened his eyes, the flush of life returned to his ashen cheek. He saw the concourse about him and smiled, opened his mouth to speak, and as the people crowded around to hear him, said: "Ah—h! that was a narrow escape for me. The perils of winter, even in this temperate zone, are indeed fearful. But how much more terrible are they in the frozen regions of the Pole! I have here"—and he opened a satchel which had survived the shock—"the new book describing the sufferings and death of the De Long party, for which I am taking subscriptions, and which I should be please to sell you at"—but here somebody yelled that another snow slide was coming, and the crowd vanished like smoke.

Sealing Wax for Letters,

"Sealing wax," a stationer said, "is quietly resuming its place for the sealing of letters. The use of gum in the place of sealing wax was a seductive appeal to the laziness of persons, who eagerly adopted that method because it was quick and handy. It is much easier to run your tongue along the flap of an envelope and press the surfaces together than it is to heat the wax and close the letter effectually.

"But it has now come to be slowly appreciated that a letter easily sealed is nearly as easily opened. It only requires a little dampness to open any letter sealed with gum, and it may be done so skilfully that it baffles detection. It is about as much protection now to put a letter in a gum sealed envelope as to put the contents on a postal card. Sealing wax is protection against the prying curiosity of persons not dishonest enough to steal your letter out and out, yet willing enough to possess themselves of your secrets by peering into your letters ofter steaming open a gum-sealed flap.

"A pretty feature of the use of sealing wax is the opportnnity to use seals. Seal rings are plenty enough, and, if you have not a seal ring, you may use a coin or a bangle, or any rough surface, the breaking of which might be an indication that a letter had been tampered with. The express companies will not receive a valuable package for transportation unless it is carefully sealed. Seal your letters by all means with sealing wax if you wish to keep their contents free from inspection."

The Goose.

The American goose is a bigger and a more historic bird than the American eagle. It was the cackling of a goose that once saved Rome—proud, imperial Rome, mistress of the world, as she sat on her seven hills.

Now, where in the history of our own symbolic eagle, though in his majestic flight he blows his breath on the sun, is there any record of such heroic conduct?

The eagle is no longer handsome He has lost all his tail feathers. The 4th of July orators have pulled them all out. Then he is getting old and bald, too. So I am in favor of taking him from the old flag, and putting the goose in his place. I am also opposed to any and all legislation that will in any way restrain the liberty of the goose or any other animal: and, although the goose hangs pretty high just now, I am in favor of elevating her still higher. Put her on the old flag; let her gabble.

THE intense cold, which has driven everybody to his fireside in all parts of the country north of Florida, has made the Kennebec river, in Maine, a scene of great activity. Men are gathering with teams and machinery to cut out the annual ice crop. The ice was ten inches thick last week, and is expected to be of the required thickness—fifteen inches—this week. Then the laborers will begin to cut it in cakes of 22x32 inches, for storage in the ice houses. These have a capacity of 1,000,000 tons.

THE jail in Cambridge, Md., has a handsome front and no bars are visible. Mistaking it for a private residence, Wm. Henry Johnson applied for shelter from the cold on Sunday night week, and was given lodgings. But soon after his admission a messenger arrived with a telegram from Sheriff Hopkins of Talbot, asking Sheriff Melvin to be on the lookout for an offender whose description tallied exactly with the looks of Johnson. He turned out to be the man wanted.

THEY had to saw the pipe off from a hydrant in Allentown, Pa., the other day to liberate a man who had tried to drink from the nozzle when the thermometer was near zero. He was taken to a fire with the piece of pipe sticking to his lips, where it was thawed off.

How to Propagate Oysters..

