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JOHN Q. A. HERRING, Manager.

April 12th, 1888.

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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline, Talbot and Queen Anne counties. [4-4-85]

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvelous purity, strength and wholesomeness; More economical than ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weights, alum and phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 4-21-17, 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

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All the Best Grades of Coal.

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Those who have orchards, vineyards, hedges, etc., which require pruning or trimming, can be promptly accommodated by applying to

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DENTON, MD.

PANDORA'S OPAL

When Hope was left to muse alone Within Pandora's box deserted, Whence all the other spirits had flown, The words were sadly disconnected. And more than all the luckless maid, Whose eager hand had wrought such folly, Beside the box she sat in gloom, And yielded to her melancholy. But while her tears, unheeded, flowed, Impatient Hope, in a twinkling, Began freedom from her strait above, With promises of comfort needed. Pandora yielded, raised the lid, And gentle Hope sprang wings of play, And by the kindly deeds she did Cheered young and old in field and city. But ere she'd reached her flight Beside the maid she lingered, sighing, In pity o'er a tear drop bright, On her forehead where it lay lying. Her fluttering wings of myriad tints Hung o'er the drop, and when she vanished She left a rainbow in her wake, Lay shining, and the tear was banished. And so, through all the changing years, An opal speaks to us of sorrow, But of hope that eases our tears And bids us wait a brighter morn'g.— Helen Martin in Providence Journal.

AMONG THE POLYNESIANS.

Their Habits and Customs—Brewing the National Drink—The Pal Maker.

While conversing with Surgeon H. W. Whittaker he said in his ship, the Mohican, at San Francisco, Oct. 1, 1885, and sailed in her through the Golden Gate the following month for an extensive cruise in the South Pacific, which lasted over three years. His supply of information shows that he has been a close observer of the customs and habits of the Polynesian natives, and he has brought more intimately in contact with them than others, and had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with many of their strange doings, and he says some of his best friends have been formed among those people. He speaks very highly of these people, and said they were the finest race of people he had seen, the men being of large and almost perfect physique, symmetrical in build, and only several feet shorter than our own race. They were of a ruddy complexion and a rich brownish color. He also said the women were even more attractive than the men, because of their mild manners, kind and happy dispositions. The customs of making, and the formulae of drinking the kava, as related by the surgeon, was intensely interesting and will be news to all readers. Kava, he said, was a vegetable growth that grew in abundance on the islands belonging to the pepper family, and from the roots of this plant they made their national drink. He says that the men, before using it in a wooden basin which they made for the purpose, and mixing it with water, first wash out their mouths, and said the first thought of this is always referred to a civilized white man, and he would never see to drink of it if he were offered to him, but if he stays in the islands long his prejudice is sure to be overcome, and it is not a great while before he has become a convert and is fond of the strange drink. In describing the process of brewing the kava, he said a wooden bowl, or gill, the most comely and attractive in a household or village, was the one selected to brew the kava, and broken into small pieces suitable for the size of the dainties' mouth. Before commencing to mash the root, which was invariably thoroughly washed out her mouth with water in presence of all the assembled guests, and would then fold her graceful hands in prayer, and then she would take the root, and chew and chew, and in one mouthful, until a sufficient quantity would be ready. The hands, in the meantime, having been also washed, should receive the bolus, and with a graceful motion dash it into the bowl, made of water in the shape of a fountain, having been also washed, the basin with four short feet, when the water would be added and the chewed root thoroughly mixed up with the hands and by a dexterous manner all the coarse particles removed. When the beer is adjudged to be completed by the fair one, three vigorous clippings of the hands all round signifies it is ready to be served. Strange to say, the most punctilious etiquette is observed in serving it, and for the want of which many an irreparable offense, in the estimation of the true Samoan, has been given. The honored guest always receives the first bowl, and according to the dictation of an old chief, the head of the family or the master of ceremonies. The nut brown makes a blushing figure of symmetrical physical beauty, presides at the bowl, Phoebe like, dishing out the Samoan nectar. A custom most closely related to this peculiar habit, continued the doctor, is that of patting by the natives of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. Pat is strictly Hawaiian, he said, and is eaten by every man, woman and child, from King Kalakaua down, in these islands, and forms the mainstay of life for the common people. The habit is so universally established that the native Hawaiians are called and known by the name of "Pat-eaters." There grows in all the Pacific Islands a plant of the lily family, with large light leaves and straight, bulbous root, which is full of farinaceous food material, which, together with bread fruit, potatoes, and other vegetables, forms the staple of life with the Polynesians, taking the place of bread and farinae. It is from this root that pat is made. Pat making is as much of an institution and quite as great a necessity in the Sandwich Islands as bread making is in the United States. The nut brown makes a blushing figure of symmetrical physical beauty, presides at the bowl, Phoebe like, dishing out the Samoan nectar. A custom most closely related to this peculiar habit, continued the doctor, is that of patting by the natives of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. 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THE ETHICS OF SUICIDE.

