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VOL. 38. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1884. NO. 26.

FOR SALE.

Having concluded to discontinue the mercantile business, I will from this date until April 11th, sell off at

COST FOR CASH

my entire stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and China ware.

In the meantime I will sell out entirely to any one wishing to go into business, and give up the storehouse, which is one of the best in the county, and the best stand in Denton. Respectfully,

2-9 WM. A. STEWART.

CLOTHING BUYERS,

YOUR ATTENTION

Is called to a few SPECIAL BARGIANS we shall offer for the next 30 days:

Men's Suits Reduced from		$16.00 to	$13.00
"	"	14.50 to	12.00
"	"	12.00 to	10.00
"	"	10-50 to	8.50
" Overcoats	"	18.00 to	18.75
"	"	17.00 to	15.00
"	"	16.00 to	14.00
"	"	12.50 to	10.50

Boys' Clothing Reduced ten per cent.

Our Ladies' Dress Goods Department

Is still full ef choice Dress Goods from 10c. to $2.50 per yard. Also have a full line of Ladies' and Missess'

CLOAKS & DOLMANS

JARRELL, NICHOLS & COX.

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SUITS

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Men, Boys & Children

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.

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Complete Stock always on Hand.

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All Kinds and Best Manufacture.

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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 Tuckahoe Creek and Choptank River—Cook's Landing, Cowads Point, Reese Landing, Ganey's McCarter's Wharf, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Medford's Wharf, See'y Creek, Chancellors Point.

Leaves Potters Landing at 11.30 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.

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—AND—

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RATES REDUCED—Per day $1 25; per week $4 to $5.

Carriage meets every train, free for guests

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

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THE BEST TONIC.

Cures Completely Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Liver and Kidney Complaints. Druggists and Physicians endorse it.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

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BUTCHERS,

DENTON, MD.

KEEP constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best Beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef. Their store opposite the Brick Hotel will be open

TUESDAYS,
THURSDAYS and
SATURDAYS

all day, and on other days until noon. Changes in price of beef will always be noticed. 1,1,84

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WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANT IN BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, LIVE STOCK, FRUIT, PRODUCE, FISH, ETC.

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REFERENCES.

P. W. Downes, President Denton National Bank. J. B. Steele, Register of Wills, Denton, Md. L. H. Gadd, Clerk Circuit Court, Cardine county. Wm. G. Horsey, Vice President Denton National Bank. Col. Richard C. Carter, Col. J. W. Bryant, State's Attorney, Denton, Md., Hon. J. M. Wooters, Cordova, Md. Jas. W. Holt, Hillsboro, Md. Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del. Michael Colbourn, Seaford, Del. Shull, Wireback, & Co., Wholesale Grocers, 14 South Front Street, Philadelphia. Wm. Fell, Proprietor Eagle Hotel Georgetown, Del. Charles Williamson, Ex-Sheriff Kent count Del. 10 8 tf.y

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Oysters in every style served up in first class order. Chicken, Ham, Beefsteak, Eggs, &c., furnished at all hours. A square meal of everything for 50 cents., or a smaller quantity at half the cost. Pleasant dining rooms, clean and airy. Families supplied with oysters. Restaurant nearly opposite Hardware store, up stairs. 12 156m

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

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Office nearly opposite the M P Church july 7

You Know You Do.

When some one's step comes up the walk
Your cheeks take on a rosier hue,
And though no other hears his knock,
You hear it well—you know you do.

And though it may be very wrong,
When Pa is quite ignored by you,
You sing for him your sweetest song,
You cunning thing—you know you do!

And when he talks of other girls,
Of hateful Kate, and Jennie, too,
You fling at him your auburn curls,
You jealous thing—you know you do!

He blushes deep and looks afraid,
To be thus left alone with you,
But your eyes tell there ne'er was maid,
But could be woed—you know you do!

