The Cambridge Era.

JAS. E. REESE & CO., PUBLISHERS.

Saturday Morning::::::::: March 15

THE ERA.

With this issue of THE ERA closes its first year, and though it has not received that measure of support its publishers thought themselves justified in anticipating at its start, it has at least worked its way to a foundation that makes its continuance no longer a question of doubt. Having success fully surmounted the obstacles which it unexpectedly had to meet during its first year, it has no fear of the years to follow. With this number two-thirds of its subscriptions also expire, but we have every reason to believe that these will not only be renewed but that many more will be added to our list. We have not, however, the remotest idea of departing from the course marked out at the beginning of the year, in that subscriptions must be paid for in advance. The price is only One Dollar a year, and if this sum be too heavy for one to invest at one time, or if there be any fear of the paper going up, persons can subscribe for six months, three months, or even a month. That is a matter of little moment to us. All we want is the money in advance for the time subscribed for, be it a year or month, and that we are determined to have. In order to give all a chance we shall wait until the first of next month, and if at that time we find on our books any subscribers who have not paid their names will be promptly erased. "No money, no paper," will ever hereafter be our motto, and most rigidly do we intend to adhere to it.

It is given out that early in the next session of Congress the anti-Chinese agitators will get to work again. The involuntary retirement of Mr. Sargent to private life will bring Senator Jones, of Nevada, to the front as the leader of the movement for the repression of Mongolian immigration. This is a change for the better, as Senator Jones has given some evidence of being a person who with fair opportunities might show a little of the quality of statesmanship. Of course the questions underlying this movement are too grave and the passion behind it is too intense to admit the hope that it will be disposed of by a single pitched battle in the National Legislature. The most that we can expect is that the Pacific coast people will have the sober second thought that follows a reverse, and which will lead them to entrust their cause to legislators who are not mere demagogues. What the country wants is a calm presentation of their grievances, apart from partisan considerations, and any form of relief that may not involve national dishonor or the surrender of the vital principles upon which this government has thrived for over a hundred years will not be withheld or given grudgingly. Senator Jones seems now to have adopted Senator Conkling's sensible idea, rejected by Mr. Sargent, that the first thing in order is to bring about a convention between the United States and China for the modification of the existing treaties, whose abrogation the late bill virtually proposed. From the representation of the Chinese Embassy at Washington it may be inferred that its government has no objection to the suppression of the immigration of contract laborers held under debt liens. That government has zealously seconded the efforts of other nations to break up the open coolie traffic, and if anything like it is going on between Hong Kong and San Francisco there is no reason to believe that it would not help us also to break up that. But we ought to deal with China as we would deal with any other member of the great family of nations and as we would expect China or any other to deal by us. The course of diplomacy is slow, but there is less danger in it than in treaty-breaking. If Senator Jones takes hold of the matter in this spirit he will not find the country indifferent to the interests of his people. The matter may not be settled before California elects her Congressmen, but it is none the less sure of equitable determination.—*Phila. Times.*

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says: "Now, more than ever, with the Democratic party majority in the House whittled down to the finest of points, will there be needed in the chair a man of cool and sagacious temperament, quick of conception and resolute in execution. For these reasons, if for no other, which will be better appreciated when the time for the contest arrives and when the froth of passionate and unthinking discussion has blown away, will the personal enemies of Mr. Randall be constrained to fall into line and unite with the majority of their party in once more elevating him to the Speakership. It may be of interest in this connection to allude to one ground of complaint which has been made against Mr. Randall, that he has not done the South justice. To the contrary of this, Mr. Randall's friends claim that he has done the South more than justice. Including Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, which are always politically classed with the South, Mr. Randall gave no less than twenty-six chairmen of committees, the majority of which are among the most important in the House. It is true that Mr. Randall did not give any support to the subsidy schemes which, it is claimed were for the benefit of the South, but in this respect he acted with many who have just as much right to assume to speak for the South as have the subsidy-grabbers."

The outlook in Washington isn't very pleasant. The Democrats will pass bills repealing the test oath, abolishing Federal Supervisors and keeping the troops from the polls. The President's backers—he has many of them just now, headed by Stanley Mathews and Zack Chandler—say that he will veto the bills. Then the Democrats will tack them on to the appropriations and a second veto will follow. Then the Democrats will cut off all supplies and appeal to the country to sustain them. The President will appeal in just the same way, and it then becomes a question of which can do the most appealing. This is the programme laid out. If it isn't broken by the first of June there won't be any money to run the government.