A Mysterious Inconsistency—The Animal Kingdom—Moral Considerations.

A very mysterious inconsistency in human nature lies in the contrast between life which makes self preservation its first love, and that utter contempt and intolerance of it which induces self destruction. By all human laws, the man who takes another's life in defending his own is held guilty of murder; his deed is accounted justifiable in recognition of the self saving instinct with which the creator has accompanied the gift of life to all his creatures. With the earliest consciousness of young animals this instinct appears in timidity and shrinking from danger, real or imaginary; and down to the lowest order of beings, a wounded thing will exert its last strength to escape having its existence blotted out. As for the human species, we have in Scripture authority that "all that a man hath will he give for his life."

In view of this, who that is unaware of the facts would expect to so constantly hear of men and women, and even children, finding life unbearable and ending all? What a surprising violation of this innate principle it seems, when for this or that cause, and often for no cause that is evident, some choose death rather than live!

Suicide is not entirely confined to the human species. There are numerous well authenticated instances of different animals deliberately killing themselves when circumstances rendered life no longer desirable. A recent traveler in the tropics tells of coming at various times upon the skeleton of a species of poisonous serpent within a circle of leaves of the prickly cactus, and later the riddle was solved by his seeing some snakes engaged in surrounding a sleeping reptile with the spinous vegetation. Upon awaking, finding itself imprisoned and all its attempts to escape futile, the serpent presently took refuge in stinging its own body and dying at once. It is commonly reported that the same thing happens when a poisonous snake is hemmed in by fire, in a spasm of desperation at finding no chance of escape, it turns its means of self defense into means of self destruction.

The animal kingdom is a law unto itself. Not so with man, who is subject to the higher law of duty and accountability; and no environment can be called hopeless to one who believes in a gracious overruling power and the better life to come. A portion of the alarming number of current suicides, it must be confessed, awaken only the sincerest pity in every susceptible and benevolent heart, and probably there are very many more cases of this kind, were the secrets which have actuated the victims brought to light. Yet wherever human law is founded on the divine law, self destruction must necessarily be regarded as a crime. A man's buildings are not his own in the sense that he can set them on fire and burn them down with impunity; much less is his life a possession which cannot be restored—so exclusively personal that he has the right to end it by violence in an hour of discouragement or disgust.

The yearly list of suicides in some of the countries of Europe is appalling to contemplate. The waters of the Seine give up their dead daily, and drowning is but one among the common methods for shuffling off this mortal coil. Passion, impetuosity and above all, indifference, are prominent factors in recruiting the army of suicides. Statistics of all kind actions show that occasionally there occurs what has been called an epidemic of suicide; though whether this is an illustration of the force of example, or the result of some general impelling force, such as temperature during the exhausting heat of summer, remains an unsettled question. That the month of July has long been noted for the large number of its suicides favors the latter conclusion. Of direct causes among young people, affairs of the heart, love matters that have taken an unfortunate turn, must be reckoned the leading one. Very often, too, the circumstances attending these cases are unaccountably pathetic. Next come losses of money and business, friends and health. Of criminals who have been sentenced to death by rope or to evade just penalty, it is unnecessary to speak.

