

SALISBURY ADVERTISER

Vol. 32.

Salisbury, Md., Saturday, Nov. 5, 1898.

No. 13.

CLOSE OF THE BAZAAR.

Over Seven Hundred Dollars Netted
Out of the Sales and
Contributions.

The bazaar held Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week by the Board of Lady Managers of the Peninsula General Hospital for the benefit of that worthy institution, closed Saturday night after three days of unprecedented success.

Everything was sold, even to the bunting used for decorations, and the net proceeds amounted to about \$730. This includes several contributions received by Miss Alice Humphreys from personal friends of her brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. H. Jackson. They are as follows: Mr. John B. Parsons, Philadelphia, \$25; Mr. Charles E. Bushnell, of Philadelphia, \$25; Mr. Malcolm Lloyd, Philadelphia, \$25; Messrs. Robert E. Glendenning & Co., Philadelphia, \$100; Mr. George A. Huhn, Phila., \$100.

Messrs. Wm. P. Jackson and E. C. Williams of this city also sent in handsome cash contributions. Mr. Thomas H. Williams donated the use of the building, and the Messrs. Johnson lighted it gratis.

Among other contributors not already mentioned are, notably, the people of Princess Anne, who donated liberally to the cause.

The big doll which everybody hoped to get in the raffle, was won by Mr. Robert Hitch of this city. Dr. Samuel A. Graham got the pig. Mr. J. Cleveland White is now the happy possessor of the handsome pipe. Mr. Rollie Moore won the coop of chickens. And the small doll was drawn by Miss Edna Hitchens.

The fund will be invested and allowed to accumulate until such time as it may be required to fit out a new hospital, now in contemplation.

The ladies have made a gratifying success out of what many people feared would end in failure.

ANTI-BRIBERY IN SHARPTOWN.

Movement to Prevent the Purchase of Voters at the Coming Election.

On Monday night a number of democrats and republicans met at the office of W. C. Mann, and took into consideration the evils of vote buying and all seemed to realize that it had brought about a very immoral and uncertain condition in political affairs. The following resolutions were then adopted:

WHEREAS, The political condition of our county has become so degraded by the use of money, and the right of suffrage, the greatest gift bestowed upon us by our forefathers, has been disregarded and, in a great measure, destroyed, by means of various influences that are brought to bear upon purchasable voters; and

WHEREAS, The indulgence in such only tends to that which is low, mean and contemptible, and to demoralize the voter; and under the existing conditions, only the rich can contemplate holding an elective position, since it has to be purchased. Therefore,

Resolved, That we as members of the democratic and republican organizations of Sharptown district, pledge ourselves not to use money in any way, shape or form to influence any voter at the coming election, and to prevent so far, as in our power, the using of such corrupt means, and we further pledge ourselves that we will not contribute towards defraying the expenses of any voter to or from home for the purpose of voting. Signed by S. J. Cooper, Republican Chairman; L. T. Cooper, W. H. Knowles, W. D. Gravenor, E. R. Bennett, J. P. Cooper, J. P. Bennett, J. T. Robinson, Republicans; W. C. Mann, Democratic Secretary; A. W. Robinson, J. E. Taylor, C. J. Gravenor, W. H. Williams, J. S. Bradley, J. T. Melson, F. S. Bounds, Democrats.

They further agreed not to have any political meetings or speakings this campaign. The action thus taken is highly approved here and is considered a move in the right direction.

A mysterious disease has attacked all the poultry at Shepherdstown, and chickens and turkeys are dying off in large numbers. Farmer Phil Needy lost 250 in a day. The fowls when attacked, act as if crazed, and die almost instantly.

DEMOCRATS AROUSED.

Col. John Walter Smith, the Democratic Candidate for Congress, Makes a Most Effective Speech.

THE PARTY IN GOOD SHAPE TO GIVE HIM A HANDSOME MAJORITY.

The democracy of Wicomico county gave their candidate for Congress, Col. John Walter Smith, a cordial welcome at Ulman's Opera House last Saturday. He and Hon. John S. Wirt of Cecil county arrived in Salisbury early in the afternoon, and were escorted to the Opera House by a number of our most influential citizens. There, over eight hundred voters of the county awaited them. The Salisbury cornet band played "Hail to the Chief," and Mr. J. J. Morris, President of the Board of County Commissioners, introduced Col. Smith. He was greeted with enthusiastic applause. After the tumult had subsided, Col. Smith began a speech which proved to be one of the most substantial and effective political addresses that the public has heard.

His argument was for the upholding of the principles of democracy and against the imperialistic policy of the republican party. He declared himself to be opposed to the wholesale pension business, which has at times threatened the country through the unscrupulous machinations of profligate congressmen, but made an earnest plea for the deserving veteran, who had rendered his country a service, and declared that for such the government should liberal-ly provide. The speech consumed over an hour and was eagerly listened to.

Following Col. Smith, Hon. John S. Wirt made a short address, in which he forcibly pointed out the evils the republican party had brought upon the people, and the reasons why they should support the principles of democracy. Mr. Wirt was heartily applauded.

On the stage with the speakers were Messrs. Wm. B. Tilghman, F. Leonard Wailes, Dr. J. McFadden Dick, Geo. W. Mezick, Dr. H. L. Todd, James E. Ellgood, M. H. Pope, Nathan T. Fitch, L. Atwood Bennett, Chas. E. Williams, Jesse D. Price, Jehu T. Parsons and others.

Mr. Jesse D. Price, as Secretary, read the following list of vice-presidents:

Baron Creek—Jas. E. Bacon, Thos. B. Taylor, Irving N. Cooper, J. Windsor Bounds, Azariah B. Howard, Isaac S. Bennett, Robert G. Robertson, Jas. A. Waller, Edward L. Austin, Samuel J. Phillips.

Quantico—Isaac T. Phillips, B. J. D. Phillips, W. Frank Howard, Thos. J. Turpin, Wm. Fletcher, Wm. S. Phillips, Orlando W. Taylor, Jas. M. Jones, Wm. H. Gale, Gran A. Nelson, Levin C. Bailey.

Tyaskin—Robt. C. Mitchell, W. R. Phillips, Granville R. Hambury, C. R. Dashiel, R. Wirt Robertson, Ralph Lloyd, B. Palmer, John F. Jester, Levin T. Walter, Geo. D. Inley, Thos. S. Roberts, John W. Willing, Alex. Horseman, J. Massey Roberts, Levin J. Daishiel.

Pittsburg—Jas. Laws, Jesse H. Brattan, B. Taylor Baker, Minos A. Davis, Jas. H. West, S. G. Truitt, Washington R. Dennis, Jas. H. Farlow, T. A. Jones, E. G. Davis, G. Ernest Hearn, Dan'l. R. Holloway.

Parsons—Jas. Cannon, John. W. Farlow, Alex. D. Toadvine, W. E. Booth, Marion Townsend, C. C. Parker, J. Bayard Perdue, Jason P. Tilghman, F. Leonard Wailes, Wm. J. Phipps, B. F. Ward, Lemuel D. Gordy.

Dennis—A. Q. Hamblin, John L. Powell, L. Lee Laws, Marcellus Dennis, L. B. Brittingham, Albert W. Baker, Isaac S. Williams, E. H. Burbage, L. A. Hall, J. M. Bailey, Jacob Rounds, J. J. Adkins.

Trappe—B. Frank Messick, John Lawrence, Geo. W. Kibble, Jas. Williams, Sr., Azariah P. Disharoon, Geo. W. Cathell, E. Parker Huffington, Jesse Goolee, Frank E. Smith, Wm. T. Banks, Gabriel Banks.

Nutters—Gillis Bussells, Alex. Malone, A. W. Reddish, W. C. Huston, E. J. Parsons, Syd. L. Trader, Jas. C. Johnson, Alonzo Dykes, W. H. H. Coulbourne, Willie P. Ward, Levin W. Twilley, John W. Sirman, Joe Hearn.

Salisbury—F. C. Todd, W. F. Allen, Jr., Isaac Anderson, Aurelius Trader, Samuel H. Carey, Chas. E. Duffy, John D. Williams, B. Frank Kennerly, John S. Lowe, Harry Dennis, Demard Adkins, Thos. M. Siemon, John H. Gordy, Capt. Wm. T. Polk, Geo. W. Leonard of B.

Sharptown—Walter C. Mann, A. W. Robinson, John E. Taylor, Thos. Taylor, Dr. J. A. Wright, Thos. C. Knowles, James F. Marine, John H. Smith.

Delmar—Chas. E. Williams, Chas. H. Wood, Levin B. Weatherly, G. W. Purdie, T. A. Veasey, E. G. Mills, Edwin Freaney, Phillip C. Hearn, Wm. J. Thomson, Jas. F. Phillips, Daniel O'Neal, Geo. W. Elliott.

Late in the afternoon, Col. Smith and Mr. Wirt drove from Salisbury to Pocomoke City, where they each spoke in the evening, while Messrs. Lloyd Wilkinson of Pocomoke, and Henry Covington of Easton, addressed a large audience in the Opera House here. Each speaker did great credit to himself and received a cordial greeting.

AN ACROSTIC.

Join all your forces, and unite
On our democratic candidate,
Hold to your principles firm and true,
No chicanery for us will do.
When election day comes round,
And you tread the well known ground,
Let your majority put a man in place
To fill the post with ease and grace.
Every one of you must go
Round the polls, vote fast, not slow.
Stand up, the situation's grave,
Mighty men must rule the brave.
If you falter, all is lost
Then for long you will be bossed;
Hurrah for Smith, Hurrah!

\$20,000,000 Thank Offering.

Springfield, Mass., Nov. 1.—The members of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be asked within a short time to contribute \$20,000,000 for a "Twentieth Century thank offering" fund.

It will be devoted to charitable and educational institutions now maintained by the Methodist Church and will be the grandest contribution any organization has ever undertaken for the benefit of human kind. The offering is intended to be an expression of thanks of the people of the Methodist Church for the completion of 20 centuries of Christianity, and this method is believed by the bishops to be the most appropriate expression possible of that sentiment. The invitations will be extended all over the world.

The B. C. & A. Railway Company.

We are now collecting matter for our "Guide to Summer Homes" for 1899. To make the book complete, I would be glad if all persons, who intend taking Summer Boarders, would advise us, giving full particulars; distance from wharf, or station, number accommodated, rates, etc. If you have a picture I would be glad if you send it to me. I wish to make this Guide the most complete the Company has ever issued hence this early start collecting matter. Address T. MURDOCK, G. P. A., 111 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

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Unclaimed Letters.

The following is a list of the letters remaining in the Salisbury, (Md.) Post Office, Saturday, November 5, 1898:

Mrs. Mahalia Parker, Mrs. Thomas Mrs. Martha Jane Pearson, Miss Mollie Teagle, Miss Ida C. Shockley, Mr. A. G. Parsons, Mr. Joseph Causey.

Persons calling for these letters will please say they are advertised.

E. S. ADKINS, Postmaster.

A Wonderful Discovery.

The last quarter of a century records many wonderful discoveries in medicine, but none that have accomplished more for humanity than that sterling old household remedy, Browns' Iron Bitters. It seems to contain the very elements of good health, and neither man, woman or child can take it without deriving the greatest benefit. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

EXCEPTIONAL BOOK OFFERINGS.

150 new Oxford edition, 12mo good cloth binding, gilt edge; regular price 50c. Our special price 25c.

2 Vol. Sets, 50 cents.

5 Vol. Sets, \$1.00.

Here are some of the best selling books we sell all the new books at reduced prices.

Penelope's Progress, by Kate Douglas Wiggin \$1.10

Rupert of Hentzen, by A. Hope 1.25

Caleb West, Master Diver, by F. Hopkinson Smith 1.25

Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War, by Joel Chandler Harris 1.25

The Charming Sallie, by Jas. Otis 1.25

Helbeck and Bannisdale, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, 2 vol. 1.60

Pan Michael, by the author of Quo Vadis 60c

With fire and Sword, by the authors Quo Vadis 60c

The Student's Standard Dictionary, abridged from Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary of the English Language \$2.50

FOOT BALLS.

In our corner window we have a display of foot balls which is very suggestive for this season of the year. We are selling these goods for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

WHITE & LEONARD'S DRUG STORE

Cor. Main and St. Peter's Sts..

SALISBURY, MD.

OUR FALL SHOE SHOW

The exhibit of new shoes, especially designed for fall wear, which we are making now, will attract the attention of many hundreds of sensible shoe buyers who have learned to look to us for the better things in footwear. This fall's showing surpasses any we have ever made. No doubt about that.

MORE SHOES, PRETTIER SHOES, BETTER SHOES

than we have ever gathered before for a single season's selling.

AND THE PRICES!

What magnets they will prove to be. Just as good shoes at \$2.50 as we sold a year ago at \$8. As good shoes at \$8 as we sold not so long ago at \$4, and farther back at \$5. Improved methods of shoe making, makes the new prices possible, and our willingness to give our patrons the best we can, brings you the benefit of these improved methods.

HARRY DENNIS

Only Shoe House,

Salisbury, Md.

NOTICE.

I have removed my bicycle repair shop and stock of Bicycles and Sundries to the store room formerly occupied by W. E. Dorman, on Walnut St., where I shall continue repairing of all kinds. Am selling my new and second-hand wheels very cheap.

T. BYRD LANKFORD.

BOARDING.

Mrs. A. W. Woodcock would be pleased to accommodate a few boarders at her residence on Main Street.

J.D.Price & Co

ooo

JACK FROST IS HERE!

We Are Prepared For Him.

ooo

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

is stocked with the best goods the market affords for

FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

ooo

OUR HAT DEPARTMENT

is up to date and all the New Fall Shapes are represented.

ooo

OUR MEN'S FURNISHINGS DEPARTMENT

is filled with Winter Underwear, Neckwear, Hosiery, etc., and we have a big stock of Umbrellas for rainy weather.

LOOK FOR US.

ooo

J.D.Price & Co

SHOE SUPPLIERS AND
MEN'S OUTFITTERS,
SALISBURY, MD.

C. E. CONVENTION.

Held in Salisbury, Wednesday and Thursday of This Week.

The Southern Peninsula Christian Endeavor Convention met in Salisbury last Wednesday and Thursday.

The day sessions were held in the Methodist Protestant Church, Rev. L. F. Warner, pastor and the evening sessions in the Wicomico Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Reigart, pastor.

The program was as follows:

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—2.30, Informal Reception of Delegates in the Methodist Protestant church.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—7.30, Song and Devotional service, conducted by R. K. Lewis, Somerset county. 7.45, Welcome address, Mr. W. C. Humphreys, Wicomico county. 7.55 Response, Miss Mary Coston, Worcester county. 8.05, Address, Mr. W. A. Schumacher, President Maryland C. E. Union, Baltimore city. 8.20, Singing. 8.25, Sunday Desecration; What can Christian Endeavors do to lessen it? Rev. S. W. Reigart, D. D., Wicomico county. 8.45 Christian Endeavor and the Bible, Rev. J. M. Brown, Salisbury. 9.05, Congregational singing and misnah Benediction.

THURSDAY MORNING—9.30, Song and Praise service, conducted by Rev. N. O. Gibson, Wicomico county. 10.00, Open Parliament—Topic, "C. E. Ideals" First, "The Ideal Endeavorer," first speaker, Miss Alice Elderdice, Wicomico county. Second, "The Ideal Leader," first speaker, Rev. B. F. Jester, Wicomico county. Third, "The Ideal Committee," Rev. L. A. Bennett, Somerset County. Fourth, "Ideal Meeting" Miss Cora Brooks, Wicomico county. 11.25, Singing. 11.30, "The Juniors," Miss Elizabeth Johnson, Wicomico county, Discussion of the subject by the delegates present. 12.00, Recess.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON—2.30, Song and Prayer, Rev. A. A. Bichell, Wicomico county. 3.45, Our Obligation as Endeavorers, Miss Essie Bonneville, Worcester county—General Discussion. 3.10 Importance to the "Pause" Committee to the local Society, Mrs. W. H. Logan, Somerset county—Open Discussion. 3.30, Singing. 3.35, "How to keep out of rut." 4.00, The relation of Christian Endeavor to Missions, W. H. Logan, Somerset county. 4.30, Singing and Recess.

THURSDAY NIGHT—7.30, Song service. 7.45, The Relation of Christian Endeavor to Social Pleasure, Rev. G. H. Sheriff, Somerset county. 7.55, The relation of Christian Endeavor to good Literature, Rev. Dorsey Blake, Worcester county. 8.05, The relation of Christian Endeavor to Temperance, Rev. D. W. Anstine, Somerset county. 8.15, Music. 8.30, Enthusiasm, Rev. L. F. Warner, Wicomico county. 8.45, The Spirit filled life, Rev. J. D. Kinzer, D. D., Worcester county. 9.00, Consecration Service, in charge of Rev. G. W. Haddaway, Somerset county. 9.10, Adjournment—Doxology and Benediction.

The visiting Endeavorers were entertained at the homes of the local members. Special rates were given the visitors over the railroads.

Literary Note.

The postponement of publication in the case of a large number of works, many of which were retarded last spring, has given unusual interest to the November issue of "Book News." Its "Descriptive List" of books published during the month contains four hundred titles, each with a brief summary of the book from recognized critical authorities, the most extensive survey of current literature published in any literary magazine or weekly in the country. Out of this large list a brief "Guide to the Christmas Shopper" has been compiled, which will be invaluable to those ordering books from a distance. A Southern dialect story by Miss Layafette McLawns opens the number, which contains the letters from each of the great publishing centers in the country and the unusual review of leading works. Published by John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. 50c, a year: \$1.00 a copy.

An Enterprising Druggist.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than Dr. L. D. Collier, who spares no pains to secure the best of everything in his line for his many customers. He now has the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all afflictions of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

A chicken with four perfect legs was hatched at the home of Mrs. Charles E. Cecil, of Queen Anne's county. It is healthy and Mrs. Cecil proposes to raise it to exhibit at the Easton fair next year.

SOME POINTS ON FARMING.

Baron Creek Farmer Has Something to Say on This and Other Subjects.

You know that Baron Creek always wants to be ahead in Democracy, especially about election time. She now has an organized club of most of the democrats of the district, known as the Baron Creek Democratic Club, pledged to support John Walter Smith for congress, and is still increasing, do you blame her? No.

Now she opens up another challenge on farming. Last spring we set off an acre of ground and I told my boy that we would experiment a little and see how much corn we could raise from that one acre, and would put the result in THE ADVERTISER. We got the corn off to seed wheat and gathered 125 bushel baskets of ears of corn from this acre. This land was not rich nor highly manured, but was pretty well cultivated. Someone else can probably beat this for I don't claim to be the best farmer. I sent no one to do the cultivating but did it myself.

Yet the youngsters say that farming is the poorest avocation that can be gotten at; that it doesn't pay and are not going to do any such dirty work. One says I am going to be a lawyer, won't that be a snap? Another says I will be a doctor, that would be a snap sure. Another a merchant, that's a snap. Another a telegrapher, that can't miss a snap. Another a school teacher, a capital snap, and on so, but where is all the brain coming from. Either of those pursuits would be more confining than farming after all, and farming must be persisted in.

Another—now boys we have settled down on nothing yet particular, let's go dredging; I don't know so much just about a snap in this, but the money is in it, and we will come back flushed and have a good time. In about from one to four days we see them returning homeward with their dough on their backs toward the old homestead (singing Home Sweet Home) with little or no money to the place they thought was so undesirable. Now young men the kind of snaps you are looking for must be ginger snaps.

Seeing the awful precipice which some are going to so hastily, I can but speak just here and tell them to stop and think a moment; then go to work on the farm and make it pay you, it will do it without so much aspiration for professional pursuits. In our estimation there are no pursuits on "God's green earth" more noble, more honorable, more healthful, more pleasant or more independent than the real interest of farming.

A. B. H.

How Peace Was Received by the Army in Porto Rico.

A day after the fight at Aibonito, Peace laid her detaining hand on the shoulder of each general, and the operations closed for thirty days. Peace came differently to different men. One major of volunteers who had already established his nerve on polo-fields and as a most reckless rider, without a moment's hesitation, threw his hat high in the air and cried, "Thank God! Now I won't get killed." On the other hand, the artillerymen of Battery B of Pennsylvania, when they heard peace had come, swore and hooted and groaned. They were behind a gun pointed at the enemy, who was intrenched to the left of Guayama. The shell was in the chamber, the gunner had aimed the piece and had run backward, but before it spoke, Lieutenant MacLaughlin, of the Signal Corps, galloped upon the scene shrieking, "Cease firing, peace has been declared!" Whereat the men swore.—From "The Porto Rican Campaign," by Richard Harding Davis, in the November Scribner's.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach is disordered, you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alterative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, cures pimples blisters and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at Dr. L. D. Collier's Drug Store. 50 cents per bottle.

Omaha Exposition Closes.

Omaha, Nov. 1. The Exposition closed last night. About 75,000 people passed through the gates yesterday. The enterprise will very likely continue in some form or other next year. The most scheme seems to be to make it a colonial exposition next, in which the products of the new colonies acquired in the Spanish war may be exhibited.

The exposition has proved a financial success. A little less than \$2,000,000 represents the receipts, while the expenses cost about \$1,450,000. This leaves something like \$400,000 surplus to be divided among the stockholders. The total attendance was \$2,025,000.

READERS IN EVERY NATION.

A Magazine That Crosses Every Sea and Occas to Reach its Patrons.

In the November Ladies' Home Journal Edward Bok, under the heading, "Fifteen Years of Mistakes," writes most interestingly of the growth of that magazine. Its circulation, he asserts, is 850,000, and it goes to nearly every civilized country on the globe. The Journal touches every part of the British Isles. Hundreds of copies are sent over the North Sea to Denmark; the Baltic Sea to Russia; the Karan Sea to the islands of Nova Zembla, and the Arctic Ocean to a home at the foot of the Wellerstorff Mountains in Franz Josef Land. Several score of copies cross the Black Sea to Teheran in Persia; go over the Caspian Sea to Zaisan Lake in Eastern Siberia, over the Arabian Sea to Bombay, and across India to Madras on the Bay of Bengal. Other copies cross the Mediterranean Sea to Turkey, the Red Sea to Arabia, and the Arabian Sea to the Ladzhade Islands. Copies touch Morocco on one side of Africa and the Great Sahara Desert to the Island of Madagascar. The North Pacific Ocean is crossed by quite a respectable circulation in itself, to China each month, and through the China Sea to the Island of Borneo, and through the South Pacific Ocean around Cape Horn to the Falkland Islands. In a word, it may be said that the Journal crosses every sea and ocean."

Sleep Was Impossible.

"Hives broke out on my body to such an extent that a full night's sleep was impossible. I determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two bottles I felt that I was entirely cured. I heartily recommend this medicine." Charles S. Lozier, 81 Atlantic St., Hackensack, N. J.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla: 25c.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$600 a year and expenses—definite, bona fide, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$20. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert E. Hess, Pres., Dept. M, Chicago.

OPIUM

and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga. Office 104 N. Pryor St.

Sunshine

Now and then you have the blues. No apparent reason for it. Your liver is the reason, tho'. If it isn't right, your despondency shows it.

PARAGON TEA

removes the impure cause, sweetens the breath and clears coated tongues. 25 cents at druggists.

S. R. COHL & CO., Chemists, Cleveland, O. For Sale at White & Leonard's Drug Store.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Wicomico county that an election will be held in said county on the FIRST TUESDAY after the first Monday in November, 1898, being the

Eighth Day of the Month,

in the several election precincts and districts of said county, for the purpose of electing One Representative from the First Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-sixth Congress of the United States.

The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock a. m. and close at 6 o'clock p. m. The voting places will be as follows:

No. 1, Baron Creek—Thos. Windsor's shop in the town of Mardela Springs.

No. 2, Quantico—At the store formerly occupied by W. T. Phillips in the town of Quantico.

No. 3, Tyaskin—Precinct No. 1, at Knights of Pythias Hall. Precinct No. 2, at vacant dwelling near W. H. Bodsworth's store.

No. 4, Pittsburg—At Red Men's Hall in the town of Pittsville.

No. 5, Parsons—Old engine house on Water street in Salisbury.

No. 6, Dennis—At the house where Minos West resides, in Powellsville.

No. 7, Trappe—At new election house, Walnut Trees.

No. 8, Nutter's—At house on public road nearly opposite residence of W. P. Ward.

No. 9, Salisbury—At E. E. Jackson's store, Main street, Salisbury.

No. 10, Sharptown—At Gravener's Hotel, in Sharptown.

No. 11, Delmar—At Foskey's office in Delmar.

NOTICE TO LIQUOR DEALERS.

It shall be unlawful for any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment, or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any person or persons, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter, give or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors of any kind, on the day of any election hereafter to be held in the several counties of this state; and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be liable to indictment and shall, upon conviction, be fined not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each offense; one half of the fine shall be paid to the informer and the other half to the county commissioners for the use of public roads.

W. J. MORRIS, A. J. BENJAMIN, J. W. WIMBROW, Clerk. S. T. EVANS, Election Supervisors for Wicomico Co.

Weak Men Made Vigorous

PEPPER SODA MUSK VINEGAR

What PEPPER'S NERVIGOR Did!

It acts powerfully and quickly

Cures when all others fail. Young men regain lost manhood; old men recover youthful vigor. Absolutely Guaranteed. No Side Effects. No Irritation. No After Effects. Falling Memory, Wanting Diseases and all effects of self-abuse or excess and intemperance. Wards off insanity and convulsions. Works on the nervous system. A small dose will give you greater strength. Insist on having PEPPER'S NERVIGOR, or send for it. Can be carried in vest pocket. Prepaid, plain wrapper, \$1 per box, or \$6 for 60 boxes. A Written Guarantee.

PEPPER MEDICAL ASSN., Chicago, Ill. Sold by DR. L. D. COLLIER, Salisbury, Md.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a bargain and on easy terms, my two houses and lots on William street, above Poplar Hill Avenue. These properties are nearly new and in first-class condition.

ISAAC N. HEARN, Snow Hill, Md. Or Advertiser office.

FOR RENT.

The house now occupied by L. T. Nichols, in California, will be vacant on November 15th. Terms easy to the right man. For particulars apply to E. P. HUMPHREYS, Crisfield, Md.

FOR RENT.

My dwelling on Main Street, extended, in that part of Salisbury known as California, opposite H. H. Hitch's store. The property is in good condition. A large garden attached.

MRS. LAURA G. DARBY.

FRESH MILK.

Families may be supplied with all the fresh milk, from Clover Hill Dairy, desired daily, by calling at my residence on Broad street.

HUGH J. PHILLIPS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

We hereby give notice to all persons not to trespass on our premises with gun or dog, or take away anything of value, and will prosecute to the full extent of the law anyone disregarding this notice.

ALBION H. PATRICK.

C. J. TAYLOR.

ALLISON JOHNSON.

A. S. TAYLOR.

J. F. RIDER.

G. H. TAYLOR.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

We hereby give notice to all persons not to hunt, trap, fish, gun, nor trespass in any manner on the farm known as "Handy Hall" and the marshes connected therewith. Persons violating the provisions of this notice will be persecuted to the extent of the law.

Salisbury, Md. JOHN B. PARSONS.

Sept. 1st, 1898. L. N. BELL.

WILLIAM S. BELL.

N. B.—The marshes forming a part of this farm comprise all those on the North side of the river, beginning at low water mark at Bitter-Head Point, and extending thence by a point with aid of low water mark to a point on Taylor's Point on the West side of the river.

On the East side of the river, from the mouth of the river to Tony Tank Creek, an island portion of the marsh on the South side of the river beginning at the old Wilson Small wharf, thence to Tony Tank Creek.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Board of Election Supervisors for Wicomico County held Saturday, October 25, 1898, Mr. John Phillips, of Capitol, Md., was appointed Democratic Judge of Election for the Second Precinct of Third Election District in place of Granville Hambury, failed to qualify.

W. J. MORRIS, A. J. BENJAMIN, J. W. WIMBROW, Clerk. S. T. EVANS.

THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED.

We have been in the lumber business for several years and understand it. We are fully equipped to furnish building material—everything necessary for the construction of a house—the framing, weather boarding, flooring, shingles, windows

BITS OF MARYLAND NEWS.

Easton has bought a town clown, at a cost of \$1,000.

Robert N. Wilson of Woodlawn has been granted an original pension.

Marion E. Minor has been appointed postmaster at Claisborne, Talbot county.

A strenuous effort is being made to have a curfew law adopted for Hagerstown.

The receipts of Maryland postoffices during the past year show a gratifying increase.

Say "No" when a dealer offers you a substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is nothing "just as good." Get only Hood's.

The John Perkins Memorial chapel, Cecil county, will be dedicated on November 18th.

Two negroes have been indicted in Allegany county for marrying white girls and for perjury.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a true friend to all suffering with coughs or colds. This reliable remedy never disappoints. It will cure a cold in one day and costs but 25 cts.

Denton is worried over the erection of a water plant, considering the cost, \$12,500, more than the town can afford.

There is prospect of an increase in the tax basis of Garrett, by reason of the settlement of the boundary dispute.

Twenty couples—mostly from Virginia—went to the Hagerstown fair while it was being held and were married.

The Elkton Methodists have invited the Rev. Thomas E. Terry of Bridgeville, Del., to become their pastor.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by R. K. Truitt & Sons, Salisbury, Md.

The chestnut crop in Garrett county this year distributed more money than the hay, potato or corn crops.

A crabber drove ashore and captured a large sea turtle that had found its way into Miles river at St. Michael's.

"For five weeks I lived on cold water, so to speak," writes a man who suffered terribly from indigestion.

He could hardly keep anything on his stomach. What stayed, wasn't properly digested and gave him terrible pangs.

This is not an uncommon case. Dyspeptics don't get enough nourishment. They are generally thin and weak.

They may eat enough, but they don't digest enough. Much of what they eat turns into poison. If this keeps on there's no telling what disease they may get next.

That's why it is best to take Shaker Digestive Cordial, as soon as symptoms of indigestion appear.

It cures all the evils of indigestion, and prevents the evils which indigestion causes.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

George Bishop, a painter of Cumberland, fell 83 feet from a smoke stack. He was badly injured, but will recover.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by R. K. TRUITT & SONS, druggists, Salisbury, Md.

Samuel B. Chance residing at Centreville, was seriously injured on Monday by being kicked by a horse.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleaning, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a constipated condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all druggists.

The Postoffice Department has ordered the experimental establishment of a postoffice wagon at Westminster, Carroll county, to travel over a given route in the rural districts and collect mail from boxes provided for the purpose. The idea is to extend better facilities to the farmers.

Catarrh Can Be Cured

By eradicating from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh, promptly and permanently, because it strikes at the root of the trouble.

The rich, pure blood which it makes circulating through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection.

At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens, invigorates and energizes the whole system and makes the debilitated victim of catarrh feel that new life has been imparted.

Do not daily with snuffs, inhalants, or other local applications, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure catarrh absolutely and surely by removing the causes which produce it.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will cure croup and whooping-cough. No danger to the child when this wonderful medicine is used in time. Mothers, always keep a bottle on hand.

The wedding of Alexander Cochran and Miss Theodora Cecilia McCauley will take place at Galena tomorrow.

An Old Idea.

Every day strengthens the belief of eminent physicians that impure blood is the cause of the majority of our diseases. Twenty-five years ago this theory was used as a basis for the formula of Brown's Iron Bitters. The many remarkable cures effected by this famous old household remedy are sufficient to prove that the theory is correct. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

The commission completed their work of placing markers on the Antietam battlefield to show positions of American of Maryland troops.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures all wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty cents a bottle.

Thomas A. Kennard, residing near Willoughby's in Queen Anne's county, exhibited six sweet potatoes which weighed fourteen pounds.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Erups, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. D. COLLIER, druggist, Salisbury, Md.

The syndicate formed to buy up land in Cecil county, on which gold has been discovered, is still making purchases and has now invested \$20,000 in the enterprise.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by R. K. Truitt & Sons, Salisbury, Md.

State Pathologist C. O. Townsend, has found several interesting cases of San Jose scale in Washington. He will now begin a series of experiments on the Eastern Shore.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Druggists, Salisbury, Md.

Representatives of Judge McComas in the directorate of the Hagerstown Herald, the Republican organ of Washington county, have been voted out and friends of Judge Stake voted in.

A Great Opportunity.

We give away, absolutely free of cost, for a limited time only, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. P. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, a book of 1008 large pages, profusely illustrated, bound in strong paper covers to any one sending 21 cents in one cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Over 680,000 copies of this complete family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of \$1.50. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A. N. Johnson is conducting certain road investigations in the Highway Division of the Maryland Geological Survey, and has been in Somerset county taking observations of the roads and the methods of conducting them. A report of his investigations throughout the state will be made to the next Legislature.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contains Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggist, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. To test it a trial size for 10 cents or the large, for 50 cents, is mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York. Druggists keep it. A remedy for Nasal Catarrh which is drying or exciting to the diseased membrane should not be used. Cream Balm is recognized as a specific.

LOCAL POINTS.

—Wear Price & Co.'s shoes.

—We buy eggs. J. D. Price & Co.

—Our Hats fit the head. J. D. Price & Co.

—See our Men's \$8.00 Russet Shoes. J. D. Price & Co.

—FARM FOR RENT—Apply to George W. D. Waller, Salisbury, Md.

—Fall styles in hats are now ready at Kennerly & Mitchell's.

—Infants sandals and moccasins just received at Prices.

—Call at Davis & Baker's and examine their line of shoes.

—Ladies call and examine our \$1.50 shoes. Davis & Baker.

—Schley, Hobson, and Dewey Hats sold by Kennerly & Mitchell.

—Shoes and Hats for Tom, Dick and Harry. J. D. Price & Co.

—We are still selling the best harness for the least money. Perdue & Gunby.

—Our \$10.00 carriage harness has no equal. Seeing is believing. Laws Bros.

—You should see the line of new tailor-made wrappers at Birkhead & Carey.

—Come in and behold the greatest shoe store on the peninsula.—J. D. Price & Co.

—Every lady should see the line of ladies muslin underwear at Birkhead & Carey's.

—See Kennerly & Mitchell in their newly remodeled quarters for high art clothing.

—Harness is essential at this time of the year. R. E. Powell & Co. have a large stock.

—Buy your groceries of Davis & Baker and save Money. All goods delivered free.

—FOOT BALLS 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50. Look in White & Leonard's corner window.

—Call up No. 26 and leave your order for coal with the Farmers' & Planters' Company.

—Maryland my Maryland rawhide carriage whips for 50 cents. They can be had only at Laws Brothers.

—Mrs. Bergen is showing the largest, handsomest, and cheapest assortment of millinery ever shown in Salisbury.

—FOR SALE—One pair of fine young mules; well broken; weight about 2100 pounds. Apply to L. E. Williams & Co.

—FOUND—An assortment of bed blankets that we are selling at astonishingly low prices. Laws Brothers.

—Any order for Fancy Work, either in or out of town, will be promptly attended to by MISS JULIA DASHIELL.

—A BARGAIN—We have a few carriages that were slightly damaged by fire that must be sold. Perdue & Gunby, Salisbury, Md.

—You get no gloss or shine when you send to the Star Laundry. Old goods made to look new. Kennerly & Mitchell, agents.

—Every customer buying goods to the amount of one dollar on opening days at Bergen's gets a beautiful present.

—Our \$2.00 Shoes for ladies are unequalled, sent post paid to any part of the United States upon receipt of \$2.00 J. D. Price & Co.

—We will sell at a bargain a small number of carriages that were slightly damaged when our warehouse was destroyed by fire. Call and examine them. Perdue & Gunby.

—WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$900 a year, and expenses—dental, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres't Dept. M, Chicago.

—Lacy Thoroughgood has had Bucks and Kids, Goats and Horses, Hogs and Sheep, Lambs and Reindeer, Dogs and Calves by the dozen, standing around for several years, raising gloves for him and now Thoroughgood is selling the gloves for almost nothing, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

—Caleb West and Penelope's Progress are named in the Bookman for August as the two best selling books of the month. The statement is credible, for no more wholesome and entertaining stories have been published for many a day. White & Leonard have them for sale at reduced price.

—THERE ARE A GREAT MANY SORTS OF TIES—Family ties, ties of friendship, railroad ties, on the B. C. & A., novelties and adver-ties. To advertise Thoroughgood's novelties in Neck-ties he'll open today his Christmas neckwear and if he sells them all out he'll buy more. There are puffs in hot colors, loud patterns, gentle patterns, quilt patterns, black silk, black satin, white silk, white satin, dark colors, light colors. Lots of em', cheap to—25c. for 50 cent ones and tie worth \$1.00 for \$1.00, and every tie has Lacy Thoroughgood's name on it as usual.

COAL PROBLEM.

We have now filled up our large coal bins with an immense stock of the best **WHITE ASH FREE-BURNING COAL** which we must by some liberal means put in your cellar quick in order to make room for several hundred tons balance of a large deal recently made and is now being loaded on several schooners, and only gives us short time to solve the problem, which will undoubtedly result in your saving by getting our very low price on prompt delivery. Call and inspect our stock. Your order by mail or 'phone 26 will bring you coal promptly.

FARMERS' & PLANTERS' CO., Glen Perdue, Mgr.

HARPER & TAYLOR,
LEADING....
JEWELERS.

All Goods Guaranteed. Eyes Examined Free.

WATCHES SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, \$3. Our Prices Lowest, Goods the Best.

WARM YOUR FEET

—BY OUR

WILLIAM PENN
HARD, FREE BURNING, WHITE ASH
COAL

This coal is received by us direct from the mines by rail and is clean and free from dirt and slate. There is no such coal in Salisbury. Prices all right. Ring up 'phone 39 and have us deliver you a load of WOOD.

Salisbury Lime & Coal Co.,
ISAAC L. PRICE, Manager.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. W. JEFF STATION.

