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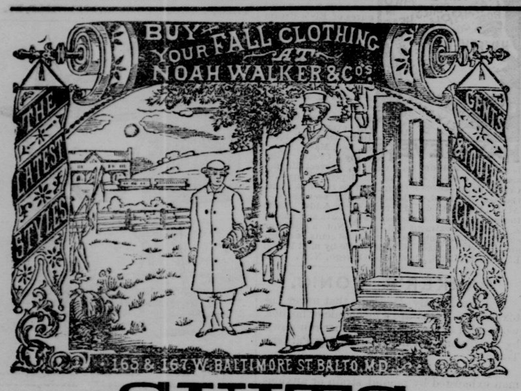

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6 45	10 45	Oxford,	2 10	6 50
6 53	11 04	Trappe,	1 55	6 43
7 07	11 36	Easton,	1 30	6 30
7 18	12 00	Chapel,	1 05	6 18
7 25	12 15	Cordova,	12 54	6 11
7 35	12 38	Queen Anne,	12 33	6 01
7 45	1 05	Ridgely,	12 16	5 51
7 55	1 30	Greensborough,	11 57	5 41
8 04	1 48	Goldsborough,	11 52	5 31
8 10	2 03	Henderson,	11 20	5 25
8 16	2 26	Marydel,	11 08	5 19
8 24	2 42	Slaughters,	10 50	5 11
8 26	2 52	Hartley,	10 45	5 09
8 35	3 22	Kenton,	10 25	4 59
8 44	3 45	Clayton,	10 05	4 50
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Sorrow's Signal.

BY GEO. JACKSON RUSSELL.

Fast to the front door knob it hung,
A snow-white, silken bow,
And fitful wintry breezes swung
Its streamers to and fro.

The letter-carrier on his round
The fluttering sign descried;
His heart recalled a little mound;
He turned away and sighed.

The signal caught a woman's eye;
Into her face there crept
A look of grief; as she went by,
She bowed her head and wept.

The gleeful children on their way
To school, the ribbon saw;
At once they hushed their noisy play
And gazed around in awe.

"Step softly, please, and shout no more,"
A little maiden said:
"Step lightly on going past the door,
The little baby's dead."

The peddler, shouting loud his ware
In tones discordant, shrill,
Observed the fluttering ribbon there
And suddenly grew still.

A tender look passed o'er his face,
A tear shone in his eye;
He checked his horse's noisy pace
And silently went by.

A man of books, sedate and wise,
Passed on to take the train;
The silken signal passed his eyes,
He stopped in sudden pain.

The meaning of the sign he read,
That in the breeze did play;
"God keep my little one," he said,
And sighing, went his way.

A wealthy banker passed the spot,
Its tale the ribbon told,
And for a moment he forgot
To think of stocks and gold.

His heart recalled a baby face,
By kisses oft caressed,
A tiny form in creamy lace
Laid long ago to rest.

Thus men their brotherhood reveal
The common heart within,
When they that touch of nature feel
"That makes the whole world akin."

THE PEARL CROSS.

The pearl cross was an heirloom. Etta wore it the first time I ever saw her, and I noticed its beauty as it rested upon a knot of deep blue ribbons at her throat. Ribbons and pearls both suited her fair complexion, deep golden hair, and brown eyes large and soft as fawn's.

I think I loved Henrietta Raymond the first hour I met her at a small party my Aunt Hilda gave in honor of my return from a long business trip in Western cities. When the party was over Aunt Hilda told me that Miss Raymond was the neice of a new-comer in our village, a retired clergyman, who had taken a house very near our own.

Had she been a great heiress or a very fine lady I might never have drawn her into my heart of hearts, as I did very soon. But she was a loving girl, possessing no worldly wealth, and so we met on terms of perfect social equality.

I was an orphan, who owed education, care, everything to Aunt Hilda, who had an income so very narrow that it must have cost her many acts of self-denial to support me. But at the time I met Etta Raymond I had obtained a good situation in a commercial house in New York and was putting all my spare funds in Aunt Hilda's keeping for her own comfort.

I had been absent more than a year on business for the firm, and was enjoying a vacation of a month's duration, when I met, wooed and won Henrietta Raymond. I courted her with all my heart; and when she acknowledged she loved me, my cup of happiness was full.