There is a moral cowardice in fleeing from the battle of life, which strikingly contrasts with the patient, heroic endurance of multitudes of men and women in every land and in all sorts of hard conditions. To the tempted it might serve as a tonic to read history on this point, or better, to recall events. Think, for example, of the crew of the Jeanette in their frozen fastnesses, and of Capt. DeLong and his men in the Lena Delta, dying of slow starvation, yet brave to the last. But what need to go beyond the streets of a city, with its views of pinched and haggard faces and soiling decrepitude, for heroes and heroines that shall be forever nameless?—Lavinia S. Goodwin in Boston Globe.

As old as the Exodus.

A most interesting experiment culminated the other day in the raising of some wheat grown from seeds as old as the Exodus. The experiment was made by a friend in Alexandria, Egypt, some grains of wheat taken from a mummy exhumed near the ruins of Memphis, and belonging, it is believed, to the period of the Ninth Dynasty, which would make it grown about 3,000 B. C., or to nearly 5,000 years old. He planted the seed early in the spring, and carefully nursed it. It grew rapidly, and at the time of cutting measured from six and a half to seven feet high. The leaves alternate on the stalk like common wheat, but the product of the plant is the most singular part of it, for, instead of growing in the ear like modern corn, there is a heavy cluster of small grains in place of the spike which hangs downward from its weight, and each twig is thickly studded with kernels, each of which is in a separate husk. Even when the grain is a larger crop will be grown next year, as the result proves this ground to exceed in quality anything that the modern grain can grow.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bird fanciers say that the voices of American bird canaries become harsher in each generation. German birds must be constantly imported to preserve a mellow note.

Wrapping fruit trees with cloth to keep them from the frosts, and by which insects has proved disastrous to the trees in Shasta county, Cal.

Little Corn's Warning.

Little Corn heard an older person remark that some one who was in trouble was "in a pickle." Shortly afterward her little brother attempted some difficult feat. "Oh, you mustn't do that," she exclaimed, "or you will be in a cucumber."—Youth's Companion.

DISCOVERY OF SACCHARINE.

An Interview with Dr. Fahlberg—A Very Fortunate Accident.

In a recent interview with Dr. Constantine Fahlberg, the discoverer of the new sugar extracted from coal tar, he said concerning his relation to this new product: "I had worked a long time upon the compound radicals and substitution products of coal tar, and had made a number of scientific discoveries that are, so far as I know, of no commercial value. One evening I was so interested in my laboratory that I forgot about supper until quite late, and then rushed off for a meal without stopping to wash my hands. I sat down, broke a piece of bread and put it to my lips. It tasted unaccountably sweet. I did not ask why it was so, probably because I thought it was some cake or sweetener. I rinsed my mouth with water, and dried my mustache with my napkin, when, to my surprise, the napkin tasted sweeter than the bread. Then I was puzzled. I again rinsed my goblet, and, as fortune would have it, applied my mouth where my fingers had touched it before. The water sweeter. I finished upon me that I was the cause of the singular unusual sweetness, and accordingly tasted the end of my thumb, and found that it surpassed any confectionery I had ever eaten. I saw the whole thing at a glance. I had discovered or made some coal tar substance which out sugared sugar. I dropped my dinner and ran back to the laboratory. There in my excitement, I tasted the contents of every beaker and apparatus on the table. Luckily for me, none contained any corrosive or poisonous liquid.

"One of them contained an impure solution of saccharine. On this I worked then for weeks and months until I had determined its chemical composition, its characteristics and reactions, and the best modes of making it scientifically and commercially.

"When I first published my researches, some people laughed as if it were a scientific joke; others, of a more skeptical turn, doubted the discovery and the discoverer, and still others proclaimed the work as being of no practical value.

"When the public first saw saccharine, however, everything changed. The entire press, European and American, described me and my sugar in a way that may have been edifying, but was simply amusing to me. And then came letters. My mail ran as high as sixty a day. People wanting samples of saccharine, or to come to my opinion on chemical problems, desiring to become my partner, to buy my discovery, to be my agent, to enter my laboratory, and the like."—Hall's Journal of Health.

From the Great Pipestone Quarry.