Wm. B. Tilghman & Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers in
ALL KINDS OF FERTILIZING MATERIALS

We take pleasure in again offering to the fall trade our
"Bone Tankage Mixture" for wheat
"Our Fish Mixture" and
"Mixture B" and other grades.

The high standard of quality will be maintained, and for the present crop and the permanent improvement of the soil, their past record will attest.

Special Mixtures made to order.
Florida Shingles a Specialty.

"BEST"
"KEYSTONE"
"GOOD LUCK"
FLOUR

FROM ONE OF THE BEST<

THE SALISBURY ADVERTISER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
ALISBURY, WICOMICO CO., MD.
OFFICE OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Thos. Perry,
Editor & Proprietor.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of one dollar per inch for the first insertion and fifty cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Local Notices ten cents a line for the first insertion and five cents for each additional insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free when not exceeding six lines. Obituary Notices five cents a line.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single Copy, three cents.

Post OFFICE AT SALISBURY, MD.,

November 21st, 1887.

I hereby certify the SALISBURY ADVERTISER, a newspaper published at this place, has been determined by the First Assistant Postmaster-General to be a publication entitled to admission in the mails at the postage rate of postage, and entry of it as such is accordingly made upon the books of this office. Valid while the character of the publication remains unchanged.

E. S. ADKINS, Postmaster.



Democratic Ticket.

For Representative in Congress from the First Congressional District of Maryland

Hon. John Walter Smith,
Of Worcester County.

—Will the man who is circulating the report that Col. John Walter Smith is opposed to pensions for our deserving veterans come from under cover and let the public see him? We guess not. No politician, no matter how cheap, would be willing to face his fellow-citizens as the responsible author of this untruth.

Col. Smith said in his Opera House speech here, and in his speeches at Snow Hill and elsewhere, that he is opposed to pensions for the undeserving—those who never did their country a service—but that the government owed to the brave men who had been to the front as defenders of their country's honor and the people's liberties liberal pensions.

We beg to remind all honest citizens that Col. Smith's position here is right, as it is on questions of legislation generally.

Send Col. Smith to Congress and no deserving soldier will be deprived of his pension with Col. Smith's consent.

In this week's issue we print the official ballot for this Congressional district. Democrats are interested in only one of these tickets, the second from the left, under the emblem Jackson and Liberty. Democrats put your cross mark to the right of this emblem and you will have cast your ballot for Col. John. Walter Smith and you know what that means. Col. Smith stated in his speech in the Court House last Saturday that he was in favor of bimetallism, opposed to the maintaining of standing armies and for this, opposed to our taking the Philippine Island. He favored giving Cuba an opportunity to make a choice of government, that is, whether independence or annexation.

The Porto Rican question is settled. He favored pensions to the deserving but opposed conditions that made the list of deserving any larger—that is large standing armies, to keep down rebellion in the half civilized Philippines.

Every democrat should feel it his duty not only to vote but to see that his neighbor has a way to get to the polls to vote if his neighbor's vote will be for Col. Smith. The people of this county are taking a great deal of interest in this matter and they should. Let us

remember that we are to have a State election next year. The First Congressional district should give her old time majority; Wicomico should give her old time majority. If Wicomico should not, what will her neighbors say? We have the necessary vote registered to give us the usual majority and the people are united. Let every democrat do his duty and the result will be satisfactory.

Negro Domination.

The Baltimore Sun of last Tuesday in discussing the threatened revolution in North Carolina by the whites to put down negro domination says:

It is most earnestly to be hoped that law and order will not suffer at the approaching election, but, if there should be outbreaks of violence, who will be logically to blame but the republican party? Its doctrines, its leaders and its followers have created a condition of legalized anarchy in North Carolina, and either ruin or revolution is the inevitable result. It has come to be the question of the establishment of a second San Domingo or the re-establishment of the rule of the white man. The republican party, while constantly congratulating itself upon being the party of progress and enlightenment, has identified itself in the south with all that is most unprogressive and unenlightened. It represents in that section, at least, the triumph of ignorance, and figures as the obstinate champion of barbarism and the opponent of white civilization. If it persists in its efforts to elevate the colored race at the expense of the white in the south, and to ride with the forces of ignorance as against the higher forces of civilization, it must inevitably alienate thousands of its friends in other sections of the country as it has already done in North Carolina. The fact that it continues to pose in this campaign as the friend of sound money cannot, like charity, cover a multitude of sins. Sound money is indispensable to commercial health and prosperity, but there are some things even more important and valuable than money, whether sound or unsound.

Even on the financial question people be justified in asking themselves how far the republican party has the right to the exclusive title of the sound money party. So far, we have had many promises, but no performances. But granting that its professions are sincere and its intentions honest on this head it should understand that that single virtue cannot outweigh all other shortcomings. If it is to identify itself, as in North Carolina, with the domination of the lowest and most ignorant classes of the population, it has no right to claim to be the especial representative of progress and civilization, and it cannot expect to retain the confidence of the American people by an appeal to mere financial interests while sacrificing in the Southern States all that is dearest to American manhood and self-respect.

The Baltimore Sun on Senator Wellington.

In his speech at Crisfield last Friday evening, Senator Wellington said:

"Since the incoming of the republican administration the Dingley tariff bill has become a law. Under its operation prosperity has returned to the country. The treasury which was well nigh empty, notwithstanding the issue of \$250,000,000 bonds in time of profound peace, is now well filled with gold coin as the result of protective tariff, which has given a larger increase than was necessary to defray governmental expenses in time of peace. It has rehabilitated American industry and given employment to idle labor."

We are ready to admit that the Dingley bill caused a great wheat crop to grow in the United States last year and caused a small wheat crop to grow in the rest of the world and so produced a high market price for our wheat. This statement has been made so frequently that people have come to accept it as a fact. There are, however, some official figures that are worth reverting to in connection with Senator Wellington's other remarks. Take his assertion, for instance, that when the present administration went in the treasury of the United States was well nigh empty and in effect it was repleted by the Dingley bill. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1897, three months after Mr. McKinley was inaugurated, shows that upon that date the total available cash in the treasury was \$28,296,424.28. This was in addition to the hundred million gold reserve. That does not appear to be "well nigh empty." "The treasury is now well fixed," continued Mr. Wellington, "with gold coin as a result of a protective tariff." The official figures will show to Mr. Wellington's satisfaction an almost constant monthly deficit from the Dingley bill until the war tax bill was passed and the war bonds issued. The July report showed that up to that time \$79,000,000 of the war loan had passed into the treasury, and that including the receipts from the war tax there was a deficiency in July of about a million dollars a day. The receipts from customs under the Wilson bill in 1897 were \$176,554,136.05, while for the year ended June 30, 1898, nearly a full year of the Dingley bill, they were \$149,819,594.25.

The republican orators should not claim too much from the Dingley bill. We are willing to concede that it made the wheat grow, but can follow Senator Wellington on that line no further.

Oehm's Acme Hall.

Straightforward

Merchandizing

The onward march of apparently progressive merchants, seems to tend rather to exaggeration than to consistent truth in their announcements. We are not in sympathy with such methods, and as the recognized leaders in fashions styles, quality and reasonable prices, we feel that our reputation, not of yesterday, but of years must count.

So in the following, we will strive to illustrate this.

IN MEN'S CLOTHING

We have suits in Black and Blue Cheviot and Fancy Cheviot and Mixtures that are lined with satin yoke and worsted body; they're made with skill; the cut is right to date in style; the sewing, inside and out, is as it should be; and, altogether these Suits are worth every cent of \$10. But if they were worth fifteen or twenty we'd not hesitate to sell them for that. However, we court comparison with any other \$10 Suit, and cheerfully abide by your decision.

IN MEN'S SHIRTS.

The realization of getting a worthy Shirt under a dollar is what we have accomplished in our Full Dress Shirt at 79c. When we say that these Shirts hand-laundered and finished, have nine-inch bosoms of splendid linen, and that they're open back and front, we mean just that. Fact is that the usual \$1.25 Shirt is but a fair comparison with these of ours at 79c.

IN MEN'S HATS.

Some people prefer to spend five dollars for a Hat. The extra two dollars is for the maker's name. What's left—\$8—is the real Hat value.

If "Oehm" is a good enough name for you, you'll get a Hat as good as the best here for \$8. If you're careless and apt to need a new Hat often, our \$2 Hat is well worth the price.

When you're in Baltimore, make Oehm's Acme Hall your headquarters. Ladies' Waiting, Retiring, and Writing-Rooms; Men's Smoking and Waiting Rooms Free, not matter whether you're a customer or not; meet your friends at Oehm's. Parcels checked free, and every accommodation and comfort is cordially extended to you.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

Baltimore & Charles Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

All Car Lines Pass Our Door.



WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY

STRONG AGAIN! Sex-i-me Oills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicose, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion easy, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and lesions are checked speedily. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition is ten times worse than before. Mailed sealed. Price 10¢ per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

For sale at WHITE & LEONARD'S Drug Store.

Brightest and Best
OIL HEATERS

are clean and odorless. The No. 80 B. & B. Oil Heater, with pail, \$5. No. 60 B. & B. Oil Heater, no pail, \$4.50. Will burn 10 to 12 hours and heat comfortably, in cold weather, a room 15 to 20 feet square.

THE "TRAMP"

Air-Tight Heater is a good large stove for little money. No. 28 Tramp, with steel body, for large room, with the pipe, Price \$4.50.

THE MONITOR.

A round air-tight heater very desirable for small room, steel body, with pipe. Price \$3.25.

"WILSON"

Air-Tight Heaters, all sizes. No. 40 with pipe—price \$4.

COOK STOVES AND RANGES.

L. W. GUNBY,

Mammoth Hardware and Machinery Store
SALISBURY, MD.

Stoves, Heaters & Ranges

for wood or coal. Our stock of stoves for this season is composed of the most reliable makes on the market. Among them is the celebrated "GRAND TIMES." This stove has stood the test of years, and its improvements have kept pace with the public demands. Fitted with Shaking and Dumping or Basket Grate; Nickel Knobs and Name Plate, Ventilating Registers in Oven Doors, Two Sliding or One Swing Front Door, complete with Thirty-Two Pieces of Trimmings for... \$16.00



Dorman & Smyth Hardware Co.

Ladies' Coats and Capes



Tailored after the latest models it will be no trouble to give a perfect fit. Its the advantage we have in buying is why we can give you better values than our competitors

GIRLS' STYLISH BOUCLE JACKETS

Ladies' coats, double breasted, tailored in tight artistic manner, at \$5; to match this elsewhere it costs you \$6; its here.

Four special styles of Ladies' Plush Capes, fancy or plain lined, \$3.

Special Russian blouse Coats, imported black cheviot, tailor made, two rows braid front, braid ornaments, at \$9, \$9.50, \$10.50.

We call your special attention to our Furniture and Carpet novelties. Fine Brussels from 50c the yard up; fine Ingrain Carpet at 19c, 25c, 28c and 30c the yard upwards. Call early.

Ladies' Capes, six special styles, full sweep, new effects, \$1.25.

Ladies who have an idea of paying about \$8 should see this coat, box front, half rolling storm collar.

Here's a handsome coat, fine black Cheviot, half rolling collar, two rows of braid back and front, braid ornaments, our price \$6.50.

BIRCKHEAD & CAREY,
Main Street, Salisbury, Md.

Local Department.

—See this week's Truth and its fine color pictures. Newsdealers have it.

—Misses Sallie and Mary Tsoedine spent last week with friends in Baltimore.

—Mr. S. H. Morris wants an apprentice to learn the millinery trade. Call at his store.

—Mrs. S. Q. Johnson returned Saturday from a visit to Mrs. Samuel Sterling, Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cannon are spending two weeks with relatives and friends in Delaware.

—Miss Mary Wilson of Princess Anne spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday with Miss Mary Lee White.

—Communion service at the M. P. church Sunday morning. Subject at night, "The Gin Mill; Its Products and who responsible."

—Rev. Dr. J. W. McIlvain of Baltimore will preach in the Wicomico Presbyterian church tomorrow (Sunday) morning at 11 o'clock.

—Messrs. Harper & Taylor put in repair and set in motion again this week the clock in the Court House tower, which had been silent for some days.

—Elder A. B. Francis will preach at Rewastico, Tuesday, November 8th; Mardela, 3 p. m. same day; and at Salisbury on Wednesday the 9th, at 2.30 p. m.

—Miss Katie Todd's friends gave her a surprise party Hallowe'en. All the ancient and modern Hallowe'en tricks were put to the test, and a very agreeable evening was spent.

—A carrier pigeon alighted in the yard of Mr. W. J. White on William street a few days ago. The exhausted bird lived only a short time. On one leg was a nickel ring marked "K. 586."

—The gross receipts of the Salisbury post-office for the last fiscal year were \$7,894. For the previous fiscal year the receipts were \$6,594. The gross receipts of this office are now the largest on the Eastern Shore.

—Mr. Marion Leonard has purchased through S. P. Woodcock & Co., Mr. A. Mr. Phillips' brick building on Main street. Mr. Leonard will use the first floor for a grocery store and rent the residence portion to a good tenant.

—Mrs. A. M. Covington, who has been conducting a boarding house in one of Jackson's flats on Main Street, has sold out to Mrs. Thad. Dove, and moved to Philadelphia, where she will open a boarding house at 616 North 43d street, and keep a home open for her sons who live there.

—Mr. Huston Ruark, who has been book-keeper for the Dorman & Smyth Hardware Co., is now acting in that capacity for the Salisbury Shirt Company, Mr. H. Lee Powell having resigned. Mr. Allen, son of the late Wm. F. Allen, of Allen, this county, is book-keeper for the Dorman & Smyth Company.

—Miss Edith L. Porter, daughter of Mr. L. A. Porter of Salisbury, Md., was married Monday evening, October 31st, at half after eight at the parsonage of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Philadelphia by the Rev. Wm. J. Cambran, D. D. to Mr. Robert W. Emery of Philadelphia. The best man was Mr. Geo. Bryan of Philadelphia. The brides-maid was Miss Sadie Bradley of Baltimore. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white organdie over blue taffeta silk, and carried chrysanthemums tied with blue taffeta ribbon. The dress of the bridesmaid was of mousseline de sole over blue taffeta and carried white chrysanthemums. The wedding was a quite one. Mr. and Mrs. Emery will reside at 1525 Jackson Street, Philadelphia.

—Mr. D. L. Parsons, First Sergeant of Company L, Twenty-Third United States Infantry, is a guest of his people of this county. Mr. Parsons was stationed with his company at Manila and saw the surrender of that post to the Americans August 18th. He came into personal contact with Admiral Dewey, and reverences that famous naval commander. Mr. Parsons was honorably discharged from the service before starting home, having served three years. After spending a few weeks with his friends he expects to repair to San Francisco and re-enter the army. Mr. Parsons is an intelligent and wide-awake young man, and sees things very much as they are. He has a very poor opinion of the climate of the Philippines.

Parsons Set This Time.

Clarence Parsons, the youthful freebooter, who broke jail Saturday, October 16th, and with his Pal, Sheldon, made his escape, has been found and put under lock again. Sheriff Dashiel received word last Saturday that Parsons had gone to the House of Refuge near Baltimore, and asked to be admitted as an inmate. He went on this wrek and identified his prisoner and had him committed to the Baltimore City Jail, to remain till the March term of court in the Spring. Sheriff Dashiel says Parsons was very communicative and disposed to tell anything he knew, both about the escape and the offense he is accused of. Parsons says that he worked the lock of the iron grate door with a shoe buttoner and showed the article that did the work. He had first planned his escape on Thursday, but before the lock was unfastened, Mr. Dashiel came up. When he had escaped he immediately left the neighborhood of Salisbury, and went to Pittsburg district where he remained Saturday night. From there he went to the D. M. & V. railroad and beat his way to Baltimore. Sheldon accompanied him that far. He declines to state much about Sheldon.

When he reached Baltimore, he asked to be admitted to the House of Refuge, and was re-admitted, but when the authorities learned all the facts, they notified the Sheriff here and he went and took charge of the prisoner and had him committed to the Baltimore City Jail, where he now rests from his labors.

Notice.

The Holy Eucharist will be offered, (D. V.), in Saint Philip's Chapel, Quantico, on Sunday morning next, at 8.30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

At 11 A. M. of the same day, the Holy Eucharist will again be offered, in Saint Mary's Chapel, Tyaskin. Evening Prayer at Quantico, at 7 P. M.

FRANKLIN B. ADKINS, Rector of Stepney and Spring Hill Parishes.

Messrs. G. E. Sirman & Sons of this city are manufacturing a liniment which is growing in popularity. Those who have given it a trial are convinced of its superior merits and keep a quantity of it in their homes for cases of emergency. It heals burns, scalds, sprains, chapped hands, cuts, bruises, sore throat, sore chest, rheumatism, etc and is good for local injuries to horses.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every household. It is the best remedy for cough or cold, and is especially recommended for that grippe cough. Price 25 cts.

R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Salisbury, Md.

A LITTLE BOY FROM PHILADELPHIA

was taken out into the country last summer by his fond mama to help her spend a few weeks sponging on her country relatives in return for their unwelcome visit of the winter before. He soon found out that it was fun to go out and hunt hen's eggs in the big hay mow, and it got to be his regular business to get onto the lay of the hens. One morning somebody got ahead of him, and when he went out to hunt eggs he couldn't find a one. He came back to the house with a long face and remarked "I couldn't find a darned egg, and there were a whole lot of lazy hens standing around doing nothing." He didn't realize that they were raising feathers to make beds. Lacy Thoroughgood has had a whole lot of lazy old things apparently standing around doing nothing. But while it wasn't noticeable to passers-by, they were raising gloves for Thoroughgood. Lacy Thoroughgood has had Bucks and Kids, goats and horses, hogs and sheep, lambs and reindeer, dogs and calves, by the dozen standing around raising gloves for him, and today the gloves are for sale at Thoroughgood's store, the working gloves made of hog hide are lined and unlined, the driving gloves made of dog skin and reindeer are lined and unlined, the street gloves lined and silk-lined, the dress gloves made of kid unlined and silk-lined. The prices on these gloves are 25c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1.00, and \$1.25. When you want a pair of gloves remember this story—but still it's the truth.

Lacy Thoroughgood,

The Fair-Dealing Clothier,

SALISBURY, MD.



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company —

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED eve y. where for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific, with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manilla, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manilla. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago. 24

FOR RENT.

The House, Lot, and Stables on Broad street, next door to Presbyterian Church, for the year 1899.

Apply to L. P. HUMPHREYS.

A GRAPHOPHONE

for everybody. Why not have a perfect talk, singing, and laughing machine, when one can be bought for \$10. We have them in stock ranging in price from \$10 to \$50. Records 50 cents each, or \$5 per dozen. We would be pleased to have you call and examine them.

R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Salisbury, Md.

BERGEN'S

BERGEN'S

YOU

want to know how we can sell cheaper than other stores:

Because we buy for Cash,
Because we buy in large lots,
Because we know where to buy.

AND

that is the reason why we are generally known to be the
CHEAPEST STORE IN SALISBURY.

Dress Goods. Dress Goods. Dress Goods.

25 Pieces of Double fold bright, pretty styles, Cassimere finish, your choice.....	10c
25 pieces of all-wool Suitings, 36 inches wide, all colors, the kind that other stores sell for 25 and 30 cents.....	19c
10 pieces of Beautiful all-wool Brocaded Satin Berber, the regular 50 cent goods, for.....	29c
38-inch all-wool Broadcloth, in all colors and black, all you want for.....	25c
50-inch all-wool Imported Covert Cloth in all of the new and desirable colorings. Regular 50 and 60c goods.....	43c
60-inch Navy Blue Storm Serge. Just think, nearly one and one-half yards wide for.....	33c

BLACK DRESS GOODS

38-inch Black Mohair Brilliantine for 29c.
38-inch Black Figured Mohair, for 25 cts.
38 inch Black All wool Serge, for 25 cts.
38-inch Black All-wool Henrietta, 33 cts.
50-inch Black All-wool Storm Serge, 33c.

One hundred Choice Dress Patterns reduced from \$1.00, for 69 cents.

WE ARE

THE FASHION CENTRE FOR THE LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS AND BONNETS, COATS AND CAPEs.

BERGEN, THE PRICE CUTTER.

October Dress Goods.

This is the month when our lady friends come to select the beauties in Fall Dresses. We prepared for the occasion more lavishly than ever and classify a few lines for your inspection and selection.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

The best sorts from every class are here, from the best makers on both sides of the Ocean. The fabrics we show are proven by the test of years—all are of the thoroughly worthy kind in quality, coloring, in beauty of weave and lustrous finish. In Novelties we have some light weight; others heavy. The dainty Grenadiers hint of exquisite possibilities in the conjuring of evening or street gowns. More elaborate elegance is perhaps found in the silk and wool crepones, the Poplins, the Velvet Bayaderes and other handsome fabrics.

Another section holds the more staple Black Goods—American and imported Cheviots, in close to a hundred varieties figured Mohairs and Armures, and

Granite Cloths and various other all-wool figured stuffs, at prices ranging from 35 to \$2.00 a yard.

Also Serges, Henriettes, Crepe Cloths Melrose, Cashmere, Camel's-hair, plain Mohairs, Mohair Sicilians, Whipsords, Venetians, Prunelle, Drepes and Veil.

A broad and comprehensive gathering of Black Goods.

PLAIN DRESS GOODS.

You should see this bright gathering of plaid prettiness. Plaids for waists and dresses. Bright Tartan plaids in cloths and poplins. A hundred styles in all. And a hint—the tailors have discovered the making of smart costumes of plaids this season. They'll be in evidence very soon in tailor-made dresses. Price from 25c. up to \$1.50.

These departments of our business have never been so well handled as this season. Everything that the Millinery art can produce is here in profusion. The new shapes in Hats and Bonnets, the new colors in Ribbons Flowers and Feathers. For the accommodation of our ladies we have the Coats and Capes next to our Millinery department, and we cannot attempt to enumerate them here—suffice to say we can please you in any style Cape or collarette you want.

FALL MILLINERY COATS

The display of Shoes for men, women and children show this season in the some of elegance and good quality. The goods are from the best manufacturers and their style and goodness of wear cannot be excelled. Our Tailoring and overcoats are likewise from the best tailoring establishments in the country. All these goods were bought right and will be sold to you at prices that will save you money.

SHOES

AND

CLOTHING

FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR.

The kind that wear—from the best mills, of the best weaves and at the best prices. These goods are for Men, Women and Children and of as many grades as there are different sizes of pocket books—but all first class goods. Ask to see our Fall Hosiery and Gloves.

R. E. POWELL & CO.

Main St. SALISBURY, MD., Church St.

"A LASS AM I."

A lass am I, and I wait my day.
Some 'twill be nay, but to one 'twill be yes.
When the time comes, I shall know what to say.
The winter goes, and the warm wind blows,
And who shall keep the color from the red,
red rose?

A lass am I, neither high nor low.
My heart is mine now, but I'd have the world
know.
When the wind's right, away it will go.
The brook sings below, and the birds sing
above,
And sweetest in between sings the lover to his
love.—John Vance Cheney in Century.

A DOCTOR'S OFFER.

There was once a learned doctor who had studied long and hard, but in Cucugnano, where he had settled, no one had faith in him. Meeting him always with a book in his hand, the Cucugnanos said:

"That doctor knows nothing—he is always studying. If he studies so much, it means he has need to learn; if he needs to learn, it means he does not know; if he does not know, he is an ignoramus."

A doctor without patients is like a lamp without oil. Without other resources, forced therefore to earn a living by hook or by crook, up to this time the poor devil had not been able to pay even for the water he drank. He decided there would have to be a change, so one day he managed to spread abroad through all Cucugnano the report that his science was so sublime and all powerful that not only could he heal the sick—mere child's play—but raise the dead as well; a miracle of God, surely. And this miracle he promised to perform openly in broad day in the graveyard amid the multitude.

Few gave credence to the report, yet even the incredulous said: "We will let him attempt it anyhow. Let's see him at work—the proof of the pudding is the eating. He may succeed—he reads so much, and nowadays such wonderful discoveries are being made. If he succeeds, we will applaud him; if not, we will hiss him out of the countryside. Let him bring a man to life again and we will say he is the cleverest doctor we have ever had."

Finally it was settled that on the following Sunday, at the stroke of noon in the cemetery of Cucugnano the doctor would raise a man from the dead—nine or ten, some old women went so far as to say.

That Sunday, long before noon, the graveyard was as jammed as is the church on Holy Easter day. True to his word, on the second stroke of the bell appeared the doctor, all in black. He elbowed his way to the steps of the central cross. There he saluted the crowd, spat on the ground, blew his nose and began:

"My dear friends, I have promised to bring one of your dead back to life. I intend to keep my word. Be silent and hearken to me. It will cost me absolutely no effort to raise from the tomb Giacomo or Giovanni, Nannini or Betta, Amadeo or Simone. Shall I raise Simone? Simone—what was his last name? Simone Caspanaro, who died of pleurisy a year ago?"

"Excuse me, signor dottore," said Caterina, poor Simone's widow. "Certainly he was a fine fellow. He made me very happy, and I will mourn him as long as I have eyes for tears. But, pray, do not bring him back; for you see, toward the end of the month I'm to put off mourning, and, to please my family, I'm to marry Pasqualino. The banns are already published, and I've accepted the presents."

"You did well to tell me, Caterina. Then I will raise Nina Carota, who died Candlemas day."

"For heaven's sake, signor dottore!" cried Giacomo Carota. "Nina was my wife; we lived together ten years—ten years of purgatory, as all Cucugnano knows. Let her stay where she is, for her rest and mine. What a poppy temper, doctor! Obstinate as a mule, lazy and quarrelsome and slovenly and ragged! And that is not all. Wasteful, and a tongue—a viper's tongue—that would have set St. Joseph to quarreling with the Madonna. I might add—But that's better left unsaid."

"Yet, my dear fellow"—
Excuse me for interrupting, signor dottore. A new broom sweeps clean. Nina left me three brats, who certainly do not take after their father, and as I could not handle them all I have married again; so you see it is useless."

"Well and good. I can conceive it would be martyrdom to have two wives in the house. One is more than enough sometimes. Then whom shall I restore to you, my dear people? I must find some one. How about Master Pietro?"

"Ah, my poor father!" cried a voice. "May God rest his soul. A good man was he. But don't bring him back, pray, doctor. He who wished so much to see us a united family would be heartbroken to find our affairs in such a muddle. After a dozen lawsuits the six of us—four sons and two daughters—have finally divided the property into six little strips. Each of us has a swarm of children, each of us has to shift for himself. There is not one of us who has anything to spare."

"So it cannot be?"

"No. If you should bring him back, we would have to make up a little income for him among us all. Only the times are so hard, doctor, you know. The silkworms don't hatch well, nor

spin when they do; the vines are diseased, the grain is thin, the olives are wormy, there is no rain, the taxes are heavy!"

"Enough, we will let Master Pietro sleep on. But I have not come here to string beads and to have the crowd gape at me. Tell me whom to raise."

"Ghita—bring back Ghita, my Ghita," cried a poor old woman, weeping like Mary Magdalene.

"No, no, doctor, do not wake her," interrupted a girl. "Oh, no, pretty creature, it's all well she died. Before she left us she told me all. We dressed her in white and put a wreath on her hair till she looked like a bride. Leave her in holy ground. The man she loved deserted her for some one else."

"Poor Ghita. But you must admit you are making it hard for me. To put an end to it all I will bring back Grinaleto, who choked to death eating codfish not a month ago."

"You must not, you must not," cried Lima Paparero, wringing her hands. "He sold me that vineyard of his on the installment plan. For ten long years I've been paying in hard coin far more than its value, and now would you have me begin all over again? It's not fair, signor dottore."

"What a state of things. But we will let that go. I will now propose one who left to mourn him neither brother nor sister, wife nor parent; one who left only a blessed memory, an example of all the virtues, and his little savings to the hospital—I mean your good priest, who loved you so well, whom you regretted so deeply, who made, you remember, such a dreadful journey to the other world, seeking, poor pilgrim, his Cucugnanos in every corner, even in yawning hell itself, not missing a single one. Shall I restore him to you?"

"No, no," cried various devout members of the flock. "No, no," added Lena Russolina, the mother of the congregation. "He was old, poor man, and deaf as a post, so much so that at confession he always absolved us of sins we had never committed. Leave him in glory, especially since we now have a young and hearty curate. He is as good as a saint, he sings like an organ, he preaches like a seraph, and he swims with the current."

"What's to be done? I'll try some one else. I see over there a little white wooden cross. The harebells seem trying to hide it; the tall grass is almost on a level with it. You can read that that narrow grave holds a 10-months-old baby. True, it seems half a pity to bring the tender soul back to this world to bear—what you have all been bearing. Still, if you wish him raised, say but the word and I will display my power."

"Signor dottore," whispered a wrinkled crone, "that little one is ours, alas! I am the grandmother. My daughter had not yet weaned him. He was just getting his teeth, when suddenly he died. But God took him from us. God's will be done! Now there is another babe at the breast. God knows what he is doing. What he takes with one hand he gives back with the other. My daughter couldn't suckle both, and we are too poor to put him out to nurse."

At this the doctor burst out: "Enough for today, if not too much, indeed! Since you won't have the miracle now, I will perform it on another occasion. Only I beg of you to agree beforehand on the person to be brought to life." And he strode away.

From that memorable Sunday our doctor has done wonders in Cucugnano. It is true he does not raise the dead, but he saves the lives of the sick. The Cucugnanese, now fully trusting him, say, "If he did not fulfill his promise, to tell the truth, it was not his fault—it was ours, for we wished to leave our dead underground."—Translated For Argonaut From the Italian.

Stories of Henry George.

The activity and power of intellect of the late Henry George did not prevent absentmindedness. A writer in The Review of Reviews says that this quality was "the jest of his circle."

Names escaped him. I heard him say to Mr. Dayton, the candidate on his ticket for comptroller and one of the best known men in New York:

"You won't mind it, I hope, if I forget your name. I am so conscious of the danger of getting names wrong that when the need of remembering comes it rattles me, and away the name goes."

He came late to a dinner at the Lotus club, where he was to discuss with some friends the question of his being a candidate in apprehended contingencies. It was raining, and he took from his pocket the slippers with which Mrs. George had insisted on providing him in case he should get his feet wet, and as he put them on he apologized with honest gravity:

"I lost time looking for a man I kept asking after as Kinsella, and it turned out his right name was Moriarity. At least I think that was what he told me it was when I found him."

But there was no absentmindedness when discussion of the business in hand ensued; he was keen and wide awake.

A Last Resort.

"Her father says positively that I can't marry her."

"What are you going to do?"

"There's nothing left now but to ask the girl."—Detroit Free Press.

Entertaining the Copper.

It was a bitter cold night, and a night policeman in Lombard street noticed a light in the bank window, and, going to the door, rapped.

"Is that you, policeman?" asked a voice from within.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Come in and have a drink," said the voice.

The policeman stepped inside and encountered a dapper little fellow sitting at a desk.

"I've been detained tonight straightening up accounts."

The policeman warmed himself at the roasting fire that blazed on the hearth and went out again on his beat. An hour after the policeman came that way and, still seeing the light through the window, rapped again.

"Is that you, policeman?"

"Yes."

"Come in and warm yourself."

The policeman accepted the invitation.

"It's a howling cold night," said the clerk.

"You're right, sir," said the policeman.

So he got another drink and returned to his beat. He was rather surprised next day to find that his friend of the night before had got off with some \$50,000 of the bank's funds.—London Snooness.

An Attack on Sevastopol.

From where I was stationed I could see the dense masses of the attacking columns advance up the slope. Then the torrents of grape which met them would obscure their ranks for a moment and hardly a man would be seen to remain. I at one time saw a body of men many hundreds strong so completely swept away by one discharge that only a few of the rear rank remained when the iron storm went past! The dead and dying could be clearly distinguished lying in piles on the hillside, and over their prostrate bodies fresh troops crowded on to meet the same fate. Many a manly heart and nervous arm went down in the deadly struggle on that green hillside. No valor availed. The cannon's force was greater than the strength of man.

How many ardent hopes were extinguished! How many home circles destroyed and lives rendered miserable by the havoc of that hour none can tell, no more than they can imagine the bodily agony or the grief for home and friends which was there endured! What would be the value of what is called "glory" if weighed on the field of battle among the dead?—Good Words.

Altama or Altamaha?

There can, I suppose, be no doubt that in the lines in "The Deserter Village"—

To distant climes, a dreary scene,

Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps go

Where wild Altama murmurs to their woes—

Goldsmith is alluding to the River Altamaha in Georgia, the colonization of which had taken place not long before.

But his expressions are not very accurate. So far from being torrid in the strict sense of the word, the latitude of the mouth of the Altamaha is more than 81 degrees. No part indeed of the present United States is located within the tropics. But, besides this, although there are certainly rattlesnakes and, I believe, scorpions of a certain species in Georgia, there are no tigers there to "wait their hapless prey," which the poet reckons among the horrors of the region where some of the inhabitants of Auburn have gone.—Notes and Queries.

Snow That Is Alive.

A most curious phenomenon in the northwest of Canada is the appearance of millions of minute black insects whenever a thaw occurs.

During the winter the snow is dry and crisp like sand, and nothing whatever can be discovered of these insects, but as soon as a thaw comes they are found everywhere in large patches, looking like a dusting of soot.

They are generally known as snow fleas or snow lice and have slight hopping powers, being able to leap some three or four inches. They entirely disappear when it freezes again, and not a trace of them can be found.

They do not fall with the snow as there may have been no snow for a month or more before their arrival and are probably analogous to the "red snow" of arctic regions.

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 28, 1896. I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years.

As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household.

It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. SCANTLEBURY.
For sale by R. K. TRUFT & SONS,
druggists, Salisbury, Md.

CASTORIA.

Bear the
Signature
of

Castoria
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Pat H. Fletcher.



Disease is a great and treacherous ocean.

Man ever stands upon its shore and gazes out over its calm surface without a thought of danger. It licks his feet—it advances and recedes almost playfully—but all the same it will crack his bones and eat him, and wipe the crimson foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened, as it has been doing ever since the world began.

A man who carelessly saunters along the shore of the insatiate sea of disease, will some day encounter a great storm in the form of some fatal malady and will be engulfed. Because a man does not have to go to bed when he suffers from a trivial indisposition, because he does not have to give up work when he gets nervous and cannot sleep at night, because he can still force down an unsatisfactory meal when he is suffering from loss of appetite, because by strong effort he can add a column of figures with aching head—is no reason that these disorders are trifling or to be neglected. They are the warnings of serious sickness.

A man who promptly heeds them, and resorts to the right remedy, will speedily recover his usual health. The man who neglects them will find that he is in the grip of consumption, some nervous disorder, or some other dread malady, due to improper or insufficient nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for men and women who suffer in this way. It restores the lost appetite, facilitates the flow of digestive juices, invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood and tones and builds up the nerves. It cures 98 per cent. of all chronic, bronchial, throat and lung affections, and is an unfailing remedy for nervous prostration. Medicine dealers sell it.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD COMPANY

Time table in effect Oct. 6, 1898.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

Leave	ta.m.	p.m.
Baltimore, Pier 8½	8:00	1:15
Queenstown	8:45	9:10
Queensboro	9:45	10:25
Bloomingdale	9:07	8:31
Wye Mills	9:14	8:38
Willoughby	9:24	8:44
D. & C. Junction	9:34	8:51
Queen Anne	9:35	8:53
Downes	9:43	8:59
Tuckahoe	9:46	7:02
Denton	9:54	7:07
Hobbs	10:10	7:16
Hickman	10:18	7:23
Edgewater	10:22	7:27
Greenwood	10:28	7:31
Greenwood	10:36	7:37
Owens	10:53	7:44
Oakley	10:58	7:49
Ellendale	11:15	7:5

CHANGES IN HEAVEN.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF CELESTIAL CITY IMPROVEMENTS.

Great Growth in Population and Increased Knowledge — Perfection Augmented — Always Bright and Joyful.

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WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—All out of the usual line of sermonizing is this story of Dr. Talmage concerning the next world, and it may do good to see things from a novel standpoint. The text is Revelation xxi, 1. "And I saw a new heaven."

The stereotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James' translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose, if we should take the idea of heaven and translate it into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country, the streets standing for the one, and the 12 manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical entertainments—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies; a place of wonderful architecture—behold the temples, a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lash whipped and galled and unblanched and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the book of Revelation describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature—the books open; a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth during the last 50 years has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job and David and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment it is changing and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence, but God's sympathetic heart after awhile overflowed in other creations, and there came all through this vast country of immensely inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side, and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered that he gave it up.

A Vast Population.

That brings me to the first thought of my theme—that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last 100 or 500 or 1,000 years, I remember there are 1,000,000,000 of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into heaven during the last 500 or 1,000 years! If New York should gather in one generation 1,000,000 population, if London should gather in one generation 4,000,000 population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the 500,000,000, the 2,000,000,000, the "multitude that no man can number" that have gone into that city! Of course all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes as straight into heaven as ever the light sped from a star, and that is one reason why heaven will always be fresh and beautiful—the great multitude of children in it. At 500,000,000 children in a country, it will be blessed and lively country.

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory and how the census of heaven just run up! Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit, and that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed and that not more than one person out of 2,000 persons would be really saved. There happened to be about 2,000 people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the 2,000 people in the village would finally reach heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it would be the old deacon. Now, I have not much admiration for a lifeboat which will go out to a ship sinking with 2,000 passengers and get one off safety and let 1,999 go to the bottom. Why, heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth, entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city!

Growth in Knowledge.

Again, I remark that heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man 40 or 50 years to study one science or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophical apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for 40 or 50 years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul and immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy! What must heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Dr. James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into heaven he knew more than ever the science of health, and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian institution into heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy, and that Sir William Hamilton, lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect, and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered heaven, they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

Again, heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it? If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose that they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintanceship and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for 500 or 1,000 years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul, the apostle, were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert MacCheyne and John Summerfield should be added to your earthly circle—but heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city, or a village that has so improved in society in the last 100 years as heaven has improved.

