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VINEGAR BITTERS

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely vegetable preparation...

The properties of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritive, Laxative, Bile...

Many farmers make a practice of feeding their hogs with this Bitter...

Suppose a farmer ships a lot of three year old steers...

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R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

It cures the most distressing pains, allays inflammation, and cures Constipation...

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent purifies the blood...

DR. RADWAY'S Perfect Purgative & Regulating Pills

Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP

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TO TRAVELERS. Philadelphia, Wilmington And Baltimore Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 20th, '73 (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED), Trains will leave as follows:

TO THE PUBLIC. The undersigned having left No. 1 North Calvert Street, and taken Store No. 189 Baltimore Street...

TO TRAVELERS. Philadelphia, Wilmington And Baltimore Railroad.

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DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES, &c

Ready-Made Clothing

AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Cor. Main and St. Peter's st.

SALISBURY, Md.

—O—

PLEASE call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.



LEWEL MALONE, Editor.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

\$1 Per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME VII.

SALISBURY, WICOMICO CO., MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

NUMBER 19.

Salisbury Advertisements.

HOLLAND & COOPER
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Practice in the Courts of Maryland and Delaware.

USTON HUMPHREYS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will attend strictly to all business entrusted to his care. Office over the store of A. G. Toulmin & Co., Main Street.

LEWEL MALONE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will attend strictly to all legal business entrusted to him and the sale of Real Estate.

PENINSULAR HOUSE.
MAIN STREET, SALISBURY, MD.
J. TRACY, Proprietor.

E. STANLEY TADVIN.
Attorney at Law,
SALISBURY, MD.

Office four doors from the PENINSULAR HOUSE.

THOMAS HUMPHREYS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practice in the Courts of Somerset, Worcester and Wicomico Counties.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

JAMES E. ELLEGOOD
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
SALISBURY, MD.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

PENINSULAR STOVE HOUSE!!!

GEORGE W. MCBRIETY, Prop'r
MAIN ST.,
SALISBURY, MD.

At this Establishment may be found at all times a well selected stock of Stoves, Ranges and Cooking Stoves, of the latest and most improved patterns, and at the lowest prices. Orders for Stoves from abroad will receive prompt attention and such orders will be filled on as early a day as possible. We also have a large stock of cheap and durable goods, such as table cloths, towels, and other articles, and at the lowest prices. Store repairs attended to at short notice.

NEW YORK VARIETY STORE!

THE NEW YORK VARIETY STORE, will for the first time make itself known to the public with a fine line of goods, ready for examination and purchase at the lowest prices. The store is located at the corner of Main and Second Streets, and is the largest and most complete establishment of the kind in the city. It carries a full line of GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, of the latest styles, from New York. Also custom work done at short notice. GENTLEMEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, of all kinds, and the job of their HATS. Next comes a general line of BOOTS and SHOES, of all kinds, and the job of their HATS. Also a large stock of FINE GROCERIES, such as TEA, COFFEE, SUGAR, and other articles, and at the lowest prices. Store repairs attended to at short notice.

A. W. WOODCOCK
Has on Hand
THE FINEST ASSORTMENT OF
High, Waltham & Springfield
AMERICAN WATCHES

Also
SWISS & ENGLISH WATCHES,
For Ladies and Gentlemen, solid 18k gold;
fine Gold Chains, Opera, Matinee,
Leontine and Chateaufort, hand-
some stock of Plain, Carved
and Enamelled Jewelry;
Bracelets, Sleeve-
buttons, Studs,
Lockets,
Setts, Rings,
Charms, Gold Keys,
Armlets, Gents' Pins,
Shawl Pins, Scarf Pins, Em-
blematical designs 18k Wedding
Rings, etc., etc., etc.

SILVER AND PLATED WARE
Finest quality Castors, Table and Tea
Spoons, Forks and Knives, Butter
Berry dishes, Cake and Card
Baskets, Napkin Rings, La-
dles, Fruit, Knives,
Pickle Fork, Su-
gar and Pre-
serve Spoons, and many other articles in
this line. Full line of Black Jewelry.

Celebrated Mable & Todd Pens
None made finer and none can equal.
Agent for the celebrated
Lazarus & Morris Spectacles.
Full line of Gold, Silver, Steel and Rub-
ber Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

SILVER WATCHES from \$6.00
CLOCKS—Very Low.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry care-
fully and practically repaired and war-
ranted.

AMOS W. WOODCOCK
MAIN ST., SALISBURY, Md.
Sept 27-17

Baltimore Advertisements.