If the Washington Republican knows anything about it, the Democrats in Congress "have determined to divide the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill into three separate bills; the legislative bill will be passed first as a simple appropriation, and then, after having thus provided the usual compensation for themselves, Congress will attach the political clauses to the other separate bills providing for appropriations for all the executive and departmental branches of government." The Democrats seem determined to "skin their cat" in some way.

Madame Rolland, of Montreal, gave birth to four children—two girls and two boys—a few days ago.

Blaine in Richmond.

Mr. Blaine made a speech in Richmond, Virginia, last week which is regarded by some as a strong bid for the Southern vote in the Presidential race in 1880. He was lustily cheered, and in rising to acknowledge the applause said he was born on the border of Virginia and had often traveled on her soil, but had never before met a Virginia audience. He was rather sorry that the introductory remarks required him to say something explanatory of his position on the tobacco tax. His view was that what the interests of the country and the trade demanded was permanency. He thought permanency more important at this time than reduction; "but now that the question has been determined, gentlemen," said he, "you will find me just as stubborn a resister of change as I was of the bill." Those who acted with him had all along viewed tobacco and whisky very much as Napoleon I. did when he said: "Spirits and tobacco give me 300,000,000 francs. Show me any two virtues that will pay so well!" The evil the tobacco interest had to contend with was shifting legislation, prostrating legitimate industry and giving rise to speculation. "I am for permanency, and I do not think you will find me easily moved," he declared.

He believed that in his votes in Congress no man could go further or stay longer in desire to promote the material prosperity of Virginia. "If I know myself," he said, "I would vote for Virginia as quickly as for Maine—for the South as quickly for New England." The patient and heroic endurance of Virginia, under circumstances that might well have discouraged the bravest, had enlisted for her the sympathies and admiration of the whole universe, and it could not be in his heart to think anything of her but kindly. His maternal grandmother, whose tender memory was every hour present in his breast, was born on the sacred soil, and he belonged to a family which maintains that blood is thicker than water. If he differed with Virginians on some things he was with them on others. "Whenever my voice can have influence to promote your prosperity you can rely upon me as upon one of your own noble and distinguished sons."

Randall or Blackburn?

WASHINGTON, March 9.—There is a lull in the battle for the Speakership, owing, no doubt, to the absence of nearly all the members of the new Congress from the city. Mr. Randall is also out of town, but will return to-morrow. He and Blackburn, his principal competitor, will have their headquarters at the same hotel and on the same floor. The latter and his friends are making a great deal of noise, but he is without material strength. A great many members, incensed at Randall, have gathered about the standard of Blackburn because they have no other place to go, but when the fight becomes hot they will endeavor to compromise on some other Democrat. There is much talk about McMahon, of Ohio, and he will be likely to have more votes in an earnest contest than Blackburn, who is a good man on parade, for he makes a great ado and may possibly frighten some of the weak-kneed to his support. His friends are very exultant and defiant, and talk loud and boisterously of his strength. One of this kind, a very intelligent man, said to-night that Randall would not get a single vote in Illinois nor one in Indiana. Frank Hurd's would be the only one he would receive in Ohio. In Georgia he would get the votes of two members, Alex. Stephens and Blount, and but one in Texas and one in Virginia, Judge Harris. The same gentleman says that Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas all feel very sore against Randall, owing to his concealed but fatal opposition to the levee bill, and that all the transportation people on the Southern rivers are against him.

A Legal Endorsement of the Veto.

The late lamented Commodore Fisk, when appealed to for a subscription to aid in rebuilding the fence around a burying-ground in his native town, declined to contribute, alleging that a fence around a burying-ground was the most useless thing in the world—those who were in couldn't get out, and those who were out didn't want to get in. The reverse of this seems to be the rule in our favored country at present. The Chinese want to get in, and the Africans want to get out. With the policy of restricting or prohibiting Chinese immigration we have nothing to do as lawyers, but we have been very much interested in reading the Senate debates upon the legal aspect of the question. Whether Congress may abrogate a treaty by the passage of an act without notice to the other contracting power has been discussed in the Federal courts. In the Cherokee tobacco case, 11 Wallace, 616, it is declared that "a treaty may supersede a prior act of Congress and an act of Congress may supersede a prior treaty." At all events Congress has done it in this instance, and we shall undoubtedly soon find that "two can play at that game" when the Celestial Empire is closed to American industry.