Always Perfect.

But you say, "Hasn't heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes, but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented! It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and he never changes—the same yesterday, today and forever; glorious then and glorious now and glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as heaven has with in the last 70 years, for the most of you within 40 years, within 20 years, with in five years, within one year—in other words, by the accessions from your own household. If heaven were placed in groups—an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels, and then a group of your own glorified kindred—which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparison, but it would not take you long to choose. You would say: "Give me back those whom I loved on earth; let me enter into their society—my parents, my children, my brothers, my sisters. We lived together on earth, let us live together in heaven." Oh, is it not a blessed thought that heaven has been improved by its society—this colonization from earth to heaven?

Again, I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible, it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence, and we see only the secular relation, but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the thrones of God and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world—that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its

allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessing, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place—some one who had recently seen your family and friends—you would rush up to that man and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you, to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life; to find out whether you were in any especial peril, that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news!

A Glorious Day.

But the vivacity and sprightliness of heaven will be beyond all conception when the final victories come in, when the church shall be triumphant everywhere. Oh, what a day in heaven it will be when the last throne of earthly oppression has fallen, when the last chain of servitude is broken, when the last wound of earthly pain is healed, when the last sinner is pardoned, when rather see my mother than to see the archangel.

I do not think it was superstitions when, one Wednesday night, I stood by a deathbed within a few blocks of the church where I preached, and on the same street, and saw one of the aged Christians of the church going into glory. After I had prayed with her I said to her: "We have all loved you very much and will always cherish your memory in the Christian church. You will see my son before I see him, and I wish you would give him our love."

She said, "I will, I will," and in 20 minutes she was in heaven—the last words she ever spoke. It was a swift message to the skies. If you had your choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace in heaven, and sitting on the throne next highest to the throne of God and not seeing your departed loved ones, and on the other hand dwelling in the humblest place in heaven, without crown or throne, and without garland and without scepter, yet having your loved ones around you, you would choose the latter. I say these things because I want you to know it is a domestic heaven, and consequently it is all the time improving. Every one that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day, and heaven, so vastly more of a heaven, a thousand times more of a heaven, than it used to be, will be a better heaven yet. Oh, I say this to intensify your anticipation!

The infant sister that tarried just long enough to absorb your tenderest affection, and all the home circle. When they landed, it was not as you land in Antwerp or Hamburg or Havre, wandering up a strange wharf, looking at strange faces, asking for a strange hotel. They landed amid your glorified relatives, who were waiting to greet them.

No Frozen Splendor.

Oh, does not this bring heaven nearer? Instead of being far off, it comes down just now, and it puts its arms around our necks and we feel its breath on our faces. It melts the frigid splendor of the conventional heaven into a domestic scene. It comes very close to us. If we had our choice in heaven, whom would we first see? Rather than look at the great potentates of heaven we would meet our loved ones. I want to see Moses and Paul and Joshua, but I would a great deal rather see my father, who went away 80 years ago. I want to see the great Bible heroines, Deborah and Hannah and Abigail, but I would rather see my mother than to see the archangel.

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The Jubilee.

I enter heaven one day. It is almost empty. I enter the temples of worship, and there are no worshipers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers. I go into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the baronial halls of heaven, and the great organs of eternity, with multitudinous banks of keys, are closed. But I see a shining one at the gate, as though he were standing on guard, and I say: "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populous city. Has there been some great plague sweeping off the population?" "Have you not heard the news?" says the sentinel.

"There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and all heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the ruins. This is the day for which all other days are made. This is the judgment day! This morning all the chariots, and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I had listened to the sentinel I looked off over the battlements, and I saw that the fields of air were bright with a blazing world. I said, "Yes, yes, this must be the judgment," and while I stood there I heard the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs, and the roaring of many voices, and then I saw the coronets and plumes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the gate, and the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, and a vast multitude of the resurrected bodies of the Christian dead, leaving the cemeteries and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth empty. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that what was fiery judgment day on earth was jubilee in heaven, and I cried: "Doorkeepers of heaven, shut the gates! All heaven has come in! Doorkeepers, shut the 12 gates, lest the sorrows and the woes of earth, like bandits, should some day come up and try to plunder the city!"

Have Three Brooms.

One broom in a house is at least two brooms too few. There is use for at least three brooms every day—the new, pliant broom for the carpet, the partly worn broom for the kitchen and halls, the "Stubby broom" for the woodshed and steps and an occasional brush of the gravel paths. A broom used for the kitchen and wood shed should not be used on the carpet.—Exchange.

Rider Haggard as a Farmer.

Now H. Rider Haggard is telling what he knows about farming, and his knowledge thereon tallies very closely with that of most of those who write and lecture on the subject. It seems that Mr. Haggard has a farm of about 400 acres, and he loses about \$2,000 a year.—Boston Herald.



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tested free of charge.

ALMOST CAME TO BLOWS.

An Incident Illustrative of Chicago Language and Theatrical Tempers.

The other morning there dropped into the gallery of a photographer who has long made a specialty of taking the pictures of theatrical celebrities a big strapping western man who came to see his friend, the photographer. The young woman behind the counter, who knew the caller, had just been reading in a newspaper a savage "roast" of his native city of Chicago. She handed the paper to the westerner to read, expecting to get some retort out of his comments. The Chicagoan was in the midst of his reading, bristling with wrath, when the husband of a well known actress entered the room. A framed portrait of the actress, taken several years ago, stood on an easel in a corner. The husband walked up to the picture, and after contemplating it for a few minutes said:

"My wife is certainly a remarkable woman. That picture was taken all of five years ago, yet she is younger looking and handsomer today than it is."

Just then the westerner finished the Chicago story.

"Well, I don't think," he exclaimed loudly and emphatically, throwing the paper down upon the counter.

"What right have you, sir, to think anything about it?" demanded the actress' husband angrily.

"Who gave you control over my thinker?" retorted the astonished westerner.

"Think what you please to yourself, but you shan't insult my wife, sir," shouted the husband.

"Your wife? Where is she? Are you a lunatic?"

"No, sir, but you are a big bully," cried the husband, dancing with wrath.

The little woman behind the counter, who had been convulsed with laughter, tried to explain the mistake, but the indignant husband refused to listen. Nothing but an apology would satisfy him, and he made a dramatic exit from the gallery, saying that the westerner would "hear from him again." He went home and wrote a letter to the photographer saying that he had been insulted and threatening to withdraw his wife's custom if the apology was not forthcoming. The photographer was obliged to write several letters before he could calm the troubled waters. Meantime the Chicagoan went home, firm in the conviction that he had narrowly escaped biting a crazy man.—New York Sun.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

Nineteen Commandments Which, if Kept, May Insure One Hundred Years.

Sir James Sawyer, a well known physician of Birmingham, England, has been confiding to an audience in that town the secret of longevity. Keep the following 19 commandments, and Sir James sees no reason why you should not live to be 100:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults) Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Keep your temper.

The Savage and the Birdcage.

A gentleman who went out with Stanley to Africa took with him a number of birdcages, in which he hoped to bring back some specimens of the rarer birds of the interior. Owing to the death of his carrier, he was obliged to throw away the birdcages with a number of other articles. These were seized by the natives in great glee, though they did not know what to do with them, but they eventually decided that the small circular cages were a kind of headgear, and, knocking off the bottom, the chiefs strutted about in them with evident pride. One chief, thinking himself more wise than the others and having seen the white men eat at table out of dishes, thought they were receptacles for food and took his meals from one, ceremoniously opening and shutting the door between each mouthful.

Jack Tar at a Christening.

A sailor went up to the font to have his baby baptized. Sailors as a class claim little stock in babies, and, naturally enough, this one presented the infant feet foremost.

"The other way," said the minister, and, accordingly, Jack turned the infant upside down.

"Excuse me," said the clergyman, "I mean the other way." So back came the embryo foretopman to the first position, to the discouragement of everybody.

"Wind it, Jack," said the nautical assistant, and with an "Aye, aye, sir," Jack promptly turned the baby end for end, and it was duly christened head first.—"On a Man-of-war."

Her Fur Cape's First Outing.

An old lady got on a Walnut street car yesterday morning wearing an old fashioned astrakhan fur cape with an immense beaver collar. Evidently, the morning being cool, she had hurriedly taken it from a chest filled with moth balls, for the odor of them was almost unbearable. The car being crowded, she was compelled to stand. Consequently every time she swayed from side to side the tiny glistening particles of insect destroyer that were still in the fur would sprinkle every one near.

Directly the car gave a particularly bad lurch, and something fell from the cape into the lap of a lady near by. That something proved upon a close inspection to be a tiny mouse, not yet able to look about. Following closely came several more sprawling on the floor in their blind helplessness. It did not take over a half minute for every woman in that car to grab her skirts and get on the seats, the overflow taking refuge on the platform.

Meanwhile the innocent cause of all this trouble calmly unfastened her cape and shook out the remains of a nest, which had been snugly built by some motherly mouse in the long fur. The owner of the cape seated herself as calmly as you please and the other women subsided.—Philadelphia Record.

Smoking In New Guinea.

Smoking is common all through the possession, the natives using the wild tobacco leaf, but preferably the manufactured "trade" article when procurable. The pipe, or baubau, is a very different instrument from that in use among white people and is far more economical. It is usually a piece of bamboo, from one foot to two feet long and over an inch in diameter, one end being partially open, the other closed by being cut off close to the joint. Near the closed end is a small hole, like the aperture of a flute. Into this the native places his tobacco, which is rolled up in the leaf of a particular tree—or in paper if procurable—lights it and draws at the open end of the pipe until it is filled with smoke. He takes a few whiffs, and then the pipe is passed round to all who desire it, the smoker in most cases swallowing the smoke. In this way a little tobacco goes a long way.—Queenslander.

Funny Toothache Cures.

Before the days of dentists, and when people generally believed in the value of charms, there were ever so many mysterious ways of preventing tooth-ache.

One of these was to dress the right side of the body first—right stocking, right shoe, right sleeve, right glove. A favorite plan in Scotland was to draw a tooth, salt it well and burn it in full view on glowing coals. In Cornwall many save their teeth by biting the first young ferns that appear.

The custom of catching a common ground mole, cutting off the paws while the little creature still lives, and wearing them, is traced to Staffordshire, England. Some people who are fond of exercise believe that walking 12 miles—no more, no less—to get a splinter of the toothache tree that grows particularly well in Canada and Virginia will drive away the worst ache and pain that ever tortured a poor tooth.

The belief that toothache is caused by a worm at the roots is prevalent in many parts of the world; hence this cure: Reduced several different kinds of herbs—the greater variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing cinder into this powder and inhale the incense. Afterward breathe into a cup of water and the worm will be gone forever.

Extraordinary Drinks.

Of the many extraordinary drinks regularly consumed the blood of live horses may perhaps be considered the most so. Marco Polo and Carpini were the first to tell the world of the practice of the Tartars and Mongols opening the vein in their horses' necks, taking a drink and closing the wound again. As far as can be seen this has been the practice from time immemorial.

There is a wine habitually consumed in China which is made from the flesh of lambs reduced to paste with milk or bruised into pulp with rice and then fermented. It is exceptionally strong and nutritious and powerfully stimulating to the physical organism.

The Laplanders drink a great deal of smoked snow water, and one of the national drinks of the Tonquines is arrack flavored with chickens' blood. The list would scarcely be complete without mention of absinthe, which may be called the national spirituous drink of France. It is a horrible compound of alcohol, anise, coriander, fennel, wormwood, indigo and sulphate of copper. It is strong, nasty and a moral and physical poison.

Snow Trade In Sicily.

The principal export from Catania is snow, in which a most lucrative trade is carried on in Malta and parts of southern Italy. It is collected during the winter in hollows in the mountains and covered with ashes to prevent its thawing. It is brought down in panniers on mules to the coast at night. The revenue derived from this source is immense and renders Prince of Paterno one of the richest men in Sicily. Snow is the universal luxury from the highest to the lowest rank and is sold at the rate of 4 cents for 30 ounces. The poorest cobbler there would rather deprive himself of his dinner than of his glass of "aqua gelata."

It is extensively used in hospitals and a scarcity of it would be considered almost as great a misfortune as a famine and would occasion popular tumult. To guard against such accidents the government at Naples has made the providing of it a monopoly, the contractors being required to give security to the amount of 60,000 ducats, which sum is forfeited if it can be proved that for one hour the supply has not been equal to the demand.

CASTORIA

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas H. Fletcher*.

A FIRESIDE PIECE.

(Translated from Heine.)

Outside the blast is making riot,
And through the darkness the snowflakes fall.
Here in my little room all is quiet,
Warm and dry and so snug within.

Musing, I sit on my cushioned settle,
Facing the firelight's fitful shine.
Songs on the hot the simmering kettle,
Songs that seem echoes of "auld lang syne."

And close beside me the cat sits purring,
Warming her paws at the cheery gleam.
The flames keep flitting and flickering and
whirling.

My mind is lapsed in a realm of dream.
Many long, long forgotten summers
Lie up, writhing before my view,
Some in the brightness of masking mummery,
Some with their splendors bedimmed in hue.

Lovely, serene faced women sweetly
Meanings divine in a glance convey.
Revevers, mingling among them fleetly,
Caper and laugh and are madly gay.

Marble gods in the distance tower.
Near them, dreamlike in beauty rare,
In a fairy grove that has burst in flower
And sheds perfume on the moonlit air.

Castles full many of wizard story
Totter along with their crests awry.
Knights behind them, in full plumed glory,
With troops of their squires, come riding by.

"Tis gone! The beautiful dream is over!
Away like a phantom the pageant draws!

Oh, dear, the kettle is boiling over.

And pussy is yelling with scalded paws!

Theodore Martin in Blackwood's Magazine.

OUT OF THE MIST.

To him who has much, much is given—and much is forgiven. Charles Marone had at the age of 40 wealth and health, good looks, a considerable reputation as a novelist and some basis for that reputation. He was not always popular with men, but in recompense he had been adored by many women. Having much, much was permitted to him—to be capricious, to be fantastical, to have eccentricities, to carry self indulgence to the utmost limit, even to be cruel.

It was caprice which drove him from London in the middle of the season and made him take a little tumbledown cottage near the village of Lowstead and live there alone, to the anger of his servants and the mystification of his personal friends. It was not all caprice—vanity came into it. His vanity was flattered when he mystified people. That is easy to explain—their mystification implied interest. There was yet a third reason. He was strangely practical for one so idealistic; he had made a contract with a publisher to finish certain work in a certain time. In the country he would be able to work without interruption.

It had rained all the morning, the drops patterning on the leaded window in which he sat, with his writing pad on his knee. In the afternoon the rain had ceased. The sky was still gray. The empty moorland, the water dripping from the trees, the cry of the crows—all gave the scene a certain melancholy. Toward evening the mist lay thick and gray over everything. He was sensitive to this melancholy of the world outside his windows. Late in the evening, tired of his work, tired of the French novel he had been attempting to read, he went out. A laboring man passed him in the road and said "Good night." Marone asked him the way to the next village, Arnmore. The man pointed to the track across the moor and warned him to be careful not to get off it. People had been lost in the mist. Marone laughed, lit a cigarette, and, leaving the road, walked quickly along the track.

There was not a breath of wind and there was no sound in the air. The mist hung motionless. The things that he passed seemed to jump up suddenly out of it. A gorse bush or a stunted tree would take almost a human movement in the tricky light. Two or three sheep came close up to him out of the gray veil and as suddenly turned and scampered away again. He walked on. He had left the track for some time before he noticed that he had done so.

He lit another cigarette and stood perfectly still. He had quick ears and was ready to catch the least sound of a footfall or of wheels on the cart track and to give the call which would bring him home again. If he heard nothing, he would still, he told himself, be patient enough to stand there and go on smoking while the cigarettes lasted. By that time the mist would probably have lifted—it would be a new experience.

Suddenly, though he did not hear the least sound of any footstep, he was conscious that somebody was coming toward him. At a little distance the figure looked like a tall column, vague and shapeless. As it drew nearer the mist illusion passed. It was a woman, veiled and dressed in gray. As it came close up to him he saw it was a very young woman, and that the lines of her figure were beautiful. She stopped when she was close to him, but did not speak. The silence seemed almost uncanny. He took off his hat.

"Do not let me frighten you," he said. "I am merely a harmless traveler lost in the mist, and, I presume, you are in a similar case?"

She laughed. It was a pretty, musical laugh.

"Oh, no," she said, "I know the moor well, and often walk here when the mist is thick like this. Perhaps I can guide you."

"It is exceedingly kind of you," he said. "I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but if you could put me on the track which leads to Arnmore I should be infinitely obliged to you."

"Arnmore?" she said. "I am going there myself."

He smiled, embarrassed a little.

"May I," he said, "exchange my escort for your guidance?"

"Yes," she said. "Come with me. We may as well keep each other company this lonely night."

And now an idea which had been growing in his mind, a vague idea of recognition, became more clear and precise. He had heard the voice before; he was sure of it. It seemed to him to come from some time of the long ago—some time of which he had kept no souvenir.

"It seems a strange thing to say," he said, "but I cannot help thinking we must have met before. I am sure I recognize your voice."

"Yes," she said, "we have met. You would have recognized my face, too, even in this mist, if I were not veiled. I knew you at once. You are Charles Marone."

"Will you not," he went on, "at least put back your veil? I am sure I should recognize you then and know your name. Wherever we met before it is strange enough that we should meet again like this, at night on the moor—I lost in the mist and you my guide."

"Yes," she said, "it is strange. You shall see my face, but not yet. Perhaps you will remember without that. Tell me, can you remember 20 years ago?"

"Vaguely," he said. "I was a young man then—a wild ass of the desert. But what have 20 years to do with it, for unless my judgment is very wrong you cannot remember 20 years ago?"

"Why not?" she said.

"Because," he said, laughing, "you cannot possibly be 20 years of age."

"Never mind," she said. "Twenty years ago you did precisely what you are doing now. You went away to a village to get some work done."

"Very likely," he said. "That was when I was up at Oxford. It is not impossible, but I have no clear recollection of it."

She began to hum a tune. The tune, like the voice, came back to him.

"I remember now—an old mill, an orchard behind it. I was in the orchard."

She raised a gloved hand, in which she carried some fast fading flowers.

"Smell these," she said, "and they also will help your memory."

These scents were curious, harsh and heavy; not sweet and refreshing.

"I know," he cried. "They grew there all among the grass, those great red poppies. Now I recall everything and could even have sworn that you were!"

"Who?" she asked softly.

"One who 20 years ago had the grace and the voice and the figure that you have now."

Out of the gray mist came a row of low, white painted railings.

"Let me rest a little," she said.

She leaned against them. A stone, dislodged by her foot, fell far down and splashed in the water below.

"What was her name?" she asked.

"A strange name for an English girl," he said sadly. "She was called Antoinette."

"I am Antoinette," said the woman before him.

"But not the same," he said. "That would be impossible."

She laughed.

"If," she said, "you had been a woman instead of a man, you would have noticed, even in this light, that I wear the fashions of 20 years ago. Won't you believe? Look at my face then."

It was the face of the woman whom he had more or less loved 20 years before. He shrank back a few steps from her.

"What does it mean?" he asked. "How is it that you have not changed?"

He was frightened.

"I came here," she said, "after you had gone. It was just at this spot that I read your last letter. Listen."

He heard the water murmuring below him.

"It was 20 years ago," she went on, "I died down there—because you had left me. Come back to me now."

Slowly and mechanically he stepped forward again toward her.

The lamentable death of Charles Marone while still comparatively young and at the height of his reputation was, the newspapers said, the result of accident. He had, in spite of warning, gone out on the moor in a thick mist and lost his way. The local paper recalled with some jubilation that it had directed public attention to the disgraceful state of the railings on the bank of the river sometime before and added in a fine vein of sarcasm that the door would probably be shut now that the steed was stolen.—Barry Pain in Black and White.

There is a curious little Holland village in Wisconsin named Little Chute, whose chief manufacture is wooden shoes. The people there are as thoroughly Dutch as their progenitors. The town stands on the ground where Pere Marquette had his winter quarters, and where the Dutch priests instructed the Indians.

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WICOMICO GAME LAWS.

Local sportsmen are interested in the following summary of the law.

BUCK RABBIT IS RIPE, BUT BOB WHITE MUST NOT BE DISTURBED TILL NOVEMBER 15.

Many of the friends of the ADVERTISER who like a day's shooting in the game preserves of Wicomico, or are otherwise interested in the partridge, rabbit and other toothsome "creatures" which lordly man claims for his own, have asked that an abstract of the law be published in these columns.

Partridges and rabbits are indeed plentiful here this season, and in Salisbury and the county are a number of young men who are true sportsmen, disposed to give the game all the privileges and protection the law allows.

A cursory examination of the law leaves the inquirer with the conviction that partridges may be shot on and after November 10th. Judge Holland was at first of that opinion; but he and Mr. Grier Ratcliffe, a few days ago, took up the subject with a view of ascertaining definitely how the law of 1898 affects this county. Mr. Ratcliffe furnishes us the following concise summary:

The game laws of Wicomico county were not changed at the last session of the Legislature as is generally supposed. There was a general law passed governing the preservation and protection of birds and game animals, with a view of securing uniformity and a more effective enforcement of the game laws throughout the state, containing a number of important changes from the then existing local laws, but Wicomico was exempted from the provisions of this act and our local laws remain in full force.

The present game laws of the county are found in the Code of Public Local Laws, Article 28, as amended by the act of 1894, Chapter 51, and briefly summarized as follows: "That it shall be unlawful to kill, trap, etc., any insectivorous bird under a penalty of five dollars for every such bird; woodcock between the first of February and the fifteenth of June; any plover or sandpiper, partridge and quail between the 15th of January and the 15th of November; any wood or summer duck between the 1st of January and the 10th of September; any squirrel between the 15th of February and the 1st of September; any rabbit between the 15th of January and the 1st of November; any muskrat between the 15th of March and the 15th of December; under a penalty of \$10 for every bird or animal so caught or killed, and possession of such bird or animal will be prima facie evidence of guilt; that it shall be unlawful to hunt upon the premises of another without permission, under penalty of \$5 to \$25; that it shall be unlawful to hunt upon the lands of another at night except for coons and opossums, and then only by permission of owner, under penalty not exceeding twenty five dollars; that it shall be unlawful to use lights at night in hunting wild ducks, geese, or muskrats, under penalty not less than twenty five dollars; that it shall be unlawful for any person or corporation to expose for sale any of the above named game except for home consumption, or transport the same beyond the limits of the county for any purpose under a penalty of \$5 to \$25 for each offense.

Late Literary News.

It is not often that a contributor to a magazine spends five millions or so of dollars in fitting himself to write knowingly of a subject. But, if popular report be true, that is, approximately, the sum which Joseph Leiter expended in the acquisition of the information necessary to prepare the article which appears over his signature in the November Cosmopolitan on "Wheat." This is Mr. Leiter's first appearance in literature, but he handles the pen with a bold, firm hand that shows him a man of resources.

Another Cosmopolitan contribution which will appeal to every man and woman is the attempt of Harry Thurston Peck to analyze the component parts of the modern Woman of Fascination. By what does woman fascinate? Is it beauty? grace? spirit? charm of manner? what? Evasive question! But Mr. Peck goes at it as a man who has studied and has had experience.

The Rev. A. S. Mowbray, who has been pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Elkton for the past four years, will go to the Tome Memorial Chapel, at Port Deposit.

The barn and outbuildings on the farm of Garrison Smith, in Queen Anne's county, were destroyed by fire on Saturday, together with their contents, including a large quantity of grain. The buildings were insured for \$2,000.

County Correspondence.**NANTICOKE, MD.**

Mr. Claude R. Willing and Miss Adie Young both of this town were quietly married, Wednesday evening at the M. E. Parsonage, Princess Anne, Md. Miss Young is organist at the M. E. church of this place.

Mr. John Hiram and Miss Olive Messick Wednesday night at the M. P. church Bivalve. Rev. N. O. Gibson officiated.

PARSONSBURG, MD.

There was a Prohibition speaking in town last Saturday night.

Rev. G. E. Wood of this place is conducting revival service in the M. E. church at Pittsville.

Mr. E. H. Parsons visited Baltimore last week. He also attended the Peace Jubilee in Philadelphia last week.

Mr. Billie Laws and Mr. Clarence Laws of Pittsville attended the Peace Jubilee in Philadelphia last week.

Mrs. George Yohe returned home Monday from a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Washington Parsons.

The remains of Mrs. William Dennis, of Quenonco, were interred in the Forest Grove cemetery, Monday afternoon. She was the daughter of the late Elisha Holloway.

SHARPTOWN, MD.

Hon. Wm. M. Marine and wife of Baltimore, are sojourning in town this week among relatives and friends. He has visited his ancestral homestead and old mill site in the adjoining county, places familiar to him in early life. This was his birth-place and much of his boy-hood was spent here. He also visited the site of Patty Cannon's residence and also that of her son-in-law Joe Johnson, not far from here, and saw those scenes of horrid years ago by the wickedness of Patty Cannon, so vividly portrayed in the "Entailed Hat," by Gath. While these places are not distinguishable now by any of the delineations of "Gath," yet they have an interest to the researching mind and the traditional accounts of her nefarious operations give a sadness to the visitor that leaves him only when he moves away from the surroundings.

Bennett & Bailey have dissolved their partnership in the mercantile business here and Bennett now has charge, Bailey having retired from the business. James F. Marine is salesman for Bennett.

B. P. Gravenor is in Baltimore this week and has made some purchases of horses. One was sent home on Tuesday and likely others will be forwarded later.

Revival services began in the M. E. church on Sunday last, but no success yet.

In grading the ground for the factory of A. W. Robinson & Co., last week, the remains of Solomon Robinson, interred in 1812, were exhumed, boxed and re-interred to a depth of several feet below the surface, low enough not to be reached by any of the material in the construction or operation of the factory.

A. W. Robinson & Co. has purchased the Fort Lot of S. J. Cooper, to be used as a lumber yard, near the site of the new factory.

Rev. Jas. S. Eaton and family moved here on Wednesday, and were given a hearty welcome.

The oyster supper held on Saturday last by the society of the M. P. church was a financial success.

James T. Robinson has been engaged this week filling up his wharf which was badly washed out recently by a high tide.

Miss Minnie Bailey left on Monday for Florida, having been appointed there to take charge of a millinery store for a large firm, by Armstrong, Cator & Co. of Baltimore.

John H. Smith has on exhibition at his store, a large turnip grown over a horse shoe which is tightly fastened in the turnip.

County Commissioner S. P. Wilson was here on Monday and made arrangements with the ferrymen to put the mail across the river here at five o'clock a.m., it being earlier than their contract called for. Last winter much inconvenience was experienced in crossing as the mail carrier had to do his own ferrying, but it now appears that the counties are obliged to put the mail across, regardless of the hour, whether it be early or late.

CASTORIA.

Bears the signature of *Castor*.

"Fossil Bones."

"A little learning" may not be "a dangerous thing," but a little science is apt so to intoxicate the brain that one notes not "A from Izzard."

One day a lady said to William Pengelly, noted for his discovery of fossil bones in caves, "Do you remember that our cook once lived with you?"

"Yes."

"Well, yesterday she and the nurse were heard having the following discussion:

"Said the cook, 'Mr. Pengelly calls the bones what he finds to Kent's cavern 'fossil's bones, but I say how can he know the bones of the 'possiles from the bones of other men?'

"'Well,' said the nurse, 'I've heard say as he is uncommon clever. Besides, nobody knows where the garden of Eden was, and, if so, why shouldn't it be here? And if 'twas here, where else should the bones of the apostles be?'

The two women had taken the word fossil as synonymous with apostle, or,

as the cook called it, 'possil.'—Exchange.

A Contrast.

Mr. Dapper is one of that class of men who are scrupulously neat in their personal appearance, but who never fail to leave chaos behind them in the scene of their preparations. A neighbor recently called on Mrs. Dapper and remarked:

"One rarely sees a more well kept man than your husband. He always looks as if he had just come out of a band box."

"Very true," returned Mrs. Dapper, "but"—with a sigh—"you ought to see the band box!"—Pearson's Weekly.

The annual conference of the Maryland Lutheran Synod at Boonsboro, this week, discussed the question of extending the Protestant religion in the Philippine Islands.

Reports from the Susquehanna flats indicate that there will be fine sport when the shooting begins on November 1st. Ducks of all kinds are said to be unusually plentiful.

—Fine line of eye glasses and spectacles and at right price at A. W. Woodcock's the old reliable jeweler.

—Money to loan on first mortgage in sums to suit. Apply to Jay Williams.

LOST.

A large rocking chair in or near Salisbury. The same was lost on Tuesday evening in moving some furniture from Millsboro, Del., to Salisbury. Suitable reward if returned to Rev. J. McLain Brown, opposite E. S. Adkins' mill.

Auditor's Notice.

The United States Baking Company, et al. vs. The R. Frank Williams Co., No. 1144 Chancery.

All persons having claims against the estate of the R. Frank Williams Company, sold by Jay Williams, Trustee, are req'd to file the same with me on or before the 3d. day of December, 1898, as I shall on that day, proceed to distribute the proceeds of said sale to those entitled thereto.

L. M. DASHIELL, Auditor.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Letitia Malone, Simeon F. Malone, and others, to James Connor, dated January 9th, 1896, recorded among the land records of Wicomico county, in Liber J. T. T. No. 17, Folio 215, default having occurred in said mortgage, I will offer at public auction in front of the Court House door in Salisbury, Md., on

Saturday, November 26th,

1898, at 2 o'clock p.m., the following property situated at or near the village of Allen, in Trappe district, Wicomico county, Md., to wit:

1st. All that tract of land called "Bailey's Chance," containing

120 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, situated on the North-west side of and binding on the public road leading from Allen to Upper Ferry, and upon the north-east side of and binding on the road leading from Allen to Collins Wharf and adjoining the land of Wesley Brewhamton on the north and the lands of J. W. Bounds on the south-east and the lands of George Waller on the west, being the same farm upon which Simeon and Levi Malone, deceased resided during their lifetime. Together with that tract of land adjoining the above described land, being a portion of "Knight's Discovery," purchased of Alexander Brewhamton, and now made a part of same.

2d. Also all that tract of timber land known as "Fitz Water Study," containing

50 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, of first growth timber, situated about one mile in a south-westerly direction from the first described land, and adjoining the property of Isaac L. Price and others.

TERMS OF SALE.

Twenty per cent cash on day of sale, balance in two equal annual installments, purchaser to give bond with security to be approved by the trustee, for the deferred payments.

JAY WILLIAMS.

Atty named in mortgage.

Wife Persuaded Him

Baltimore Man Was Almost in Despair

What People Said About Him—Statement of His Case.

"I was reduced to what everyone called

a walking skeleton. I felt a weakness

all over my body and could not work or

even leave the house. I tried all sorts of

medicines with no benefit and could not

find out what was the matter with me. I

gave up all hope of ever being strong

again. At last a friend brought me a bot-

tle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I refused to

take it, but finally my wife persuaded me

to try it. I felt relieved after taking the

first bottle and when I had taken six bot-

ties I began working again and I tell

every one that I have been cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla." John Hession,

521 Madison St., Baltimore, Maryland.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$6.

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. \$1 straight \$200 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres't, Dept. M, Chicago.

NOTICE OF NOMINATIONS.

The following is a list of the nominations for Representatives from the First Congressional District of Maryland in the 56th Congress of the United States:

Candidate of Republican Party, WILBUR F. JACKSON, of Dorchester County.

Candidate of the Democratic Party, JOHN WALTER SMITH, of Worcester County.

Candidate of the Prohibition Party, JAMES SWANN, of Caroline County.

Candidate of the Loyal Democratic Party, WILLIAM WILLIS, of Talbot County.

A. J. BENJAMIN, W. J. MORRIS, Clerk. J. W. WIMBROW, S. T. EVANS.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Board of Election Supervisors for Wicomico county, held Saturday, October 22, 1898, J. H. VINCENT, of Delmar, was selected as Republican Judge of Election for Delmar District, No. II, in place of W. T. Dunn.

A. J. BENJAMIN, W. J. MORRIS, Clerk. J. W. WIMBROW, S. T. EVANS.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

A red yearling with a white back came to my premises on or about October 1st. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expense of keeping and advertising.

HARVEY ROBBINS.

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS**BIG BARGAINS****IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.**

15c table oil cloths	9½c	8c Dress Gingham	5c
25c all-linen window curtains	18c	\$3.50 plush capes	\$1.98</

SALISBURY ADVERTISER

Vol. 32.

Salisbury, Md., Saturday, Nov. 12, 1898.

No. 14.

THE ELECTION

Wicomico County Still in the Democratic Column.

Col. John Walter Smith
Elected to Congress

FROM THE FIRST DISTRICT BY 1000 PLURALITY OVER JACKSON.

ELECTION IN MARYLAND AND ELSEWHERE.

Against the heaviest odds ever met the result of Tuesday's election shows Wicomico county to still be in the democratic ranks. The party never had such a determined opposition to overcome and the result ought to be sufficiently convincing to the republicans to deter them from again making the attempt to wheel the county into the republican column.

In every district in the county the republicans were provided with unlimited bribery funds, and every man who would sell was paid his price. But republican corruption could not extend so far as to buy a majority, and in consequence the county went democratic and the republican workers took home a part of their bribe money.

The election was quietly conducted in all parts of the country. In some of the districts the vote was hardly as large as usual, due to the successful efforts of the republicans to keep the voters from the polls.

Below is the vote by districts:

Districts.	Jackson rep.	Smith dem.	Swann pro.
1. Baron Creek...	186	195	18
2. Quantico....	177	193	10
3. Tyaskin, 1 Pre... " 2 Pre...	280	196	26
4. Pittsburg...	188	166	17
5. Parsons...	345	311	48
6. Dennis...	78	106	7
7. Trappe...	166	167	38
8. Nutter's...	101	184	12
9. Salisbury...	290	316	32
10. Sharptown...	115	78	10
11. Delmar...	53	128	39
	2165	2267	307

It will be seen that Smith's plurality over Jackson in the county is 102. Baron-Creek, Quantico, Dennis, Nutter's, Salisbury, Delmar and Trappe districts gave democratic majorities. To Nutter's, Baron Creek and Delmar belong the credit of saving the county. In the other districts the republican money had telling effect. The Willia "Republican annex" was insignificant as the vote shows, it being as follows: Quantico 1, Tyaskin 2, Pittsburg 4, Parsons 1, Trappe 2, Nutter's 8, Delmar 2, Baron-Creek 3. A "grand" (?) total of 18.

THE RESULT IN THE STATE.

The democrats have made great gains in the state. The First Congressional District which elected Barber two years ago over J. W. Miles, democrat, by over 500 plurality, has been carried by Col. Smith, democrat, by 1000 plurality. The Fourth Congressional District which elected McIntyre, republican, in 1896 by more than 8000 majority, elected Col. Denny, democrat by over 500 plurality. Making a change of more than 9000 in the district. Throughout the state outside of Baltimore city the republicans seemed to have had ample campaign funds to conduct their elections, while the democrats generally were short. Baltimore City went democratic for the first time since 1894, when Cowan and Rusk were elected to Congress.

The following is the vote in each Congressional District by counties. The First and Fourth Districts go democratic, the others go republican.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Counties,	Jackson rep.	Smith dem.	Swan pro.	Willis st.
Worcester.....	1618	2243	389	18
Somerset.....	2077	2140	366	18
Wicomico.....	2165	2297	375	94
Delaware.....	2559	2153	175	94
Talbot.....	1891	1694	119	21
Queen Anne.....	1628	2160	171	61
Caroline.....	1593	1462	177	103
Kent.....	2004	2030	97	19
	Totals.....	15,606	15,498	1,784
	Smith's plurality,	892.		570

SECOND DISTRICT.

Wards.	Baker, rep.	Trotter, dem.	Hollings- worth, pro.
Twelfth.....	1716	1811	133
Sixteenth.....	1924	1789	177
Seventeenth.....	1701	1674	91
Eighteenth.....	1690	1619	151
Total Balto. City.....	7402	7143	552
Counties.....			
Baltimore Co. Dist.....	4907	6346	581
Carroll.....	3245	2843	242
Cecil.....	3158	2285	173
Harford.....	2697	2087	342
Totals.....	20,600	20,304	1860
Baker's plurality, 405.			

THIRD DISTRICT.

Wachter, rep.	Schweika, dem.	Hicks, pro.
First.....	2644	1895
Second.....	2020	2142
Third.....	1883	1688
Fourth.....	1884	1781
Fifth.....	1501	2025
Sixth.....	1893	1631
Seventh.....	1848	2057
Eighth.....	1867	2103
Ninth.....	1883	2347
Totals.....	17,508	17,436
Wachter's Plurality, 72.		718

FOURTH DISTRICT.

McIntyre, rep.	Denny, dem.	Croncey, pro.	M. M. Y. st.
Tenth.....	1148	2671	140
Eleventh.....	1832	1930	154
Thirteenth.....	1908	1792	85
Fourteenth.....	2798	1518	90
Fifteenth.....	1994	2000	101
Nineteenth.....	1620	1687	160
Twenty-first.....	2030	1980	177
Twenty-second.....	2018	2038	132
Totals.....	16,663	17,269	1134
Denny's plurality, 507.			278

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Wards.	Mudd, rep.	Conn- mias, dem.	Weth- erby, pro.	Par- ker, I. rep.
Twenty-third.....	1750	1749	135	29
Twenty-fourth.....	1833	1731	157	11
Total Balto. City.....	3292	3490	292	40
Counties.....				
Bal. 1st, & 13th dist.....	1280	84	40	
Anne Arundel.....	3396	2836	47	
Calvert.....	1189	761	52	7
Charles.....	2166	1033	51	18
Howard.....	1288	1642	88	12
Prince George's.....	2821	2305	100	104
St. Mary's.....	2006	1285	43	11
Totals.....	17,223	14,672	716	274
Mudd's plurality, 561.				