A. E. WARNER
Silver Ware, Rich Jewelry
Diamonds, Fine Watches, Silver-Plated Ware,
Table Cutlery, Fancy Articles, &c.
No. 135 West Baltimore Street,
Baltimore.

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
TWINES, NETTING, CORDAGE,
AND
Woodberry Cotton Duck,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Office Corner South and Pratt Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE Seed of Death
is iniquity," but the THOMAS M. SEEDS
who

CHEAP HATS & CAPS
go ahead everywhere, is to be found at
NO. 41 NORTH SECOND STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

JAMES E. TROTT
No. 82 Centre Market Space, Baltimore.
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
HATS, CAPS & FURS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
BOATMEN'S OUTFIT, &c.

OIL CLOTHING—A SPECIALTY.
Sept 20-17.

FARMERS' SUPPLIES.
THE ANDREW COE PHOSPHATE,
(A Superior Article of Our Own Make.)
MISSOURI GONE MEAL,
(For which we are Sole Agents.)
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO GROWING STRAW-
BERRIES.

GROUND BORDS
FINE GROUND PLASTER,
THOMAS SMOOTHING HAIR, VITROL, &c.
MALTA IRON BEAM,
DURABLE SHOVELS,
WHITMAN'S METAL LINED,
CUMBER PUMPS,
WHITMAN'S TRUCKS & CARRIAGES,
FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS,
And a large stock of every description of
Agricultural Implements,
Seeds and Fertilizers.

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 145 & 147 West Pratt Street,
Opposite the Malby House,
BALTIMORE, MD. April 12-6m

WHEN YOU VISIT BALTIMORE
CALL AT
Milliken's Linen Store,
163 BALTIMORE ST.,
For Linen Goods and Shirts.

Books and Stationery.
T. Newton Kurtz
PUBLISHER, BOOKSELLER, STATIONER
—AND—
Blank Book Manufacturer.
No. 151 West Pratt Street,
Opposite the Malby House,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Orders for sale, at the lowest wholesale prices, a large
stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS.
Sunday School, Juvenile and Religious
BOOKS.
CHURCH AND MUSIC BOOKS.

DEVRIES, YOUNG & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS AND SHOES.
310 West Baltimore Street,
Between Howard and Liberty Sts.
WILLIAM DEVRIES,
ALEX. YOUNG,
R. K. G. DEVRIES,
April 12-17.

GEORGE PAGE & CO.,
Manufacturers of
Saw Mills,
Also Stationary and Portable
STEAM ENGINES,
No. 5 Schroeder St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Portable Steam Engines,
Shingle Machines, Drag and Butting
Saws,
Stationary Steam Engines,
Barrel Machinery, Saw Gummets,
Steam Boilers—all kinds.
Wood-Working Machinery—all kinds.
Gang, Mule and Sash Saw Mills,
Circular Saws—Inserted, Perforated
and Plain Teeth.
Portable Grist Mills, Horse Pow-
ers,
Shafting and Pulleys,
Timber Wheels, Log and Lumber Cars,
Mill Gearing,
Log Cutting Machines, Log Jacks,
Cutting and General Machine Work
Lett's Turbine Water Wheel.

Agricultural Engines A Specialty.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE—
July 5-17.



THE NECKLACE OF PEARLS.

He met her in the garden,
A bright and beautiful maid,
Who, grown at once a woman,
Was not of love afraid;
She loved, and could not help it,
Her heart went out to him,
And as he stooped to kiss her,
She rose to meet his kiss.

He kissed her in the garden,
And—was it what he said,
Or the shadow of the roses
That made her cheeks so red?
He soon was rising, telling,
With a wistful smile, "I light—
The string of pearls upon it
Was a gift from my father."

He loved her down the garden,
He would not let her go,
She was so good, so true,
Who loved her loved her so;
They must go pick the roses,
And listen to the dove:
The dove was wooing, wooing,
As he was—her—for love.

He led her down the garden,
And while her arms were round
The neck she, parting, clung to,
She saw upon the ground
The string that held her necklace,
The slender string was broken,
And all the pearls were gone.

Then up and down the garden
She wandered with dismay,
And wondered where her pearls were,
And how they slipped away;
They nestled in her bosom
One little hour ago,
Before they picked the roses,
And her tears began to flow.

So round and round the garden
She went with peering eyes:
Oh, is not that the necklace
That shining yonder lies?
'Tis but a string of dew-drops
The maid has broken there,
Or the tears that she is shedding
That makes her look so fair.

Still round and round the garden
She hunted high and low—
In the red hearts of the roses,
The little beads of snow,
Therewith they picked her fingers:
Her fingers blood and fast,
But her heart was hissing faster:
"Why was she not a cat?"