The Art of Advertising.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* has the following: One of the queer things in business is the propensity of people to seek irregular mediums for advertising. It is unaccountable the prices some men pay for sticking their advertisements in irregular places. Especially is this so when compared with their unwillingness to pay anything for advertising in the regular channels. Advertisements thrust into irregular and unbusiness-like places impress the general mind that the concern is of a similar character. But an advertisement in a general newspaper of first-class standing carries the impression that the advertiser has a standing in his own community, which he is not afraid to show to his neighbors, and that he does not shrink from competition with the best of them. If anyone is going to a place to buy, whether he be a trader or buying for his own use, and has to seek dealers through advertisements, where will he look for them? To registers, almanacks, theatre-bill frames, in railway stations, occasional advertising sheets or circular? On the contrary, he looks to the most reputable newspaper of the place, and he thinks that advertising in those gives an assurance of the good standing of the advertiser and his business enterprise, and of the sufficiency of his stock.

We have found no boy's composition of late which seems to put the Father of His Country on a stronger moral basis than this one. It serves the still further purpose of showing that where there is real, irrepressible genius, great ideas somewhat precede the mere knack of spelling:

george Washington was a little boy what onct lived in Virginny what had a nax give him by his old man. Wen george he got the nax he cutted a tree what had cherreys up on it and eat the cherreys he and a nother boy. Wen georges old man foun out what george an the nother boy done, he called george too him an he ses, george Washington who cutted the bark ofen the cherrey treel george sais I did Tha old man sais you did george sais i did and I cannot tell a li. Why cant you tell a li sais the old man. Cos sais george if i tell a li this here feller1 blow on me and then ill be spanked twict. thats right sais the old man wenever yer git in to trouble the esylst way out is the best.

The hatchet with which Captain Cook was killed was exhibited, together with his log, at the celebration of the Captain Cook centenary by the French Geographical Society. The hatchet belongs to the Donai Museum.

THE LAST WORDS OF JESUS.

Extract from a Sermon by Rev. W. E. Munsey, D. D.

Text—"It is finished."—John xix, 30.

Then they crowned Him with thorns, they spit upon Him, they mocked Him, they scourged Him and led Him away to Calvary. The cross was lying upon the ground, they stretched Him upon it, the weighty hammer drove the nail through His hands into the wood; His feet were crossed and one spike served to fasten them both, driving through into the wood. The cross was lifted, and with its lifting the world was raised and dropped into its place and fastened there.—Millions of worlds may float to day in space. Many of them are larger and probably grander than this poor earth. They may be strewn with diamonds, and robed with flowers which never fade, and whose beauty and fragrance exceed our most gorgeous dreams. But if they have no Calvary to diadem their beauty, of all the worlds which God has made and which crowd the universe, our world is king—the king of spheres—and the highway which leads from it to heaven is more frequently trodden by angels. We have our Calvary—grand old Calvary!—Heaven's Sacrificial altar—the moral axis of the world upon which the wheels of redemption move. Near it

"I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, Mournful Calvary."

But it is now high twelve when the cross was properly adjusted, and Jesus was left there to hang and die. The sun had proudly run his wonted way, and was blazing in the zenith—in a moment more he would strike the declivity of the west, and rolling in glorious pomp to the horizon would close the day. Yet a great darkness fell upon the earth. The sins of all mankind from Eden to the Judgement, gathered from every continent paved with hyperborean ice, or sown with tropical sands, driven by the breath of God, collected on the recking mount, and piled around the cross, and up to heaven, and widening threw their sable pall over the world. Angels shaded the darkness with weeping wing, demons ran and howled, and Sinai rocked and bellowed while continents shook, and its penal thunders long pent up, sped through the quivering flesh of the suffering Son of God, and burst with horrid death in life's throbbing seat—while God's eternal attributes emptied their vials of burning wrath upon the gory head and mangled brow of the Sacrifice.—Yet, astounding madness! the priest, the scribes, the elders, the mob, reviled and mocked him, and hurled their infernal satire at the patient sufferer. But hear Jesus: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Unlike these, another voice feebled by suffering, is heard, but it murmurs a prayer: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom." The heart that can pray for its enemies, though breaking, can hear a penitent's prayer: "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise," and before the sun was down, and the Sabbath came on, Jesus entered the paradise of God, with the soul of the dying thief as evidence of the worth of His blood, and the fullness of Redemption. He saw his poor and probably widowed mother weeping at the foot of the cross, and John standing by. Said Jesus to her: "Woman, behold thy son!" —to John: "Behold thy mother." "John, take care of my mother; mother, let John, take my place as your son when I am gone."