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Pearre, rep.	Poff-n- berger, dem.	J. T. Baker, pro.
Allegany.....	3702	2514
Garrett.....	1196	913
Washington.....	3611	3924
Frederick.....	5178	417
Montgomery.....	3703	2662
Totals.....	19,210	14,529
Pearre's plurality, 4,598.		1023

GENERAL RESULTS.

While the general result shows a great change of sentiment towards democracy, the representation is not materially changed. New York state which gave McKinley 200,000 plurality gave Roosevelt less than 20,000, plurality.

Delaware has gone republican by 2500 plurality on the Congressional ticket, and the legislature on joint ballot will be republican. This will probably secure J. Edward Addicks' election to the United States Senate.

Pennsylvania went republican by a large majority, but there seems to be considerable doubt about Matthew Stanley Quay's re-election to the United States Senate, as many of the republicans elected to the legislature were placed on an anti-Quay platform although republican.

The most notable fight of the year was in North Carolina where the issue was negro domination vs. white rule, and as might be expected the whites won. It is said that it was a clear question of white man's government. The state went white by 80,000 majority on the State ticket, but two republican congressmen were elected by the blacks.

The republicans have carried all the principal states in which state officers were elected. The pluralities follow:

STATES.	REP.	DEM.
New York.....	20,000	
Pennsylvania.....	125,000	
Ohio.....	55,000	
Massachusetts.....	70,000	
Illinois.....	30,000	
California.....	12,000	
Connecticut.....	15,000	
New Hampshire.....	9,000	
North Dakota.....	4,500	
Michigan.....	100,000	
Indiana.....	15,000	
Iowa.....	50,000	
Wisconsin.....	40,000	
Nebraska.....	8,000	
Texas.....		200,000

Unclaimed Letters.

The following is a list of the letters remaining in the Salisbury, (Md.) Post Office, Saturday, November 12, 1898:

Mrs. Mary Campbell, Miss Alice Pusey, Miss Mary Pullet, Miss Lizzie Jones,

Resolutions of Thanks.

At the November meeting of the Board of Lady Managers of the Peninsula General Hospital it was unanimously

Resolved 1st. That we extend our thanks to Mr. Thomas H. Williams for the use of the rooms in which the Hospital Bazaar was held. To the Messrs. R. M. & Wm. T. Johnson for lighting the same. And to Mr. Thomas H. Mitchell, who designed, and with his corps of men, erected the booths, all free of charge.

Resolved 2d. That we extend our thanks to the citizens of Princess Anne, Vienna, and Mardela Springs for their generous contributions, and to the public generally for their liberal donations and patronage.

Resolved 3d. That we extend our special thanks to the sub-committees, who rendered invaluable assistance in making the bazaar so great a success, as well as to all others who took an active interest.

Resolved 4th. That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be spread on the minutes, and inserted in the Salisbury Advertiser and Wicomico News.

MRS. E. STANLEY TOADVIN, Pres.
ELIZABETH J. DORMAN, Sec.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight she found herself benefitted from the first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles found herself sound and well; now does her own housework, and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Dr. L. D. Collier's drug store. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Late Literary News.

The spy sent by United States government to Spain during the war should have become the guest of Weyler himself, seems incredible. Yet there is nothing more true. The government selected as its agent a man of position who has lived much in Germany. It was necessary for us to have a trained intellect that would make no mistakes. His story is told in the November Cosmopolitan, and the most exciting pages of Duma's fiction seem tame in comparison with the facts. Crossing the frontier in a first class carriage, he was by a trifling accident brought into conversation with a young Spanish nobleman; presently who should come along but the son of General Weyler. This acquaintance led to his receiving many attentions from Weyler when they reached Madrid, and the General actually gave up a day to a trip to the Escorial. Imagine this grim arch-enemy of ours laying himself out to please the secret agent whom the government had sent to find out the weak places of Spain. How trifling the demarcation between the position of honored guest and that of spy who, if discovered would have been all the more quickly sent to his death! The same issue of The Cosmopolitan contains four pieces of fiction by such famous authors as Frank Stockton, Zangwill, H. G. Wells, and the lamented Harold Frederic, but none of it half so exciting in its interest as this true story.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, in which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at Dr. L. Collier's drug store.

There has been installed at the Maryland Agricultural College Experiment Station a soil hygrometer for the purpose of measuring the electrical resistance of the soils, and also an instrument for taking the soil moisture.

You Should Know.

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate.

The Oakland Town Council is in a muddle over the issuing of improvement bonds. The president of the council has resigned and the matter may be taken to the courts for settlement.

SHE WANTED LUNCH.

And Managed to Get One by Hurrying a Little.

The afternoon boat for Bois Blanc would leave in 15 minutes. The sweltering excursionists were crowding their way aboard when down the dock came a girl. She was of the swagger kind. Her skirts rustled and, whether you believe it or not, she didn't have on a shirt waist. The codice of her dress was of the same material as the skirt. The sailor hat, with a narrow brim and a bit of red mosquito netting—or something very like—twisted around it, was perched atop her head jauntily. From her waist there hung a dozen or more attachments to a chatelaine, and her hands were covered with white gloves. Her hair was a golden yellow and real, not dark at the roots, as golden hair often is, that is not real. Altogether she was an attractive girl.

She fumbled in her purse at the gangplank and finally dug out her ticket. "Would you be good enough to tell me," she said to the clerk, "whether I can get my supper at the park?"

"No, you can't."

"I can't! Why, what shall I do? The boat does not return until after 8, and I shall be starved to death! That's long after supper time at home, and they thought I would be able to get something at Bwa Blow! What shall I do?"

The clerk really didn't know.

"Will I have time to run up the avenue and buy a lunch?" the girl asked.

The man in the cap with gold letters on it looked at his watch. "You'll have to hurry," he answered.

The girl turned and hastened up the street. About 30 seconds before the boat's time of leaving she dashed down the dock all out of breath.

"Am I in time?" she asked.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" replied the clerk.

The maiden smiled sweetly and crossed the gangplank.

In one hand she clutched a half pound box of candy; in the other, two tomatoes.

—Detroit Free Press.

He Got His Tip.

Tourists (visiting an ancient castle)—Are there any legends connected with this old castle?

Custodian—Oh, yes! It is said that in ancient times a stranger once visited this castle and gave no tip to the custodian. Thereupon the custodian murdered him and threw his body into the moat—but don't be frightened, ladies! Of course it's only an idle legend!—Fliegende Blatter.

Preditable This Time.

"Never was glad for this im-im-pediment in my speech but once," said the man from Dearborn who was in to see the big parade.

"When was that?"

"Fe-fe-fel-low asked me h-h-how much I would take for a-a horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him s-s-sixty d-dollars he offered me a hundred."—Detroit Free Press.

Curiosity.

It must be owned that the Yorkshire farmer (old style) approached perilously near invoking a malediction on his daughter's head when, in response to her appeal that he should decide between her two suitors, he replied:

"Anna, thee ma' mara natha."—Nuggets.

Is That It?

Little Edward—Papa, why do they call those funny looking two wheeled carriages hansom?

Papa—I think it's because it takes some han'some balancing on the part of the drivers to keep from tipping the horses up in the air.—Chicago News.

A Walking Stick.

"I declare it's just too bad," wailed the young and lovely actress. "They've only given me a walking part again."

"Well, you're such a stick, you see," replied her bosom friend. "I suppose they thought it would be appropriate."—Ally Sloper.

Thought He Was There.

Mr. Staylate—Talking of queer accidents, Miss Clara Upperton dislocated her jaw the other day while yawning.

Miss De Pink (wearily)—Did you go for a doctor?—New York Weekly.

Old Thirteen.

Angry Wife—It seems to me we've been married a century. I can't even remember when or where we first met.

Husband (emphatically)—I can. It was at a dinner party where there were 13 at a table.—Chicago News.

An Ill Chosen Word.

The Loafer—Ah, Maria, your cruel words cut me to the quick!

The Lady—"Quick" nothing, you lazy, shiftless creature! There's not a sign of "quick" about you.—New York Journal.

Can't Be "Touched."

"Why do you call old Skinflint an abstract noun?"

"Because he is something you can think of, but cannot touch."—Chicago Post.

Enfant Terrible.

"When you cough, you should hold your hand over your mouth, dearie."

"Why, mamma? My teeth don't fly out."—Meggedorfer Blatter.

MA HEZ GOT ER BICYCLE.

Say, ma hez got er bicyc'e!

You'd oughter see her try

Up in de barn, when pa's away,

To learn it on de sky.

She's bound ter keep de circus up

Till she kin ride all right

An den how pa'll be surprised

An say, "Dat's outer sight!"

She says she ain't er goin ter wait

Till she gits old an gray

(She's fifty now an none too spry).

But, Lor', she's gittin gay!

She says, says she, "I don't purpose

Ter let dat Mrs. Crust

Put on dem arias an bloomer clothes

An make me take her dust!"

But pa, he's on to her, all right,

'Cause t'other day I spied

Him peekin 'roung de barn door where

She's learnin how ter ride.

You'd oughter see him—hully gee,

De spasms dat he'd git

Er tryin not ter laff wuz 'nuff

To make ter yow a fit!

He'd take a peep, an den he'd

His mout' shet wid his han'

An squirrel an stomp an sputter roun'

Enough ten beat da ban',

An all de while, inside de barn,

Ma learnin in a walk,

A-whirlin an a-thumpin roun'

An usin Bible talk!

Den pa, he had ter give it up

An started on a run

An t'rew himself upon de grass—

Lor', you should seen de fun!

He'd roll an laugh an holler like

He'd gone clean off his base;

Twas better than a circus show!

An beat a tater race.

Den pa, when he'd got sobered down,

Went in ter git his tea,

An bimeby me come sneakin in

Ez sof'ly ez could be.

She had er lump above her eye,

Besides her nose wuz skun,

An pa, he ast her, soberlike,

"Why, ma, what hav ya done?"

Well, ma, she says, says she, "I clum

Ter ladder on de mow

Ter gather aiga, an den I fell

Right on der sulky plow."

An pa, he took ergulp of tea

Ter keep from lustin out,

But, Lor', he couldn't keep it in

An spattered all erabout.

Den ma got mad all t'rough an t'rough

An bristled up; says she:

"Now, you look here, John Henry Jones,

Don't come yer gibes on me!

If you ain't got no feelin's fer

Yer lawful wedded wife

When she gits hurt a-doin chores,

I'll quit yer now fer life!"

But pa, he coughed an snickered some.

An den he got his hat

An went down to ter grocery store

Wat's kep' by Jimmy Pratt,

An ma, she went into de barn—

Lor', she wuz mad ez fits—

I saw her take de ax an smash

Her bicycle ter bits.

His Eminence.



The Tall One—You fought for your country, and I will always look up to you.—New York Journal.

Degenerate Age.

Dr. Pilse—The debasing spirit of commercialism has affected even our profession.

Wallace—Quacks and all that?

"I wasn't thinking of that so much as of the way classical learning has fallen into disrepute. Nine times out of ten nowadays a rich man is not impressed in the least by one's giving his complaint a Latin name."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Used a Gun.

"I'll tell you what it is," exclaimed the editor of a yellow journal, "the days are mighty few when we don't make a hit."

Whereat a bystander quietly interposed, "Of course you use a fowling piece?"—Boston Courier.

All Agreed.

Bits of Maryland News.

Williamsport is having an engineer estimate the cost of water works for that town.

Mrs. Louisa Lemler, of Hagerstown, has three apple trees bearing their second crop.

The best way to avoid sickness is to keep yourself healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

The Smith Flexible Chair Company of Washington, is looking up a site in Hagerstown for the location of a plant.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will rid you of a cold more quickly than any other known remedy. Don't let a cold go as it comes; for you may endanger your life. 25 cts.

Maj. Robt. L. Foard, a son of the late Samuel B. Foard of Cecil county, died suddenly Tuesday in Columbus Texas.

Governor Lowndes has asked the Commissioners of Allegany for an additional sum to pay the expenses of the boundary survey.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by R. K. Truitt & Sons, Salisbury, Md.

The store of Hugh T. Peck at Washington Grove, Montgomery county, was destroyed by fire Friday. The loss is estimated at \$1000.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by R. K. TRUITT & SONS, druggists, Salisbury, Md.

So far 1008 oyster-tonging licenses have been issued at Annapolis and 568 dredging licenses. There is a decrease in both kinds of licenses from last year.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleaning, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all druggists.

It is estimated that the chestnut crop will scatter at least \$20,000 in Garrett county. P. T. Gaithright is shipping chestnuts by the carload.

It Will Surprise You—Try It.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh and is worth its weight in gold. Ely's Cream Balm does all that is claimed for it.—W. B. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. He used Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrh all left him.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

A 10c. trial size or the 50c. size of Ely's Cream Balm will be mailed. Kept by druggists. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Oliver Reilly, Sharpsburg, has demonstrated that Antietam battle relics are not so rare, by finding thirty-two bullets and four pieces of shell, recently.

We live in a country of which the principal scourge is stomach-trouble.

It is more wide-spread than any other disease, and, very nearly, more dangerous.

One thing that makes it so dangerous is that it is so little understood.

If it were better understood, it would be more feared, more easily cured, less universal that it is now.

So, those who wish to be cured, take Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it goes to the root of the trouble as no other medicine does. The pure, harmless, curative herbs and plants, of which it is composed, are what render it so certain and, at the same time, so gentle a cure.

It helps and strengthens the stomach, purifies and tones up the system.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

The question of setting aside each year a portion of the county's money, by the county commissioners, for the purpose of macadamizing the public roads of Cecil county, is being agitated.

Catarrh Can Be Cured

By eradicating from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh, promptly and permanently, because it strikes at the root of the trouble.

The rich, pure blood which it makes circulating through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection.

At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens, invigorates and energizes the whole system and makes the debilitated victim of catarrh feel that new life has been imparted.

Do not dally with snuffs, inhalants, or other local applications, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure catarrh absolutely and surely by removing the causes which produce it.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures whooping-cough and measles' cough. This wonderful remedy will save the children from many a distressing coughing spell and soon effect a cure.

The coal shipments from the George's Creek Cumberland region show a decreased business on the canal, but an increased output from the region.

Are You Weak?

Weakness manifests itself in the loss of ambition and aching bones. The blood is watery; the tissues are wasting—the door is being opened for disease. A bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters taken in time will restore your strength, soothe your nerves, make your blood rich and red. Do you more good than an expensive special course of medicine. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Garrett county has a large apple crop. Hardly a day passes without heavy shipments from Oakland. Most of them go to Western markets, and prices are fair for this time of the year.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures all wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty cents a bottle.

Families living along the Chesapeake Bay shore of Holland Island have been forced to move further into the interior of the island, because of the washing away of the shore by the recent north-easterly storm.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Erupcions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. D. COLLIER, druggist, Salisbury, Md.

The Baltimore County Commissioners last week determined to cancel all policies on buildings owned by the county, and hereafter the insurance will be let bulk to the lowest bidder, thus effecting considerable saving.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by R. K. Truitt & Sons, Salisbury, Md.

A horse belonging to Charles Grant, of Granite, backed into a well and was killed. Mr. Grant, who occupied a house in the village, was about to remove, and when he went to look for his horse, the animal could not be found for some time. It was necessary to rig up a derrick to get the horse out.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

—Our \$2.00 Shoes for ladies are unequalled, sent post paid to any part of the United States upon receipt of \$2.00 J. D. Price & Co.

—A NEW SEWING MACHINE, PRICE \$15.00. Persons wishing to buy a sewing machine will do well to read J. M. Parker's advertisement in this issue on another page.

—We will sell at a bargain a small number of carriages that were slightly damaged when our warehouse was destroyed by fire. Call and examine them.

—Lacy Thorogood has had Bucks and Kids, Goats and Horses, Hogs and Sheep, Lambs and Reindeer, Dogs and Calves by the dozen, standing around for several years, raising gloves for him and now Thorogood is selling the gloves for almost nothing, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

—Salisbury is ahead again. J. M. Parker of this place, guarantees to furnish the ladies of this city and vicinity with sewing machines as cheap or cheaper, than same machines can be bought anywhere, and delivers and installs same free of charge—a saving of \$3 to \$5.

—Caleb West and Penelope's Progress are named in the Bookman for August as the two best selling books of the month. The statement is credible, for no more wholesome and entertaining stories have been published for many a day. White & Leonard have them for sale at reduced price.

—When prominent clothing men go down the street nowadays, fond mammas point them out to their sons and say: "Now my boys, be honest, be Thorogood, be truthful and by-and-bye when you grow up to be men you may become clothing men, and have a full hour for your meals and your Sundays to yourself."

LOCAL POINTS.

—Wear Price & Co.'s shoes.

—We buy eggs. J. D. Price & Co.

—Our Hats fit the head. J. D. Price & Co.

—See our Men's \$3.00 Russet Shoes. J. D. Price & Co.

—FARM FOR RENT—Apply to George W. D. Waller Salisbury, Md.

—Money to loan on first mortgage in sums to suit. Apply to Jay Williams.

—Fall styles in hats are now ready at Kennerly & Mitchell's.

—Infants sandals and moccasins just received at Prices.

—Call at Davis & Baker's and examine their line of shoes.

—Ladies call and examine our \$1.50 shoes. Davis & Baker.

—Schley, Hobson, and Dewey Hats sold by Kennerly & Mitchell.

—Shoes and Hats for Tom, Dick and Harry. J. D. Price & Co.

—We are still selling the best harness for the least money. Perdue & Gunby.

—Our \$10.00 carriage harness has no equal. Seeing is believing. Laws Bros.

—You should see the line of new tailor-made wrappers at Birckhead & Carey.

—Come in and behold the greatest shoe store on the peninsula.—J. D. Price & Co.

—Every lady should see the line of ladies muslin underwear at Birckhead & Carey's.

—See Kennerly & Mitchell in their newly remodeled quarters for high art clothing.

—Harness is essential at this time of the year. R. E. Powell & Co. have a large stock.

—Buy your groceries of Davis & Baker and save Money. All goods delivered free.

—FOOT BALLS 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50. Look in White & Leonard's corner window.

—Call up No. 26 and leave your order for coal with the Farmers' & Planters' Company.

—Fine line of eye glasses and spectacles and at right price at A. W. Woodcock's the old reliable jeweler.

—Maryland my Maryland rawhide carriage whips for 50 cents. They can be had only at Laws Brothers.

—Mrs. Bergen is showing the largest, handsomest, and cheapest assortment of millinery ever shown in Salisbury.

—FOR SALE—One pair of fine young mules; well broken; weight about 2100 pounds. Apply to L. E. Williams & Co.

—FOUND—An assortment of bed blankets that we are selling at astonishingly low prices. Laws Brothers.

—Any order for Fancy Work, either in or out of town, will be promptly attended to by Miss JULIA DASHIELL.

—A BARGAIN—We have a few carriages that were slightly damaged by fire that must be sold. Perdue & Gunby, Salisbury, Md.

—You get no gloss or shine when you send to the Star Laundry. Old goods made to look new. Kennerly & Mitchell, agents.

—Every customer buying goods to the amount of one dollar on opening days at Bergen's gets a beautiful present.

—Our \$2.00 Shoes for ladies are unequalled, sent post paid to any part of the United States upon receipt of \$2.00 J. D. Price & Co.

—A NEW SEWING MACHINE, PRICE \$15.00. Persons wishing to buy a sewing machine will do well to read J. M. Parker's advertisement in this issue on another page.

—We will sell at a bargain a small number of carriages that were slightly damaged when our warehouse was destroyed by fire. Call and examine them.

—Lacy Thorogood has had Bucks and Kids, Goats and Horses, Hogs and Sheep, Lambs and Reindeer, Dogs and Calves by the dozen, standing around for several years, raising gloves for him and now Thorogood is selling the gloves for almost nothing, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

—Salisbury is ahead again. J. M. Parker of this place, guarantees to furnish the ladies of this city and vicinity with sewing machines as cheap or cheaper, than same machines can be bought anywhere, and delivers and installs same free of charge—a saving of \$3 to \$5.

—Caleb West and Penelope's Progress are named in the Bookman for August as the two best selling books of the month. The statement is credible, for no more wholesome and entertaining stories have been published for many a day. White & Leonard have them for sale at reduced price.

—When prominent clothing men go down the street nowadays, fond mammas point them out to their sons and say: "Now my boys, be honest, be Thorogood, be truthful and by-and-bye when you grow up to be men you may become clothing men, and have a full hour for your meals and your Sundays to yourself."

—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes people well. There isn't anything miraculous about it—it is the most natural thing in the world. It simply puts the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver, the bowels, in perfect order and thereby makes the blood pure and rich. All diseases live and thrive on impure blood. Keep a stream of pure, rich, red blood flowing into a diseased spot, and the disease will not stay. A man lives on rich, pure blood, and disease dies on it.

—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood. Send 21 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

—When prominent clothing men go down the street nowadays, fond mammas point them out to their sons and say: "Now my boys, be honest, be Thorogood, be truthful and by-and-bye when you grow up to be men you may become clothing men, and have a full hour for your meals and your Sundays to yourself."

COAL PROBLEM.

We have now filled up our large coal bins with an immense stock of the best **WHITE ASH FREE-BURNING COAL** which we must by some liberal means put in your cellar quick in order to make room for several hundred tons balance of a large deal recently made and is now being loaded on several schooners, and only gives us short time to solve the problem, which will undoubtedly result in your saving by getting our very low price on prompt delivery. Call and inspect our stock. Your order by mail or 'phone 26 will bring you coal promptly.

FARMERS' & PLANTERS' CO., Glen Perdue, Mgr.

HARPER & TAYLOR.
LEADING....
JEWELERS.

All Goods Guaranteed. Eyes Examined Free.
WATCHES SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, \$3. Our Prices Lowest, Goods the Best.

WARM YOUR FEET

—BY OUR
WILLIAM PENN
COAL
HARD, FREE BURNING, WHITE ASH

This coal is received by us direct from the mines by rail and is clean and free from dirt and slate. There is no such coal in Salisbury. Prices all right. Ring up 'phone 39 and have us deliver you a load of WOOD.

Salisbury Lime & Coal Co.,
ISAAC L. PRICE, Manager.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. W. JEFF STATION.

Wm. B. Tilghman & Co.
Manufacturers and Dealers in
ALL KINDS OF FERTILIZING MATERIALS

We take pleasure in again offering to the fall trade our
"Bone Tankage Mixture" for wheat
"Our Fish Mixture" and
"M

THE SALISBURY ADVERTISER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
SALISBURY, WICOMICO CO., MD.
OFFICE OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Thos. Percy. Ernest A. Hearn,
PERRY & HEARN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of one dollar per inch for the first insertion and fifty cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Local Notices ten cents a line for the first insertion and five cents for each additional insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free when not exceeding six lines. Obituary Notices five cents a line.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single Copy, three cents.

POST OFFICE AT SALISBURY, MD.,

November 21st, 1897.

I hereby certify the SALISBURY ADVERTISER, a newspaper published at this place, has been determined by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to be a publication entitled to admission in the mails at the pound rate of postage, and entry of it as such is accordingly made upon the books of this office. Valid while the character of the publication remains unchanged.

E. S. ADKINS, Postmaster.

THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

The Democrats of the First Congressional District have won a great victory in the district over their republican opponents, who carried the district in 1896. The democratic candidate Col. John Walter Smith made a brilliant campaign. He was peculiarly fitted for the work of making it. Wherever he went he made friends. There is scarcely a hamlet in the district he did not visit. His energy knew no bounds. In manner suave and polished, capable of meeting all social conditions. He fought the campaign in the old fashion way by circulating among the people.

In his speeches he has exceeded the expectations even of those who knew him intimately. The speeches have shown decided ability, while they have been direct, pointed and full of force, they have been dignified and entirely free from campaign abuse, so frequently indulged in by stump orators, and from all manner of extravaganza.

He preached his cause in "naked majesty," and the people heard and believed him.

His situation was a peculiar one, but he proved himself master of it. Had the silver ticket been out of the field his majority would have reached 1500, and the republicans would have carried but two counties in the district, with a probable plurality in the two of less than one hundred.

Mr. Smith's successful fight on the Eastern Shore has placed him in line for higher honors. He has made a fight that few if any in the State could have made. He is now in position to command the respect of the party in the State, and will be a powerful factor in democratic politics next year.

The party was wise in its selection of Col. Smith as candidate for congress in the district, and we feel sure it will appreciate the fight he has made and the victory he has won.

MR. JACKSON AND HIS REPUBLICAN ALLIES.

Some curious and instructive facts are shown by the figures of last Tuesday's election. It is a known fact that Dr. Barber was anxious to be returned to Congress from this district, and expected to be, but when the Jackson influence in the district was declared to be against him, he was frightened out of the fight. He feared the primaries and feared the election. So he retired and Mr. Jackson was brought forward with the promise of republican support, in consideration that the Colonel would perform his part of the contract.

There is ample evidence that he performed his part of the contract. Did the republicans keep faith with him? At this writing there is a strong probability that Dorchester, his own county, has gone democratic, in spite of the fact that it is a republican county and gave Barber, two years ago, a plurality of 575. The silver move in the district which seems to have had its beginning with Col. Jackson and Major Stewart, if current reports are to be accepted, did figure in the election. The vote of

570 for Willis meant the lessening of Smith's plurality fully 500. Without this ticket in the field, Mr. Jackson would have carried but two counties—Kent and Talbot—and the combined pluralities would have been less than 100. The change in the district from 1896 has been about 2000 votes when we consider the silver vote taken from Col. Smith's plurality which would have swelled to about 1400.

In this county, where the campaign was conducted by the candidate's brother, Mr. Wm. H. Jackson, the lack of republican support is the more easily traceable. Money was used in unlimited quantity by the republicans and with telling effect in some districts, but in Salisbury, Nutters and Trappe, where the campaign was more or less in the hands of quondam democrats, there seems to have been a lack of results.

Did the republican party give Col. Jackson its support?

The race war which has threatened for weeks to break out in North Carolina, reached that point Wednesday. Several negroes were killed and many wounded. A few whites were also injured. The war is still going on.

All the trouble came from negro rule, and negro insolence, and a white governor—Russell—with negro principles is responsible for the negro rule. Under his administration ignorant negro Justices of the Peace were appointed almost without exception. The post-offices and other government positions were given to the ignorant negroes and white men and white women were insulted on all occasions. This condition of things could not endure. Tuesday

the state, which was in the hands of the negro party, went overwhelmingly democratic, many thousands of white republicans voting with the democrats.

A negro editor, who published the following vile utterances in his editorial columns was ordered to leave the town of Wilmington with his newspaper plant within twenty-four hours. Failing to do so, the plant was destroyed by the whites and a diligent search made for the editor. At last accounts he had not been found. Below is an abstract of the editorial which constituted the chief firebrand:

"We suggest that the whites guard their women more closely, thus giving no opportunity for the human fiend, be he white or black. You leave your goods out of doors and then complain because they are taken away."

"Poor white men are careless in the matter of protecting their women, especially on farms. They are careless of their conduct toward them, and our experience among poor white people in the country teaches us that the women of that race are not any more particular in the matter of clandestine meetings with colored men than are the white men with colored women. Meetings of this kind go on for some time until the woman's infatuation or the man's boldness bring attention to them and the man is lynched for rape."

"Every negro lynched is called a 'big burly black brute,' when, in fact, many of those who have thus been dealt with had white men for their fathers and were not only not black and burly but were sufficiently attractive for white girls of culture and refinement to fall in love with them, as is well known to all."

The Baltimore Sun, editorially says of the race war:

The Southern people are disposed to have nothing but the kindest feeling for the negroes, but they are not going to submit to negro rule. Any and all attempts to subject them to such sovereignty must fail, and they might as well be abandoned now as later. The persistent efforts to place a higher and more civilized race under the feet of an inferior one are a disgrace to the country and can only retard the progress and prosperity of the colored population of the South. If the negro understands his own best interests, he will pray to be delivered from meddling and fanatical friends.

There is ample evidence that he performed his part of the contract. Did the republicans keep faith with him? At this writing there is a strong probability that Dorchester, his own county, has gone democratic, in spite of the fact that it is a republican county and gave Barber, two years ago, a plurality of 575. The silver move in the district which seems to have had its beginning with Col. Jackson and Major Stewart, if current reports are to be accepted, did figure in the election. The vote of

William S. Jones, a prominent farmer of Kenton Hundred, was instantly killed by a train at Clayton Wednesday afternoon. He was crossing the tracks in a carriage.

A large frame barn on the farm of Mr. W. P. Husband in the Fifth district of Harford county, was destroyed by fire Monday night. The loss was between \$2500 and \$3000.

Oehm's Acme Hall.

Straightforward

Merchandizing

The onward march of apparently progressive merchants, seems to tend rather to exaggeration than to consistent truth in their announcements. We are not in sympathy with such methods, and as the recognized leaders in fashions styles, quality and reasonable prices, we feel that our reputation, not of yesterday, but of years must count.

So in the following, we will strive to illustrate this.

IN MEN'S CLOTHING

We have suits in Black and Blue Cheviot and Fancy Cheviot and Mixtures that are lined with satin yoke and worsted body; they're made with skill; the cut is right to date in style; the sewing, inside and out, is as it should be; and, altogether these Suits are worth every cent of \$10. But if they were worth fifteen or twenty we'd not hesitate to sell them for that. However, we court comparison with any other \$10 Suit, and cheerfully abide by your decision.

IN MEN'S SHIRTS.

The realization of getting a worthy Shirt under a dollar is what we have accomplished in our Full Dress Shirt at 79c. When we say that these Shirts hand-laundered and finished, have nine-inch bosoms of splendid linen, and that they're open back and front, we mean just that. Fact is that the usual \$1.25 Shirt is but a fair comparison with these ours at 79c.

IN MEN'S HATS.

Some people prefer to spend five dollars for a Hat. The extra two dollars is for the maker's name. What's left—\$3—is the real Hat value.

If "Oehm" is a good enough name for you, you'll get a Hat as good as the best here for \$3. If you're careless and apt to need a new Hat often, our \$2 Hat is well worth the price.

When you're in Baltimore, make Oehm's Acme Hall your headquarters. Ladies' Waiting, Retiring, and Writing Rooms; Men's Smoking and Waiting Rooms Free, not matter whether you're a customer or not; meet your friends at Oehm's. Parcels checked free, and every accommodation and comfort is cordially extended to you.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

Baltimore & Charles Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

All Car Lines Pass Our Door.



WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY
STRONG AGAIN! Sex-in-Oils

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Disease, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicose, Atrophy, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked permanently. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price \$1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money, \$2. co. Send for free book.

Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

For sale at WHITE & LEONARD'S DRUG STORE.

Brightest and Best
OIL HEATERS

are clean and odorless. The No. 80 B. & B. Oil Heater, with pail, \$5. No. 60 B. & B. Oil Heater, no pail, \$4.50. Will burn 10 to 12 hours and heat comfortably, in cold weather, a room 15 to 20 feet square.

THE "TRAMP"

Air-Tight Heater is a good large stove for little money. No. 28 Tramp, with steel body, for large room, with the pipe, Price \$4.50.

THE MONITOR.

A round air-tight heater very desirable for small room, steel body, with pipe. Price \$3.25.

"WILSON"

Air-Tight Heaters, all sizes. No. 40 with pipe—price \$4.

COOK STOVES AND RANGES.



L. W. GUNBY,

Mammoth Hardware and Machinery Store

SALISBURY, MD.

Stoves, Heaters & Ranges

for wood or coal. Our stock of stoves for this season is composed of the most reliable makes on the market. Among them is the celebrated "GRAND TIMES." This stove has stood the test of years, and its improvements have kept pace with the public demands. Fitted with Shaking and Dumping or Basket Grate; Nickel Knobs and Name Plate. Ventilating Registers in Oven Doors, Two Sliding or One Swing Front Door, complete with Thirty-Two Pieces of Trimmings for..... \$16.00



Dorman & Smyth Hardware Co.

Ladies' Coats and Capes



Tailored after the latest models it will be no trouble to give a perfect fit. Its the advantage we have in buying is why we can give you better values than our competitors

GIRLS' STYLISH BOUCLE JACKETS

Ladies' coats, double breasted, tailored in tight artistic manner, at \$5; to match this elsewhere it costs you \$6; its here.

Four special styles of Ladies' Plush Capes, fancy or plain lined, \$3.

Special Russian blouse Coats, imported black cheviot, tailor made, two rows braid front, braid ornaments, at \$9, \$9.50, \$10.50.

We call your special attention to our Furniture and Carpet novelties. Fine Brussels from 50c the yard up; fine Ingrain Carpet at 19c, 25c, 28c and 30c the yard upwards. Call early.

BIRCKHEAD & CAREY,
Main Street, Salisbury, Md.

Ladies' Capes, six special styles, full sweep, new effects, \$1.25

Ladies who have an idea of paying about \$8 should see this coat, box front, half rolling storm collar.

Here's a handsome coat, fine black Cheviot, half rolling collar, two rows of braid back and front, braid ornaments, our price \$6.50.

Local Department.

—All first class newsdealers sell Truth. Ask yours this week.

—There will be an oyster supper held at Green Hill M. P. Church, Friday, November 18th.

—Mr. N. C. Messick of Portland, Oregon, is visiting his brother Mr. C. H. Messick of this city.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Hall and daughter of Milford, Del., were guests of Rev. Dr. Martindale this week.

—Revival services begin at the Methodist Protestant church Sunday night and continue each night during the week.

—Messrs. E. S. Adkins & Co. have recently put three machines in their factory for the manufacture of window blinds.

—Thursday was return day for the election officials. The registration books were brought back to the super-visors on that day.

—The county commissioners and judges of the orphans court met last Wednesday. Both boards will be in session again Tuesday, November 22d.

Eugene H. Dixon and Sallie A. Maddox, both of Wicomico county, were married Wednesday evening last at the M. P. parsonage by Rev. L. F. Warner.

Hon. E. E. Jackson came to Salisbury to cast a ballot for Col. Smith. He was accompanied by Mrs. Jackson. While here they were guests of Mrs. Mary E. Houston, Camden Avenue.

—Under the supervision of Councilman H. H. Hitch, a good pavement of oak flitch has been put down on the east side of Main street extended, beginning near the steamboat wharf and extending well out California. The improvement was very much needed.

—A great revival is going on at Line M. E. Church, H. S. Dulaney, pastor. Eighteen penitents and thirteen converts the first night. Over eighty acc-sors on the circuit, a meeting at Melsons church to follow. Receipts for benevolences have reached high water mark.

Mrs. Sara Payne Hodson, wife of Col. Clarence Hodson, died Monday night at her home, 616 Lennox street Baltimore. Mrs. Hodson was a daughter of Mr. Geo. S. Payne, cashier of the Commercial and Savings Bank of Snow Hill, Md. Her body was taken to Snow Hill for burial.

—Mr. Paul Anderson died last Thursday night at his home at Anderson's mill, in Salisbury district, of consumption. His remains were interred this Saturday morning in the family burial grounds. A widow and two small children survive him. Mr. Anderson was about 30 years old. He was a nephew of Mr. H. W. Anderson.

—Tomorrow, November 18th, will be observed in all the Methodist Protestant churches of the Maryland Conference the seventieth anniversary of the church and conference. An elaborate program has been prepared for the occasion by a committee appointed by the Annual Conference, composed of the Rev. Dr. T. H. Lewis of Western Maryland College, the Rev. W. M. Poisal of Easton, and Daniel Baker of Baltimore.

Anniversary Service.

A special Anniversary service at the Methodist Protestant church Sunday morning. All churches throughout the District will appropriately observe the 70th Anniversary of the Founding of the church in Maryland. An elaborate souvenir program has been arranged. Special music and the address as follows: "The Origin and History of the Church;" "The Institution of the Church;" "The Doctrine and Polity of the Church." All persons interested in the history and distinctive principles of Liberal Methodism, Mutual Rights, Equal Lay Representation, Privileges of Suffrage, etc., are invited to attend this service.

Notice.

The Holy Eucharist will be offered in Saint Philip's Chapel, Quantico, (D. V.), next Sunday—Nov. 18th, at 8.30 A. M.

There will be a second offering of the Holy Eucharist, and a sermon, in Saint Paul's Church, Spring Hill, at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School in Quantico, at 9 A. M. of same day.

Evening Prayer and Sermon, that night, beginning at 7 o'clock. A hearty welcome to all!

FRANKLIN B. ADKINS, Rector of Spring Hill Parish.

NOVEMBER 8TH, 12 O'CLOCK, P. M.

The cannon now is booming for the demonstration day. 'Tis a long time that has no turning, and we have won the day. A democratic congressman his State is now adorning. And John Walter Smith will be happy in the morning.

All the party principles he for life will be upholding. The workings of a brainy man are day by day unfolding. A little now, a little then, the Castle we are storming. And John Walter Smith will be happy in the morning.

Wicomico has given her old-time majority. The returns of the election I give as my authority. Suddenly republicans are dropped without warning. And John Walter Smith will be happy in the morning.

Hurrah! for old Worcester, she is not left behind in selecting a Congressman just suited to her mind. She stands ahead 625, as you will soon be learning. And John Walter Smith will be happy in the morning.

The democrats have done their duty all over our dear old State, And the returns are wonderful, surprising to relate; Come make your bow and kiss your hands to the friends around you swarming, For John Walter Smith will be happy in the morning.

Three cheers for all the voters, and all the ladies too, Who cannot vote, but can rejoice, and that they'll surely do. Three cheers for old Wicomico, for she has acted charming, And John Walter Smith will be happy in the morning.

Oh! Send it all along the wires to raise each drooping heart. All democrats have voted and acted well in their part. I hear the rooster crowing, and now the day is dawning. And now John Walter Smith is a happy man this morning.

Honors for a Wicomico Contianer.