You peep at some one 'neath your curls,
Until with love you burn him thro',
And make him hate all other girls—
In love for you—you know you do!

And when his arm steals round your chair
You give a smothered scream or two,
As if you didn't want it there,
But O, you do—you know you do!

You let him kiss your blushing cheek
Somehow your lips meet his lips, too
You tempt him, silly thing, to speak,
You wicked flirt—you know you do!

And when he timidly doth press
His wish to make a wife of you,
With happy heart you answer yes,
You darling girl—you know you do!

A Strange Experience.

I.

The Companion's Story.

Mine has been a quiet, uneventful, unromantic life; but in my past, one weird experience stands out in very sharp relief against the dull background of my other recollections, which, to tell truth, are exceedingly prosaic; an experience so terrible that at the time it almost threw me off my mental balance, and even now often fills me with unrest and disquiet by its mere memory.

When I was in my twenty-fifth year, I was suddenly left to face life alone. I looked about for employment, and before many days my attention was attracted by the following advertisement:

"Wanted immediately, a lady, as a companion to a young lady who is slightly deranged. The patient is quite harmless and gentle. A comfortable home offered."

I was by no means a weak-minded or nervous young woman, and it seemed to me that the slight prejudice which made me shrink from such companionship might easily be overcome. The salary named suited my requirements, and, as my credentials were satisfactory, my application was met by an acceptance, and all the preliminaries being arranged, it was agreed that I should journey down to E—— without further delay.

On the morning of the day on which I had arranged to begin my new life it occurred to me that the train I had fixed on would not get me to E—— before seven o'clock, and that it would be far from pleasant to arrive in the damp darkness of an autumn evening at a station with which I was unfamiliar, and which might be miles from the "Manor House."

I therefore decided to go by an earlier train, thinking that it could not possibly make much difference to my employers whether I reached my destination at eight or at four. I knew nothing of the people to whom I was going, beyond the facts that they were the elder sisters of "the patient," and that their references had been all that could be desired. On the way down I amused myself with guesses as to the kind of household I was about to join, and by the time I reached E—— I had formed a pretty little fancy picture of two cheerful, comfortable, middle-aged ladies, and had begun to think that the "deranged" young lady might after all be only a little peculiar and eccentric, not enough so to make any serious drawback to a quiet and happy life.

I got a hack at the station, and with my smaller belongings was packed into it. After what seemed an interminable drive, the conveyance jolted and shook itself down into quietness in front of a closed door, which formed the only feature in a long red-brick wall, high enough to be in itself a very sufficient protection, and further secured by a formidable chevaux de frise. My hackman rank the bell and I alighted. A long interval elapsed without any sign of life from the other side of the door, but when at last he somewhat impatiently rang again, there came a sound of footsteps on the flagged path within, and the door was opened about three inches, while a voice said:

"Who's there?"

"My name is Graham," I answered. "I have come to be Miss Tharpe's companion."

"Oh!" said the voice suspiciously, "but Miss Graham was not to come till seven."

"Nevertheless I am Miss Graham, and you see I have come at four. I am coming in, so please open the door."

"Well, I suppose you may come in," was the ungracious reply, and the door opened. I passed through it and up the flagged pathway, on either side of which stretched a garden, laid out in brown desolate flower-beds. Some large cedars grew near the house and cast a heavy shade over its long red facade. The whole scene was dreary in the extreme, and, to add to the weird appearance, though no lights were visible in the windows, all the blinds were drawn down. In reply to my hasty question whether there had been a recent death in the family, the woman who led me in answered stolidly:

"No, the place is always like this."

The hall in which my boxes were set down was large and dark, furnished with oaken settles and seats black with old age.

"Are the ladies out?" I asked.

"Yes," said the old servant. They will not be back till six. You had better take your things off, and sit in the library till they return."