There is much to indicate that the Indians of many generations have highly prized the pipestone quarry in Minnesota of their pipes, and that it has been extensively used by the red man for pipe sculpture throughout North America. Chips of the stone, beads, arrow points, hatchets and pipes of this material have been taken from graves, mounds and mounds, even placed up in the mounds, in various states, from Massachusetts to Georgia. The Dakota Indians employ seventy-five different patterns in as many tombs, but a few are especially venerated. Mr. Edwin A. Barber says: "The fact that this stone has been taken from ancient graves in the state of New York, and that others were found on an ancient site of a village in Georgia, at opposite points, 1,200 miles from the present quarry in Minnesota, is the greatest extent of intercommunication which formerly existed among this North American people. There is certainly strong presumptive evidence that the stone of the Coteau des Prairies has been used for centuries, and perhaps a much longer time."—Helen Strong Thompson in American Magazine.

What Constitutes a Blonde?

Few people understand what constitutes a blonde. Every lady with light hair is not a blonde. The word we get from the French. The adverb blonde, on the authority of Clark, the eminent philologist, is defined as meaning fair, light or flaxen, referring to any object, whereas Simmonds describes a blonde as being "a woman of fair complexion." These definitions are given in Worcester's dictionary. If you will give the matter a moment's thought, you will find that many ladies have light hair and dark complexions. I venture to say that in all the galaxy of beauty at the Velled Frohberg's ball there were not more ladies who came up to the strict requirements of flaxen hair and absolutely fair complexion.—George H. Small in Globe-Democrat.

Supernatural Life Today.

People are wont to boast of the enlightenment of this age and laugh at the superstitions of their forefathers. But it is quite safe to say that superstition is as life today as it ever was, the only difference being that now people are ashamed to acknowledge their weakness. Said a real estate man: "There are more ladies who have light hair and dark complexions. I venture to say that in all the galaxy of beauty at the Velled Frohberg's ball there were not more ladies who came up to the strict requirements of flaxen hair and absolutely fair complexion.—George H. Small in Globe-Democrat.

The Mother in China.

In motherhood alone does the Chinese woman find protection and honor. Yet even here Chinese customs and laws are peculiar, and even grotesque. A mother can claim absolute obedience from her children, even when they are gray headed and themselves fathers of families, but she is still only a servant and a drudge to her husband. In the event of her death, her sons must, by Chinese law, wear mourning and go about with unshaven heads for a hundred days; but her husband would render himself an object of scorn among his friends if he did not mourn for her.—Chester Holcombe in Youth's Companion.

The Editor's Responsibility.

The editor, of course, may be a fallible and unilluminated being, greatly in need of having his literary standards revised by those who would bestow on him their inspirations; still, as things go, it is he and not the cloud of contemporary writers who is responsible for the conduct of his periodical.—Boston Traveler.

The Hawaiian Disappearance.

The native Hawaiians are said to be disappearing very rapidly, and it will not be long before the race is extinct. Their language is still quite generally spoken, but as English is the language of the court the native dialect is bound to fall into disuse.—New York Evening World.

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JOHN Q. A. HERRING, Manager.

April 12th, 1888.

NEW LUMBER and COAL YARD.

QUEEN ANNE STATION.

I have just opened a LUMBER and COAL YARD at Queen Anne, where at all times can be found a full stock of

Lumber, - Coal, - Lime, - Hair,

Sash, Doors, Blinds and Shingles, and Builders' Supplies. Peach Baskets and Berry Crates a Specialty.

CALL AND COMPARE PRICES!

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Our Stock comprises Window and Door Frames, Sash, Weights and Cords, Hand Rails and Balusters, Newel Posts, Porch Trimmings, Cornices, Porch and Star Brackets, Door Jambs, Ornamental Glass, Builders' materials, Store Fronts, Bay Windows, &c., &c. Orders for Lime, Flooring, Shingles, Laths and Lumber of all kinds filled promptly at lowest Market Rates.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST AND CATALOGUE.

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TUCKAHOE FLOUR MILLS.

CAPACITY, 45 BARRELS PER DAY.

My Tuckahoe Neck Mill has been lately equipped with Roller Process Machinery, and is now running. The superior whiteness and quality of flour made by this process is acknowledged everywhere, and no housekeeper can afford to be without it.

The Choicest Grain is used in the manufacture of my best brands, which cannot be excelled. Farmers may exchange good wheat for flour at any time, and thus suffer no delay. All kinds of mill feed for sale.

Your patronage solicited.