South Dakota last Tuesday elected Levin Kirk Phillips governor. Mr. Phillips is a native of Wicomico county, Maryland, having been born near Mardela Springs. He is about fifty years old and is a son of the late Levin Phillips of Baron Creek district. His mother was a sister of Mr. Levin M. Wilson. He has three sisters living at Mardela Springs.

Mr. Phillips left Wicomico county when he was a lad, not more than fifteen years of age. He at once wended westward and finally located at Deadwood City where he has held important elective offices.

His election to the office of chief executive of his adopted state will be pleasant news for his friends here. Mr. Phillips visited his relatives here last summer.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures sore throat. Don't delay when you are bothered with a sore throat. It may lead to bronchitis. This remedy is a sure cure. Price only 25c.

R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Salisbury, Md.

**HON. THIS, HON. THAT,
PROF. JONES, AND OTHERS.**

The clothing men are always them and others. A quarter of a century ago, to be a clothing man was to enjoy about as good a reputation as a highway robber. People looked upon a man in the clothing business with suspicion; his word was doubted; his wool was suspected of being half cotton; his clothing was supposed to be cut out with a buzz saw; and if a man accidentally got a fit in a clothing store that man was supposed to be deformed. But twenty-five years have changed all this. The clothing men of today are looked up to in every community. If any charitable institution wants to give a Sunday-School pic-nic, the first thing they do is to invite the clothing men (to contribute.) If any gathering of prominent men is announced you'll always read next day that, seated on the stage were Chairman WHATSHISNAME, Vice-President SOANSO, Secretary HON. THIS, Hon. That, Prof. Jones, and others—the clothing men are always the others. Things have changed in clothingdom. Fair-dealing does count. People do want to and do buy of fair-dealing houses nowadays in preference to houses of doubtful reputation. People do love to have the truth told to them about their purchases occasionally. Lacy Thoroughgood is simply pursuing his fair-dealing policy in selling over-coats this season. To be a fair-dealing clothier is a reputation to be proud of—selling over-coats on the square, charging \$5 for \$5 over-coats, charging only for actual value. Thoroughgood has the most magnificent line of over-coats you ever saw, and they are cheap. Prices—\$5, \$6, \$8, \$8.50, \$10, to \$18.

Lacy Thoroughgood,

The Fair-Dealing Clothier,
SALISBURY, MD.

SYRUP OF FIGS.

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camp at San Francisco on the Pacific, with General Merritt, in the hospital at Honolulu in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the hospital camp with Aguilando, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago. 24

FOR RENT.

The House, Lot, and Stables on Broad street, next door to Presbyterian Church, for the year 1899.

Apply to L. P. HUMPHREYS.

A GRAPHOPHONE

for everybody. Why not have a perfect talking, singing and laughing machine, when one can be bought for \$10. We have them in stock ranging in price from \$10 to \$50. Records 50 cents each, or \$5 per dozen. We would be pleased to have you call and examine them.

R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Salisbury, Md.

BERGEN'S**YOU**

want to know how we can sell cheaper than other stores:

Because we buy for Cash,
Because we buy in large lots,
Because we know where to buy.

AND

that is the reason why we are generally known to be the

CHEAPEST STORE IN SALISBURY.**Dress Goods. Dress Goods. Dress Goods.**

25 pieces of Double fold bright, pretty styles, Cassimere finish, your choice.....

10c

25 pieces of all-wool Suitings, 36 inches wide, all colors, the kind that other stores sell for 25 and 30 cents.....

19c

10 pieces of Beautiful all-wool Brocaded Satin Berber, the regular 50 cent goods, for.....

29c

38-inch all-wool Broadcloth, in all colors and black, all you want for.....

25c

50-inch all-wool Imported Covert Cloth in all of the new and desirable colorings. Regular 50 and 60c goods.....

43c

60-inch Navy Blue Storm Serge. Just think, nearly one and one-half yards wide for.....

33c

BLACK DRESS GOODS

38-inch Black Mohair Brilliantine for 29c.

38 inch Black Figured Mohair, for 25 cts.

38 inch Black All wool Serge, for 25 cts.

38 inch Black All-wool Henrietta, 33 cts.

50-inch Black All-wool Storm Serge, 33c.

One hundred Choice Dress Patterns reduced from \$1.00, for 69 cents.

WE ARE**THE FASHION CENTRE FOR THE LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
HATS AND BONNETS,
COATS AND CAPES.****BERGEN, THE PRICE CUTTER.****November Dress Goods.**

This is the month when our lady friends come to select the beauties in Fall Dresses. We prepared for the occasion more lavishly than ever and classify a few lines for your inspection and selection.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

The best sorts from every class are here, from the best makers on both sides of the Ocean. The fabrics we show are proven by the test of years—all are of the thoroughly worthy kind in quality, coloring, in beauty of weave and lustrous finish. In Novelties we have some light weight; others heavy. The dainty Grenadines hint of exquisite possibilities in the conjuring of evening or street gowns. More elaborate elegance is perhaps found in the silk and wool crepons, the Poplins, the Velvet Bayaderes and other handsome fabrics.

Another section holds the more staple Black Goods—American and imported Cheviots, in close to a hundred varieties figured Mohairs and Armures, and

Granite Cloths and various other all-wool figured stuffs, at prices ranging from 35 to \$2.00 a yard.

Also Serges, Henriettes, Crepe Cloths Melrose, Cashmere, Camel's-hair, plain Mohairs, Mohair Sicilians, Whipcords, Venetians, Prunelle, Dreper and Veil. A broad and comprehensive gathering of Black Goods.

PLAIN DRESS GOODS.

You should see this bright gathering of plaid prettiness. Plaids for waists and dresses. Bright Tartan plaids in cloths and poplins. A hundred styles in all. And a hint—the tailors have discovered the making of smart costumes of plaids this season. They'll be in evidence very soon in tailor-made dresses. Price from 25c. up to \$1.50.

These departments of our business have never been so well handled as this season. Everything that the Millinery art can produce is here in profusion. The new shapes in Hats and Bonnets, the new colors in Ribbons Flowers and Feathers. For the accommodation of our ladies we have the Coats and Capes next to our Millinery department, and we cannot attempt to enumerate them here—suffice to say we can please you in any style Cap Cape or collarette you want.

The display of Shoes for men, women and children show this season is the acme of elegance and good quality. The goods are from the best manufacturers and their style and goodness of wear cannot be excelled. Our Tailoring and overcoats are likewise from the best tailoring establishments in the country. All these goods were bought right and will be sold to you at prices that will save you money.

FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR.

The kind that wear—from the best mills, of the best weaves and at the best prices. These goods are for Men, Women and Children and of as many grades as there are different sizes of pocket books—but all first class goods. Ask to see our Fall Hosiery and Gloves.

**SHOES
AND
CLOTHING**

R. E. POWELL & CO.,
Main St. SALISBURY, MD., Church St.

A LIGHT WOMAN.

She had as many loves as she had follies,
And all her light loves sang her praises
Now beneath a tangle of sea hollies
And pale sea daisies,
At the limit of the hollow shore,
Joy and praise are covered meetly o'er.

We will not tell her beads of beauty over.
All that we say and all we leave unsaid
Be buried with her now, since there's no lover
But scatters on her bed.
Prairie for thoughts and woodruff white as foam
And, for remembrance, quiet rosemary.

Here is the end of laughter, and here wither
Sorrow and mirth, here dancing feet fall still,
Here where the sea pink flower and fade to
gether.
Even at the wind's wild will.
Ah, lull her softly in her quiet home!
She was your sister, sea, and light as foam.

Nora Hopper in Black and White.

A CIRCUS ROMANCE.

"Why is Miss Ryland so indifferent to me?"

The question was asked by a curious woman who had just left the dashing young equestrienne's apartments at the Ringling Bros.' circus one evening last week.

"And why is she so fond of a black costume?" queried another. "I notice that she rides in somber colors nearly every night."

Behind the answer to these interrogatories lies a story flavored with romance, but unaccompanied by the usual denouement that makes the romance complete. There is sadness at the beginning and end of it and just enough in the middle that is joyful to make the tale pretty. It is a pathetic narrative, on the whole, and interesting, though it does recount the woes of lovers.

Miss Ryland was not born into her art. She is not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter of circus fame. Her abundant auburn tresses blossomed into radiance under the warm rays of a Mississippi sun, and her muscular brawn was early developed on her father's plantation way down south.

Mr. Ryland was one of the largest cotton growers in his vicinity. He lived three miles from his plantation, on the outskirts of a pretty southern town. His handsome home was the scene of numerous fashionable events, and Elena, his only daughter, was the most admired woman in the place.

In the later eighties a small circus visited the town. Mr. Ryland allowed the management to use part of his spacious grounds for show property. Everybody in the village was out to see the first and only performance given by the aggregation in the little city, among others Elena Ryland.

In the circus was a young bareback rider, Alfred Julian by name. He had been with the company only a few weeks and was but a mediocre performer. By profession he was an artist, but fame and fortune did not roll his way, and he gave up the pencil for more lucrative employment under the canvas. He was a good looking, educated fellow of 20 years and became quite popular with his fellow performers.

The young man was unfortunate on his appearance that night. In attempting to leap through a hoop and on to his horse's back he missed his footing and fell with terrific force on the box curbing surrounding the ring. He was picked up in an unconscious condition, and it was found that his right arm and leg were broken.

The accident stopped the show. The spectators left their seats and crowded about the ring to learn the extent of Julian's injury. Mr. Ryland was one of the first to reach the youth's side. The circus doctor was summoned and advised that the young man be taken at once to a hospital. There was no hospital in the place, and the only accommodation available was the temporary shelter of the dressing room.

Ryland came to the aid of the management by offering the use of his home to the injured man. The offer was gratefully accepted, and Julian was removed to the magnificent Ryland residence for treatment. The generous, noble hearted planter went further. He insisted on calling in the family physician to treat Julian, and when the circus left town the next day the bareback rider was resting easy in the most comfortable quarters he had enjoyed since he quit his eastern home three weeks before.

Julian required a nurse. Elena Ryland, sympathetic and loving, gladly took upon herself the task of ministering to the needs of the suffering man. She would be his nurse, she declared, and she performed her duty more faithfully and with greater pleasure than could be expected of any paid servant.

The second day after his fall Julian regained consciousness. He opened his eyes and looked in wonderment on his strange surroundings. He did not speak for several moments. Then he inquired in a soft voice of his fair attendant, "Where am I?"

"You are in a friend's house," Miss Ryland replied. "The circus is gone, but you need not worry for your safety."

He did not worry. He suffered excruciating pain and often would have murmured over his lot, but the gentle words of his watchful nurse helped him to bravely bear his troubles in silence.

Slowly he recovered. As he grew better he learned to appreciate the service of his kind attendant. She was more than a sister to him, and her heart was filling with more than a sister's love for a friend in distress.

He asked all about his accident and

the events following it. He was somewhat humiliated by his ill luck and vowed he would never again enter the circus ring. Miss Ryland was fascinated with his stories of circus life and listened intently to every word that fell from his lips.

The patient was interested in his fair nurse. He fully reciprocated her attachment for him. A feeling stronger than that of friendship endeared her to him. He was in love with her, but he dared not tell her. Her station in life, he thought, was so far above his that to dream of such a thing were folly.

The days passed pleasantly for the pair. For hours and hours they sat talking, or she would read to him. Lovers could not have been more companionable. Neither could regard the other more highly, yet neither breathed a word of love.

Julian remained at the Ryland house until he had completely convalesced. When he left, it was as if the son of the family had said farewell to those nearest and dearest to him. Alfred kissed Elena goodby.

"I am going to study art again," he said, "and I will write you when I get back to New Jersey. I shall always remember your kindness. Some day I may be able to repay it."

Three months after he left George Ryland, wealthy sugar planter, was a business wreck. Faithless employees had robbed him, his property had been mortgaged, but there was not enough money on hand to pay off the debt, and the family were forced to give up their elegant home and take quarters in a poor quarter of the village. The blow was too much for Ryland. The worry and strain unnerved him, and he died a short while after of sheer physical collapse.

Elena Ryland and her mother were in destitute circumstances. The girl resolved to be the support of the family and to that end sought employment in the town. She was not successful and in despair wrote to her friend Julian in New Jersey. She begged him to get her a position in the circus. She was a fairly good rider and, with a little practice, thought she could hold her own in second rate company.

Julian had made a good start in the east and offered the despondent girl another way out of her trouble. He proposed marriage. He had loved her, he said, many months, but hesitated, because of his lowly position, to ask her to be his wife. Now that they were both on the same level financially she might look with more favor on his suit.

Elena accepted the proposal, but she could not, out of respect to her father's memory, marry within a year. So she asked Alfred if he could not meantime secure for her a position with the circus with which he had traveled.

That's how Elena Ryland came to be a bareback rider in a big circus. Why she is not the wife of Alfred Julian is another story. Alfred concluded to go to Paris and finish his studies, while Elena was waiting for the year to elapse until they could be united in marriage.

Elena was successful as a daring rider, and within a few months after she started with the one ring show she received an offer from the Ringlings. She has been with them for the last three years.

Julian never came back from Paris. He took sick and died of pneumonia. Miss Ryland did not even know that he had been ill until she received word of his death. His body was laid to rest in France.

The news of her lover's demise was a terrible shock to Miss Ryland, and for two weeks after the information reached her she was too ill to fill her part. For a year she rode in mourning costume, and even now she wears black most of the time. She is quiet and does not mingle much with the rest of the performers. Her mother travels with her. The young woman rarely speaks of her love affair and its sad ending, and very few of her friends know the story of her life. It is such an unhappy story, too, that the young folks in the big, jolly aggregation of performers do not like to hear it.—*St. Louis Republic*.

Impartial.

The absolute transparency of Wordsworth's nature was often very amusing to his friends, since it sometimes brought him to the expression of opinions which seemed diametrically opposed. Once while he was looking at a magnificent scene in the lake country he said to his companion:

"Travelers often make their boast of Swiss mountains on the ground that they are two or three times as high as the English, but I reply that the clouds lie so low on them that half of them commonly remain out of sight." The other answered, perhaps rather dryly: "That is true."

He made no defense of Switzerland, remembering that it was folly to

Beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall.

It might be inexpedient to do battle with the prophet and priest of English mountains when he stood on his own ground.

"You cannot see those boasted Swiss mountains when the clouds hang low," Wordsworth continued perniciously.

"Certainly not!"

But after a pause, he spoke again.

"But I must admit," he said, "you know they are there." Had he been opposed, he would not have withdrawn an inch. As it was, his own fairness of mind made him retract.—*Youth's Companion*.

MALAY PIRATES.

MERO MOROS FROM BORNEO THAT OVERRODE THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Professor Dean C. Worcester of the University of Michigan, contributes an article on "The Malay Pirates of the Philippines" to The Century. Professor Worcester says of the dreaded Moros of the southern Philippines:

The Moros entered the Philippines from Borneo at about the time of the Spanish discovery. They first settled in Sulu and Basilan, but rapidly spread over the numerous small islands of the Sulu and Tawi Tawi archipelagoes and eventually occupied the whole of the great island of Mindanao to the east and Balabac and the southern third of Palawan to the west. Before their conquest of Palawan was completed they had their first serious collision with Spanish troops and have not since been able to extend their territory, but what they had taken they have continued to hold.

Hostilities between Moros and Spaniards were precipitated by an unprovoked attack by the latter upon one of the Moro chiefs of north Mindanao. The attacking force was almost annihilated, and the fanatical passions of the Moros were aroused. They forthwith began to organize forays against the Spanish and native towns of the central and northern islands, and from the outset met with great success. Their piratical expeditions soon became annual events. With each recurring southeast monsoon hordes of them manned their war praus and sailed north, where they harried the coasts until the change of monsoons warned them to return home.

Thousands of captives were taken. Men were compelled to harvest their own crops for the benefit of their captors and were then butchered in cold blood, while women and children were carried away, the former to enrich the seraglio of Moro chiefs, the latter to be brought up as slaves.

For 2½ centuries this state of affairs continued. Emboldened by continued success, the Moros no longer confined their attention to the defenseless natives. Spanish planters and government officials were killed or held for ransom. But the delight of the grim Moslem warriors was to make prisoners of the Spanish priests and friars, toward whom they displayed the bitterest hatred. Islands which had once been prosperous were almost depopulated. Even foreign sailing vessels were attacked and captured.

The Spaniards did not tamely submit to this state of affairs. Expedition after expedition was organized. Millions of dollars and thousands of lives were wasted. Temporary successes were gained, but they resulted in no permanent advantage. On several occasions landings were made on Sulu itself, forts built and garrisons established, only to be driven from the island or massacred to a man.

The steel weapons of the Moros were of the best, and for years they were really better armed than the Spaniards, but with the improvement in firearms the Spaniards gained an advantage in which the Moros did not share. Such cannon and rifles as they possessed were antiquated, and they had difficulty in getting ammunition, but it was not until the day of rapid fire guns and light draft steam gunboats that they were finally confined to the southern waters of the archipelago.

An efficient patrol of gunboats was established, and the Moro praus were forbidden to put to sea without first obtaining a written permit from the nearest Spanish governor. They were also ordered to fly the Spanish flag. When a prau was encountered that did not show the flag or was not provided with a pasaporte, it was rammed and cut in two or sunk by the fire of machine guns. No quarter was given.

As opportunity offered, the gunboats shelled the Moro villages, which were built over the sea and so could be easily reached. Sulu, which had always been the seat of government and the residence of the reigning sultans, was destroyed in 1876 and a Spanish military post established where it had been. At first the Moros had a disagreeable habit of dropping in from time to time and wiping out the garrison. It was constantly re-enforced or renewed, however, so that from 1876 to the present day the Spanish occupation at this point has been almost continuous.

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 28, 1898.

I am very pleased to state that since I

took the agency of Chamberlain's medi-

cines the sale has been very large, more

especially of the Cough Remedy. In two

years I have sold more of this particu-

lar remedy than of all other makes for

the previous five years. As to its effi-

cacy, I have been informed by scores

of persons of the good results they have

received from it, and know its value

from the use of it in my own household.

It is so pleasant to take that we have

to place the bottle beyond the reach of

the children.

E. J. SCANTLÉRY.

For stile by R. K. TRUITT & SONS,

druggists, Salisbury, Md.,

In the olden times it was no uncommon occurrence for sensitive, delicate women to be headed for trivial or imaginary offenses. In this respect the world has made great strides. Nevertheless, women still suffer death in a slower and more tortuous form, and for no offence whatever, save a little ignorance, or possibly, a little neglect.

The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs, whether she realizes it or not, is being slowly but surely tortured to death. She suffers almost continually with sick headache. She has pains in the back, what she calls "stitches" in the side and shooting pains everywhere. She experiences burning and dragging down sensations. She becomes weak, nervous and despondent. She neglects her home, and is petulant with her husband. If she consults the average physician, there is not one chance in ten that he will hit upon the real cause of her trouble. He will attribute her bad feelings to stomach, liver, heart or nervous trouble. A woman in this condition should consult some eminent and skillful specialist who has had a wide experience. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, prescribed for many thousands of women. He has invented a wonderful medicine for ailing women, known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has stood the test for thirty years. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood, making them strong and well. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It transforms weak, nervous women into healthy, happy wives and mothers.

"I was an invalid for over a year with change of life," writes Mrs. C. Smith, of Orr, Cascade Co., Mont. "Had pains across the pit of my stomach and such extreme weakness I could hardly walk. I took one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and five of his 'Favorite Prescription' and am entirely well."

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Money loaned on mortgage, and interest guaranteed on preferred stock.

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Baltimore, Md.

What Has Made

THE STIEFF PIANO?

Superior quality of tone.

Touch and workmanship.

THE POWER TO FIGHT

DR. TALMAGE TELLS HOW TO WRECK THE WORLD WITH EVIL.

We Must Be Trained For the Struggle—Silence and Discipline—One Fall Is Not the End—The Strength That Comes From God.

(Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 6.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage selects one of the boldest figures of the Bible to present most practical and encouraging truths; text Ephesians vi, 12, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Squeamishness and fastidiousness were never charged against Paul's rhetoric. In the war against evil he took the first weapon he could lay his hand on. For illustration, he employed the theater, the arena, the foot race, and there was nothing in the Isthmian game, with its wreath of pine leaves, or Pythian game, with its wreath of laurel and palm, or Nemean game, with its wreath of parsley, or any Roman circus, but he felt he had a right to put it in sermon or epistle, and are you not surprised that in my text he calls upon a wrestling bout for suggestiveness? Plutarch says that wrestling is the most artful and cunning of athletic games.

We must make a wide difference between pugilism, the lowest of spectacles, and wrestling, which is an effort in sport to put down another on floor or ground, and we, all of us, indulged in it in our boyhood days if we were healthful and plucky. The ancient wrestlers were first bathed in oil and then sprinkled with sand. The third throw decided the victory, and many a man who went down in the first throw or second throw in the third throw was on top and his opponent under. The Romans did not like this game very much, for it was not savage enough, no blows or kicks being allowed in the game. They preferred the foot of hungry panther on the breast of fallen martyr.

In wrestling the opponents would bow in apparent suavity, advance face to face, put down both feet solidly, take each other by the arms and push each other backward and forward until the work began in real earnest, and there were contortions and strangulations and violent strokes of the foot of one contestant against the foot of the other, tripping him up, or, with struggle that threatened apoplexy or death, the defeated fell, and the shouts of the spectators greeted the victor. I guess Paul had seen some such contest, and it reminded him of the struggle of the soul with temptation, and the struggle of heavenly forces against Apollyonic powers, and he dictates my text to an amanuensis, for all his letters, save the one to Philemon, seem to have been dictated, and as the amanuensis goes on with his work I hear the groan and laugh and shout of earthly and celestial belligerents, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

The Amenities of Life.

I notice that as these wrestlers adjoined to throw each other they bowed one to the other. It was a civility, not only in Grecian and Roman games, but in later day, in all the wrestling bouts at Clerkenwell, England, and in the famous wrestling match during the reign of Henry III in St. Giles' Field between men of Westminster and people of London. However rough a twist and hard a pull each wrestler contemplated giving his opponent, they approached each other with politeness and suavity. The genuflexions, the affability, the courtesy in no wise hindered the decisiveness of the contest. Well, Paul, I see what you mean. In this awful struggle between right and wrong we must not forget to be gentlemen and ladies. Affability never hinders, but always helps. You are powerless as soon as you get mad. Do not call runholders murderers. Do not call infidels fools. Do not call higher critics reprobates. Do not call all card players and theater goers children of the devil. Do not say that the dance breaks through into hell. Do not deal in vituperation and billingsgate and contempt and adjectives dynastic. The other side can beat us at that. Their dictionaries have more obfuscation and brimstone.

We are in the strength of God to throw flat on its back every abomination that curses the earth, but let us approach our mighty antagonist with suavity. Hercules, son of Jupiter and Almena, will by a precursor of smiles be helped rather than damaged for the performance of his "12 labors." Let us be as wisely strategic in religious circles as attorneys in courtrooms, who are complimentary to each other in the opening remarks, before they come into legal struggle such as that which left Rufus Choate or David Paul Brown triumphant or defeated. People who get into a rage in reformatory work accomplish nothing but the depletion of their own nervous system. There is such a thing as having a gun so hot at the touchhole that it explodes, killing the one that sets it off. There are some reformatory meetings to which I always decline to go and take part, because they are apt to become demonstrations

of bad temper. I never like to hear a man swear, even though he swear on the right side. The very Paul who in my text employed in illustration the wrestling match, behaved on a memorable occasion as we ought to behave. The translators of the Bible made an unintentional mistake when they represented Paul as insulting the people of Athens by speaking of "the unknown god whom ye ignorantly worship" instead of charging them with ignorance, the original indicates he complimented them by suggesting that they were very religious, but as they confessed that there were some things they did not understand about God, he proposed to say some things concerning him, beginning where they had left off. The same Paul who said in one place, "Be courteous," and who had noticed the bow preceding the wrestling match, here exercises suavities before he proceeds practically to throw down the rocky side of the Acropolis the whole Parthenon of idolatries, Minerva and Jupiter smashed up with the rest of them. In this holy war polished rifles will do more execution than blunderbusses. Let our wrestlers bow as they go into the struggle which will leave all perdition under and all heaven on top.

Strength From Discipline.

Remember also that these wrestlers went through severe and continuous course of preparation for their work. They were put upon such diet as would best develop their muscle. As Paul says, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." The wrestlers were put under complete discipline—bathing, gymnastics, struggle in sport with each other to develop strength and give quickness to dodge of head and trip of foot; stooping to lift each other off the ground; suddenly rushing forward; suddenly pulling backward; putting the left foot behind the other's right foot and getting his opponent off his balance; hard training for days and weeks and months so that when they met it was giant clutching giant. And, my friends, if we do not want ourselves to be thrown in this wrestle with the sin and error of the world, we had better get ready by Christian discipline, by holy self denial, by constant practice, by submitting to divine supervision and direction. Do not begrudge the time and the money for that young man who is in preparation for the ministry, spending two years in grammar school and four years in college and three years in theological seminary. I know that nine years are a big slice to take off of a man's active life, but if you realized the height and strength of the archangels of evil in our time with which that young man is going to wrestle, you would not think nine years of preparation were too much. An uneducated ministry was excusable in other days, but not in this time, loaded with schools and colleges. A man who wrote me the other day a letter asking advice, as he felt called to preach the gospel, began the word "God" with a small "g." That kind of a man is not called to preach the gospel. Illiterate men, preaching the gospel, quote for their own encouragement the Scriptural passage, "Open thy mouth wide and I fill it." Yes! He will fill it with wind. Preparation for this wrestling is absolutely necessary. Many years ago Dr. Newman and Dr. Sunderland, on the platform of Brigham Young's tabernacle at Salt Lake City gained the victory because they had so long been skillful wrestlers for God. Otherwise Brigham Young, who was himself a giant in some things, would have thrown them out of the window. Get ready in Bible classes. Get ready in Christian Endeavor meetings. Get ready by giving testimony in obscure places, before giving testimony in conspicuous places.

The Silent Worker.

You're going around with a Bagster's Bible with flaps at the edges under your arm does not qualify you for the work of an evangelist. In this day of profuse gab remember that it is not merely capacity to talk, but the fact that you have something to say that is going to fit you for the struggle into which you are to go with a smile on your face and illumination on your brow, but out of which you will not come until all your physical and mental and moral and religious energies have been taxed to the utmost and you have not a nerve left, or a thought unexpanded, or a prayer unsaid, or a sympathy unwept. In this struggle between right and wrong accept no challenge on platform or in newspaper unless you are prepared. Do not misapply the story of Goliath the great, and David the little. David had been practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and 1,000 times had he swirled a stone around his head before he aimed at the forehead of the giant and tumbled him backward, otherwise the big foot of Goliath would almost have covered up the crushed form of the son of Jesse.

Notice also that the success of a wrestler depended on his having his feet well planted before he grappled his opponent. Much depends upon the way the wrestler stands. Standing on an uncertain piece of ground or bearing all his weight on right foot or all his weight on left foot, he is not ready. A slight cuff of his antagonist will capsize him. A stroke of the heel of the other wrestler will trip him. And in this struggle for God and righteousness, as well as for our own souls, we want our feet firmly planted in the gospel—both feet on the Rock of Ages. It will not

do to believe the Bible in spots, or think some of it true and some of it untrue. You just make up your mind that the story of the garden of Eden is an allegory, and the apostle of James an interpolation, and that the miracles of Christ can be accounted for on natural grounds, without any belief in the supernatural, and the first time you are interlocked in a wrestle with sin and Satan you will go under and your feet will be higher than your head. It will not do to have one foot on a rock and the other on the sand. The old book would long ago have gone to pieces if it had been vulnerable. But of the millions of Bibles that have been printed within the last 25 years not one chapter has been omitted, and the omission of one chapter would have been the cause of the rejection of the whole edition.

Alas for those who, while trying to prove that Jonah was never swallowed of a whale, themselves get swallowed of the whale of unbelief, which digests, but never ejects its victims. The inspiration of the Bible is not more certain than the preservation of the Bible in its present condition. After so many centuries of assault on the book would it not be a matter of economy, to say the least—economy of brain and economy of stationery and economy of printer's ink—if the batteries now assailing the book would change their aim and be trained against some other books, and the world shown that Walter Scott did not write "The Lady of the Lake," nor Homer "The Iliad," nor Virgil "The Georgics," nor Thomas Moore "Lalla Rookh," or that Washington's farewell address was written by Thomas Paine, and that the war of the American Revolution never occurred. That attempt would be quite as successful as this long timed attack anti-Biblical, and then it would be new. Oh, keep out of this wrestling bout with the ignorance and the wretchedness of the world unless you feel that both feet are planted in the eternal veracities of the book of Almighty God!

The Fallen May Rise.

Notice also that in this science of wrestling, to which Paul refers in my text, it was the third throw that decided the contest. A wrestler might be thrown once and thrown twice, but the third time he might recover himself, and by an unexpected twist of arm or curve of foot gain the day. Well, that is broad, smiling, unmistakable gospel. Some whom I address through ear or eye, by voice or printed page, have been thrown in their wrestle with evil habit.

Aye, you have been thrown twice, but that does not mean, oh, worsted soul, that you are thrown forever! I have no authority for saying how many times a man may sin and be forgiven or how many times he may fall and yet rise again, but I have authority for saying that he may fall 496 times and 490 times get up. The Bible declares that God will forgive 70 times 7, and if you will employ the rule of multiplication you will find that 70 times 7 is 490. Blessed be God for such a gospel of high hope and thrilling encouragement and magnificent rescue! A gospel of lost sheep brought home on Shepherd's shoulder, and the prodigals who got into the low work of putting husks into swine's troughs brought home to jewelry and banqueting and hilarity that made the rafters ring!

Three sketches of the same man: A happy home, of which he and a lassie taken from a neighbor's house are the united head. Years of happiness roll on after years of happiness. Stars pointing down to nativities. And whether announced in greeting or not every morning was "Good morning" and every night a "Good night." Christmas trees and May queens, and birthday festivities and Thanksgiving gatherings around loaded tables. But that husband and father forms an unfortunate acquaintance who leads him in circles too convivial, too late hours, too scandalous. After awhile, his money gone and not able to bear his part of the expense, he is gradually shoved out and ignored and pushed away. Now, what a dilapidated home is his! A dissipated life always shows itself in faded window curtains, and impoverished wardrobe, and dejected surroundings, and in broken palings of the garden fence, and the unhinged gate, and the dislocated doorbell, and the disappearance of wife and children from scenes among which they shone the brightest and laughed the gladdest. If any man was ever down, that husband and father is down. The fact is, he got into a wrestle with evil that pushed and pulled and contorted and exhausted him worse than any athlete. David had been practicing with a sling on dogs and wolves and bandits, and he was thrown. Thrown out of prosperity into gloom. Thrown out of good association into bad. Thrown out of health into invalidism. Thrown out of happiness into misery; but one day, while slinking through one of the back streets, not wishing to be recognized, a good thought crosses his mind, for he has heard of men flung flat rising again. Arriving at his house, he calls his wife in and shuts the door and says: "Mary, I am going to do differently. This is not what I promised you when we were married. You have been very patient with me and have borne everything, although I would have had no right to complain if you had left me and gone home to your father's house. It seems to me that once or twice, when I was not myself, I struck you, and several times, I know, I called you hard names. Now I want you to forgive me. I am going

to do better, and I want you to help me." "Help you?" she says. "Bless your soul! Of course I will help you! I knew you didn't mean it when you treated me roughly. All that is in the past. Never refer to it again. Today let us begin anew."

Sympathizing friends come around and kind business people, help the man to something to do, so that he can again earn a living. The children soon have clothing so that they can go to school. The old songs which the wife sang years ago come back to her memory, and she sings them over again at the cradle or while preparing the noonday meal. Domestic resurrection! He comes home earlier than he used to, and he is glad to spend the evening playing games with the children or helping them with arithmetic or grammar lessons which are a little too hard. Time passes on, and some outsider suggests to him that he is not getting as much out of life as he ought and proposes an occasional visit to scenes of worldliness and dissipation. He consents to go once, and after much solicitation twice. Then his old habit comes back. He says he has been belated and could not get back until midnight. He had to see some western merchant that had arrived and talk of business with him before he got out of town. Kindness and geniality again quit the disposition of that husband and father. The wife's heart breaks in a new place. That man goes into a second wrestle with evil habit and is flung, and all hell cackles at the moral defeat. "I told you so," say many good people who have no faith in the reformation of fallen man. "I told you so! You made a great fuss about his restored home, but I knew it would not last. You can't trust these fellows who have once gone wrong." So with this unfortunate, things get worse and worse, and his family have to give up the house, and the last valuable goes to the pawnbroker's shop. But that unfortunate man is sauntering along the street one Sunday night, and he goes up to a church door, and the congregation are singing the second hymn, the one just before sermon, and it is William Cowper's glorious hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Waivering at the Door.

He goes into the vestibule of the church and stops there, not feeling well enough dressed to go among the worshippers, and he hears the minister say, "You will find the words of my text in Luke, the nineteenth chapter and tenth verse, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost.'" The listener in the vestibule says: "If any man was ever lost, I am lost, and the Son of Man came to save that which is lost, and he has found me and he will take me out of this lost condition. Oh, Christ, have mercy on me!" The poor man has courage now to enter the main audience room, and he sits down on the first seat by the door, and when at the close of the service the minister comes down the aisle the poor man tells his story, and he is encouraged and invited to come again, and the way is cleared for him for membership in a Christian church, and he feels the omnipotence of what Peter, the apostle, said when he spoke of those "kept by the power of God through faith unto complete salvation." Yet he is to have one more wrestle before he is free from evil habits and he goes into it, not in his own strength, for that has failed him twice, but in the strength of the Lord God Almighty. The old habit seizes him, and he seizes it, and the wrestlers bend backward and forward and from side to side, in awful struggle, until the moment comes for his liberation and, with both arms infused with strength from God, he lifts that habit, swings it in air and hurls it into the perdition from which it came and from which it never again will rise. Victory, victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! Hear it, all ye wrestlers! It threw him twice, but the third time he threw it, and, by the grace of God, threw it so hard he is as safe now as if he had been ten years in heaven. Oh, I am so glad that Paul in my text suggests the wrestler and the power of the third throw!

But notice that my text suggests that the wrestlers on the other side in the great struggle for the world's redemption have all the forces of demonology to help them, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

All military men will tell you that there is nothing more unwise than to underestimate an army. In estimating what we have to contend with, the most of the reformers do not recognize the biggest opposers. They talk about the agnosticism, and the atheism, and the materialism, and the nihilism, and the pantheism, and the Brahmanism, and the Mohammedanism, as well as the more agile and organized and endowed wickedness of our day. But these are only a part of the hostilities arrayed against God and the best interests of humanity. The invisible hosts are far more numerous than the visible. It is not so much the bottle; it is the demon of the bottle. It is not so much the roulette table; it is the demon of the roulette table. It is not so much the act of stock gambling as it is the demon of stock gambling. It is the great host of spiritual antagonists led on by Asiel or Lucifer or Beelzebub or Asmodeus or Ahrimanes or Abaddon, just as you

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please to call the leader internalistic. Can you doubt that the human agencies of evil are backed up by Platonic agencies? If it were only a common war cried, with panting nostril and flaunting mane and clattering hoof, rushing upon us, perhaps we might clutch him by the bit and hurl him back upon his haunches; but it is the black horse cavalry of perdition who dash down and their riders swing swords which, though invisible, cleave individuals and homes and nations. I tell you, Paul was right when he suggested that we wrestle, not with pygmies, but with giants that will drown us, unless the Lord Almighty is our condutor. Blessed be God that we have now, and further on will have in mightier degree, that divine help!

The Overthrow of Evil.

The time is coming—I know it will quicken your pulses when I mention it—when the last mighty evil of the world will be grappled by righteousness and thrown. Which of the great evils will survive all the others I know not, whether war, or revenge, or fraud, or lust, or intemperance, or gambling, or Sabbath desecration. It will not be "the survival of the fittest," but the survival of the worst. It will be the evil the most thoroughly entrenched, most completely re-enforced, most patronized by wealth and fashion and pomp, most applauded by all the principalities and powers and rulers of darkness. It will stand with grim visage looking down upon the graves of all the other stain abominations—graves dug by the hot shovels of despair and surmounted by such epitaphiology as this, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," "The wages of sin is death," "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead," "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death." Yes, I imagine we have arrived at the time when we may say, Yonder stands the last and only great evil of all the world to be wrested down. It stands not only looking upon the graves of all the entombed and epitaphed iniquities of the world, but ever and anon gazing upward in defiance of the heavens and shaking its fist at the Almighty, saying: "Nothing can put me down. I have seen all the other enemies of the human race wrested down and destroyed, but there is no arm or foot, human or angelic or deific that can throw me. I have ruined whole generations, and I swear by all the thrones of diabolism that I will ruin this generation. Come on, all ye churches and all ye reformatory institutions and all ye legislatures and all ye thrones. I challenge you. I plant my feet on this red hot rock of the world's woe. I stretch forth my arms for the mightiest wrestle any world has ever seen. Come on. Come on."

Then righteousness will accept the challenge, and the two mighty wrestlers will grapple, while all the galleries of earth and heaven look down from one side and all the fiery chasms of perdition look up from the other side. The two wrestlers sway to and fro and turn this way and that, and now the monster, evil, seems the mightier of the two, and now righteousness seems about to triumph. The prize is worth a struggle, for it is not a chaplet of laurel or palm, but the rescue of a world, and a wreath put on the brow by him who promised, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown." Three worlds—earth, heaven and hell—hold their breath while waiting for the result of this struggle, when with one mighty swing of an arm muscled with omnipotence righteousness hurls the last evil, first on its knees and then on its face, and then rolling off and down, with a crash wilder than that with which Samson hurled the temple of Dagon when he got hold of its two chief pillars, but more like the throwing of Satan out of heaven, as described by John Milton:

Him the Almighty power flung Headlong flaming from the ethereal sky, With hideous ruin and combustion, down To bottomless perdition, there to dwell In adamantine chains and penal fire Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms. Nine times the space that measures day and night

To mortal man he, with his horrid crew, Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf Confounded, though immortal.