Her uncle, Mr. Raymond, when I placed my worldly prospects before him, was averse to an immediate marriage, but gave his hearty consent to our engagement. How the time speeded away, and how much of it we spent side by side in that happy summer!

A year passed, during which I was retained closely at my post in the counting house, having responsibilities and duties that kept me far into the night. As summer drew near, I was troubled with fearful attacks of vertigo, and I looked forward to my month's vacation as a much needed rest as well as pleasure. To my great disappointment it was postponed until September, and I was really ill when at last I packed my trunk and took the train for home. Before I saw Etta I was prostrated by an attack of fever that threatened my life, depriving me of consciousness for weeks. When I recovered there fell upon me a blow that caused a dangerous relapse. I was blind; our only doctor said hopelessly, incurable blind.

It was impossible for many bitter months for me to feel resigned or patient. I prayed to die, rather than live in my youth and strength a burden upon a weak and aged woman. My gifts to Aunt Hilda were melting away fast under medical expenses, and there was only her small income for our support.

But for Etta I believe I should have taken my own life in those dark, desperate days. Yet she was a very angel of comfort. She refused to accept my offered release from her engagement, and actually proposed an immediote marriage and immigration to New York where she was sure she could find work. Oh, my darling! how my heart wrapped you close in those dark days, when all other hope or joy seemed stricken from my life. Every day as I sat in our tiny parlor, helpless and idle, Etta came to me, pressed her soft lips upon my blind eyes, and whispered words of comfort. She read to me, talked to me, sang and played upon Aunt Hilda's old-fashioned piano all my favorite airs. If the weather was fine we walked out, Etta leading me to the retired spots.

But I mourned for my future! What was life to be to me? I must learn some new pursuit to win bread, or depend upon charity. I was well again and strong, and every drop of my young blood was in revolt at my enforced idleness.

At Christmas time Mr. Raymond's only son came from Chicago for a visit. I had heard of Albert Raymond from Aunt Hilda. From his mother he had inherited a fortune, and he had loved his cousin Etta. Because of her refusal to be his wife he had gone to Chicago, where he was adding to his inheritage by successful land speculations.

I was prepared to be jealous of Albert Raymond, for Etta always spoke kindly of him, giving him warm, sisterly affection. But after he came, though he was cordially pleasant with me, I hated him. Before he had been home a week I knew that he and Etta had some secret between them. I could grope my way by that time to several of the neighboring houses, and was often Etta's visitor, as she had been mine when I was getting well.

More than once, coming across the garden, I could hear Etta and Albert conversing in an animated, eager tone, to stop apruptly the moment I appeared, or awkwardly to introduce general subjects which I was sure were not the subjects of the original conversation. A visitor came from New York to Mr. Raymond's, a friend of Albert's, and Etta insisted upon me inviting him to my aunt's house.

He was a gruff-spoken man, and talked incessantly of my affliction. Knowing how I shrank from any conversation, from any sympathy upon this subject, Etta had always delicately led all such talk away from it. But, to my surprise, she encouraged this stranger, and fairly wrung from me every symptom, both pending and during my illness.

When he went away she accompanied him home, though I offered to escort her over a little later.

It was a week after this, and Albert had been away, when he returned suddenly. Coming into my room, he said: "Etta, it will be all right."

Then seeing me, I am sure, he made some awkward explanations about money investments. But Etta grew very silent, and soon after I heard pencil over paper. Albert was writing. A few minutes later he left the room, and very soon Etta asked me to excuse her for a moment and followed him. I groped my way to the table, where I was sure I had heard Albert writing. Nothing there! felt about, till a small piece of paper was found close to Etta's chair. She had trusted to my blindness for its remaining undiscovered.

I was half mad with jealous pain, and I somehow got to Mr. Raymond's study.

"Will you read that to me? I asked.

"I must speak to you. Will wait in the Summer-house."

"Thank you!" I said.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The wrong note. I will find the other."

I went away to the Summer-house, softly as a thief, guarding my steps on the frozen ground. They were there, and I could hear Albert's voice. As I came near I heard Etta—"Ah, Albert, I will love you all my life for this!"

She was crying, too. I could tell that by her broken voice.