For she must leave the garden
And meet her mother's eye,
Who will perceive she sows,
And ask the reason why:
And she must meet her father,
Who, as she hangs her head,
Will miss the pearls on her neck,
And rise and strike her dead.

And laying this curse on her conscience
Mrs. Chickler turned off the gas,
And crept drowsily up the stairs.

"Fanny, Fanny, it's past five, and cook
hasn't come down stairs yet. Are you
sure you spoke to her last night?"
Mrs. Chickler rubbed her eyes and
stared sleepily around.

"Oh, Frank, I forgot all about speaking
to her last night," she said with con-
science-stricken face. "But I'll run right
up—she can have the breakfast ready in
a very few minutes."

She sprang out of bed, thrust her feet
into a pair of silk-lined slippers, and threw
a shawl over her shoulders.

"Mr. Chickler bit his lip, and checked
her:
"No need, Fanny," he said, a little bit-
terly, "I must leave the house in fifteen
minutes, or miss the only through train.
It's no use speaking to cook now."

"I am so sorry, Frank."
Mr. Chickler did not answer; he was
apparently absorbed in turning over the
various articles in his bureau drawer,
while Fanny sat shivering on the edge of
the bed, cogitating how hard it was for
her husband to start on a long journey
that bitter morning without any break-
fast.

"I can make a cup of coffee myself over
the furnace fire," she exclaimed spring-
ing to her feet. But Mr. Chickler again
interposed:
"Sit down, Fanny, please. I would
rather you would sew this button on the
neck of my shirt. I have packed the
others—those that are fit to wear. I have
shirts enough, but not one in repair."

Fanny crimsoned as she remembered
how often, in the course of the last month
or two, she had solemnly promised her-
self to devote a day to the much-needed
renovation of her husband's shirts.

She looked around for her thimble.
"I left it down stairs last night. I'll
get it in a minute!"

The housemaid had just kindled a fire
in the sitting-room grate; it was blazing
and crackling cheerily among the fresh
coals, and Fanny could not resist the
temptation of pausing a moment to warm
her chilled fingers, and watch the green-
ish-purple spires of flame shoot merrily
up the chimney, until she heard her hus-
band's voice calling her imperatively:
"Fanny! Fanny! what are you do-
ing?"

"Oh, dear," thought the wife, as she
ran up stairs, "I wish Frank wouldn't be
so cross. He's always in a hurry."

Little Mrs. Chickler never stopped to
think that the real reason was that she,
his wife, was never "in a hurry."

The needle threaded, the thimble fitted on,
an appropriate button was next to be
selected.

"Oh, dear, Frank, I haven't one the
right size!"

"Sew on what you have, then; but be
quick!"

But Fanny was quite certain there was
"just the right button" somewhere in her

will when you get there. I would wait a
little, if I were you."

Mr. Chickler smiled.
"That would be your system of doing
things, Fanny, but not mine."
"My system, Frank? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you believe in putting
things off indefinitely, and not always in the
wisest manner. I wish you would
break yourself of that habit, Fanny. Be-
lieve me, it will some day bring you to
grief."

Mrs. Chickler contracted her pretty
eyebrows.
"I don't believe in being lectured,
Frank."

"And I don't very often lecture you, my
dear; pray give me credit for that."

"You didn't think you were marrying
an angel when you took me, I hope?"

"No, my love. I thought I was mar-
rying a very pretty little girl, whose few
faults might easily be corrected."

"Faults! Have I any great faults,
Frank?"

"Little faults may sometimes entail
great consequences, Fanny."

"If you scold any more I shall go out
of the room."

"You need not, for I am going myself
to pack my valise. By the way there's a
button off the shirt I want to wear to-
morrow. I wish you would come up stairs
and sew it on for me."

"I will, presently."

"I just can't you come now?"
"I just want to finish this book; there's
only one more chapter."

And Fanny opened her volume so re-
solutely that her husband thought it best
not to contest the question.

Sitting all alone in front of the bright
fire, Mrs. Chickler gradually grew
drowsy, and before she knew it she had
drifted off into the shadowy regions of
dream-land.

She was roused by the clock striking
eleven.

"Dear me! how late it is!" she thought
with a little start. "I must go up stairs
immediately. There, I forgot to tell cook
about having breakfast at five to-morrow
morning, and of course she's a-bed and
asleep by this time. I'll be up early enough
to see to it myself, that will be just as
well."

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work basket, and stopped to search for
it.

"There, I told you so!" she cried,
triumphantly holding it up on the end of
her needle.