The Strength of Right.

Aye, that suggests a cheering thought—that if all the realms of demonology are on the other side, all the realms of angelology are on our side, among them Gabriel, and Michael the archangel, and the angel of the new covenant, and they are now talking over the present awful struggle and final glorious triumph, talking amid the alabaster pillars and in the ivory palaces, and along the broad ways and grand avenues of the great capital of the universe, and amid the spray of fountains with rainbows like the "rainbow round the throne," and as they take their morning ride in the chariots with white horses bitted with gold that were seen by John in vision apocalyptic, and while waiting in temples for the one hundred and forty and four thousand to chant, accompanied by harpers and trumpeters, and thunders and hallelujahs like the voice of many waters. Yes, all heaven is on our side, and the "high places of wickedness" spoken of in my text are not so high as the high places of heaven, where there are enough reserve forces if our earthly forces should be overpowered, or in cowardice fall back, to sweep down some morning at daybreak and take all this earth for God before the city clocks could strike 12 for noon. And the cab-

inet of heaven, the most august cabinet in the universe, made up of three—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost—are now in session in the King's palace, and they are with us, and they are going to see us through, and they invite us, as soon as we have done our share of the work, to go up and see them and celebrate the final victory, that is more sure to come than tomorrow's sunrise. While I think of it, the Scotch evangelistic hymn comes upon me and stirs the strong tide of Scotch blood that rolls through my arteries: It's a bonnie, bonnie war' that we're livin in the noo,

An sunny is the lan' that noo we often traiv'll throo,

But in vain we look for something here to which our hearts may cling.

For its beauty is as naething tae the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded summer, wi' its merry merry tread,

An we sigh when hoary winter lays its bonnie w' the dead,

For tho' bonnie are the snowflakes an' the doon on winter's wing,

It's fire to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven an' nae desolatin sen.

An nae tyrant hoofs shall trampie' the city o' the free;

There's an everlasting daylight an' a never fadin spring,

Where the Lamb issa' the glory i' the palace o' the King.

We see our freen's await us ower yonner at his gate;

Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin late;

Let our lamps be brightly burnin, let us raise our voice an sing,

For suns we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace o' the King.

The Queen's Four Leaved Clover.

An amusing story of Queen Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine and wife of Louis Bonaparte, king of Holland, has lately been told. After her exile from Holland the ex-queen sojourned for a time in a modest habitation near Constance, in Switzerland.

As her health was broken down by her troubles her physicians prescribed a visit to the mountains of Appenzell, and the ex-queen, accompanied only by a reader or female companion and two or three servants, went to a rustic neighborhood in the hills. There she and her companion found nothing better to do than hunt for four leaved clover and became quite excited in the search.

"To lend the matter interest," the queen wrote in a letter which has been brought to light, "we would assume that each discovery of a four leaved clover had some prophetic significance. The next one, if found so and so, meant that we should return to France; another meant that I was to receive a letter the next day from my son Louis, and so on. In this innocent pastime we found positively the only excitement that was open to us in the place.

"But soon it was noised abroad among the children of the neighborhood that we were continually hunting four leaved clover, and consequently, these children argued, we must want it very much. Then all the children and some of the grown people were out hunting four leaved clover, and soon great bunches of it were brought to us, for which we had to show ourselves very grateful.

"In another day our only resource for amusement was gone, for these kind but superservicable people had stripped the neighborhood for a mile around of all its four leaved clover."

No Flowers Allowed at a Military Funeral.

"Flowers can play no part in a military funeral, the rules of army or naval burials forbidding them," explained an army officer to a reporter. "While I was down at Chickamauga recently it was rumored that one of the soldiers in camp there had died. Indeed it was so printed in a local paper. The result was that on the following day a large quantity of flowers were sent by sympathetic ladies and others with a request that they should be placed on the coffin of the dead soldier. Now, the fact was that no soldier had died and the officers had the flowers sent to their quarters.

If there were a death in the camp, the flowers could not be used, for they are not military in any sense. The only thing allowed on the coffin of a soldier or sailor is a flag. That has been decided to be decoration enough, and among military men I have never heard the slightest objection to the custom, which has always prevailed."—Washington Star.

Canine Chicken Thieves.

The cleverness of negro boys in Atlanta has been perverted to teaching dogs to steal chickens. When this explanation of the disappearance of poultry was made by the losers, the police were skeptical, but all doubts vanished when on the arrest of four suspected boys a dog with a chicken in his teeth followed the patrol wagon to the police station. The boys confessed and explained their method of operation. They would get a chicken in the old way, by theft from the roost, and then teach a "likely" dog to catch and fetch it. After a little practice of this kind the dog would be taken through premises where chickens were at large and would be invited to attack. Soon thereafter the dog could be depended upon to do surveying without assistance or suggestion. Two of the trained dogs were captured by the police and were condemned to death as dangerous to the welfare of the community.—Atlanta Constitution.

MEXICO'S NATIONAL DRINK.

It Is Made of the Sap of the Century Plant and Is Called Pulque.

The juices of the maguey or century plant form a universal drink among the Mexicans. These plants blossom only once and that at about ten years of age, after which they die. When the blossom stock appears in the center of the plant, at the base of the long, thick leaves, the maguey farmer watches it carefully until it reaches a certain stage in its development, and he then cuts it out in such a manner as to leave a bowl-like depression. Into this receptacle is poured the sap which would have gone to nourish the long blossom stock had it been left in the plant, and from these juices the famous Mexican beverages are made.

A harvester makes his way from plant to plant in the maguey field, gathering the liquid by means of a crude siphon and a pigskin bag. The siphon most commonly used consists of a long necked gourd with a hole at either end. The siphon gatherer places the smaller end of this gourd in the liquid filled hollow in the center of the plant, and then by putting his mouth over the larger end and sucking the air from the gourd he draws up the liquid into his siphon. The gourd being filled, a stopper is placed in the hole at the large end and the measure is emptied into the pigskin.

The juice thus obtained is passed through a simple process of fermentation which requires about 24 hours when it becomes fit for use as beverage.

The chief drink thus obtained from the maguey is pulque, which is the Mexican national beverage. This liquor has the appearance of iced buttermilk and it is said to resemble it very much in taste. The fluid becomes unpalatable and useless, however, after 48 hours and consequently it must be consumed as soon after making as possible. According to Modern Mexico, pulque making is an enormous industry in Mexico.

Mexico City alone, consumes 100,000 pints a day, besides quantities of mescal and tequila. Pulque is made from the large maguey by fermentation, while mescal is a much more intoxicating liquor, obtained by distillation from the heart and the root of a smaller variety of the same plant. Tequila is also a brand of maguey sap.

A well developed maguey plant will yield from 100 to 150 gallons of sap. The sap must be gathered daily for several weeks, sometimes for three months, before it ceases to flow. The natives regard these beverages as an essential part of their diet, and their consumption is universal among all classes of people. Manufacturer.

Lottery Superstitions.

One strange result of Bismarck's death, says London Vanity Fair, has been the stimulus that it has given to lottery speculation in Vienna. Never since the terrible catastrophe at the Ring theater have the offices been crowded by so many thousands of superstitious speculators. The age of the departed statesman—84—was, of course, the favorite number, but it soon became impossible to get even the fraction of a ticket. All the factors and multiples of the number were next bought up with eager alacrity, and there was a run on every other figure even remotely connected with the hero's life. Many serious gamblers despise these arithmetical coincidences and follow the handbooks which assign numbers to incidents and characteristics.

One old woman entered an office and besought the clerk to tell her what figure represented "Reichskanzler." The compilers of the mystic lists had omitted this important word. "However," said the official, "Stag's hill was Bismarck's favorite spot—it is, in fact, his burial place—and 'stag' is 29—a first class chance." The good lady planked her hard earned florin on the stag, but had no luck. Indeed the drawings so far have gone dead against the believers in signs and omens.

A Many Sided Man Is William.

The people of Constantinople presented Emperor William with a silver vase. He will have a fountain erected in Stamboul as a return gift. As soon as the idea seized him the emperor designed a fountain and sent the plans to the sultan.

There is no denying the versatility of this astonishing young man. When his soul yearns for a song or a symphony, he sits down and composes one. If the nation needs an anthem, his facile talent turns one out. When he wants to read an interesting book of romance, travel or history, he promptly writes just such a book.

Emperor William prides himself on his capacity to command an army or a fleet of battleships. He is a finished horseman, a hunter of big game, a lover of wild sport and an adept at the gentle graces of twanging a light guitar or trolling a love song.

He does many things well, and if he could still the buzzing of that divinely commissioned bee in his bonnet he might settle down to be a very useful citizen.—New York Journal.

The Runaway Boy.

"Are there any marks by which he can be identified?" asked the chief of police, preparatory to telegraphing.

"No," said the father of the boy who had started to Minnesota to fight Indians, "but there will be when I get hold of him again." Exchange.

The Lords He Knew.

The late Bishop William Ingraham Kip of San Francisco was very proud of his aristocratic family connection. He came from an old Dutch family, his ancestors having crossed the ocean from Hull before this country had made much history. Having considerable private means and not being dependent upon his diocesan salary, the bishop made frequent trips to Europe, and upon his return from abroad he always committed the indiscretion, not uncommon with European travelers, of talking a great deal about the noble persons he had met. It was, "My friend Lord This" and "My relative Lord That," until even the bishop's admirers felt rather tired.

One Episcopal layman, a hard headed business man, proud of his American birth and in love with his democratic ideas, was especially disgusted. "The bishop gives me a pain," he said frankly. "Besides, he isn't on to his job," he continued. "He seems to know all about every lord in creation except the Lord God Almighty."—New York Tribune.

Second Time Is Out.

The hotel stood on a corner of a main street and a comparatively unfrequent side street. One evening I overheard the little old black man talking very savagely with another around the corner on the side street, and among other things he said:

"Yes, sub, an ef I hits you dey woan' be but two licks struck. I'll hit you an you'll hit de groan."

"You done hear what I say?"—Denver Post.

Her Liquid Voice.

"Your wife has such a liquid voice," said Mr. F. admiringly to Mr. T.

"Yes; that's a pretty good name for it," replied Mr. T.

Mr. F. looked up inquiringly, and Mr. T. added immediately: "Don't you understand? Why, it never dries up, you know."—London Fun.

Not Disposed to Delay Him.

"I would go to the end of the world for you," he exclaimed passionately.

"I'm sure I wish you would," she answered coldly, "and—then jump off."—Somerville Journal.

During the siege of Paris no fewer than 22,000,000 letters sailed out of the city in the 54 balloons dispatched between the 12th of September, 1870, and the 28th of January, 1871.

St. Louis has one church to 2,800 of population, New York one to 2,468, Chicago one to 2,081, Boston one to 1,800 and Minneapolis one to 1,054.

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SAILING.

SOUTH WIND.
Bright skies above us,
White clouds drifting over!
Blue spreads the sea, all shimmer and flash.
Boom well off and a lazy helm creaking,
Music of ripples, like Kingfisher's plash.
Gurgle and splash!
Chuckles the water,
Silver to windward, sapphire to leeward.
Sunshine of nature,
Skylights wide open—
'Tis pleasure to sail when a summer sea.

DUE WEST.

Fifing of wind blasts,
Drumming of halyards!
Beckons the deep where the green waves run.
Ships close hauled and helm hard a-weather,
Rainbow shot spray flung aloft in the sun.
Bise, plunge!
Dips the bow under.
Mount and away on the back of the sea.
Joy of swift motion,
Infinite distance—
'Tis rapture to sail when the winds blow free.

NORTHEAST.

Howl of the tempest,
Thunder of breakers!
Foam dashing high on a close reefed sail.
Skipping the white crests, leaping the hollows,
Swoop down the wind, like a gull in the gale.
Roll, roll!
Push the seas after.
Flashes the beacon as homeward we go.
Thrill of the elements,
Soul self assertive—
'Tis passion to sail when the storm winds blow.

—William J. Long in Youth's Companion.

REUNITED.

It had been raining for two days, and now the change to east of the wind had brought sleet, and the moisture was freezing in thin, dangerous ice on the pavements.

George Witherspoon swung the corner into Pine street. His usually erect body was bent against the strength of the wind.

"Such weather for the last of April," he muttered as he went up the steps of his house, and as he put the key into his door a vision came to him of the April two years before—a vision of long lanes, with blossoming lilacs and horse-chestnuts and daffodils and of a tall and radiant woman always at his side. He entered the house and went slowly upstairs. How clearly it all streamed out, enveloped his mind, his senses! He had first seen her at a table d'hôte in Paris. He had followed her over half of Europe and had finally met her at Baden-Baden. She had a doting old father, but ultimately the two had gained his reluctant surrender of his only adored daughter, and they had married.

For just a year they had enjoyed supreme, overflowing happiness. Then Alice became jealous. A batch of old letters had come to her from an unscrupulous woman her husband had been fascinated by in his extreme youth at college, and she resented with all her intense passionate nature anything which could come between them and their exclusive love for one another. She had spent one long night alone lashing her bitter envy to madness, and the next morning she had gone to him with marvelous calmness and told him of her irrevocable determination to leave him forever. He was proud. He had met her with disdainful indifference, had considered self-justification unnecessary, and they had separated.

They both had lived quietly. They went nowhere, for their friends were common ones, and they avoided all possibly annoying meetings. He spent his time on the board of trade, at his clubs or in his home, which he could not bring himself to give up, and she had so restricted her life that he scarcely caught a glimpse of her. Only at the theater or at some concert did her pure, proud profile suddenly start out from the crowd, and then emotion would so powerfully sweep over him that he would have to leave the building.

Only one bond still existed between them. Alice's father was old and an invalid. His time was spent at watering places, mostly on the other side, and it had seemed a simple and dutiful kind of falsehood to weave around him a veil of ignorance as to the real state of affairs and leave him with the happy feeling of Alice's joy and completed love. So they wrote to him regularly, filling their letters with sweet plans and ambitions, unconsciously embodying in them their fondest wishes and most heartfelt desires.

George Witherspoon was dressing himself carefully. Three cravats were thrown aside before he had tied one to his taste. He never looked so well as in a Tuxedo. Alice had always said. He could hear her voice now, her low, thrilling voice, saying as she came toward him across the hall, "My big, stunning sweetheart," and just before she put her arms closely around his neck, "Dear, dear, how I love you!"

He shivered with desire for her. Would he never recover? Would he never forget? He thought he could almost feel her face pressed softly against his—his nostrils were filled with the sweet, subtle smell of the sandalwood her laces were put away in.

Hush—a knock at the door! The man's heart swelled with feeling. He forgot everything, the intervening year, the awful bitterness, the loneliness, and he softly opened the door, drunk with one dominant idea. His man Chambers stood without.

"A lady to see you, sir," he said.

"Her name?" Witherspoon asked.

"She says it's not necessary to tell it, sir," answered the man, "but it's an important business she wants you, sir, and she will keep you only a minute."

Witherspoon's whole being was vibrating. What was this strange premonition? Was it sorrow coming or did he feel a dawning joy?

"I'll be down in moment," he said. He walked up and down the room rapidly several times. It was their anniversary. He had remembered and kept it so rigidly. It was barely possible it had come over her as strongly—the happiness they were missing from their lives, the incompleteness of theirapid present—and perhaps she had come to him. He was almost running down the stairs in his eagerness. He held back the portieres, and there she stood before the fire—straight, tense, her slimness accentuated by her velvet coat, the whiteness and delicacy of her face starting out exquisitely from the lace at her throat and from under the big black hat. As he approached her he noticed the nervous tapping of her foot in the fur of the rug, the tense pressure of her clasped hands. Was it a dream—Alice in her home again, a year's misery canceled in a moment? He held out both hands and noticed her eyes in the mirror they were facing as he said:

"And have you come to me again, Alice?"

She started visibly and then slowly turned.

"Yes," she answered quietly. "I've come to you. And you mustn't fail me," she added beseechingly.

"Won't you sit down?" Witherspoon asked. She was trembling.

"Thank you," she said, and she sat on a low stool, and the man noticed with a sinking of the heart how she drew her little cloak about her, the thumbs of the clasped hands turned up and back. How he remembered!

"I must come to the root of the matter at once," the girl began, and gradually her voice grew fierce and she looked him full in the face with her wide, sad eyes. He noticed, with almost a feeling of exultation, that her face was now the face of the woman who had lived and suffered.

"You haven't heard from my father for some time, have you?" she began.

"No," Witherspoon answered. "It must be some weeks now."

"I received a telegram this afternoon," the woman went on quietly. "He arrived in New York this morning and will be in Cincinnati tomorrow. He is bound for California, and he will, on his way, stop in town with his son and daughter."

Her voice had broken. Witherspoon rose to his feet and walked to the window. The silence was painful.

"And what will you do?" he said, at last, turning to her.

"There's only one thing to do," and the girl's voice was determined. "My father has very little longer to live. He's not had much but disappointment in his life, and cost what it may, I cannot bring more sorrow to him. You know how the ghastly thing would shock his old time conventionalism." She hesitated and seemed to look to the man for his help in thought or deed, but his fear of her scorn kept him silent. At last, taking a deep breath, she went on:

"Tomorrow morning I must send here the few things I took away. The portraits, my piano, my work—they're easily put in place and will be as easily moved away again. I'm sorry to so inconvenience you, but you must see it is unavoidable." She stopped again and looked into the fire. "My room," she asked, "is it much changed?"

The man was kneeling beside her now, his arms about her. "Sweetheart, sweetheart," he almost moaned, "stay with me, I beg of you to stay with me! My life's been a misery since you've not been—everything is flat and without flavor. We've taken a year out of the radiance that is given to man but sparingly. Don't let's throw away another moment of it. I love you—oh, God, how I love you!"

His head was buried in her lap, and slowly she took off her long glove and stroked the hair she remembered so well.

"Are you perfectly sure you want me?" she asked softly.

And so it happened that on the second anniversary of their wedding Mr. and Mrs. George Witherspoon were seen by a party of gay young friends taking dinner at the St. Nicholas. "Gad!" as one of the men said later. "They were like two children off on a lark, and aren't they quite the best looking couple in Cincinnati?"—Cincinnati Post.

Boston's Big Station.

The largest railway station in the world is building in Boston, and on unique plans, having two stories for trains, local trains running in and out of the basement on a new loop system, and all tracks are being fitted with the third rail for electricity. The capacity of the entire depot will not be far from 2,000 trains per day. The building has a ten acre roof, and the waiting room is 295 feet long and two stories high. The basement is six feet below the main level of the neighboring sea, and in order to build it there first had to be put in the largest cofferdam ever known, 2,000 by 700 feet. In this a great cup of cement was laid, resting upon 4,400 piles, and in this cup the building stands. In order to make room for this great building 210 others were demolished, which sheltered during business hours 4,000 people.—Philadelphia Record.

whipped the Four Hundred.

An officer of the steamer Empress of Japan, recently arrived at Vancouver from the orient, tells of an exciting street fight which he witnessed in the streets of Hongkong prior to the sailing of his vessel. There are many sailors in that harbor attached to the war vessels of various nations, and they imbibe strong national prejudices as they watch the international game in the east. The trouble started in a saloon. The Russian sailors combined with the French and Germans and formed a double line down a narrow street and dared any Johnny Bull or Yankee to pass.

The English and American sailors joined forces and found they mustered 150 to the enemy's 400. Nothing daunted, they seized a lot of jinrikishas, formed a wedge with them and rushed on the foreigners with a cheer. They broke the line, smashed the jinrikishas and continued the fight with fists and pieces of the debris until, as the informant relates, they had the 400 allies badly whipped. The din was dreadful, but above it rose the singing of "America" and "God Save the Queen," both, of course, to the same tune. The authorities were powerless and appealed to the commanders of the warships, who ordered the men to step, and the hostilities ceased.

Thus has been begun the much talked of Anglo-Saxon alliance against the world.—Argonaut.

Sarcastic Novelist.

The people who want—and do not scruple to ask for—favors from public men are sometimes so unreasonable as almost to deserve a rude answer. Such an answer, for example, as The Golden Penny quotes:

A certain novelist, not unknown to fame, received from a lady an unstamped letter asking the loan of his book, on the plea that she could not obtain it at the bookseller's in her town. His reply was worded as follows:

DEAR MADAM—In the town where you reside there appears to be a lack of all sorts of things which are easily procurable elsewhere—not only of my recent work, but also of postage stamps for letters. I have in my possession, it is true, the book you desire to obtain and also the stamp to pay its carriage, but, to my regret, I am without the necessary money to make it into a parcel. If you can supply me with a piece, I am at your service."

A Brief Lesson In Spanish.

"Comercio" and "incommunicado" still prove that the American editor is unaware that double m's do not exist in the Spanish language.—Mexican Herald.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Hatchet, a noted historian to the War Department as official historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camp at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the Hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of the battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

CASTORIA.

Bear the Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of *Chat H. Fletcher*

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia, Wilmington & Balt. R. R.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

Schedule in effect November 29, 1897.

Trains leave Delmar north bound as follows:

Leave p. m. a.m. a.m. p. m. p. m.

Delmar..... 11:08 27 00 8:00 12:15 3:00

Laurel..... 21 7 11 8 10 12:25 3:41

Seaford..... 1:34 7 23 8 24 12:35 3:56

Cannon... 17 31 8 31 12:30 4:04

Bridgeville... 1:48 7 37 8 37 12:46 4:11

Greenwood... 17 45 8 45 12:46 4:14

Farmington... 17 53 8 53 12:46 4:27

Harrington... 2 22 8 5 9 06 8 08 4:40

Feeton... 2 33 8 14 9 16 8 18 4:49

Viola... 18 18 10 20 8 20 4:58

Woodside... 18 22 10 24 8 24 4:57

Devere... 2 48 8 20 9 31 8 32 5:05

Smyrna... 8 42 9 49 8 44 8 38 5:11

Clayton... 3 09 8 53 9 59 8 54 5:20

Greenspring... 1 06 8 59 9 59 8 54 5:37

Townsend... 9 06 10 13 4 07 5:49

Middletown... 3 30 9 15 10 21 4 16 5:57

Mt. Pleasant... 10 32 9 16 10 21 4 16 6:05

Kirkwood... 10 40 9 16 10 21 4 16 6:15

Porter... 9 31 10 46 4 34 6:20

Bear... 10 51 10 51 4 34 6:25

New Castle... 9 46 11 02 4 47 6:35

Farnhurst... 9 50 11 07 4 50 6:39

Wilmington... 4 15 9 58 11 17 4 59 6:47

Baltimore... 6 31 11 15 12 40 8 55 6:43

Philadelphia 5 10 12 46 8 52 7:33

* Stops to leave passengers from points south of Delmar, and to take passengers for Wilmington and points north.

† Daily except Sunday.

* Stop only on notice to conductor or agent or on signal.

BRANCH ROADS.

Dela., Md., Va. & R. R.—Leave Harrington for Franklin City 10:30 a. m. week days; 6:37 p. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only. Returning train leaves Franklin City 5:50 a. m. weekdays, and 1:42 p. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

Leave Franklin City for Chincoteague, (via steamer) 1:43 p. m. week days. Returning train leaves Chincoteague 4:42 a. m. weekdays.

Delaware and Chesapeake railroad leaves Cambridge for Oxford and way stations 8:33 a. m. and 4:47 p. m. weekdays. Returning train leaves Oxford 8:15 a. m. and 1:40 p. m. Tuesdays.

Cambridge and Seaford railroad. Leaves Seaford for Cambridge and intermediate stations 11:17 a. m. and 7:14 p. m. week days. Returning train leaves Cambridge 6:30 a. m. and 2:35 p. m. week days.

CONNECTIONS—At Porter with Newark & Delaware City Railroad. At Townsend with Queen Anne & Kent Railroad. At Clayton, with Delaware & Chesapeake Railroad and Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad. At Harrington, with Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad. At Seaford, with Cambridge & Seaford railroad. Leaves Seaford for Cambridge and intermediate stations 11:17 a. m. and 7:14 p. m. week days. Returning train leaves Cambridge 6:30 a. m. and 2:35 p. m. week days.

DR. ANNA GIERING REGISTERED PHYSICIAN.

Twenty-five years experience. Specialist in Diseases of Women only. Private Sanitarium of high class. Appointments and private advice.

ed. Female Regulating Pills \$2.00 per box. Advice by mail.

1603 EAST BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

Vegetable Compound for female complaints \$1.00. Wives without children consult me.

J. B. HUTCHINSON. J.

WITH A KNIFE BLADE SAW.

Clarence W. Parsons Was Detected In
an Effort to Make His Way Out.

The Baltimore Sun of Thursday, says: Clarence W. Parsons, who escaped from the jail at Salisbury, October 15th, and was recaptured and locked up in Baltimore city jail, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from that prison a few days ago.

He was arrested on a charge of burglary and was sent to the Salisbury jail to await trial. By some means he secured the key to his cell door and escaped into the corridor. He then found the key to the front door and, with another prisoner, left the jail. They made their way to the railroad tracks, where they secured a hand car and made off. Parsons made his way to Baltimore and went to the House of Refuge, where he had been a couple of years before. Captain Schultz, of the Southwestern police station, learned of his presence there and arrested him. The Wicomico county authorities asked that Parsons be kept in Baltimore while the jail at Salisbury was undergoing repairs.

Parsons had well planned his attempted escape from the Baltimore jail, but his plans miscarried, chiefly on account of his confidence in Joseph Howard, colored, who was convicted in the Criminal Court of manslaughter for the killing of John Dutton. He told Howard of his plans and offered him the opportunity to escape with him. Howard remained in the jail a few days, pending a motion for a new trial. The motion was withdrawn and he was sent to the penitentiary. Before leaving the jail he told Warden Bailey of Parsons' plans.

An examination was made by the warden and he found that Parsons had attempted to saw through the bars of a window in one of the towers. He was confined on the second tier and the window in the tower is only a short distance from the ground. In the tower are located the closets used by the prisoners, and Parsons' presence in the tower did not attract attention. The only tool he used was an old table knife which was without a handle. He managed to hack the blade into a rude saw, and with that he sawed about one-fourth through.

Unfortunately for him in making his saw he used the thin edge of the knife, and after the saw had penetrated a short distance into the steel bar the thicker part of the knife stuck in the slit he had made. The knife was taken away from Parsons, and he will be kept under lock and key until he is delivered to the Wicomico county sheriff.

Contract for a Steamer.

The Queen Anne's Railroad Company has awarded a contract this week for a handsome new steamer, to run between Baltimore and Queenstown. It is planned to make this steamer the fastest of its class on the bay, and it is to be built under a guarantee of a maximum speed of eighteen miles an hour. The steamer will be 200 feet long and will be a side wheeler. A feature of the vessel will be the dining room, which will seat about seventy persons. The kitchen arrangements will be of improved type, as the idea is to make the meal service on the boat a specialty.

With this steamer the trip from Baltimore to Queenstown from wharf to wharf will be made in two hours. The distance is thirty miles, and while two hours will be the schedule time, the new steamer is to be capable of going faster should the demand arise. It now takes about three hours to make the trip, and the time saved will enable the introduction of a schedule which will be more convenient to the traveling public, as on the two round trips nearly four hours will be saved daily.

The new steamer is to be finished by May 15, 1899, and when fitted out and ready for service will represent an investment of about \$100,000.

Buncoers Use Hypnotism.

Wilmington, Del., Nov. 9.—Bridgeville, in Sussex county, was thrown into excitement this afternoon when it was learned that Garrett Layton, a prominent citizen of that town, had been robbed of \$3,000 by two bunco men.

It is stated that the men had been trying to buy a farm of Mr. Layton, and while at his place had promised to play a game of cards in fun. Mr. Layton agreed and won \$3,000, but as the game had not been in earnest, he gave the money back.

While at Seaford today Mr. Layton had occasion to draw \$2,000 from a bank, and on his way home again met the strangers. They proposed a second game, and when Mr. Layton agreed hypnotism is said to have been used. Mr. Layton, while in a hypnotic state, was robbed of his money and the buncoers left him.

An Emperor's Attic.

The winter palace of the czar surpasses any other palace in Europe. It is on the banks of the Neva and owes its existence to the Empress Catherine II, that most extraordinary woman, extraordinary in ability and in vice, the surprise of all her contemporaries and the wonder of all who have studied her character. The building is four stories high, of a light brown color and highly ornamental in architecture. It is a wilderness of halls, stairways and apartments. The Nicholas hall and the St. George's hall will never be forgotten by those who have seen them.

One of the most interesting rooms is that where Nicholas I died. It is in the upper story of the northeast corner of the building and is approached by four doors and finally by a narrow passage. It is a small room, only about 18 feet long and 18 feet wide, with two small windows, and is the place where the emperor spent most of his time when not officially employed. It is the room in which he died, some say by poison administered by himself in a fit of melancholy induced by the outcome of the Crimean war. The room remains just as he left it. Near the center is a plain iron bedstead. Some chairs and a few cheap pictures adorn the room, and a dilapidated, down at the heel pair of slippers complete the furnishings of the attic room in the palace.

The Ashantees See Sights.

The natives of these Jaman villages had never seen a white man before, and I noticed at first with some surprise that those of our actions which interested them most were the simple and commonplace ones. To such matters as eating and dressing they gave the closest attention. Every morning when I emerged from my tent I found a large audience waiting patiently for the performance to begin, and when I took my place at the washstand a crowd closed round, forming a large circle. They followed the whole process with the greatest enjoyment, discussing and explaining to one another the various details and now and again raising shouts of applause as some peculiarly amusing feature of the performance (such as the use of the nailbrush) occurred. When I produced my toothbrush and proceeded to put it to its natural use, there was much anxious discussion, and when I brushed my hair up and made it stand on end they yelled with delight.

As for the opening of a bottle of champagne, which occurred on one occasion after an unusually long march) it simply brought down the house, although the spectators somewhat abruptly dispersed and viewed the remainder of the performance around the corners of adjacent huts.—"Freeman's Travels and Life in Ashanti."

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

A scientist, writing of the black hole of Calcutta and its atmosphere, says:

"On the 20th of June, 1756, about 8 o'clock in the evening, 146 men were forced at the point of the bayonet into a dungeon 18 feet square. They had been but a few minutes confined in this infernal prison before every one fell into a perspiration so profuse that no idea can be formed of it. This brought on a raging thirst, the most difficult respiration and an outrageous delirium. Such was the horror of their situation that every insult that could be devised against the guard without and all the opprobrious names the viceroy and his officers could be loaded with were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon them and terminate their sufferings. Before 11 o'clock the same evening one-third of the men were dead, and before 6 next morning only 23 came out alive, but most of them in a high putrid fever. All these dreadful effects were occasioned by the want of atmospheric air and by their breathing a superabundant quantity of nitrogen emitted from their lungs."

Eyeglasses and Spectacles.

"You say you never wore spectacles?" said the near sighted man. "Well, if you ever put on a pair you'll never wear anything else. I wore eyeglasses for years. I thought they looked better on me, and then I imagined that they were more convenient; that I could take them off and put them on more readily and all that. But after wearing a pair of spectacles once for a few days—I had put them on, as I thought at first, temporarily—I discovered that spectacles were the glasses for comfort.

"There are, to be sure, people who do not wear glasses all the time, but only for reading or writing, and so on, to whom eyeglasses may be more convenient, and then I believe that eyeglasses are made nowadays that have more scientifically adjusted grips, and all that sort of thing, but I tell you that the thing for real comfort is spectacles."—New York Sun.

Covered the Case.

Not long ago the Dublin Independent published the following obituary notice: "Smith—On the 28th inst., Amy Jane Mary Smith, eldest daughter of John and Wilhelmina Smith, aged 1 day and 2½ hours. The bereaved and heartbroken parents beg to tender their hearty thanks to Dr. Jones for his unremitting attention during the illness of the deceased and for the moderate brevity of his bill; also to Mr. Wilson for running for the doctor and to Mr. Robinson for recommending mustard plaster."

County Correspondence.

PARSONSBURG, MD.

Mr. E. H. Riley of Baltimore, formerly of this place, has been spending a few days here.

Mr. John W. Wimbrow of this place, who is engaged in the lumber business in St. Mary's county, has been home for a while.

Mr. William Haddock of near Melsonville, while gunning Tuesday, accidentally shot himself through the left hand. The hand was injured so badly the little finger had to be amputated. The wound was dressed by Dr. G. W. Freeny of Pittsville.

Messrs. E. H. & E. W. Parsons' splinter mill caught fire in the ventilator on Thursday. The fire was discovered and put out before much damage was done. It is supposed the fire kindled in the ventilator by sparks of fire from the smokestack.

The B. C. & A. Railway Company.

We are now collecting matter for our "Guide to Summer Homes" for 1899. To make the book complete, I would be glad if all persons, who intend taking Summer Boarders, would advise us, giving full particulars; distance from wharf, or station, number accommodated, rates, etc. If you have a picture I would be glad if you send it to me. I wish to make this Guide the most complete the Company has ever issued hence this early start collecting matter. Address T. MURDOCK, G. P. A., 111 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

12 3

His Case Continued.

John Allinson, a Muhlenberg lawyer, is a wag of whom the Madisonville (Ky.) Hustler tells a story illustrative of the fact that even in the presence of death the ruling passion asserts itself.

He became ill at his home in Greenville with what was supposed to be heart disease, and a physician was hastily summoned. When he arrived, John was gasping for breath, and his friends expected him to die at any minute. When the doctor asked him what was the matter, he coolly replied, "Doc, I have an intimation that my case is about to be called, and if possible I want to get a continuance."

The doctor went to work and, contrary to everybody's expectation, did get John a continuance, and he is still practicing law in Greenville.

An Uncertain Disease.

There is no disease more uncertain in its nature than dyspepsia. Physicians say that the symptoms of no two cases agree. It is therefore most difficult to make a correct diagnosis. No matter how severe, or under what disguise dyspepsia attacks you, Brown's Iron Bitters will cure it. Invaluable in all diseases of the stomach, blood and nerves. Brown's Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Charles Fletcher*.

POCKET BOOK LOST.

Lost, somewhere on the streets of Salisbury last Thursday a long red morocco pocket book containing valuable papers. Finder will kindly return to ADVERTISER office and receive reward.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF
Valuable Farm

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Wicomico county passed in the case of Humphreys vs. Humphreys, being No. 1186 Chancery Docket, of said Court, the undersigned will offer at public auction at the Court House door in Salisbury, Md., on

SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 3, 1898,

AT THE HOUR OF 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,
all that farm or tract of land in Parsons Election District, Wicomico county, Maryland, situate on the south side of and bounded on the county road leading from Salisbury to Pittsville, known as the "Shell Road," about one and one-half miles from the town of Salisbury, containing

90 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, being known as

"FAIRFIELD"

and being the same property of which Randolph Humphreys was lately seized. The said property is splendidly located and is improved with fine dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE.

Five Hundred Dollars cash on day of sale; balance in one year secured by notes bearing interest from day of sale, with approved security.

JAS. E. ELLEGOOD, Trustee.

Itching, Burning

Terrribly Afflicted with Skin Disease

and Could Not Sleep—Hood's

Sarsaparilla Gives Complete Re-

lief—Well Known Contractor.

"I was terribly afflicted with rash, which extended all over my body. I could not sleep at night on account of the itching and burning. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using three bottles I was entirely well. My husband is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia and it is doing him good. My little boy was also troubled with rash and could not rest. He is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now able to sleep well at night and he has a better appetite." MRS. M. C. LOVE, Lonconing, Maryland.

"I have been troubled with a pain in my back across my hips in the morning. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has cured me. I can now work as well as any man." WALTER W. KEGG, Contractor, 70 Columbia St., Cumberland, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

Auditor's Notice.

The United States Baking Company, et al. vs.
The R. Frank Williams Co.,

No. 1144 Chancery.

All persons having claims against the assets of the R. Frank Williams Company, in the hands of Jay Williams and Elmer O. Williams, receivers, are requested to file the same with me on or before the 3d day of December, 1898, as I shall on that day, proceed to distribute the proceeds of said assets to those entitled thereto.

L. M. DASHIELL, Auditor.

RIDER NISI.

Wicomico Building & Loan Association vs.
Jennie Rounds and Alexander W. Rounds.

In the Circuit Court for Wicomico County,
In Equity No. 1214 Chancery. November Term, 1898.

Ordered that the sale of property mentioned in these proceedings be made distribution made and reported by E. Stanley Toadvine, attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of December next, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Wicomico county, once in each of three successive weeks preceding the 7th day of December, next. The report states the amount of sales to be \$600.00.

CHAS. F. HOLLAND,
True Copy Test: CHAS. F. HOLLAND.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

A red yearling with a white back came to my premises on or about October 1st. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expense of keeping and advertising.

HARVEY ROBBINS.

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS

BIG BARGAINS

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

15c table oil cloths	9½c	8c Dress Gingham	5c
25c all-linen window curtains	.18c	\$3.50 plush capes	\$1.98
50c heavy fringe	35c	\$6.50 ladies' coats	\$3.25
25c red table linen	15c	\$3 child's coats	\$1.75
8c muslins	5c	Nice silks	25c
6c apron gingham	4c	Good dark calico	3½c

These are only a few of our bargains. A visit to our millinery department will convince one that we are selling Ladies' and Children's Hats cheaper than ever. Everything up to date. No trashy trimmings used. All the latest styles.

A complete line of standard patterns in stock. If you need a pattern try the standard. Dress makers say they are the best patterns on the market.

The Designer for December, price 10 cents, now on sale at

S. H. MORRIS.

Main Street.

Near Postoffice.

When Cold Winds Blow

People who provide themselves with our Heavy Winter Underwear, Suits and Overcoats, can scoff at winter's biting blast. We have about

\$7,000.00

worth of just such things as you will need this fall and winter to make you comfortable and genteel, and

Prices Temptingly Low for Such Good Quality.