Three o'clock in the afternoon arrived. An awful shade of insufferable anguish passed over the face of the suffering Saviour—"My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" —angels have forsaken me—not one remaining—the last one flew away at the advance of the guard in the garden; and the last human friend that might be able to assist me is gone, but all this I could endure so long as Thou wast with me—"Why hast Thou forsaken me?" I am friendless and alone among my enemies—the Jews, the power of Rome supported by its conquering legions, and all hell against me. But oh, "My God, my God," my only stay, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" Jesus had undertaken the work of redemption, and had taken the sinner's place, and He must feel God's displeasure. But this was enough—the cup of His suffering was rapidly filling, and now it mounted full to the brim, and he is dying. Dying now! O God, He is dying! Look at the pale brow, the livid face, the sinking eye, the quivering lip. The Lord of Glory is dying! Hear it Jerusalem! Hear it, Patriarchs! Hear it, tombs of the Prophets! Hear it, Angels, and tell it as you fly, till all the stars shall put on mourning, and all the spheres go wailing in orphanage along their eternal circuits. The Lord of Glory is dying!

"*It is finished,*" said Jesus, "and He bowed His head and gave up the Ghost." Earth quaked, her continents reeled, her mountains bowed, Lebanon shook his frosty top and all his cedars groaned, the granite split, the limestone arches of Machpelah's Cave rent and shivered, threatened to crush to finer dust the bones of Abraham; inexorable law flung its liquidated bond into Sinai's fires and hushed its wrathful thunders; the bloody sword of Justice satisfied, descending cleft in twain the Jewish veil, its blood adhering to the sundering edges and was sheathed behind the Mercy Seat, and God's perfections opened wide their arms to receive the redeemed and repentant rebel. "*It is finished.*" The work of sacrificial redemption long begun, at last was done. Every legal and philosophic condition involved in the nature of God, His attributes, system, government, and law, in the nature of man, man's relations and condition, and in the nature of things, necessary to a perfect redemption, was fully met in the nature, character, work, sufferings, and death of Jesus. Nothing was lacking, and sacrificial redemption; the greatest scheme of the universe, for whose development all natures, principles, beings, causes, effects and events, with concerted action worked for four thousand years, was completed, and stood forth in commanding and wondrous grandeur a structure which rose to heaven.

Its massive foundations were lain before Cain was born. Angels, men and demons do what they would, do what they could, were impressed as workmen under Jesus, the master-builder, and slowly through the lapse of ages, the building rose stone by stone. The deluge rolled above the mountain tops and scattered the dust of antediluvian generations all over the world, the tower of Babel sank in crumbling ruins, cities were built and burned, nations were born and nations died, but still the work went on; increasing in strength, increasing in beauty, increasing in glory, till it ascended above the clouds, towered beyond the stars, and lifted its battlemented, glittering turrets and burnished domes in sight of the city of God. The work was nearly done—Jesus was dying—and as He died He dropped the keystone in the last and highest arch, and placed the corner-stone, the rejected corner-stone, stained with blood, hewn out of the quarries at the expense of His life, upon the summit of the last and highest corner, and said, "*It is finished.*"