I did as she directed. In the library which was at the back of the house, were a good fire and two wax candles in ponderous silver candlesticks. The walls were oak-panelled, and the curtains heavy, dark, and handsome. The whole atmosphere was one of decayed magnificence. I leaned back in my chair and put my feet on the fender with a feeling of contentment which not even the mystery shadowed forth by the outward signs of mourning on the house could dispel. The change from the chill damp world outside to this warmth and comfort, the absolute stillnes of the place after the hurry and bustle of railway traveling, these were very soothing, and all conduced to a sense of drowsiness which gently stole over me. I yielded to it. I don't know how long I dozed, but when a slight noise—a cinder dropping from the fire, I fancy—roused me again to consciousness, I found I was no longer alone in the room. Seated on a low ottoman on the other side of the fire, her great eyes fixed on my face, was a girl; her hands were clasped round her knees, and her whole body bent forward in an attitude of profound attention. Over her plain white dress fell the splendid waves and ripples of her auburn hair; her complexion was of that clear, shell-like tint by which that colored hair is so often accompanied. She was exquisitely lovely—But her face? What was there in it that made me shrink involuntarily from her? The deep, changeful eyes, the red, perfect mouth, the wildrose-colored cheeks, the whole person of the girl, though of a more complete beauty than any I had ever seen, yet stirred in me a certain indefinable repulsion. Who was she? I had hardly realized where I was for the moment, but at that question I remembered. Of course she was the "patient," and the shadow that marred her beauty was the "derangement" for which I had been prepared. I felt that it would not do to let this repulsion make any further headway, since I was to be the companion of the girl before me, so I crushed it down as well as I was able, and holding out my hand, said quietly:

"How do you do?"

"Hush!" she whispered, taking my hand; "don't speak too loud, or Jane will hear us, and she will want me to go away. She does not know I am with you. I told her I was going to my work, but I wanted to come and see you. You are to be my companion, are you not?"

"Yes, Miss Tharpe."

"Don't call me that," she said quickly. "Call me Isabel."

"I shall be very pleased to do so, Isabel."

"That is nice," she said. "You have a pleasant voice. What is your name?"

"Frances Graham."

"I will call you Frances," she said, "if you will let me."

"Certainly," I answered, my heart warming a little towards her.

"Now, Frances," she went on, coming close to me, and twining her arms around my waist; "I want you to be my friend, and let me love you. You will, won't you?"

"Of course I said "yes." How could I say otherwise when her soft cheek was laid so caressingly against mine?

"And you will try and love me? And you will be gentle with me, and not be impatient, and you won't be annoyed if I talk too much of my work? You know it is the only thing I care for, and I must talk about it. No one else ever did any work at all like it."

"What is your work, dear?" I asked anxious to show interest in what was evidently her one topic.

"Oh, you shall see it presently," she said. "There's no hurry; it's always there, you know."

"What is it like?" I asked.

"I won't tell you what it's like," she said gaily, "because that will spoil the surprise for you; but it's very beautiful."

"I shall like to see it very much," I said, feeling, it must be confessed, but a very lukewarm interest in the matter. I was tired and faint, and hoped that I should not be required to criticise or admire anything before I had been refreshed by tea. Of this, however, there seemed no sign, so I concluded in this old-fashioned mansion afternoon tea was unknown, and that I should have to wait for the set meal at six, for which the Misses Tharpe were evidently coming home. I sighed.

"Are you very tired?" said the girl, who was now kneeling in front of me holding my hands in hers; "because, if you are not, I think perhaps we had better go and see my work now. I have been down here some time, and I don't Jane to come interfering before you have seen it."

There was something strangely childlike about her suppliant way of looking up at me. A refusal would only vex her, I thought, so I gathered my tired limbs together and followed her.