FALL OVERCOATS.

FALL AND WINTER SUITS.

WINTER OVERCOATS.

Men's Youth's and Children's Sizes.

Kennerly & Mitchell

Fashionable Wearing Apparel.

SALISBURY ADVERTISER

Vol. 32.

Salisbury, Md., Saturday, Nov. 19, 1898.

No. 15.

HORNTHALL—AMISS NUPTIALS.

Fashionable Wedding Wednesday at Monumental Church.

Monumental M. E. Church was the scene Wednesday afternoon of one of the most fashionable weddings in Portsmouth for some time, when Mr. Henry Ward Hornthall of Norfolk, a son of Mr. L. H. Hornthall, of the Columbia Peanut Company, and Miss Irma Christian Amis, daughter of Rev. J. H. Amis presiding elder of Portsmouth district, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The church decorations were superb. The interior of the sacred edifice was a mass of rare ferns and other plants, a particularly handsome design being an arch of chrysanthemums, amilax and brides roses, supporting a horseshoe of chrysanthemums. To the strain of Mendelssohn's beautiful wedding march the bridal party entered the church. The bride, attired in a going away gown of grey silk poplin, trimmed with real lace and cut steel passementerie, and wearing an exquiste diamond brooch, a gift of the groom, and carrying a wreath of chrysanthemums, entered on the arm of her father.

The groom attired in the conventional black, entered the church on the arm of his brother, Mr. Herman Hornthall. The bridemaid, Miss Reamey Hamlin, of Danville, Va., wearing grey Venetian cloth, ribbon, velvet trimmings and diamond ornaments, and carrying pink chrysanthemums followed the bride to the altar. The ushers, Dr. E. P. Odend'hal, Messrs. F. Odend'hal, Jr. N. T. Hunter, S. P. Woodley, Ernest Perry, R. W. and W. T. Burgess, wearing black, entered behind the groom and his brother.

The ceremony was performed by the bride's father the Rev. J. H. Amis, assisted by Rev. L. B. Betty. After the ceremony the bridal party entered the carriages and were driven to the Old Dominion Line wharf where Mr. and Mrs. Hornthall took the steamer for New York. From there they go to Niagara Falls and Montreal on a wedding tour.—Norfolk Landmark,

The bride is the youngest sister of Mrs. J. D. Price of this city, and is well known here.

METHODISM IN AMERICA.

Valuable Relic in Possession of Dr. E. W. Cooper of Camden.

Dr. E. W. Cooper of Camden, Kent county, Del., who holds in his possession an almost priceless relic of Methodism in America, on a very recent visit to Philadelphia, consulted with some of his friends as to the best method of securing it to posterity. Dr. Cooper is the brother of Richard G. Cooper of New Castle, Del., who married one of the three sisters of Dr. John J. Black of New Castle. Senator Gray now one of the peace commissioners at Paris, was married in succession to the other two sisters. It was to Dr. Cooper's grand uncle that John Wesley wrote his last letter; and it is this document, now in his possession, which may soon be deposited, in the Historical Society of Delaware or with the National Methodist Historical Society of the United States.

Dr. Cooper's grand uncle was that Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, who was the pastor and close personal friend of Gov. Richard Bassett of Delaware, and the friend of Senator James A. Bayard, who baptised the late ambassador Thomas F. Bayard in the rites of the Methodist church.

This letter, the last penned by the hand of the founder of Methodism, and which bears date of January 1st, 1791, just 20 days before Wesley's death, was written to Dr. Cooper, with General admonition and a farewell to the Methodists of America, for in it Wesley says that Death has shaken him by the hand. Dr. Cooper at the time the letter was received was engaged in pastoral work in Philadelphia.

Mr. Emory Humphreys of Rockawalkin, was married last Thursday to Miss Sadie Owens of Anne Arundel County, the adopted daughter of Mr. Alex. W. Owens, formerly of this country. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's aunt in Baltimore. The newly married couple arrived here Tuesday night and were given a reception at the home of the groom's father, Mr. Horatio Humphreys, of Rockawalkin.

HOLLANDERS FOR EASTERN SHORE.

Colony to be established in Somerset County at an Early Date.

Mr. C. W. Van der Hoogt, secretary of the State immigration bureau, Baltimore has gone to New York where he will find out what inducements are offered by the various steamship companies for the transportation of immigrants to this country. From New York Mr. Van der Hoogt will visit the Wilhelmina colony in Caroline county, and other portions of the Eastern Shore where Hollanders have settled. His visit to Wilhelmina will be to obtain credentials certifying that the Holland settlers who have emigrated to Maryland are satisfied and are in a fairly prosperous condition. This work of Mr. Van der Hoogt is in connection with his proposed visit to Holland, where he will endeavor to induce a large flow of immigration to Maryland.

Behind this movement is the Potowmac Land and Improvement Association, which will soon be organized, with ex-Gov. Frank Brown as president. The company has been formed, with \$100,000 capital, all of which has been subscribed. The promoters of the enterprise have decided to increase the capital of the company to \$200,000, and the greater part of the additional \$100,000 of stock has been taken. The first effort of the company to form a colony, it is understood, will be in Somerset county, where options have already been obtained on large tracts of lands which are peculiarly suited to the character of farming usually followed by Hollanders. One of the chief advantages of the locality is the ready means of transportation of truck and vegetables, as the immigrants will have easy access to both rail and water lines.

As soon as the company has been incorporated a large force of men will be employed to sub-divide a big tract of land and lay it off into small farms, ranging from fifty to one hundred acres each. As soon as this sub-division has been accomplished work will be begun on the erection of a church, schoolhouse and blacksmith shop, as these are considered by the Hollanders to be absolutely necessary.

It is understood that the promoters of the colonization scheme will follow closely the plans which were put in execution in forming the large Holland colony now flourishing in Michigan. Efforts will also be made for the establishment of a postoffice at the new colony.

It is said that the Holland Church Society has made arrangements to furnish the pastor for the new colony.

Colonel Willis Talks.

St. Michael's, Md., Nov. 14.—Since the election is over and the silver or loyal Chicago-platform Democrats were defeated Col. William Willis, the farmer candidate for Congressional honors, has the following to say with reference to his defeat and the future of his political scruples:

"The battle for the principles of Democracy has been fought in the First district of Maryland, and the result is the defeat and slaughter of those principles in the house of its professed friends. The individual interests of an avowed enemy have been made paramount in this campaign, and the howlers of free silver at 16 to 1 two years ago have simply traded 500 true disciples of Democracy for 100 Palmer and Buckner traitors. This to me is decidedly inexpedient, but the court house cliques have so ordered it that they may be recognized as the leaders of the organization in the future. Let them, however, be not deceived, for the day of retribution is at hand."

"The race question has been forced into this campaign, and has militated against the real issues, but if I mistake not the negro is to be ignored, and a reorganization of the old parties on new lines may be expected. Then, and not until then, can we hope to have a fair expression of public sentiment. Can the Democratic party afford to part company with its truest followers?"

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures a cough or cold in short order. One bottle of this wonderful remedy will effect a cure. It is absolutely the best cough syrup made. Price 25c.

The agitation over the proposed curfew law for Hagerstown is increasing and sentiment is freely expressed for and against it. A popular vote taken by a local paper shows that the sentiment is largely in favor of the law.

A University Course.

Shall we have a "University Extension" course of lectures in Salisbury this winter? Those who attended Dr. Sykes' course on the "Victorian Poets" last year spoke in enthusiastic terms of the lectures, and expressed the desire for another course this year. Surely it would be a great benefit to the city to have a lecturer from one of our great universities come and give us such instruction in history, literature, or philosophy as he gives his classes in college. We are all to a greater or less extent readers. But the coming in contact of mind with mind, as in the lecture room does more than solitary reading in arousing interest in study, and quickening the mental powers.

The "University Extension" plan of education brings the university to our very doors. At a trifling expense we can have the same instruction in history, science, etc., that the students of "Princeton" or "Johns Hopkins" enjoy. A course of United States history, or English history, for instance, what a benefit it would be to all of us, especially our young people. Who will make the move in working up a course for Salisbury for the approaching season. Let those who favor the movement signify in some way their desire.

Resolutions.

At a regular meeting of Good Intent Lodge I. O. O. F. of Sharptown on November 12, 1898 the following resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS it has pleased Almighty God in his wise providence to call from earth brother John C. Taylor, of Baltimore City, who has been a worthy member of this lodge more than thirty-five years.

Resolved, That we very much lament the loss of brother Taylor as a member of our order.

Resolved, that we extend to the bereaved family our heart felt sympathy and commend them to the care of the Allwise Being.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be caused to be published in our county newspapers and a copy of each be sent to the widow and to Warren Lodge, No. 71, I. O. O. F. of Baltimore, who so kindly ministered to the wants of our deceased brother in his last hours.

W. C. MANN,
J. W. ELZEY,
L. H. BAILEY.
Committee.

Oyster-Law Violations.

The oyster police appear to be in the wake of violators of the culling law and recent arrests indicate that the oystermen are being reminded none too kindly of their duty. The proper way to determine a law's usefulness is to strictly enforce it. Officials are, therefore, to be commanded for overhauling those who persist in carrying away the young growth to be wasted in markets where there is no demand or use for it. If the law is a good one and this is the proper method of preserving our oyster grounds, then none can complain if it is carried out to the letter. Officials, after all, are most popular who discharge their full duty, and wise oystermen will abstain from violating the law.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleaning, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a constive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Fig. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all druggists.

TAKE YOUR PICK NOW

Our choice selection of new Holiday Goods are now ready for the inspection of all who know a good thing when they see it.

J.D. Price & Co

000

JACK FROST IS HERE!

We Are Prepared For Him.

000

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

is stocked with the best goods the market affords for

FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

000

OUR HAT DEPARTMENT

is up to date and all the New Fall Shapes are represented.

000

OUR MEN'S FURNISHINGS DEPARTMENT

is filled with Winter Underwear, Neckwear, Hosiery, etc., and we have a big stock of Umbrellas for rainy weather.

LOOK FOR US.

000

J.D. Price & Co

SHOE SUPPLIERS AND

MEN'S OUTFITTERS,
SALISBURY, MD.



NOTICE.

I have removed my bicycle repair shop and stock of Bicycles and Sundries to the store room formerly occupied by W. E. Dorman, on Walnut St., where I shall continue repairing of all kinds. Am selling my new and second-hand wheels very cheap.

T. BYRD LANKFORD.

BOARDING.

Mrs. A. W. Woodcock would be pleased to accomodate a few boarders at her residence on Main Street.

THE EARTH'S MEASUREMENT.

One of Three Stations Established Will Be at Gaithersville, Montgomery County.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The work of the International Geodetic Association, at its Stuttgart conference last month, which is expected to bear fruit of far-reaching importance to the scientific world, is announced by Mr. E. D. Preston of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, who represented this Government there and who has just returned to Washington.

The prime object of the conference, which was in session October 8-12, was the measurement of the earth, and action was taken for the measurement of an arc at the equator. This, taken in conjunction with the measurement of an arc near the pole, now under way by the Swedes and Russians, will throw new light on the flattening of the earth. The comparison of the two measures will make it possible to determine how much shorter the polar diameter is than the equatorial, a knowledge of which is important both in the making of maps of great extent and in the solution of many astronomical problems.

Ever since it was discovered some 19 years ago that the latitudes of all places on the earth are subject to a small periodic change the scientific world has given more or less attention to the subject. Now, the International Association has determined to go to the bottom of the matter and has planned to take up the work of continuous latitude observations at six stations encircling the globe near the 39th degree of north latitude. This parallel passes a little north of Washington and San Francisco, through Cincinnati, and crosses Japan, Turkestan and Italy. In each of the countries named an observatory will be erected.

The three stations in the United States will be at Gaithersville, Maryland; Ulah, California; and of course at Cincinnati; the exact parallel chosen by a happy coincidence passing through the regular astronomical observatory which has been established there for many years. The work will begin in the summer of 1899, and is now provided for during a period of five years.

Mr. Preston said today: "An important discussion was on the difference of longitude between Paris and Greenwich. It is a curious fact, as well as a matter of congratulation for Americans that the best direct determination of the difference of time between these two fundamental points on the earth's surface was that made incidentally in 1872 by the United States Coast Survey.

Catarrh Can Be Cured

By eradicating from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh, promptly and permanently, because it strikes at the root of the trouble.

The rich, pure blood which it makes circulating through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissues, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection.

At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens, invigorates and energizes the whole system and makes the debilitated victim of catarrh feel that new life has been imparted.

Do not daily with snuffs, inhalants, or other local applications, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure catarrh absolutely and surely by removing the causes which produce it.

When he Broke the Record.

An extraordinary record has lately been made by an adjutant of the Salvation Army, according to a London paper. He has achieved the marvelous feat of singing 59 hymns in 58 minutes. The occasion on which this record was made was called a "singing battle." He began with "I Will Follow Jesus," and hymn after hymn followed swiftly. When he reached the doxology, after singing eight extra hymns, he was one and a quarter minutes ahead of the stipulated time. When he finished he shouted: "Bless the Lord, I've broken the record."

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Gorton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me and thank God I am saved and now a well and happy woman." Trial bottles free at Dr. L. D. Collier's drug store.

Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

HE STUTTERED.

Thereby arousing the indignation of the man who heard him.

General Merritt has a brother in Illinois who is one of the best politicians in the state. For many years he sat in the legislature and then became distinguished for a mind of the humor and amplitude of Lincoln.

A striking trait in Tom Merritt's character is the delight he takes in telling stories on himself—stories of the kind that are intended to make a fellow chaise around the corner or to have some very important business to transact when told on one by a friend.

Just to keep his hand in Tom Merritt has put in circulation recently the alleged facts of a humorous experience at St. Louis that will bear repetition. It should be remembered that this eldest brother of the three Merritts stutters hopelessly and extracts droll enjoyment from the embarrassments he thus causes others in conversation.

Not long ago, upon going to St. Louis on a business trip, Merritt's sister urged him not on peril of his life to return from the city without a talking parrot, of which she wished to make a pet. After having attended to his own affairs he set about executing the command of his sister. Finding a notion store where several parrots were for sale, he went in and looked them over with great care and patience. Finally one clever looking green bird of amusing agility caught his fancy, and he called the proprietor.

"S-s-say," asked Merritt, pointing out the parrot of his preference, "c-c-c-an t-t-a-t—oo—p-p-par-r-rot (whistle t-t-talk?)"

As the last syllable of the query escaped the Illinois statesman the proprietor had grown livid under the gills.

"Well," was the furious reply, "if he couldn't beat you I'd kill him."—Chicago Chronicle.

Right.



A Cautious Admission.

"Look here," exclaimed the Spanish editor almost tearfully, "I've got to give my subscribers some news. You can't keep the truth from the public forever, you know. You may as well break it to them gently, by degrees."

"Well," answered the censor after long reflection, "I don't know but you're right. You might intimate in your next issue that maybe the Anglo-Saxons didn't get so much the worst of it in that old invincible armada affair as we have been leading them to suppose."—Washington Star.

Good Reasons For Failing.

Citizen (looking up from the paper)—What do you think of this? A plumber in this city has failed.

Wife—I don't wonder. We had a very mild winter, followed by a hot summer.

"What has the hot summer to do with it?"

"I presume he had to take ice."—New York Weekly.

Not Quite So Vulgar.

"Our new secretary of state," said Miss Parvenu, "is the man who wrote Little Breeches, I believe."

"S-s-s-h!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvenu, looking around anxiously to see how many had heard the remark. "How can you be so vulgar, Mabel? You mean 'Little Trousers' of course."—Chicago Post.

Not Dressed For the Occasion.

"So you knew he was a burglar the minute you saw him?"

"Of course. It was after midnight and he had a sack coat on."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Swedish Philosophy.

Sometimes et tak a faller's life
To learn has es not en et
Ven ha var not quite so smart
Hae learn et en a minit.

Yo' can always mak faller mat by tellin hem ha's clothes do not fit—et es poory mean trick too.

Ven te devil gets ha's dues, des country vill not bane so thickly settle—ayo bat yo' sax dollars on das.

Ven ve haf gut look for leetla vile, ve alway tank et ha com' to stay, an sometimes get disappoint lak deckens.

Ven Aye har poor faller yumpin on rich faller, aye alway tank how quick ha's would change of ha's had some rich refletion to die for hem.

Aye lak faller ven ha's gotten ole yust because ha's lak leetla children. Ef man hate leetla babies, aye would hate to marry hem, yo' bat yore life.—Denver Times.

SHE KNEW JIM WELL.

And Was Positive He Would Never Marry to Fight the Spaniards.

"Just about the time the war with Spain broke out," remarked the veteran drummer, "I started on a trip through the mountain towns of West Virginia and Kentucky. Great enthusiasm was manifested everywhere in that land where there is so little of the eventful, and what struck me peculiarly was the nervous anxiety of the women. They were enthusiastic, of course, in a way, but they wanted other women's men folks to go to the war, not their own. One of the mountain girls I had known since my trip of last season, and when I got back I expected to find her married to the young fellow who had been sparkling her for a long time. When I met her at her mother's, where I took dinner, I thought I would jolly her a bit on her sweetheart."

"By the way, Susan," I said, "I heard down in Slabtown as I came through this morning that Jim had enlisted and was going to the front with the first companies sent away."

"Is that so?" she replied in that peculiarly different way common among rustics.

"Yes, and there's a chance you won't see him again, as the company is ordered to leave immediately."

"Is that so?" she never stopped her swinging of a peach tree branch that she was using as a fly brush.

"Don't you want to see him before he goes?" I asked with much dramatic effect, thinking I might move her that way.

"She laughed a low sawmill buzz kind of a laugh.

"Law, Mr. Barton," she said, "you don't think I'm a believin what you air sayin about Jim Short, do ye? Well, I ain't. Do you reckon I'd be green enough to think that a feller that would spark a gal fer four year and was too cowardly to even try to hug her on a summer night in the full uv the moon had sand enough in his craw to jine the army? No, siree, Jim ain't jined yit, and he ain't a-goin to till his feelin's has underwent a consideribble change, er I'm no judge uv a duck's nest. Have another sliver uv the pie?"

"I took another sliver."—Washington Star.

New Biscuit Joke.

"I wonder what that tramp meant," said the young wife as she came back to the dinner table from the back door.

"Meant by what?" asked hubby.

"Why, he wanted to know if I could tell him where some old married people live and said he was starving. Still, he never asked me for a thing to eat."

And hubby, as he tackled another bulletproof biscuit, grunted, "He knows," and then added to himself, "All tramps are not fools."—Philadelphia Press.

He Knew.

Of course it happened when there was company present.

"Mother," said Willie's elder sister, who had been reading a nautical story, "what is a spanker boom?"

"You bet I know," broke in Willie vociferously.

Then they all made haste to change the subject, not because Willie knew, but because he thought he knew.—Chicago Post.

"Willful Man Will Have His Way."

Mr. Sawson (having given his order for a ton of coal)—By the bye, I should like to warn you that I am by nature a willful man.

Coal Merchant—What of that, sir?

Mr. Sawson—Oh, nothing much; only it implied that I must have my weight, you know.—Nuggeta.

Very Lucid.

Overheard in the recent heat wave:

Chawley—I say, 'Arry, sin't I ot?

'Arry—So am I. I wish I was hotter.

Chawley—Wish you was 'otter?

'Arry—Yus, not 'otter with 'eat, but the hotter wot they 'unts, so I could live in a pool.—Judy.

Her Name For Them.

"Mertie has a score of men in love with her, and she is engaged to most of them."

"Yes. Isn't it awful? She calls them her reconcentrados."—Butte Inter Mountain.

Model of Excellence.

"What a diligent wife you have! She seems to be busy from early until late."

"Yes, indeed. Why, she cuts the buttons from my clothes just so she can sew them on again."—Meggedorfer Blatter.

Her Specialty.

"I understand that Miss Le Clever is a very clever artist."

"Yes, she is."

"In what line, oil or water colors?"

"Neither; manicuring."—Chicago News.

Just the Contrary.

He—Don't you think if you like a man you may learn to love him?

She—No. You may learn to like a man. You can love him without help.

—New York Herald.

Nice Girl to Know.

When you see a girl swing a hammock in the darkest corner of the piazza and hang a whisk broom within reach, that girl has had experience.—Chicago News.

A company with a capital stock of nearly \$2,000,000 is being formed to extensively develop the Eastern Shore towns. Former Governor Frank Brown is at its head.

A Sure Sign of Creep.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Druggists, Salisbury, Md.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a bargain and on easy terms, my two houses and lots on William street, above Poplar Hill Avenue. These properties are nearly new and in first-class condition.

ISAAC N. HEARN,
Snow Hill, Md. Or Advertiser office.

FOR RENT.

The house now occupied by L. T. Nichols, in California, will be vacant on November 15th. Terms easy to the right man. For particulars apply to

E. P. HUMPHREYS,
Crisfield, Md.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

We, the undersigned citizens and landowners in Nutt's District, hereby give notice to all persons not to trespass on our premises with dog or gun or take away anything of value. We will prosecute to the full extent of the law anyone who disregards this notice.

W. J. Toadvine, Alex. G. Malone,
Alonzo Dykes, Edwin Malone,
Peter F. Dykes, Willie P. Ward,
Jos. H. Tilghman, Phillip W. Hall,
John W. Riggin, John W. Matthews,
Wm. B. Tilghman, Ebenezer Carey,
George Johnson, Chas. W. Chatham,
G. W. Mitchell, A. W. Reddish.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

We hereby give notice to all persons not to trespass on our premises with gun or dog, or take away anything of value, and will prosecute to the full extent of the law anyone disregarding this notice.

ALBION H. PATRICK.
C. J. TAYLOR,
ALLISON JOHNSON,
A. S. TAYLOR,
J. F. RIDER,
G. H. TAYLOR.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

We hereby give notice to all persons not to hunt, trap, fish, gun, nor trespass in any manner on the farm known as "Handy Hall" and the marshes connected therewith. Persons violating the provisions of this notice will be persecuted to the extent of law.

JOHN B. PARSONS,
Sept. 1st, 1898.

L. N. BELL,
WILLIAM S. BELL.

N. B.—The marshes forming a part of this farm comprise all those on the North side of the river, beginning at low water mark at Bitter Head Point, and extending thence by and with said low water mark to a point on the South side of the river, opposite the mouth of Old Creek, also a portion of the marsh on the South side of the river beginning at the old Wilson Small wharf, thence to Tony Tank Creek.

THE WHEELER & WILSON

MAN'F'G CO.'S

NEW MACHINE

with its Stationery Shuttle, Rotary Motion and Ball Bearings, is pronounced by experts in the use of Sewing Machines, the lightest running and best sewing device ever invented. For sale by

J. M. PARKER,
SALISBURY, MD.,
Sole Agent For this Territory.

BITS OF MARYLAND NEWS.

A local anti-saloon league is proposed at Hagerstown.

Diamond-back terrapin is on the boom at St. Michael's.

John Banks has bought the Park Hotel, Chesapeake City.

J. F. Cohee will manage the Chop-tank Hotel, Denton, next year.

\$46,029.83 was paid to run the schools of Talbot county last year.

The dwelling of Richard F. Roberts, in Calvert county, was burned Monday.

In Cumberland social clubs have been indicted for selling liquor without license.

Mary A. Melvin of Pocomoke City has been granted a widow's original pension.

The Maryland Petroleum Company of Frederick City, will be reorganized next month.

Lewis Martindell, who was injured in a runaway accident near Corolla, last week, is dead.

A chrysanthemum show at Manokin Presbyterian church, Princess Anne, opened Tuesday.

Lieutenant Strite, United States Navy of Washington county, has been ordered home from Manila.

John Reese, colored, was sentenced to the penitentiary for sixteen years for killing John Jones.

Large grain elevator will be built at Hagerstown by Samuel Cusawa, in place of one destroyed by fire.

To be entirely relieved of the sores and pains of rheumatism means a great deal, and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it.

Robert L. Tawes, aged 22, a well-known young man of Crisfield, died of spasmodic strangulation.

Mrs. Louisa Bordley, wife of John Bordley, a prominent citizen of Chester town, is dead, aged 92.

Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for your cough or cold on chest or lungs. It is truly a wonderful medicine. No other remedy has made so many remarkable cures. Price 25c.

A man named Terry and John Cousins of Easton, died from drinking Jamaica ginger for whiskey.

The trolley road from Ellicott City to Baltimore is nearly done. Expect it to be ready in a few days.

The executive committee of U. B. Pilgrimage association of Frederick has adopted articles of incorporation.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by R. K. Truitt & Sons, Salisbury, Md.

Capt. Wm. H. Smith, an aged man of Princess Anne, fell through a trap door in a stable loft and was seriously injured.

The trial of Guy Barron upon an indictment for killing Howard Keyworth will take place at Rockville on December 5.

Charles W. Wilson, a prominent citizen of Rising Sun, died Sunday night while addressing an audience in the M. P. church of heart affection.

A remedy for Nasal Catarrh which is drying and exciting to the diseased membrane should not be used. What is needed is that which is cleansing, soothing, protecting and healing. Such a remedy is Ely's Cream Balm. To test it a trial size for 10 cents or the large for 50 cents is mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York. Druggists keep it. The Balm when placed in the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. A cold in the head vanishes quickly.

The first shipment of diamond-back terrapin from Talbot county to Baltimore was made a few days ago. Six in the lot and sold for \$50.

Passed Assistant Engineer Frank H. Conant died Wednesday afternoon at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, of pneumonia, aged 39 years.

The Court of Appeals has under consideration a friendly suit to determine the rights of Frederick city and Frederick county in the 30 cent tax, limited and prescribed by chapter 148 of the acts of 1896, for the class of securities therein mentioned. The city contends that it entitled to one-half of this tax, while the county claims the whole of it. The question is one that affects a number of cities in the State and the decision is awaited with interest.

A woman's headaches may come from several causes. She may have a headache arising from nervousness, or from digestive disturbances. Nine cases in ten, her headaches come from disorders peculiar to her sex. It may show itself in the symptoms which are characteristic of a dozen disorders. Thousands of times, women have been treated for the wrong disorders. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was compounded for the sole purpose of relieving womankind of these ills and pains. Thousands of women have testified that after taking treatment from several physicians without benefit, the "Favorite Prescription" cured them completely and quickly. It has been used for over thirty years and has an unbroken record of success.

The woman who hesitates is invited to send 21 one-cent stamps to cover the cost of mailing a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, which contains plain, clear information about all of the organs of the human body and their functions.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup stops that tickling in the throat. This reliable remedy relieves at once irritations of the throat, sore throat, hoarseness and other bronchial affections.

The engagement of Clay Mullikin of Easton and Miss Retta C. Smith of Dorchester county has been announced. They will be married next month.

Diseases of the Blood and Nerves.

No one need suffer with neuralgia. This disease is quickly and permanently cured by Browns' Iron Bitters. Every disease of the blood, nerves and stomach, chronic or otherwise, succumbs to Browns' Iron Bitters. Known and used for nearly a quarter of a century, it stands to-day foremost among our most valued remedies. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Capt. Louis Stam and Emory Downing of Chestertown, who started last week for Cuba in a 30 foot catboat, had their craft wrecked off the Potomac river and had to wade ashore.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winalow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures all wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty cents a bottle.

Seventh Day Adventists were arrested for working on Sunday, in Centreville, and fined \$5 and costs. Would not pay although offered the money. Apparently conscientiously opposed.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the chest or side, or a lame back give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by R. K. TRUITT & SONS, druggists, Salisbury Md.

Liquor licenses commissioners of Cecil county, took oath of office and made preparation for business meeting next week. Only 22 licenses to be issued in the county.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pain required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. D. COLLIER, druggist, Salisbury, Md.

B. S. Neilligan of Hyattsville, who went to Porto Rico with the District of Columbia Volunteers, was banqueted by friends of class of '97, Maryland Agricultural College.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by R. K. Truitt & Sons, Salisbury, Md.

The grand jury for Queen Anne's county say the crossing of the Queen Anne's railroad at Bloomingdale is dangerous, and refused recommendation for liquor licenses in Queenstown.

The Sure LaGrippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this terrible malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at Dr. L. D. Collier's drug store only 50 cents per bottle.

J. W. Collins, of Laurel, U. S. commissioner to fisheries exposition at Bergen, Norway, says our country beat all others. Sixty diplomas and medals awarded us, 15 or 20 to Washington W. J. Hooper Manufacturing Co., of Baltimore, got the medal for twine and Seines.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggist, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

LOCAL POINTS.

—Wear Price & Co.'s shoes.
—We buy eggs. J. D. Price & Co.
—Our Hats fit the head. J. D. Price & Co.
—See our Men's \$8.00 Russet Shoes. J. D. Price & Co.

—FARM FOR RENT—Apply to George W. D. Waller Salisbury, Md.

—Money to loan on first mortgage in sums to suit. Apply to Jay Williams.

—Fall styles in hats are now ready at Kennerly & Mitchell's.

—Infants sandals and moccasins just received at Price.

—Call at Davis & Baker's and examine their line of shoes.

—Ladies call and examine our \$1.50 shoes. Davis & Baker.

—Schley, Hobson, and Dewey Hats sold by Kennerly & Mitchell.

—Shoes and Hats for Tom, Dick and Harry. J. D. Price & Co.

—We are still selling the best harness for the least money. Perdue & Gunby.

—Our \$10.00 carriage harness has no equal. Seeing is believing. Laws Bros.

—You should see the line of new tailor-made wrappers at Birkhead & Carey.

—Come in and behold the greatest shoe store on the peninsula.—J. D. Price & Co.

—Every lady should see the line of ladies muslin underwear at Birkhead & Carey's.

—See Kennerly & Mitchell in their newly remodeled quarters for high art clothing.

—Harness is essential at this time of the year. R. E. Powell & Co. have a large stock.

—Buy your groceries of Davis & Baker and save Money. All goods delivered free.

—FOOT BALLS 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.50. Look in White & Leonard's corner window.

—Call up No. 26 and leave your order for coal with the Farmers' & Planters' Company.

—Fine line of eye glasses and spectacles at right price at A. W. Woodcock's the old reliable jeweler.

—Maryland my Maryland rawhide carriage whips for 50 cents. They can be had only at Laws Brothers.

—Mrs. Bergen is showing the largest, handsomest, and cheapest assortment of millinery ever shown in Salisbury.

—FOR SALE—One pair of fine young mules; well broken; weight about 2100 pounds. Apply to L. E. Williams & Co.

—FOUND—An assortment of bed blankets that we are selling at astonishingly low prices. Laws Brothers.

—Any order for Fancy Work, either in or out of town, will be promptly attended to by Miss JULIA DASHIELL.

—A BARGAIN—We have a few carriages that were slightly damaged by fire that must be sold. Perdue & Gunby, Salisbury, Md.

—You get no gloss or shine when you send to the Star Laundry. Old goods made to look new. Kennerly & Mitchell, agents.

—Every customer buying goods to the amount of one dollar on opening days at Bergen's gets a beautiful present.

—Our \$2.00 Shoes for ladies are unequalled, sent post paid to any part of the United States upon receipt of \$2.00 J. D. Price & Co.

—A NEW SEWING MACHINE, PRICE \$15.00. Persons wishing to buy a sewing machine will do well to read J. M. Parker's advertisement in this issue on another page.

—We will sell at a bargain a small number of carriages that were slightly damaged when our warehouse was destroyed by fire. Call and examine them. Perdue & Gunby.

—Don't think of sending to Chicago or any distant point for a sewing machine, when you can save from \$8 to \$5 on the same machine and get it from a reliable dealer at home, delivered and instructed free of charge. See J. M. Parker's "add" on another page.

—Lacy Thoroughgood has had Bucks and Kids, Goats and Horses, Hogs and Sheep, Lambs and Reindeer, Dogs and Calves by the dozen, standing around for several years, raising gloves for him and now Thoroughgood is selling the gloves for almost nothing, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

—Salisbury is ahead again. J. M. Parker of this place, guarantees to furnish the ladies of this city and vicinity with sewing machines as cheap or cheaper, than same machines can be bought anywhere, and delivers and installs same free of charge—a saving of from \$8 to \$5.

—Caleb West and Penelope's Progress are named in the Bookman for August as the two best selling books of the month. The statement is credible, for no more wholesome and entertaining stories have been published for many a day. White & Leonard have them for sale at reduced price.

—When prominent clothing men go down the street nowadays, fond mammas point them out to their sons and say: "Now my boys, be honest, be Thoroughgood, be truthful and bye-and-bye when you grow up to be men you may become clothing men, and have a full hour for your meals and your Sundays to yourself."

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Personal Property.

I will offer at public auction on the "Fallin Farm," in Baron Creek district, on

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30,

1898, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m.

all my Stock and Farming Implements, consisting of 3 Horses, 2 Yokes of Steers, 1 Cow and Calf, 5 Sheep, all in first class condition; 1 Dearborn Wagon, 1 Road Cart, Plows, Hitches, Harness, etc.

TERMS OF SALE.

Cash on all sums under five dollars, over that amount a credit of six months will be given on interest bearing note with approved security. No property will be delivered until terms of sale are compiled with. The hogs will be sold for cash.

75c per bottle, or 2 bottles for \$1.00. Thousands of testimonials on file. Twenty years before the public. 1,000,000 bottles sold last year.

Address all letters to

MRS. H. HINDMAN CO.,

GRAMPIAN, PA.

Branch Houses:

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE.

AGENTS WANTED.

COAL PROBLEM.

We have now filled up our large coal bins with an immense stock of the best **WHITE ASH FREE-BURNING COAL** which we must by some liberal means put in your cellar quick in order to make room for several hundred tons balance of a large deal recently made and is now being loaded on several schooners, and only gives us short time to solve the problem, which will undoubtedly result in your saving by getting our very low price on prompt delivery. Call and inspect our stock. Your order by mail or 'phone 26 will bring you coal promptly.

FARMERS' & PLANTERS' CO., Glen Perdue, Migr.

HARPER & TAYLOR,
LEADING....
JEWELERS.

All Goods Guaranteed. Eyes Examined Free.

WATCHES SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS.

Waltham or Elgin Watch, \$3. Our Prices Lowest, Goods the Best.

WARM YOUR FEET
—BY OUR—

WILLIAM PENN
HARD, FREE BURNING, WHITE ASH
COAL

This coal is received by us direct from the mines by rail and is clean and free from dirt and slate. There is no such coal in Salisbury.

THE SALISBURY ADVERTISER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
ALISBURY, WICOMICO CO., MD.
OFFICE OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Thos. Ferry. Ernest A. Hearn,
PERRY & HEARN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of one dollar per inch for the first insertion and fifty cents an inch for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to yearly advertisers.

Local Notices ten cents a line for the first insertion and five cents for each additional insertion. Death and Marriage Notices inserted free when not exceeding six lines. Obituary Notices five cents a line.

Subscription price, one dollar per annum in advance. Single Copy, three cents.

POST OFFICE AT SALISBURY, MD.,
November 21st, 1887.

I hereby certify the SALISBURY ADVERTISER, a newspaper published at this place, has been determined by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to be a publication entitled to admission in the mails at the pound rate of postage, and entry of it as such is accordingly made upon the books of this office. Valid while the character of the publication remains unchanged.

E. S. ADKINS, Postmaster.

WHAT STEPS SHALL WE TAKE?

Bribery on the Eastern Shore has reached that acute stage where something must be done to relieve the situation. Like many other evils it began in a small way, but has grown to be stupendous. In fact, it has reached such a stage that only the wealthy can afford to ask for political honors, and the luxury usually comes pretty dear. It is said that we have law enough to prevent it, but the law seems to be a dead letter, principally because all political parties desire it to be, at least all of those political organizations which have any hope of success at the polls. No agreement between political organizations can accomplish the necessary reform any more than agreements between individuals in a community not to steal, will prevent theft when there is no penalty for stealing. It is impossible to bind all persons to such an agreement. It is therefore child's play to talk of such a thing. All good citizens have an interest in suppressing the evil, whether they be democrats or republicans, if for no other reason they have an interest that their votes be counted at the polls, which is not done if their votes are outnumbered by venal voters.

Venal voting is practically giving a man or a set of men with money, the privilege of casting as many votes or voting as many times as they see fit to put up the money necessary to pay for the privilege by buying some one to cast it.

It is said that we have law enough to prevent vote buying. We are inclined to believe that we have not the best law. The law of Delaware seems to have given much better results. It is possible to make the Maryland law effective, but a law which offers rewards for evidence that will convict is much more effective. The Delaware law makes both the purchaser and the seller guilty, of a felony; the briber is subject to a fine and imprisonment, the bribed is subject to the same penalties and loss of citizenship. In addition the law makes both parties *detectives*, and either a competent witness to testify against the other. It makes either to the offense a State's witness if he so chooses, and a participant in the fines imposed. This makes it extremely hazardous to engage in vote buying especially. The Delaware law is a decided improvement on the Maryland law.

It is the duty of every good citizen to join in a movement, regardless of party affiliation, to suppress the evil. There is no use talking about pledges not to violate the law—Let every good citizen give his promise to assist in enforcing the law, then we have a penalty for violation of a promise. Mutual promises to each other amount to nothing for neither side will trust the other. Agree to enforce the law, then enforce it.

That is the only way to stop the evil. If we need more law, which we do to assist us in making arrests, let us have it.

THE ADVERTISER will welcome discussions on the subject. Let us hear what the leading citizens of the county think of the matter. If the people

want it stopped, they can stop it. If they want it continued it will be hard to stop.

It is useless to say it's a great evil and ought to be stopped and yet do nothing to stop it. Organize to enforce the law and see that it is enforced at the next election. Moralizing on the subject and resolving that the law ought to be obeyed amounts to nothing. The community must show its desire to have the law enforced before the officers of the law can enforce it. The law must have public support. What steps shall be taken?