How easy oyster propagation may be promoted is told by the Cambridge News, which says: "Some four or five years ago, while Capt. Thomas C. Eaton was conducting a grain transportation line from the Choptank to Baltimore he sometimes brought a return cargo of shells for ballast which were used by the farmers near town for kilning purposes. On one occasion, however, when a large quantity of grain awaited him on his arrival from the city he did not have time to land his shells, but took them out on a clear sand bar near Cambridge and as his vessel tacked back and forth threw them overboard without any effort at regularity. Where the shells were scattered was as clear and bare a sand bar as can be found on the Choptank at the present time, but the shells formed a catching ground for oyster spawn and now dozens of sloops and canoes are working daily upon the oyster beds made from Captain Eaton's shells. It would be safe to say that this one oyster bed has been worth ten thousand dollars to the oyster trade, and its value is only in the infancy of development. With such convincing proofs of the value of shells in oyster-raising at home sustained by the success of northern planters, no dredger should object to scattering at least one load a year on our barren bars, where the tide runs swiftly, and excellent oysters would grow. A law to such an end would be very beneficial."

Does Advertising Pay?

The following advertisement was printed in the Morning News a couple of days ago:

BOY WANTED—Good references required. Steady employment. Apply to G. D. R. HUBBARD, Printer's Warehouse, 379 State sreet.

The Morning News received the following last night:

BORN.—In this city, January 4, a son to Mr. and Mrs. G. D. R. Hubbard.—New Haven News.

GEN. BUTLER wrote the following on the fly-leaf of a Bible on retiring from the office of Governor of Massachusetts: "On coming into the Executive chamber, a year ago, I could not find a copy of the Holy Scriptures. I suppose each Governor took his away with him. A friend gave me this. I leave it as a needed transmittendum to my successor in office, to be read by him and his successor each in turn."

The Philadelphia Times, 1884.

THE TIMES will enter upon the new year stronger and more prosperous than ever before in its history—more widely read and quoted, more heartily commended, and more freely criticised, with a more complete organization, and an abler staff of contributors—and with the same independence and fearlessness that has made it successful in the past.

THE TIMES has no party to follow, no candidates to advance, but will meet every issue, as it has ever done, with consistent devotion to the right, to honest government and the public welfare. And, while maintaining its position as the leading journal of Philadelphia, it will aim to be continually in the advance in all that can add value to a newspaper.

The value of a newspaper is not in its size or display, but in the intelligence and the conciseness and freshness with which it is edited. THE TIMES spends lavishly for news from all parts of the world, but all its dispatches are carefully edited and condensed, in order to give the complete news of the day in the most concise and attractive shape, and with it a large variety of entertaining and instructive reading. The best writers at home and abroad are employed to enrich its columns, and to made it a journal adapted to both the busy man and to the leisure of the home circle, a welcome visitor to honest and intelligent citizens of every political, religious, and social taste.

THE WEEKLY TIMES is altogether different from the weekly newspapers of twenty years ago. The day of those papers is gone by. The telegraph and better local newspapers everywhere, have made the old weekly metropolitan newspaper unsatisfying. Those that cling to their ancient usages have lost their hold on our forward moving people; they are but shadows of their former greatness and they have but a shadow of their former power. Those papers have had their usefulness, but it is gone; and, with it, they are going, too. It was not the fault of the papers; it was the improvement of the country that brought about the change. Men and women, wherever they live, now require fresher news; and they require more than news.

THE WEEKLY TIMES gathers off the types of every passing week whatever has lasting interest to the people at large, and sets it before them in such generosity of paper and print as would have astounded us all twenty years ago.

DAILY—12 cents a week, 50 cents a month, $6 a year, two cents a copy.

SUNDAY—Four cents a copy, $2 a year.

WEEKLY—One copy, $2 a year; five copies, $8 a year; ten copies, $15 a year; twenty copies, $25 a year, and one copy free to the getter-up of every club.

Bachrach Bros.,
ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHERS,
S. E. COR. EUTAW & LEXINGTON.
BALTIMORE.

Our well known reputation rests entirely on the quality of our work, coupled with reasonable prices.

No humbug, no quackery, no puffing of magic processes to push cheap, trashy work; in fact, we eschew all questionable methods used by quacks, which have lately disgraced our profession. You will be sure to obtain satisfaction, and secure permanent pictures by patronizing us. 5 26

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