Ærial vibrations caught the news and murmured it along the glens, whispered it among the rocks, sang it through the trees, sounded it in the caves, trumpeted it in the hurricane, thundered it in the storm—till every rippling wave and foaming surge, every slanting hill and mountain peak, every island small and continent vast, shouted it to other spheres, as this old earth now redeemed went rolling on with speed of the lightning's flash along its circling track. The tidings flew from world to world, from star, sun to sun, from earth to heaven. Angels shouted it into the ears of the dead—shouted it in space—shouted it at the gates of Hell—shouted it on every sphere—shouted it the boundaries of being—shouted it on the floral hill of heaven, every spire of the City of God rocking and chiming, every wall and tower echoing—and all the saintel dead joining in chorus, crowded to the throne of God and bowed in awful reverence and profoundest adoration, and said "Amen" "*It is finished*"—beautiful scheme! Splendid plan! Symmetric whole! Grand as God! His character's transcript, His wisdom's embodiment, His love's incarnation; His perfection's duplicate, His ideal of the good. Well begun, successfully built, sublimely finished—and there it stood, the study of angels, the hope of men, the wonder of the universe, the crowning work of creation's God, the masterpiece of heaven—*Finished!*

MARRIED.

COOPER—COCKET.—In Baltimore, on the 4th inst., by Rev. Dr. Spangler, Mr. Henry H. Cooper and Miss Susan Z. (familiarly Bennie) Cocket, both late of Dorchester.

GLOVER—GRAY.—At Drawbridge, February 12th, by Rev. W. J. Neepier, Mr. J. E. Glover and Miss C. E. Gray, both of this county.

THOMPSON—BRINSFIELD.—At Shiloh M. P. Church, on the 6th inst., by the same, Mr. James B. Thompson and Miss Sallie A. Brinsfield, both of this county.

DIED.

DISNEY.—In Baltimore, on the 6th inst., Mary, in the 67th year of her age, consort of the late Wm. H. Disney, of this county.

PIPER.—In Baltimore county on the 9th inst., Washington Piper.

DALL.—In Tolls Point, on the 13th inst., William B. Dall, aged 71 years.

OBITUARY

On the Death of William H. Lowe.

By the death of this man the community has lost a skillful mechanic, and one who was void of offence toward a fellow creature. He joined the Federal army at the breaking out of the late war; and there, from exposure incident to the hardships of a soldier's life, he contracted Bright's disease of the kidneys, and has ever since been incapacitated from prosecuting his business with a spirit of enterprise as he had formerly done. He was a man of earnest convictions, and, as a witness against those who might be disposed to calumniate him for not being steadfast, I can testify, and so will the Christian minister who called to see him, that, though his mind was perfectly clear to the hour of his death, he refused to make use of the great bankrupt scheme of salvation, "He that believes and is baptised, shall be saved; he that believeth not, shall be damned." When asked where he expected to go after death, his reply was that "he would go where countless millions had gone before him." He recognized an eternal, self-existant substance or power, from which he came, and from which he, as a conscious being, was to depend for existence, and could not see the logical propriety of investing this eternal existence with human qualities, personality, volition, intelligence, love, &c. Instead of worshiping these qualities in the eternal existence, he recognized and admired them in man, to whom they belonged. He sank peacefully to rest, and without a struggle, on the 6th inst. R.

Chew **Jackson's** BEST SWEET NAVY TOBACCO. nov30-1y

New Advertisements.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a change of sale, in a mortgage from Levin Mobray and wife, dated the second day of August, A. D. 1875, and now of record among the Land Record Books of Dorchester county, in Liber F. J. H., No. 10, folios 245, 246 and 247, the undersigned will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, at the Court House door, in the town of Cambridge, on

THURSDAY,
The 3d Day of April, 1879,

between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock p. m., all the following real estate, to wit:

LOT NO. 1.

All those Parcels of Land

On the road from Cambridge to Bucktown, sometimes known as the

"ECCLESTON FARM,"

which was conveyed to the said Levin Mobray by Daniel M. Henry, trustee, by deed dated the 17th day of March, A. D. 1859, and now recorded among said Land Records in Liber F. J. H., No. 4, folios 402 and 403, containing

369 Acres, (more or less.)

LOT NO. 2.

ALL THAT HOUSE, LOT AND STOREHOUSE

at Aireys, sold to Levin Mobray, by J. W. Bruff & Co., containing

4 Acres, more or less.

Also, a PARCEL OF LAND, at Aireys, purchased by said Mobray from Levin Mears, containing 25 ACRES, more or less.

LOT NO. 3.