She caught up one of the heavy silver candlesticks from the table and went before me through the dark passages, holding it high above her head. Its light fell on the red gold of her hair, the lustre of which seemed to brighten the dim house as she passed through it. It seemed a long way. Upstairs, along passages hung with old portraits that frowned upon us as we went by; then down a few more stairs; another passage, a door, short flight of steps, and we were in one of the daintiest little bowers that I had ever beheld. Every pleasant device, every charming arrangement that modern decorative art could suggest, were in perfection, and in strongest contrast to massive antique grandeur of the rest of the house. I had hardly time, however, to take in more that the tout-ensemble of the room, for Isabel caught me by the arm and hurried me through the door on the other side of the bedroom, and into a little boudoir furnished with the same taste which characterized the room we had just left. Fresh flowers, cages of singing birds, plenty of books and needle work lying about. "Here," I thought, "she surely keeps her work. But no, she still hurried me on. The door of a third room stood open, and through it we passed into a chamber the facsimile of the one we had first entered. Only, whereas the other had been neat, this was disordered—rich laces, flowers, and a fan lying strewn on toilet table and floor; only, whereas the other seemed empty of human presence, this did not; only, whereas the other little white bed was vacant, smooth, and unpressed, this was occupied.

Isabel led me to the bedside. Before us lay what seemed so like herself that I glanced at her to assure myself that she was standing by my side and not lying before my eyes.

The figure on the bed was dressed in ball costume of white satin and rich lace, looped up with great wreaths of water lilies and grasses. Her hair, which I saw to be fairer than Isabel's, fell over the pillow in heavy curls that almost touched the floor. The eyes had the vacant stare, but they were the grey eyes of Isabel, the cheeks had a deadly pallor, but they also had the rounded contour of Isabel's. Over the neck and bust was thrown a thick white lace scarf.

A growing horror held me rooted to the spot. I could neither speak nor move, for, let me say it at once, the face before me had on it the plain signet of death. I stood waiting for what should come, and this is what did come.

The girl beside me whispered low in my ear:

"There! Is it not lovely? Look, Frances Graham, this is my work." She drew the lace from the throat and bosom of the body on the bed, and a minute after threw the candlestick wildly from her, and, as darkness fell on the room, broke into peal after peal of ear-piercing, terrible laughter. But between the withdrawal of that lace and the coming of that darkness was a clear moment, and in that moment I saw most plainly, most unmiskably, all that the scarf had hidden. On that snowy bosom were dark crimson stains, and across that soft throat was a deep red gash.

Then material night deepened to mental darkness, and there came a merciful blank.

II.

The Step-Sister's Story.

After the unutterable horror whose end was that blessed loss of consciousness, my first sensation was that of a painful struggle after lost memory; a desperate choking and a wild, mad pulsation of my heart, which beat so thickly and so fast as almost to suffocate me. Then, as I began to breathe with greater ease, I abandoned the effort at recollection, and letting my feeble thoughts take their own channel, I began to notice where I was, and with whom.

I was undressed, and lying in a large four-post bedstead in a handsomely furnished old-fashioned bedroom; windows and bed were draped with sombre sage-green moreen hangings. A bright fire burned on the hearth; beside me stood bottles, basins and glasses. Over against the fire sat a woman's spare, angular figure, dressed in deep mourning. A woman with an ashen grey face, white hair, and a hopeless, desolate expression sad beyond description. She sat in a high-backed, embroidered chair, and looked wearily into the fire. On her face were deep lines which seemed traced by grief quite as much as by age.

I lay and noticed all this, but the power of movement seemed withdrawn from me. I could not have moved a finger or uttered a sound if my life had depended on it.

The door opened softly and another woman entered, a little younger in appearance than the one who sat by the fire, but in care lines, in black gown, in white hair she was the same.

"Has she moved, Mary?" said the new comer in a low voice that thrilled me by its suggestion of a resemblance to some other voice I had known (Isabel's, as I know now).

"No, sister Martha," said the other, raising her faded eyes from the fire; "she has been like this now for nearly three hours. Has Jane returned yet?"