I turned away and went home. It was a cold day, and I was utterly miserable. Aunt Hilda insisted upon nursing me, and I submitted, brooding over my secret pain, seeking no sympathy.

It was natural that Etta should turn from the blind lover, who was but a disappointmeut, to the handsome young man of fortune who had loved her so long. I would try to give her up—not in anger, but tenderly.

But I could not. Albert returned to Chicago, and every day Etta became nearer to me. She was the light of my life. She gave me every hour she could spare from her duties to her uncle and his house, and she spoke of our future as surely to be passed together. I had no courage to tell her I suspected her secret, and only in my lonely hours did I dwell upon the remembrance of Albert's visit.

"Do you remember Doctor Sanderson?" she asked.

"Your cousin's friend?"

"Yes. He is a great oculist."

May heart seemed to stand still.

"He came from New York solely to see you, and he warned us that we must not give you exciting hope for some months. Perfect tranquility, he told us, was the great hope for the recovery of your sight."

"Recovery of my sight!" I cried. "He thinks that possible?"

"He thinks it more than possible. If you improve in strength as you have done all the winter, he was certain he could successfully operate this month."

I could not speak. Very quietly Etta told me of her cousin's kindness. He had gone to the city solely to find this doctor, who was no more his friend than he was the friend of any other patient. He had brought him to see me, and then burdened my Etta with his secret instructions. Even Mr. Raymond and Aunt Hilda were ignorant of this loving conspiracy.

It humiliated me to think of the part I had taken, the unworthy construction I had placed upon Etta's outburst of gratitude. But she should never know I had doubted her, even for an hour.

"Tell me," I said, "when this doctor will come again."

"He is here, waiting to see you."

He came in soon after, and there was no reluctance then in my answers to his searching questions. He examined my eyes closely, and gave me a promise of sight in less than two months.

And he kept his word. After the operation, he gave me strict directions for bandaging and confinement in a dark room, till, at the end of six long weeks, he came again, and let me see once more the blessed daylight and Etta's face.

From that hour I gained hope and courage again, and when my eyes were perfectly restored returned to New York. I was expressly forbidden to resume my old duties, but the firm gave me a position as a salesman and a good salary.

Etta waited another year for me, when my great uncle left me a legacy that enabled me to marry, having a sure income.

It was not until we had been married over a year that Etta asked me one day if I could spare her seven hundred dollars.

"Certainly," I replied.

"Do you wonder what I want of so much money?" she asked.

I did wonder, for we had no secrets in our life, and my wife usually told me where she spent her money.

"I will tell you." she said. "I want to buy back my pearl cross."

"You sold that!" I cried. "I thought you valued that above all your possessions!"

"But not above your eyesight. Dr. Sanderson was paid five hundred dollars for the operation, not the fifty dollars you supposed."

"Etta!"

"That was part of our secret. Albert would have given me the money, but I would not let you owe your sight to any one save me. So he took my cross, and sold it here in New York. The man who bought it agreed to keep it for a time for me, and to-day Albert told me he could get it again."

I shall always think the cross had never been out of Albert's possession, and he was too delicate to give it again to Etta. But he was in New York on a wedding tour, about to sail to Europe, and he gave his cousin the opportunity to redeem the heirloom.

My wife wears the pearl cross whenever she is in galla dress, and I never see it upon her fair throat but my heart swells in loving gratitude to the faithful woman who sacrificed it, the dearest treasure she owned, for me, to restore to me the blessing of sight.

Woman's Influence for Good.

So great is the influence of a sweet minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sickness and sorrow for help and comfoft. One smoothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowful sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victims down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with a pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room aud sees the blaze of the bright fire and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences, which act as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We are all wearied with combating with realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of is companions to find solace in the mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one can go on with instances of the influence a sweet-minded woman has social life with which she is connected.—Springfield Republican.

Kill the Late Weeds.

The fight with the weeds in the cornfield should not stop with the cultivator.