All That Tract of Land

Located at Tate's Bank, which said Mobray purchased from Thomas W. Anderson, trustee, of Dr. Anthony C. Thompson, containing 20 ACRES, more or less.

MARGARET A. BAKER,
March 15—3t Mortgagee.

W. REA PATTISON. T. PUTNAM PATTISON.

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is the room adjoining the Cambridge Hotel, where he can always be found.

Hair-cutting and Shaving neatly attended to. Give him a call.

March 23—1y CHAS. H. KERR.

WM. J. EDGER,

HOUSE PAINTER,

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

Graining, Glazing, and Paper-Hanging executed in first-class style.
March 30—1y

JAS. W. WADDELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

Prompt and prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.
March 23—1y

J. C. PLUMMER.

REAL ESTATE BROKER.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

Dorchester County Farms and Farming Lands, Cambridge Town Property for sale.

Office on Gay street, near Race.
March 23—1y

"ALTA,"

FOR OATS, CORN, EARLY POTATOES AND OTHER SPRING CROPS.

WE can confidently recommend the above fertilizer for the spring crops as one of the best, most reliable and certainly the cheapest in market. Those of our farmers who used it on their wheat last fall speaks of it in the most favorable manner. We can supply it at short notice to any wishing to purchase for spring uses. Price $30 cash; $32 on time.

GOLDSBOROUGH & HOOPER,
March 30—tf Cambridge.

HAIR-CUTTING, SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING.

PROF. JAMES W. DERRY respectfully announces to his old customers and the public generally that he is prepared, at his old established shop on Poplar street, between Main and Race streets, to

SHAVE, CUT HAIR AND SHAMPOO

all who may favor him with a call.

Hair, Whiskers and Moustaches dyed to perfection.

Children's hair trimmed scientifically. The public's obedient servant.

March 23—tf JAS. W. DERRY.

MARYLAND

CENTRAL HOTEL.

CAMBRIDGE, Md.

Capt. T. Jas. Frazier, Proprietor.

HACKS MEET ALL TRAINS AND STEAMERS FREE OF CHARGE.

Livery Stable Attached.
Oct 12—1y

V. C. DRAIN. WM. A. HUTCHINSON

DRAIN & HUTCHINSON,

ARCHITECTS,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS,

CAMBRIDGE, MD.

VERNON C. DRAIN and WM. A. HUTCHINSON have formed a co-partnership for contracting and building all classes of Dwellings, Stores, and all other buildings, and for carrying on the carpenter's business in all its branches, and they solicit all persons desirous of having any work done to consult them.

Thankful for past patronage, they intend by strict attention to business and by good work to merit a continuance of the same.

DRAIN & HUTCHINSON.
March 23—1y

JOHN G. ROBINSON,
—WITH—
SANDERS & STAYMAN,
NO. 15 N. CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE,

Agents for

ESTEY ORGAN,

WEBER, BRADBURY AND HAINES BRO.

PIANOS.

Organs and Pianos tuned.
March 23—1y

CAMBRIDGE HOTEL,

WM J. THOMAS, PROPRIETOR.

The Largest Hotel in Cambridge.

House Rebuilt and Refurnished Season of 1877.

FREE HACKS FROM STEAMBOATS AND CARS.

Terms as low as any Hotel here. Table supplied with all delicacies of the season.

L. J. BALLARD, Clerk.
March 23—1y

NEW OZINE HOUSE,

(LATE SHERWOOD HOUSE,)

ON THE

EUROPEAN PLAN,

Corner Fayette and Harrison Sts.,

BALTIMORE.

This House being located in the business portion of the city, and near the principal places of amusement, offers superior accommodations to the traveling public. Terms by the Day, Week, or Month at reasonable rates.

JAMES W. COZINE,
April 13—1y Proprietor.

$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over $20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. [August 17—1y

ROBERT CALDER,

DEALER IN

Wall Papers and Window Shades,

CORDS, TASSELS,

Picture Nails, Window Cornices, &c.,

224 E. Baltimore Street,
(Near Bond Street,)
BALTIMORE, MD.

Work done in any part of the Peninsula, and in a manner and on terms guaranteed to give satisfaction. All orders promptly attended to. [Feb 8—1y

MANNERS, FISHER & COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Blinds, Shutters, Doors, Mantels, Frames, Church Furniture, and Mouldings of every description

BRACKETS OF EVERY VARIETY AND STYLE.