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While conversing with Surgeon H. W. Whittaker he said in his ship, the Mohican, at San Francisco, Oct. 1, 1885, and sailed in her through the Golden Gate the following month for an extensive cruise in the South Pacific, which lasted over three years. His supply of information shows that he has been a close observer of the customs and habits of the Polynesian natives, and he has brought more intimately in contact with them than others, and had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with many of their strange doings, and he says some of his best friends have been formed among those people. He speaks very highly of these people, and said they were the finest race of people he had seen, the men being of large and almost perfect physique, symmetrical in build, and only several feet shorter than our own race. They were of a ruddy complexion and a rich brownish color. He also said the women were even more attractive than the men, because of their mild manners, kind and happy dispositions. The customs of making, and the formulae of drinking the kava, as related by the surgeon, was intensely interesting and will be news to all readers. Kava, he said, was a vegetable growth that grew in abundance on the islands belonging to the pepper family, and from the roots of this plant they made their national drink. He says that the men, before using it in a wooden basin which they made for the purpose, and mixing it with water, first wash out their mouths, and said the first thought of this is always referred to a civilized white man, and he would never see to drink of it if he were offered to him, but if he stays in the islands long his prejudice is sure to be overcome, and it is not a great while before he has become a convert and is fond of the strange drink. In describing the process of brewing the kava, he said a wooden bowl, or gill, the most comely and attractive in a household or village, was the one selected to brew the kava, and broken into small pieces suitable for the size of the dainties' mouth. Before commencing to mash the root, which was invariably thoroughly washed out her mouth with water in presence of all the assembled guests, and would then fold her graceful hands in prayer, and then she would take the root, and chew and chew, and in one mouthful, until a sufficient quantity would be ready. The hands, in the meantime, having been also washed, should receive the bolus, and with a graceful motion dash it into the bowl, made of water in the shape of a fountain, having been also washed, the basin with four short feet, when the water would be added and the chewed root thoroughly mixed up with the hands and by a dexterous manner all the coarse particles removed. When the beer is adjudged to be completed by the fair one, three vigorous clippings of the hands all round signifies it is ready to be served. Strange to say, the most punctilious etiquette is observed in serving it, and for the want of which many an irreparable offense, in the estimation of the true Samoan, has been given. The honored guest always receives the first bowl, and according to the dictation of an old chief, the head of the family or the master of ceremonies. The nut brown makes a blushing figure of symmetrical physical beauty, presides at the bowl, Phoebe like, dishing out the Samoan nectar. A custom most closely related to this peculiar habit, continued the doctor, is that of patting by the natives of the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands. Pat is strictly Hawaiian, he said, and is eaten by every man, woman and child, from King Kalakaua down, in these islands, and forms the mainstay of life for the common people. The habit is so universally established that the native Hawaiians are called and known by the name of "Pat-eaters." There grows in all the Pacific Islands a plant of the lily family, with large light leaves and straight, bulbous root, which is full of farinaceous food material, which, together with bread fruit, potatoes, and other vegetables, forms the staple of life with the Polynesians, taking the place of bread and farinae. It is from this root that pat is made. Pat making is as much of an institution and quite as great a necessity in the Sandwich Islands as bread making is in the United States.

PANDORA'S OPAL

When Hope was left to muse alone Within Pandora's box deserted, Whence all the other spirits had flown, The words were sadly disconnected. And more than all the luckless maid, Whose eager hand had wrought such folly, Beside the box she sat in gloom, And yielded to her melancholy. But while her tears, unheeded, flowed, Impatient Hope, in a twinkling, Began freedom from her strait above, With promises of comfort needed. Pandora yielded, raised the lid, And gentle Hope sprang wings of play, And by the kindly deeds she did Cheered young and old in field and city. But ere she'd reached her flight Beside the maid she lingered, sighing, In pity o'er a tear drop bright, On her forehead where it lay lying. Her fluttering wings of myriad tints Hung o'er the drop, and when she vanished She left a rainbow in her wake, Lay shining, and the tear was banished. And so, through all the changing years, An opal speaks to us of sorrow, But of hope that eases our tears And bids us wait a brighter morn'g.— Helen Martin in Providence Journal.

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