We have frequently seen farmers strive manfully against the pests until midsummer, and then, through negligence, subject themselves to annoyance through the next season. Some weeds have a limited season of growth, and if kept rooted out until midsummer, will rarely come up again; others continue growing until severe frosts come. An old Illinois farmer said a cockleburr would come up in the morning, growing until four in the afternoon, and mature seeds before the frost could kill it that night. This is an exaggeration, yet the cockleburr must be fought until there are heavy frosts. The velvet leaf Jimson, and ragweeds, will commence growth almost as late. Weeds are very prolific, and an occasional one gone to seed in the cornfield, will insure a good crop the next season. Corn should not be cultivated after it is tasseled, but the weeds can be cut out without disturbing the soil.

For this purpose we have seen a short scythe used, but we must prefer a sharp-edge.—American Agriculturist.

Three Ante-Bellum Senators.

In the year 1860, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Robert Tooms, of Georgia, and R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, were members of the United States Senate, and not only its three most influential members, but eminent Southern leaders. Each represented a State that claimed and exercised a weighty influence in the national council, and they belonged to the then dominant party, and were champions of the theories that rested on slavery, they possessed an authority which in the present changed condition of things, it is diffitult to comprehend. The political sky wore a troubled look in the spring of 1860. The John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry had recently taken place, showing what daring and dangerous measures Abolitionism was capable of; Kansas, after a fierce struggle, had been lost to the South; the growing Republican party was preparing for the Chicago convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln; there were grave divisions in the Democratic party that had ruled the country for nearly fifty years; and to complicate things still more, there was a strong native American element in the Southern States which refused to ally itself with the Southern Democracy in defence of the extreme position which the latter claimed was necessary for the maintenance of Southern institutions and interests. Congress was still in session, and it was observed that Davis, Tooms and Hunter were frequently sitting together in the Senate as if in consultation. These consultations usually took place at the desk of the Senator from Mississippi, and the fact was remarked then, as proof of the clearer perspicacity, stronger will and superior ability of the man who was destined afterward to become the chief of the then only dreamed of Southern Confederacy.

These three men are still living. It is strange that it should be so, but there are many strange things connected with the tremendous drama in which they played so conspicuous a part. Their experimental confederacy was born, lived and perished so long ago that the American youth of to-day knownothing about it except what they read in books. The South has passed through the blood and agony of a conflict which left the flower of its population beneath the sod and scarred its mountains, valleys and forests with the track of the plowing missiles. Abolition had its way; slavery was overthrown, and ruin ran riot over the Southern land until there was little left to destroy. Yet the three Senators of 1860, from Mississippi, Georgia and Virginia, have survived all the havoc, and are still above the turf, beneath which all their prominent contemporaries lie buried. The old Abolition enemies are gone. Garrison, Seward, Giddings, Greeley, passed away. Even Wendell Phillips is dead. Lincoln, the first Republican President has been in his bloody tomb these nineteen years. The great Douglass sleeps in Illinois soil, and trees twenty-two years old grow over his grave. His Presidential competitors in the memorable campaign of 1860, Breckenridge and John Bell, are asleep, too, each in the soil of his native State. All the members of the first Republican Cabinet are gone but one—Simon Cameron—and Simon Cameron was a comparatively obscure man in the spring of 1860.

The Mississippi Senator of 1860 is 76 years old; the Georgia Senator is 74; the Virginia Senator is 75. They are not very old, yet there are not three other living men in the world who were actors in a great historical drama who have served as pall-bearer to such a procession of prominent fellow-players.

Without earnestness there is nothing to be won in life; yet ever among the peoble whom we call men of culture but little earnestness is often to be found; in labor and employments, in arts, nay, even in recreations they plant themselves, if I may say so, in an attitude of self-defence; they live, as they read heap of newspapers, only to be done with them. They remind one of that young Englishman at Rome, who told, with a contented air one evening in some company that "to-day he had dispatched six churches and two galleries." They wish to know and learn a multitude of things, and not seldom those things with which they have the least concern; and they never see that hunger is not appeased by snapping at the air. When I become acquainted with a man my first inquiry is: with what does he occupy himself, and how, and with what degree of perseverance? The answer regulates the interest I take in thrt man for life.—Goethe.

When a woman refuses a man with decision, or even with contumely, there is no need for his selling the engagement ring at an immense sacrifice or ceasing to figure on the cost of married life. But if she says cordially that she will always be his friend he may as well look for another girl who wears a ring of the same size.