"Well, well, sew it on quick," said Mr.
Chickler, glancing at his watch nervously.

"That's just your worrying way, Frank,
as if anybody could sew a button on well
in a hurry. There! my needle has come
unthreaded!"

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny!" sighed her hus-
band, fairly out of patience at last, "why
didn't you do it last night, as I begged of
you? I shall miss the train; and what
little chance we had of a place in Aunt
Elizabeth's will, will be sacrificed to your
miserable habit of being always behind
hand!"

"Fanny gave him the shirt, and began
to whimper a little, but Mr. Chickler
had neither the time nor the inclination
to pause to soothe her petulant manifes-
tation of grief. He finished his dressing,
caught up his valise with a hurriedly
spoken "good bye," and ran down stairs,
two steps at a time, into the street.

"There he goes," murmured Fanny;
"and he's gone away cross with me, and
all for nothing but a miserable button! I
wish there wasn't such a thing as a button
in the world!" (A wish which we much
miscount, many another wife than Mrs.
Fanny Chickler has echoed, with per-
haps better reason.)

"Mrs. Chickler was sitting down to
her little dinner *a la solitaire*, with a
daintily browned chicken, a tumbler of
current jelly, a curly bunch of celery
ranged before her, when, to her surprise,
the door opened and in walked her lord
and husband.

"Why, Frank, where on earth did you
come from?" cried the astonished wife.

"From the office," coolly answered Mr.
Chickler.

"But I thought you were off for Scen-
ersville, in such a hurry."

"I found myself just five minutes too
late for the train, after having run all the
way to the depot."

"Oh, that was too bad."

"Chickler smiled a little as he began
to carve the chicken.

"Yes, I was a little annoyed at first; it
did seem rather provoking to be kept at
home by only a button."

"What are you going to do?"
"Why, I shall make a second start to-
morrow."

"I'll see to it that your breakfast is ready
this time, to the second and all your
wardrobe in trim," said Fanny, rather
relieved at the prospect of a chance of re-
trieving her character.

"You need not. I have engaged a room
at a hotel near the depot. I can't run any
more risks."

He did not speak unkindly, and yet
Fanny felt that he was deeply displeased
with her.

"But, Frank—"
"We will not discuss the matter any
further, my love, if you please. I have
resolved to say nothing more to you about
reforms. I see it is useless, and only tends
to foster an unpleasant state of feeling be-
tween us. Shall I help you to some
maccaroni?"

And fairly silenced, Fanny ate her din-
ner with what appetite was left her.

Three days afterwards, Mr. Chickler
once more made his entrance, just at dusk
carpet-bag in hand, while Fanny sat en-
joying the ruddy light of the coal-fire and
the consciousness of having performed
her duty in the mending and general re-
novation of her husband's drawer-full of
shirts—a job which she had long been
dreading and postponing.

"Well, how is Aunt Elizabeth?" ques-
tioned Fanny, when her husband, duly
welcomed and greeted, had seated him-
self in the opposite easy-chair.

"Dead," was the brief reply.

"Dead! Oh, Frank! Of her old en-
emy, apoplexy?"

"Yes."
"Was her will made?"
"It was. Apparently she had expected
me, on the day she herself appointed;
and on my non-arrival on the only train
that stops, she sent for the village lawyer
made her will, and left all her property
to the orphan asylum in Scenersville, with
a few bitter words to the effect that the
neglect of her only living nephew had
induced her, on the spur of the moment,
to alter her original intention of leaving
it to him. She died the very next morn-
ing."

"Oh, Frank, how much was it?"
"Ten thousand dollars."

"There was a moment or two of silence,
then Mr. Chickler added, composedly:
"You see, Fanny, how much that mis-
sing button has cost me!"

Fanny Chickler sat like one condemn-
ed, by the utterance of her own conscience.
Not alone the one missing button, but
the scores—many, hundreds—of trifling omis-
sions, forgetfulness, and postponements
which made her life one endless endeavor
to "catch up" with the transpiring pre-
sent, seemed to present themselves be-
fore her mind's eye. What would this
end in? Was not the present lesson
sufficiently momentous to teach her to
train herself in a different school?
She rose, and came to her husband's

side, laying one tremulous hand on
his shoulder.

"There shall be no more missing but-
tons, my love," she said, earnestly.

He comprehended all that she left un-
spoken, and silently pressed the little hand
in his own; and not a word was said
more than this upon the subject.

But it was not forgotten. Fanny
Chickler sat herself resolutely to work
to uproot the rank weeds growing in the
garden of her life. And she succeeded,
as we all may do when we resolve to do
a wise thing.

Something About Stowaways.