"Yes, she has just come in. It is some distance to E——, you know, and Dr. Jaikes was out; but she has brought that new doctor from the High Street, who has the name of a clever young man. He had better come up now, I think."

I closed my eyes; I felt that I could not bear to be called upon to take even the part of a recognized listener in any conversation. Presently a hand took mine, felt my pulse, and smoothed my hair back, and a man's voice said—

"Poor child, there has been a severe shock; have you any idea what could have caused it?"

"Yes," said Miss Martha's voice; "she has had a very serious shock."

"We can do nothing more than you seem to have been already doing," he went on; "it is best to leave the nervous system to right itself naturally. Perhaps you will tell me what caused this?"

"I will show you," she said, and the two left the room together.

The lady who had been called "Mary" came to my side and bathed my temples with vinegar, and presently I heard the doctor and "Martha" speaking in the next room. My nurse heard them too, and after a moment's hesitation, slipped away to join them, leaving the door ajar.

My nerves were highly strung and my every sense was alert; though their voices were low I heard distinctly every word that was uttered. I could not connect what I heard with what I had seen and undergone, for, in respect of any memory of what had passed in the earlier part of the evening, my mind was utterly blank, though I felt in every fibre of my body the vibration of the horror that had overwhelmed me.

"A dreadful sight indeed," said the doctor, "and quite calculated to unhinge a mind more mature and self-governed than this poor girl's. But you will pardon me for saying that it was culpably careless to allow her to visit that room unprepared."

"Of course we intended to prepare her," said Miss Martha, distractedly; "but she came long before the appointed time."

"Can nothing be done?" asked Miss Mary.

"No," he answered, "but with your permission I will remain here for the present in case any change should take place. My impression is she is conscious at this moment, and may before long recover speech and memory, and need instant attention. If it would not be too painful, ladies, perhaps you would not mind explaining to me the necessity for the existence of this horror, which must always be a danger to anyone entering your house without preparation."

A slight pause; then Miss Mary said:

"Sister Martha, tell Dr. Lloyd the story. If he had been longer in the town he would not have needed to inquire. The chatter of the servants makes the secret keeping of even part of the tale impossible, and Dr. Lloyd may as well hear it told truly by you as garbled by the gossipmongers."

And Miss Martha obediently began the story. I suppose she had to tell it before, for her words came very readily:

"My sister Mary and I were brought up by our father a widower, a widower, who lived here, and when we were thirty and thirty-three years of age he married, to everyone's great surprise, a young and beautiful woman. About a year after his second marriage he was thrown from his horse and broght home dead. That night his twin daughters were born and his wife died. In midst of our grief at this double loss (for we had loved our father's fecond wife) the dear little babies comforted us; we called them Edith and Isabel. We gave them all onr thought, care and love, and devoted ourselves to bringing them up consientiously. As they grew up they seemed to they seemed to fill the whole house with sunshine. They were so sweet, so beautiful, so graceful, so fond of us and so devoted to each other. Perhaps Edith was a thought more beautiful, but then Isabel was so intellectual and brilliant. When the girls were about eighteen Isabel met at a ball in the next county a young man named William Lockwood, who after a short acquaintonce, asked for her hand. He was of good family, and his people were quite favorable to the match, for no one could help loving our Isabel. She had some money left her by her godmother, and as he was in receipt of a handsome salary, their position would be one of comfort. The engagement was quite satisfactory to every one and it was expected that they would shortly marry and settle down near us. We were all therefore, much astonished when Mr. Lockwood announced that he was going to acccept a lucrative sitnation in India. Isabel could not endure the idea of living there, and begged him to give it up, but he would not. One night we took the girls to the E —— Assembly Rooms. At about two Isabel came up to me, and said she was tired and wanted to go home. I asked if something else were not the matter, for she looked more than "tired."

"'Will prefers India to me," she said, "that is all. I gave him his choice, and we have parted for ever; he sails to-morrow from S——"

"'Why does he go so suddenly?"