"Molly, I wish you would be a better little girl," said an Austin father to his little daughter. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you all the time." "Don't worry about it, pa," was the reply of the little angel, "I am not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

A Bachelor's Dilemma.

Brown was a bachelor and a bolter. No matter which of the two great parties he had bolted from—sufficient to know that he was a bolter and was turning his attention in the direction of a new party. Mrs. Jones was a bouncing widow who had wept at the tombs of two husbands and popular report said was not averse to trying a third. Brown had visited the widow often, but had never made any approach to a proposal, greatly to her dissatisfaction, for Brown was an eligible party himself.

One day they were sitting together on the widow's front porch and silence had reigned for some little time, each being absorbed in thought. Brown's mind was running on politics and the widow was wondering why he didn't propose. At length Brown turned abruptly to the widow and said:

"Mrs. Jones, would you object to a third party?"

The widow gave a great start, for certainly this was a great start towards the long-looked for declaration, and she stammered, "Why really, Mr. Brown, this is a little sudden. I had not thought—"

"Of course you haven't thought," interrupted Brown. "Few women have. But you must think. Now the two old parties—"

"The two old parties!" cried Mrs. Jones, throwing up her hands in holy horror.

"Yes," continued Brown, "as I was about to say, the the two old parties are dead and buried beyoud resurrection!"

"Beyond resurrection!"

"Never to rise again," said Brown. "Not even Gabriel's trump can ever wake them from their tomb."

Mrs. Jones began to weep. "Why Mr. Brown, how can you talk in that unfeeling manner? To be sure they had their faults, as who has not, yet—"

"We will not talk about that," said Brown, waving it aside with a jesture of the hand; "what is wanted now is a third party. Don't you feel that it is a necessity?" he added turning earnestly to the widow.

"Why, Mr. Brown!" murmured Mrs. Jones, hiding her gathering blushes behind her fan.

"I see the necessity, if no one else does," continued Brown. "There will be incongruities at first, I grant you. Now, I ask you, Mrs. Jones, as a woman of sense and observation, would you accept the third party?"

To Mr. Brown's amazement and consternation the widow threw herself ponderously upon his bosom and softly murmured: "Yes, Browny, dear, I accept you. My heart has been yours all along, and I know we shall be very, very happy, won't we, darling?"

Now Brown is debating whether to accept the situation and become the widow's third party or be a party to a suit for damages in the courts.

Farm Work for Rainy Days.

There are certain things to be done in connection with general farm-work that may be performed to advantage when the weather compels staying in doors. A rainy day rightly employed is often worth more in an economical sense than a week of fine weather. It is worth more if spent in putting things in order, and in attending to those repairs that are apt to be neglected on other days. There are so many little things that need to be done, that are overlooked in hurrying times when the weather is fair. There is a spoke loose here, and a bolt out there, the harness needs a little mending, a stable demands slight repairs, a leak in the granary floor wants stopping up, the wagon-rigging needs a little reconstruction, tools are in want of new handles, and more things can be done than can be thought of now. It would be well to heed the suggestion of an exchange which says that if farmers would go to their barns on wet days and spend some time in making eave-troughs for the barn or stable and thereby carry off the drip which otherwise falls on the manure pile, causing a waste of the elements of plant food contained therein, they would make money that day than any fine day in the field. The farmer who understands the use of tools can make for himself many such things that would be a positive saving to his pocket. Farm implements that are ready to be put away may be cleaned and put in proper shape. Remove the dirt from both-wood work and iron-work. Give the former a coat of boiled linseed oil or paint. Mineral plant is very cheap and answers the purpose well for protecting the wood-work of implements and machines. It is surprising how an annual coat of cheap paint or oil will make implements last. Rot and rust eat faster than wear. The oil fills the pores of the wood and excludes the moisture. All steel parts should be given a coat of tallow or coal oil. Allowing the moldboard of a plough, or the blade of a spade, shovel or hoe, to rust, not only shortens the period of usefulness of the implement, but lessens the capability of good, easy work."

My son, when you are fearlessly parading with your girl these cool evenings, and see a man standing in his shop door draped in a linen duster and assiduously working a palm-leaf fan, look out for an ice cream sign just back of him, and at once cross to the other side of the street—you will find the walking much pleasanter, and devoid of immediate danger.

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