In the melancholy catalogue of the
poor people engulfed in the Ville du
Havre we read (says the London
Telegraph) that there were twenty-
seven third class passengers and six
"stowaways." The last named term
sufficiently curious to call for ex-
planation, and in tendering it we
touch upon one of the most wretched
features of emigrant life. A "stowa-
way" is an individual who, at the last
moment, just before the vessel leaves
the dock for her destination, slinks
on board and conceals himself as se-
curely as he is able in remote nooks
and corners of the lower deck or the
forepeak. Sometimes he gets into the
hold; but there, if the hatches are
battered down, he runs the emi-
nent risk of being smothered. At all
events he crawls into his corner of ad-
vantage and crouches there like a rat
behind the wainscot, quaking for fear
of discovery. And detection must
sooner or later be the doom of the
saw-eyes. S. well is the practice of
smuggling human baggage known to
sea-going folks, that prior to a large
emigrant ship sailing there is gener-
ally organized a picket of sailors
headed by one of the mates, and fur-
nished with lanterns and rattans,
who make a tour of investigation
among the packing cases and provision
casks. "Hunting for stowaways" is
a most exciting sport, the wretched
defaulter is started from their holes
roundly abused, hustled on deck,
"slugged" by the captain; happy they,
in an American clipper, who escape
being "shanghaied" by the boatswain
or "booted" by the first mate—and
then contemptuously kicked over the
side. Some stowaways, however, gen-
erally contrive to pass unnoticed in
the search, and six, the number found
on board the Ville du Havre, may be
considered as a fair average among a
hundred and fifty passengers. The
ship, in any case, cannot be many
days at sea before they are discovered.
Every fresh hoghead of beef or biscuit
that is unheeded diminishes their
chances of immunity; still there have
been known instances of the unfor-
tunate creatures being inadvertently
jammed up between and behind heavy
piles of merchandise, and so suffering
a living entombment. Stowaways
dragged from their hiding places
when the ship is in blue water have
to take their chance; and very cal-
culamious chance it is. If the culprit
be a woman she has not much to fear.
Jack is proverbially gallant, and an
active woman may make herself very
useful in the cabin and the cook-house.
But when the offender happens to be
a raw lad—which he generally is, and
is likely to boot—he has emphatically
a "bad time" of it. He may consider
himself fortunate if he is allowed to
earn the worth of his bed and board
by performing the most menial
drudgery, and at the end of the voy-
age the captain can't, if he chooses, take
him to the nearest magistrate and
have him punished for fraud. It is
usually happens, however, that the skip-
per, when the run is over, is as glad
to get rid of his unprofitable passen-
ger as that passenger is to be well
out of his ship. The former says
nothing about the pecuniary loss his
owners have suffered, and the latter
is quite content to be silent with re-
gard to the numerous attentions con-
veyed through the instrumentality of
marlin spikes and ropes, and ends with
which he has been favored by the
boatswain and his assistants. What
the French authorities would have
said to these wails upon their arrival
at Havre is uncertain, but the poor fel-
lows need fear no frowns of human
justice now. They are drowned.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—A distressing
accident occurred in Cumberland, Al-
legany county, on Monday. The Cum-
berland News says:
Mr. William Shuck an old and well
known citizen, who has for several years
been engaged as car-repairer of the Bal-
timore and Ohio railroad Company, at
Cumberland, was at his usual work, and
at the time of the accident had gone to
the circular saw stand in front of the
company's round-house for the purpose
of sawing some pieces of wood to be used
as "bolsters" of cars. While the saw was
in rapid motion Mr. Shuck stooped down
and reached under the saw for the pur-
pose of getting out a quantity of saw-
dust to stand upon, the ground being cov-
ered over with snow and ice, rendering
the footing insecure. In raising up the
saw struck his head at the back, near
the neck, and cut clear across to his
nose splitting the skull open. In some
places the brain could be seen. He
was still living last night, but his re-
covery is not thought possible.



"I am a self-made man," said a native
of Stonington, the other day, to a New-
York gentleman with whom he had been
driving a sharp bargain. "Glad to hear
you say so," responded the New Yorker,
who had been worried in the trade, "for
it relieves the Lord of a great re-
sponsibility."

A young woman fondling her newborn
babe, and a young man his new born
mustache, are two of the most beauti-
ful sights in this world.

A sporting friend says that he does
not understand why the weather cannot
hold up, seeing that the wind is driven
with such a strong rain.

"Talk about the jaws of death," ex-
claimed a man who was living with his
third scolding wife. "I tell you they
are no touch to the jaws of life."

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November-29-6m.

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