"'A friend of his who had engaged a birth is unable to go, and Will is going so take his place," she said. So fell the first blow on poor Isabel, without softening, without hope of reconciliation. I went home with her, promising tosend back the carriage for Edith and my sister Mary. On the way home she seemed excited and half wandering, and talked in broken disconnected way. I am telling you all this to show what it was that first shook her mind, and how this quarrel with the man she so passionately loved had partly unhinged her brain, even before the frightful event of which I am about to tell you. I should not have mentioned Mr. Lockwood but for this, and I shall not have occasion to mention him again. He went to India, and I dare say does not know of poor Isabel's condition, for which his cruel conduct certainly laid the foundation. Of the calamity that put the finishing touches to the wreck of her mind he must of course have read in the papers.

"I did not then feel very anxious about Isabel. I thought she was merely feverish and excited, so I saw her safely in bed and bade her good night.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

HEALTH IN MARYLAND.

The State Board of Health and the Committee on Sanitary Legislation.

The State Sanitary Convention held in Baltimore November 22 and 23, 1883, was organized under the auspices of the State Board of Health. This Board, under many adverse circumstances, has accomplished much valuable work which entitles it to the confidence of the public and to more liberal State aid than has heretofore been given.

Without the authority of law, its present limited function as an advisory board, and without the pecuniary means to carry into operation the investigation of hygienic subjects, many important questions must fail for the want of proper consideration and study. To strengthen its hands the convention, through its president, Dr. Richard McSherry, appointed Dr. John Morris, Hon. Wm. Pinckney Whyte and Dr. Jackson Piper a committee on sanitary legislation, with power to present to the present Legislature bills touching the following important subjects: The effective organization of local boards of health; a systematic system of vaccination for the State; an efficient registration of vital statistics; a sanitary survey of the marshy and malarious districts of the State as affecting the health and financial prosperity of the people; a thorough system of sewerage for the city of Baltimore; a law regulating the practice of medicine; a law preventing the pollution of rivers, streams and ice ponds; and an act to prevent the spread of infectious diseases among the live stock of the State. The local sanitary law now existing in a limited portion of Baltimore county has been so amended as to prove very efficient to the villages and towns of the whole State, and has been indorsed by the committee on sanitary legislation, with a view to ask the Legislature to have it extended from time to time to all localities throughout the State requiring and demanding the same. This law provides for a sanitary officer at a salary of $300 per annum for a limited district of country, and all the said officers have resolved themselves into a county board of health; make quarterly reports to the county commissioners, and an annual report to the State Board of Health; inspect private property; have sanitary control over alleys and other highways and over vacant lots; have at their command a sufficient garbage force to remove all offal; have power to construct water closets, looking to pure air, pure soil and pure water; to allow pig sties under certain restrictions; to investigate the causes of all contagious and infectious diseases; to enforce methods to prevent or control the same, and through the public prints to instruct the people on the vital importance of sanitary knowledge.

As to the absolute importance of these local health boards to the State at large and a thorough system of vaccination there can be no question, and we would call particular attention to the members of the Legislature and to others interested to the exhaustive information upon these subjects contained in the papers published in the Fifth Biennial Report of the State Board of Health, and read before the convention by the Hon. H. C. Hallowell, of Montgomery county; Dr. Jackson Piper, of Baltimore county; Dr. H. Stump Forwood, of Harford county; Hon. E. J. Henkle, and Dr. Chew Van Bibber, of Baltimore city.

It has been estimated that at least one-third of all the deaths that occur in the State of Maryland in a year are from diseases of a preventable nature, and the money value of sickness and deaths from malarial fever alone is a loss to the State of $1,000,000 annually. The act creating the State Board of Heal th allows "such necessary expenses as the comptroller shall audit on presentation of an authorized account, &c.; provided said expenses shall not exceed $1,200 annually. These expenses have necessarily been kept within the limit of

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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