SCROLL SAWING AND TURNING

Executed with neatness and dispatch.

STAIR WORK

In all its various branches.

All regular sizes of HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS kept constantly on hand, and odd sizes furnished at short notice, all of which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

OUR MOTTO:

"Good Work at Low Prices."

All work kiln-dried. Framing cut to order. Also dealers in

White and Yellow-Pine Lumber, Shingles, Laths, &c.

Thanking the public for past patronage we earnestly request a continuance of the same.

MANNERS, FISHER & CO.,
Seaford, Delaware.
J. S. MANNERS, President.
G. A. RANDALL, Superintendent.
J. Y. M. BLACKWELL, Sec. and Treas.
March

L. J. WARREN,

AGENT FOR

Lee's Prepared Agricultural Lime,

FOR

WHEAT, CLOVER, AND OTHER GRASSES.

"IT PREVENTS SMUT."

The more it is tried the more popular it becomes. On the last crop it proved equal to, and in many cases much better than, high-priced Fertilizers. All who use it acknowledge its superiority as a

PERMANENT IMPROVER OF THE SOIL.

Send for pamphlets and testimonials.

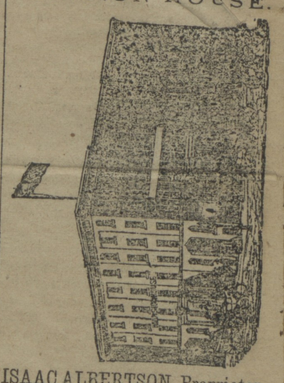
Price Only $15 Per Ton.

Put up in Bags and delivered to Depots and Vessels in the City.

Building lime packed in barrels, half barrels, or in bulk; Hair, Bricks, Cement, Plaster and Laths at the lowest prices.

18 E. FALLS AVENUE,
April 13—1y Baltimore.

MANSION HOUSE.



ISAAC ALBERTSON, Proprietor.

NORTHWEST CORNER

FAYETTE & ST. PAUL STREETS

BALTIMORE, MD.

SINCE 1854.

ROOMS FIRST-CLASS, WITH GOOD AND SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT

$1.50 Per Day.

May 18—1y

Dorchester and Delaware Railroad.

CHANGE OF TIME

ON and after WEDNESDAY, January 1st, 1878, Trains will run (Sundays excepted.)

GOING NORTH.

Leave CAMBRIDGE	7 00	A. M
" AIREYS'S	7 20	"
" LINKWOOD	7 30	"
" EAST NEW MARKET	7 45	"
" HURLOCK'S	8 00	"
" WILLIAMSBURG	8 08	"
" FEDERALSBURG	8 23	"
" OAK GROVE	8 35	"
Arrive at SEAFORD	8 50	"

GOING SOUTH.

Leave SEAFORD	1 00	P. M
" OAK GROVE	1 23	"
" FEDERALSBURG	1 39	"
" WILLIAMSBURG	1 56	"
" HURLOCK'S	2 06	"
" EAST NEW MARKET	2 21	"
" LINKWOOD	2 37	"
" AIREYS	2 52	"
Arrive at CAMBRIDGE	3 15	"

CONNECTIONS.—With Delaware Division P. W. & B. R. R., arriving in Philadelphia 6.45 p. m., Baltimore 3.35, Washington 5.02, New York 4.45 p. m.

JAS. M. MURPHY, Superintendent.

N. B.—All freights must be on the platform and properly marked half an hour before the schedule time for the trains leaving, or otherwise it will remain until the following day.

January 4—tf

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!!

A NEW ENTERPRISE.

THE shops lately occupied by Geo. H. Schleigh as a Carriage Factory has been refitted, and

NEW STOCK,

NEW MACHINERY,

& NEW WORKMEN

occupy the old place. A full stock of

CARRIAGES,

Of Best Styles, Make, and Material will be kept and sold at prices to suit the times.

REPAIRING will be done in the best manner, at low figures, and at short notice.

Give me a call. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Nov 2—6mos A. H. LARRIMORE,
Cambridge, Md.

GO TO STEAUGHN BRO'S.
FOR CHEAP GROCERIES.

SUBSCRIBE
FOR THE "ERA."

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