WHY DELAWARE WENT REPUBLICAN

Many are asking for an explanation of the vote in Delaware cast at the last election. The cause of the democratic defeat has at last been explained, and it was not it seems due to a division of the democrats although the party was not united. As usual the "doubtful vote" held the balance of power, and was cast almost solidly for the republicans, especially in Sussex.

It is said that the republicans succeeded in proving to them that the new anti-bribery law which proved so effective was a democratic measure and so that they once in their lives voted their *sentiment*, which was, that any party which had the audacity to prohibit them from exercising their personal privilege of selling should be punished with a defeat and they contributed their votes to that end.

Another explanation is that the republicans promised the seller that if they succeeded at the election the obnoxious anti-bribery law should be repealed and these citizens who exercised their privilege of franchise "for revenue only" should have restored to them their former rights, which they so much value—the right to sell their votes to the highest bidder.

They became so incensed at the curtailment of their privileges that they decided to punish the party that undertook to stop vote buying by "legal suction." The "money question" it seems did not enter into the election and the law which prevents it so, being attributed to the democrats caused their defeat.

Those who are in a position to know say, J. [Edward Addicks has not the slightest chance of an election to the United States Senate. This has brought out a half dozen candidates whose statesmanship has not thus far been heard of before. Several of these are from Sussex county.

A Good Decision.

"I was troubled with a dry hacking cough and was very weak. As I read of the cure made by Hood's Saraparilla I decided to give it a trial. When I had taken one bottle I began to feel stronger and my cough was better. I took three bottles and was cured." George W. Bennum, Coolspring, Delaware.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c by D. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

GRAND OPENING OF NEW Shoe Store TODAY

I have opened a new shoe store in the building recently occupied by Mr. A. J. Carey on Main Street, Salisbury. I shall carry a full line of Men's Boys' and Ladies' Shoes, all styles and up-to-date. My stock is all fresh. I am sure I can please the people of Salisbury and vicinity. They are especially invited to call and see my stock. Included in stock is also a full line of gents' furnishing goods.

L. R. JOHNSON,
Main Street, SALISBURY, MD.

Oehm's Acme Hall.

Straightforward

Merchandizing

The onward march of apparently progressive merchants, seems to tend rather to exaggeration than to consistent truth in their announcements. We are not in sympathy with such methods, and as the recognized leaders in fashions, styles, quality and reasonable prices, we feel that our reputation, not of yesterday, but of years must count.

So in the following, we will strive to illustrate this.

IN MEN'S CLOTHING

We have suits in Black and Blue Cheviot and Fancy Cheviot and Mixtures that are lined with satin yoke and worsted body; they're made with skill; the cut is right to date in style; the sewing, inside and out, is as it should be; and, altogether these Suits are worth every cent of \$10. But if they were worth fifteen or twenty we'd not hesitate to sell them for that. However, we court comparison with any other \$10 Suit, and cheerfully abide by your decision.

IN MEN'S SHIRTS.

The realization of getting a worthy Shirt under a dollar is what we have accomplished in our Full Dress Shirt at 79c. When we say that these Shirts hand-launched and finished, have nine-inch bosoms of splendid linen, and that they're open back and front, we mean just that. Fact is that the usual \$1.25 Shirt is but a fair comparison with these of ours at 79c.

IN MEN'S HATS.

Some people prefer to spend five dollars for a Hat. The extra two dollars is for the maker's name. What's left—\$3—is the real Hat value.

If "Oehm" is a good enough name for you, you'll get a Hat as good as the best here for \$3. If you're careless and apt to need a new Hat often, our \$2 Hat is well worth the price.

When you're in Baltimore, make Oehm's Acme Hall your headquarters. Ladies' Waiting, Retiring, and Writing Room. Men's Smoking and Waiting Rooms Free, notwithstanding whether you're a customer or not; meet your friends at Oehm's. Parcels checked free, and every accommodation and comfort is cordially extended to you.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,

Baltimore & Charles Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

All Car Lines Pass Our Door.

STRONG AGAIN! Sexine Pills

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Vertigo, &c. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drams and losses are checked permanently. Unless patients Mailed send. Price \$1 per box; 6 boxes, \$5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

For sale at WHITE & LEONARD'S Drug Store.

Brightest and Best OIL HEATERS

are clean and odorless. The No. 80 B. & B. Oil Heater, with pail, \$5. No. 60 B. & B. Oil Heater, no pail, \$4.50. Will burn 10 to 12 hours and heat comfortably in cold weather, a room 15 to 20 feet square.



THE "TRAMP"

Air-Tight Heater is a good large stove for little money. No. 28 Tramp, with steel body, for large room, with the pipe, Price \$4.50

THE MONITOR.

A round air-tight heater very desirable for small room, steel body, with pipe. Price \$3.25.

"WILSON"

Air-Tight Heaters, all sizes.

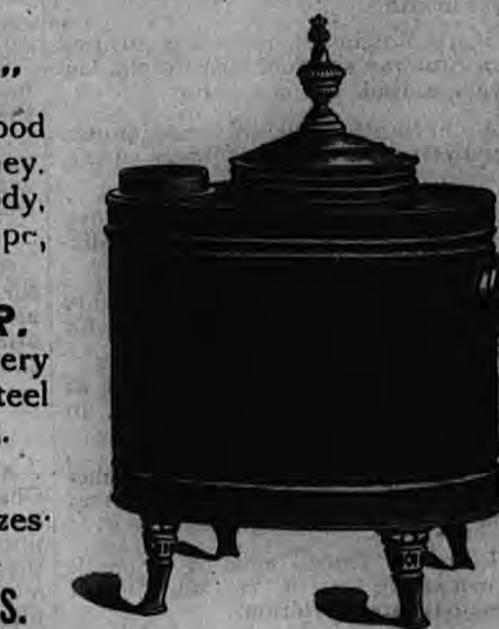
No. 40 with pipe—price \$4.

COOK STOVES AND RANGES.

L. W. GUNBY,

Mammoth Hardware and Machinery Store
SALISBURY, MD.

\$16.00



Stoves, Heaters & Ranges

for wood or coal. Our stock of stoves for this season is composed of the most reliable makes on the market. Among them is the celebrated "GRAND TIMES." This stove has stood the test of years, and its improvements have kept pace with the public demands. Fitted with Shaking and Dumping or Basket Grate; Nickel Knobs and Name Plate. Ventilating Registers in Oven Doors, Two Sliding or One Swing Front Door, complete with Thirty-Two Pieces of Trimmings for.



Dorman & Smyth Hardware Co.

Ladies' Coats and Capes



Tailored after the latest models it will be no trouble to give a perfect fit. Its the advantage we have in buying is why we can give you better values than our competitors



GIRLS' STYLISH BOUCLE JACKETS

Ladies' coats, double breasted, tailored in tight artistic manner, at \$5; to match this elsewhere it costs you \$6; its here.

Four special styles of Ladies' Plush Capes, fancy or plain lined, \$3.

Special Russian blouse Coats, imported black cheviot, tailor made, two rows braid front, braid ornaments, at \$9, \$9.50, \$10.50.

We call your special attention to our Furniture and Carpet novelties. Fine Brussels from 50c the yard up; fine Ingrain Carpet at 19c, 25c, 28c and 30c the yard upwards. Call early.

Ladies' Capes, six special styles, full sweep, new effects, \$1.25.

Ladies who have an idea of paying about \$8 should see this coat, box front, half rolling storm collar.

Here's a handsome coat, fine black Cheviot, half rolling collar, two rows of braid back and front, braid ornaments, our price \$6.50.

BIRCKHEAD & CAREY,
Main Street, SALISBURY, MD.

Local Department.

This week's Truth will interest you. Ask Newdealers.

Judge Holland is attending court in Cambridge this week.

Mrs. Louisa Webster has been visiting Mrs. Herbert Hitch.

The Laurel, Del., Foot ball team will play the Dover team on Thanksgiving day at Laurel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pierce of Queen Anne's county, are guests of Mrs. Pierce's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. W. Ward.

There will be Thanksgiving Day services at Spring Hill at 10:30 A. M., and Quantico at 8 P. M. Franklin B. Adkins, Rector.

Rev. Mr. Potts and Mr. James Cannon are attending the Methodist Episcopal (South) conference which is in session at Portsmouth, Va.

Justice Wm. A. Trader is now occupying the law offices on Division street, which belongs to Mr. Walter C. Humphreys and where he formerly practiced.

The ladies of the Christian Endeavor Society of Mardela Springs will hold an oyster supper in Bacon's store on Friday and Saturday evenings, November 25th and 26th. Proceeds for the benefit of the society.

On November 21st, a new time table will go in effect on the Queen Anne's Railroad. Trains on the P. W. & B. railroad will make connections at Ellendale and Greenwood with the Baltimore train.

Capt. George W. Kennerly and George Riall will open an auction room next week in the Truitt building on Main Street, which has just been vacated by Ableman, the clothing man. They will sell anything that may be left with them.

Hebron conclave I. O. H. 552 will give a fall set out of fruits, nuts, cream cake, etc., Saturday, November 26th to its members in the Heptasoph hall. Rev. F. B. Adkins, Rev. W. R. Gwinn, Hon. T. F. J. Rider will address the conclave.

A large number of friends gave Mr. and Mrs. William McIlvain a surprise at the home of Mrs. Ellen Toadvine, Tuesday evening of last week. The callers were gaily attired, which made the "cake walk" quite amusing. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Dr. John M. Smith, of Cheswold died last Saturday aged 59 years. Dr. Smith was a brother of the late Wm. T. Smith of this city. He was a homeopathic physician. A widow survives him. Mrs. Margaret A. Smith and Dr. Wm. G. Smith of this city attended the funeral.

Hon. John Walter Smith and Mrs. Smith have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter Miss Georgie Richardson, to Mr. Arthur Douglas Foster, at half past ten o'clock, Wednesday morning, November the thirtieth, at Makemie Memorial Church, Snow Hill.

From George Gray to Edward Adicks! How Delaware has fallen! The great little State's pride is humbled; her honor is tarnished; her escutcheon is besmirched; her banner is trailing in the dust. The worst of it all is, the Democrats did it—or made it possible.—*Easton Ledger.*

Miss Ruby Dorman left Salisbury, Wednesday for Boston, where she will attend the Conservatory of Music. Miss Miriam Powell has been there several weeks. Her mother, Mrs. Estelle Powell, has closed her home in Salisbury, and left for Boston, Wednesday in company with Miss Dorman, and will remain with the young ladies much of the winter.

Mr. C. J. Gillis of Eden Station, died at his home last week. He was one of the oldest agents on the line of the N. Y. P. & N. railroad, and was highly esteemed by the officials of the road. He had been suffering from Bright's disease and nervous prostration. He was born in Quantico district November 14, 1842, and in 1862 he went to Eden and accepted a position with Mr. S. Q. Parker and held it for six years, when he became agent for the N. Y. P. & N. railroad. This position he held at the time of his death. In 1870 he married the daughter of Mr. John D. Kelly and leaves a widow and three grown children. Had he lived until November 14 he would have been 56 years of age. His remains were buried at Allen M. E. Churchyard on Wednesday at 2 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Galloway conducting the funeral services.

Notice.

The following services will be held (D. V.) on Sunday next, November 20.

Early celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8:30 a. m. in Saint Philip's Chapel, Quantico, followed by Sunday School at 9 a. m. Evening prayer with a sermon in St. Mary's Chapel, Tyaskin at 5 o'clock.

FRANKLIN B. ADKINS, Rector.

Game Law Violators Punished.

George Bounds and Azariah Bounds of Trappe district, were arrested Thursday by Deputy Game Warden W. S. Brittingham, Sr., of Somerset county, for having in their possession seven muskrats, on the 16th day of November. They were tried by Justice Trader and fined \$70.00 and costs, being ten dollars for each rat. States Attorney Rider appeared for the State, and Jas. E. Ellewood good for the defendants.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following is a list of the letters remaining in the Salisbury, (Md.) Post Office, Saturday, November 12, 1896:

Mrs. Nancy Morris, Mrs. Annie Boins, Mrs. L. M. Addmas, Mrs. E. A. Brewington, Mrs. Emma Wilson, Messrs. Samuel Woods, Edward Goulden, Edward Evans, Phillips Hall, Jonah Waller, Miss Mary L. Russell, Miss Damie B. Maddox, Danie B. Maddox, M. Lizer Marrs.

Persons calling for these letters will please say they are advertised.

E. S. ADKINS, Postmaster.

The business meeting of the Division street Baptist church, announced Sunday, November 8th, will be held at the home of Mrs. Clara Covington, Monday, November 21st. Important business will be transacted.

Commencing Monday, November 21, 1896, the B. C. & A. R'y. Co. will discontinue the running of trains Nos. 6, 9 and 11 between Berlin and Ocean City, except for passengers holding tickets from Baltimore. Passengers for points west of Berlin will take train No. 16, leaving Ocean City at 6:20 a. m., connecting at Berlin with regular through train.

Mr. R. L. Johnson of New Port News has rented the store room just vacated by Mr. A. J. Carey and will occupy it for a shoe store. The room has been supplied with new shelving and is newly painted and put in first class condition. Mr. Johnson will open to-day (Saturday) and invite through the columns of the ADVERTISER, the people of Salisbury to visit his new store.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murray H. Hope, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific, with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manilla, in the insurgent camp with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manilla. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop in at any of our war bureaus. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Secy., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

A GRAPHOPHONE

for everybody. Why not have a perfect talking, singing and laughing machine, when one can be bought for \$10. We have them in stock ranging in price from \$10 to \$50. Records 50 cents each, or \$5 per dozen. We would be pleased to have you call and examine them.

R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Salisbury, Md.

POCKET BOOK LOST.

Lost, somewhere on the streets of Salisbury last Thursday a long red morocco pocket book containing valuable papers. Finder will kindly return to ADVERTISER office and receive reward.

BERGEN'S

Great Bargain Sale of

LADIES' COATS & CAPES.

No Auction Goods, No Old Stock, No Old Styles.

EVERY COAT AND CAPE FRESH FROM THE MANUFACTURER.

Black Cloth Capes, Fur Trimmed, made to sell for \$1.00, bargain price **49c**

Black Beaver Capes, trimmed with Braid and Fur, made to sell for \$2. Bargain price **\$1.15**

Black Jersey Capes made to sell for \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00. Your choice for **\$2.54**

Plush Capes, Fur Collar, worth double the money for **\$2.15**

Beautiful Plush Capes trimmed with braid, beads, fur. Made to sell for \$5. Our special price is **\$3.75**

Plush Capes in plain and trimmed that were made to sell for \$6, \$7, \$8, and \$10. We sell **\$5.00**

Black Diagonal Dress Coats, made in latest style. Should have been \$4. Our price only **\$2.50**

Black Kersey Coats with Dart Sleeves and new Back Made to sell for \$6.00. We sell them for **\$3.90**

Fine Black Beaver Coats, new Sleeves and Back, Satin Lined. Made to sell for \$7.00. Our special price is **\$4.95**

**Dress Goods Bargains****Trimmings and Silk Bargains****Millinery Bargains at****BERGEN, THE PRICE CUTTER.****November Dress Goods.**

This is the month when our lady friends come to select the beauties in Fall Dresses. We prepared for the occasion more lavishly than ever and classify a few lines for your inspection and selection.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

The best sorts from every class are here, from the best makers on both sides of the Ocean. The fabrics we show are proven by the test of years—all are of the thoroughly worthy kind in quality, coloring, in beauty of weave and lustrous finish. In Novelties we have some light weight; others heavy. The dainty Grenadines hint of exquisite possibilities in the conjuring of evening or street gowns. More elaborate elegance is perhaps found in the silk and wool crepones, the Poplins, the Velvet Bayaderes and other handsome fabrics.

Another section holds the more staple Black Goods—American and imported Cheviots, in close to a hundred varieties figured Mohairs and Armures, and

Granite Cloths and various other all-wool figured stuffs, at prices ranging from 25 to \$2.00 a yard.

Also Serges, Henriettes, Crepe Cloths Melrose, Cashmere, Camel's-hair, plain Mohair, Mohair Sicilians, Whipords, Venetians, Prunelle, Drepas and Veil.

A broad and comprehensive gathering of Black Goods.

PLAIN DRESS GOODS.

You should see this bright gathering of plaid prettiness. Plaids for waists and dresses. Bright Tartan plaids in cloths and poplins. A hundred styles in all. And a hint—the tailors have discovered the making of smart costumes of plaids this season. They'll be in evidence very soon in tailor-made dresses. Price from 25c, up to \$1.50.

These departments of our business have never been so well handled as this season. Everything that the Millinery art can produce is here in profusion. The new shapes in Hats and Bonnets, the new colors in Ribbons Flowers and Feathers. For the accommodation of our ladies we have the Coats and Capes next to our Millinery department, and we cannot attempt to enumerate them here—suffice to say we can please you in any style Cap Cape or collarette you want.

FALL MILLINERY**COATS****SHOES****AND****CLOTHING****FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR.**

The kind that wear—from the best mills, of the best weaves and at the best prices. These goods are for Men, Women and Children and of as many grades as there are different sizes of pocket books—but all first class goods. Ask to see our Fall Hosiery and Gloves.

R. E. POWELL & CO.,

Main St. SALISBURY, MD., Church St.

Lacy Thoroughgood,

The Fair-Dealing Clothier,

SALISBURY, MD.

GRAY DAYS.

More days in March, when mystic vapors veil the eastern sky with cool, delicious mist. Days in their shade sweet nature makes her eyes.
With youthful spring, and in some dreamful days,
Night makes love. Could we but touch the pale,
Our curtains of the day that e'er resist?
Our secret! Just there, could we, unnoticed,
What sacred joy our conscience might assuage!
Oh, days of gray! Through thy charmed atmosphere,
Steals a soft kiss of comfort to my brow.
To happiness my waiting soul draws near,
Dreaming those dreams thy draperies allow.
Life may be perfect in its flower May;
March half revels it in her days of gray.—John Tracy Jones in Woman's Home Companion.

THE PHOTOGRAPH.

A hundred miles from Aden her majesty's troopship *Idena* steamed along, bound for home.

All day the fierce sun had streamed down with blazing beams, which those on board endured, cursed or grumbled at, according to their various dispositions.

The sensation of the day had been provided by a lascar stoker, who, rushing from the inferno of the engine room, leaped headlong overboard, mad for one delicious plunge into coolness after enduring the torments of heat.

"Man overboard!" rang out. Engines were reversed. Ladies started from languid recumbency. A smooth faced subaltern offered 100 to 1 against "the nigger being picked up," but no one troubled to listen to him, for the water hereabouts is swarming with sharks. However, just as horror became subdued into resignation a black speck was seen still swimming vigorously. A boat was lowered, and the poor wretch was dragged back, collapsing utterly when certain of safety.

All this, however, had happened six hours ago. The incident had been discussed, commented on and capped by similar cases, and long before the dinner bell rang the customary state of boredom had again set in.

After dinner, when the sun had finally disappeared and the stars shone out of the wonderful luminosity of a southern night, some one (probably the major's wife) proposed a dance, and presently the notes of a waltz rose and fell, alluring with its languorous lilt of melancholy sweetness even those who vowed they "didn't dance" to seek out partners.

Among the many who circled around were the officer in command, Captain Assheton, and his partner, Miss Phyllis Welsh.

The ladies of the Dovecot denied that Miss Welsh had any claims to the attractive adjectives by which the men on board ship described her charming manners and face. They emphatically agreed among themselves that the only epithet she deserved was that of being "an outrageous flirt."

Whatever her character might really be, tonight more men than Captain Assheton thought Miss Phyllis Welsh looked "uncommonly fetching." Her eyelids, heavy with dark lashes, drooped as though to hide the exulting brightness of the eyes they shaded, while excitement restored the bloom which a year spent in Indian gayeties had somewhat paled.

As she glided round she breathed quicker than the heat of the evening or the motion of the dance accounted for. She wondered at her own sensations. To experience the delight, fear, rapture and doubt which it had amused her to make others feel half terrified, half charmed her.

Once raising her eyes she met full a glance from Captain Assheton, and a thrill of certainty swept away the last doubt whether or not her love was returned.

"Let's come and sit it out," said Captain Assheton; then he added, "I want to speak to you—to tell you, Phyllis"—He stopped abruptly on perceiving an orderly coming up to speak to him.

"Well, what is it?" he asked peremptorily.

"Please, sir, the doctor says Private Robinson is seriously ill."

Captain Assheton turned apologetically to his partner. "I must leave you for a few minutes. Will you wait for me here? I shall be back in five minutes."

"Yes," assented Miss Welsh, leaning back languidly in a deck chair. "I'll wait for you here if you're not too long."

Captain Assheton and the orderly strode away.

Custom had not yet steeled Assheton's heart against feeling a pang of sorrow when called to visit the poor fellows whose dying words it was his duty when officer in command to note and report.

When Tommy Atkins died, there is no useless fuss made over the event. No loving hand clasps his to strengthen him during the last struggle. No tears fall to tell him that even he, poor fellow, has some one who will miss him. No. The doctor merely reports him "seriously ill." The officer on duty comes to stand by his bedside and note down whatever message Tommy may choose to send to mother or sweetheart waiting for him at home. Then, a few hours later, if on land, Tommy is buried in a coffin the price of which govern-

ment stops out of his pay, or if no one on board ship, with some shot tied to his ankles, overboard he is dropped, to sink out of sight and join that weird company of shrouded corpses which stand upright, drifting and swaying in the currents of the sea, half way between the bottom and the surface of the ocean.

On reaching the stifling deck where the sick, the wounded and the dying lay the orderly stopped beside the berth of Private Robinson.

Usually the officer in command knows nothing of the man whose dying words he has to report, but as it chanced Assheton had heard something of Private Robinson's career. He knew that Robinson was "a gentleman ranker," one of those good looking, reckless, unlucky fellows against whom fortune seems to have a spite.

As Assheton came to the side of his berth the dying man stared up with a curious expression of defiant despair. Above him, beside him, all around the deck lay other sufferers, listening and watching to hear what "the poor beggar" had to say.

It was hardly the place for confidences, and Assheton felt fully the embarrassment of the position. Robinson, however, had reached the time when the world recedes into the background of one's consciousness and what has to be done must be done at once or left forever unaccomplished.

He feebly strove to take something from under his pillow.

"Can I reach that for you?" asked Assheton gently.

"I've waited too long," said Robinson. "I intended to send this back myself, but somehow I put it off from day to day. I couldn't bear to part with it."

He stopped a minute as he succeeded in lifting up an envelope, then he continued, "I want to send this back to her and tell her that though she sent me to the devil I loved her to the end."

He added, as Assheton took the envelope containing the photo from him, "The address is written on the back of it."

"Is there nothing else I can do for you?" said Assheton huskily.

"Nothing. Thank you, sir," replied Robinson, and Assheton felt he was dismissed.

He turned away in silence and left the hospital deck.

As he again passed through the dancers the waltz was hastening to its conclusion, and the laughing, talking company were dispersing in search of ices and comfortable seats.

Phyllis Welsh was still sitting where Assheton had left her.

"You weren't long," she said, smiling. "What did 'Tommy' want to tell you? Do tell me all about it?"

Something in her words grated against Assheton's feelings. He sat down and replied slowly:

"He asked me to return a photo to a girl, and tell her that, though she played him false, he loved her to the end."

"Oh!" cried Phyllis. "How interesting it sounds! Have you got the photo there? Do show it to me!"

"You must not ask me to do that," said Assheton gravely.

But Phyllis was not accustomed to have her wishes ungratified. She leaned forward and looked up with her wonderful dark eyes glowing. "Will you refuse the first request I've ever made you?" she urged.

"Of course if you insist"—hesitated Assheton.

"I do insist. I must see what the girl is like. Some common, vulgar creature, I suppose, that the poor fellow idealized into a piece of perfection."

"Probably," assented Assheton dryly, taking the envelope from his pocket and producing the photograph.

With eager curiosity Phyllis bent over.

For the space of a second she stared, rigid with astonishment and dismay, then exclaiming, "Give it to me—oh, give it to me!" she tried to snatch the photograph from Assheton.

It was too late. Assheton, with blank disgust, had already recognized the beautiful likeness.

"Give it to me," she stammered.

"Certainly," replied Assheton. "It was what I promised to do."

He dropped the photo into her hands and strode away.—Temple Bar.

A Very Small Piece of It.

She—Have you forgotten how you once said you would give the world for me?

He—What if I did?

"Oh, nothing particularly, but it seems very strange now that you won't even sell that little old suburban lot so that I can have a new wheel!"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Long Walk.

The longest walk one could take in a straight line on solid land would be from the eastern side of the Red sea, not far from Mecca, to the Bering strait, a promenade of about 6,600 miles. In the western hemisphere the walk would not exceed 4,500 miles, owing to the irregular shape of the American continent.

A Demand For a Waistcoat.

At Stratfieldseye there are (or were) llamas. A good story is told of the Duke of Wellington that years ago the first llamas brought there were shorn and a waistcoat made for the duke, but a late frost set in, and they had to make flannel waistcoats for the llamas instead of their own wool.—Notes and Queries.

The "Wicked" Lonsdale.

At a meeting of the Poor Clergy Relief society in London a story was told of Bishop Waldegrave of Carlisle and "wicked" Lord Lonsdale. The bishop rode well, and on his going up to Lowther castle Lord Lonsdale admired his horse and his management of it. The bishop pleaded the cause of a clergyman passing rich on \$40 a year, whose well educated wife took in tourists' washing to add to their scanty income.

Lord Lonsdale said: "Everybody looks on me as a very sinful man, beyond all possible hope of salvation. You have spoken to me as a gentleman; you have spoken to me like a good servant of the great head of the church; you have spoken to me encouragingly about the salvation of even my poor soul; you have pleaded the cause very nobly for that young clergyman. Here is my checkbook. Put down what you like, and I will sign it."

The bishop said, "No; that is a matter between God and you."

Lord Lonsdale gave the bishop a check for £10,000 and afterward two further checks for £20,000 for poor clergy of the diocese of Carlisle.

The Power of Modern Shells.

A 12 inch rifle is 88 feet long, with 4 feet external diameter at the breech, and weighs 48 tons. Its 850 pound shot, driven by a 450 pound charge of brown prismatic powder, leaves the muzzle with a velocity exceeding 1,400 miles per hour and would reach a target at its effective range of 5½ miles in 24 seconds, while it would take the report of its discharge 27 seconds to traverse the same distance. At a range of 1½ miles this shot would perforate 19 inches of solid steel.

The 250 pound projectile of the 8 inch rifle will penetrate a foot of armor at the range of a mile. The six 4 inch rapid fire guns within the superstructure each deliver eight 40 pound projectiles in a minute, while the twenty 6 pounders distributed over the vessel can be relied upon to clear an enemy's decks or to disable torpedo boats by maintaining a terrific hail of explosive shell, capable of destroying any unarmored position. The final offensive resources of the citadel are the four torpedo tubes, each prepared to launch automatic and dirigible destroyers containing 150 pounds of gun cotton.—Chautauquan.

Not Infallible.

Harriet Martineau, the English author, was shrewd and practical and had what men are pleased to call a "masculine intellect." But she was not always correct in her deductions, a fact illustrated by the following anecdote, told in her "Memoirs," by Sir Charles Murray, who was then the English consul general in Egypt:

"One afternoon we met at the villa of my old friend, S. W. Larking, on the banks of the Mahamoudieh canal. In the course of our stroll through the garden we came to a small gate, the pattern of which was new to Miss Martineau, who was walking in front.

She stopped, and looking at the gate in an attitude of intense admiration exclaimed:

"How truly oriental! What wonderful taste these easterns have in design!"

She went on, and as Larking and I followed through the gate he whispered to me, "I got it out last week from Birmingham."

Where Hearing Ceases.

Lord Rayleigh, in a lecture, said that experiments had shown that a vibration of sound having an amplitude of less than one-twelfth-millionth of a centimeter could still affect the sense of hearing.

Such a vibration would be so short that it would have to be enlarged 100 times before the most powerful microscope could render it visible, supposing that it were susceptible of being seen at all.

Old people, he said, do not hear high notes which are audible to young persons, and there is reason to believe that babies hear notes which are inaudible to their elders.—London Mail.

That Grand Air.

"Papa, I want a pug dog. They're so aristocratic lookin."

"Bobby, what do you mean by aristocratic lookin?"

"W'y, they looks like they'd git hopin mad if they had ter git acquainted with anybody."—Brooklyn Life.

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 23, 1898. I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicine the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy than all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. SCANTLEBURY.
For sale by R. K. TRUSS & SONS,
druggists, Salisbury, Md.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby states. We mainly office work conducted at home, entirely straight \$200 a year and expenses—definite, bona fide, no more, no less a day. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope, Herbert E. Head, Pres't Dept. M, Chicago.



It is sad and disappointing for a father to rear a son, spend hard-earned money for his education, work to insure him an advantageous start in life, and build castles in the air about the boy's future, only to have him killed off in the early years of manhood by the dread disease consumption.

Until recent years consumption was considered an incurable disease. Now it is known to tens of thousands that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent of all cases if taken in the early stages of the disease. It also cures bronchitis, laryngitis, throat and nasal troubles and all allied diseases of the air-passages. It is the best blood-maker and flesh-builder, the best general tonic and nerve restorative. It gives a keen edge to the appetite, corrects the impaired digestion, promotes the flow of digestive juices, facilitates the production of chyle in the lower stomach, or intestines, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It tears down old and inert tissues and builds up new, firm, muscular tissues of health. It strengthens the heart's action, promotes the circulation of the blood to every part of the body and deepens the breathing, thus supplying the blood with vitalizing oxygen. Thousands have testified to its merits. The dealer who offers something else as "just as good" is dishonest.

"I never was very strong and then I had La Grippe," writes Mrs. Grace G. Smith, of 48th St. St. Salem, Oregon. "I had a cough and felt tired all the time. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and two vials of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I have better health now than for many years."

Twenty-one one-cent stamps cover the mailing of a paper-covered copy of Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD COMPANY

Time table in effect Oct. 6, 1898.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

Leave	t.a.m.	p.m.
Baltimore, Pier 9½	6:00	3:20
Queenstown.....	8:45	6:59
Queenstown.....	9:00	6:26
Bloomingdale.....	9:47	6:31
Wye Mills.....	9:48	6:38
Edenbury.....	9:24	6:44
D. & C. Junction.....	9:33	6:53
Queen Anne.....	9:43	6:59
Downes.....	9:46	7:02
Tuckahoe.....	9:54	7:07
Hobbs.....	10:10	7:16
Hickman.....	10:18	7:29
Adamsville.....	10:22	7:27
Blanchard.....	10:27	7:31
Greenwood.....	10:36	7:37
Downes.....	10:53	7:44
Osterville.....	10:58	7:49
Ellendale.....	11:05	7:58
Wolfe.....	11:20	8:11
Milton.....	11:	

SPLendid Cavalry Charges

Frenchmen Exhibit Their Skill in Three Days' Maneuvers.

In summing up the recent French maneuvers most of the critics seem to agree that the cavalry did splendid work, and some of their charges, if at times suggesting the impossible, were nevertheless magnificent. This was particularly the case at St. Pouain, where an extremely dashing, but absolutely forlorn, charge took place right under the eyes of the president. How many Balaklavas the latter was responsible for during the three days' maneuvers he would be sorry to say, but it was extraordinary what a stimulating effect the president's presence had; it was only necessary for him to come within half a mile of cavalry to start them off charging at something, no matter how impossible the objective. In this charge at St. Pouain a whole brigade, issuing suddenly from behind some farm buildings, whether unnoticed by the opposing cavalry, it had been skilfully led, swooped down on the enemy's guns, though the latter were strongly supported by infantry. How, in the dust they kicked up, successive squadrons got across a road running at right angles (deep ditches on either side) without a single man down was little short of a miracle, and can only be put down to the catlike agility displayed by the horses, wiry little animals of the Arab type.

A new idea of the director was to make the cavalry charge home, one squadron passing through the other instead of the conventional half some distance apart. True, they steadied up very considerably on nearing each other, and the squadrons opened out, but even then a man must have often needed all his wits about him, and perhaps a little luck, to avoid getting into difficulty.

One thing very noticeable about the artillery was the extraordinary way the teams were left exposed right behind the guns, no attempt being made apparently to get cover. This was not done here and there, but was invariably the case, and was the subject of much comment, as it was expected after the first day that the matter would receive the attention of the umpires. It is impossible to explain why this should have been so, as the teams were extraordinarily fit, had not been at all over-worked and could not have needed nursing at the expense of tactical considerations or reality. There was no attempt at massing the guns. What chances there were of a fine artillery duel will be understood when it is mentioned that 200 guns went by the president at the review on the day in question.

Paris Messenger.

The Gold Production For 1897.

According to the report of the director of the mint, just published, this country's production of gold in 1897 increased by \$4,275,000 over that of 1896. The South African mines scored the great increase of \$12,854,152, and those of Australasia made a gain of \$10,803,349 over the previous year.

The total product for 1897 was for the United States \$57,863,900, for South Africa, \$53,304,600, for Australia, \$55,684,200, and for the whole world \$287,504,800, or about \$25,000,000 more than in the previous year and about double the yield of 1896. The prospect is that the year 1898 will show a much greater production than even that of 1897.

There are some interesting facts revealed in the report. How many people know that 25 of our states and territories have gold mines? Even Vermont and Tennessee and Iowa and Maryland are gold producing states to the extent of \$1000 each.

Colorado leads all the states with a product of \$19,104,200. California comes next with a record of \$14,618,300. These two states are the only ones whose product is written in eight figures.—*New York World*.

Tobacco at the Elysee.

The Parisian journals are commenting on the fact that President Félix Faure was seen the other evening smoking a cigarette at a garden party in the Champs Elysées. It is said that he is the first French president to smoke. It is recalled that M. Thiers not only did not smoke, but in appointing his military officials took care that the ordinaries officer should be a captain who was a stranger to the use of tobacco. Marshal MacMahon used to smoke, but he gave up the habit after passing through a severe illness, and when he was president he was never known to smoke. M. Jules Grévy used to be an inveterate smoker, but he ceased to use the word when he found he was losing his memory. M. Sadi Carnot never smoked, and his secretaries abstained—at the Elysee at least. M. Casimir-Périer used to smoke, but only a little, and not at all after he became president. It is now hinted that M. Faure does not only burn cigarettes in public, but loves in private a pipe, the present of a Russian grand duke. We also know that M. Faure can smoke cigars when presented by a czar.—*Paris Messenger*.

Hespeck's Opinion.

"Professor Brinard is the brainiest man that ever lived."

"Indeed!"

"You bet. Why, he can say 'I love' in 30 different languages—and hasn't said it in any."—*New York World*.

England Wins the Heavy Metal.

England has inflicted far greater land losses on her redoubtable neighbor, France, than all the military monarchies of Europe put together. English armies for 130 years ravaged France, while England has not seen the fire of a French camp since the battle of Hastings. English troops have twice taken the French capital, an English king was crowned at Paris, a French king rode captive through London, a French emperor died in English captivity and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. Twice the English horses marched from Calais to the Pyrenees, once from the Pyrenees to Calais; the monuments of Napoleon in the French capital at this moment owe their preservation from German revenge to an English general.

All the great disasters and days of mourning for France since the battle of Hastings—Tenchbray, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Verneuil, Cravant, Bapaume, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Minden, Dettingen, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vitoria, the Pyrenees, Orthez, Waterloo—were gained by English generals and won, for the most part, by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was on their own admission routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely from want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians.—Alison's "Life of Marlborough."

Crashed by Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher was once approached by a young man who considered himself very clever.

"Do you know, Mr. Beecher," said he, "I've been thinking that I would settle down, behave myself and join your church. Now, I like your preaching, but when I go to your church and see such men as old S. and others, grasping skinflints and hypocrites to the core, sitting there in full membership, why, the thing is just a little too much for me, and really," he added, "I cannot join."

"Well, you're right," said Mr. Beecher. "Every church has such men, and I fancy Plymouth is not free from them, and until you spoke I have always wondered why the good Lord permitted it. Now I understand."

"Ah," gurgled the young fellow, "I am glad I have thrown light on the question! What strikes you as the reason, Mr. Beecher?"

"Well," replied the great preacher, "it is permitted in order to keep just such fools as you out of the churches."

The Peasant and His Son.

One day a peasant carried a basket of potatoes to the field and dug holes in the soil and planted them. His young son watched operations for a time and then inquired:

"Daddy, why do you put those taters in the ground?"

"By so doing each one will bring me back ten, my son," replied the father.

The boy went away, and when his father came up to dinner he found him digging in the yard and naked:

"Sonny, what are you seeking?"

"Why, daddy, I have planted the clock, two umbrellas, the teapot, your Sunday hat, ma's boots and a tablecloth, and each one will bring me back ten."

"You young idiot, come here and be scolded!" shouted the father, and he tanned the boy up and down, crossways and sideways, until he was tired.

"Daddy planted taters to get back ten," mused the boy as he sat down under the cow shed to think. "But I planted clocks and hats and boots to get a licking. It must be the difference in the soil."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

The Little Curate.

Some years ago the English prime minister received the following letter from a workingman:

Sir—Doubtless you do not often get a letter from a workingman on the subject of clerical appointments, but, as I here you have got to find a minister for to fill Mr. Boyd Carpenter's place, allow me to set you to just go some Sunday afternoon and hire our little curate, Mr. —, at St. Matthew's church—he is a good, earnest little man and a genuine little fellow; got no ambition about him, but sound Churchman, is an extempore Preacher and deserves promotion. Nobody knows I am writing to you, and it is not a matter of mine and go by favor, but simply asking you to take a run over and hire him and then put him a step higher—he deserves it. I know Mr. Sullivan will give him a good character, and so will Mr. Alcroft, the Patron. Now do go over and hire him before you make a choice. We workingmen will be sorry to lose him, but we think he ought not to be missed promotion as a good fellow. Your obedient servant,

Cannibalism in Russia.

About two months ago I reproduced in this column extracts from the letter of a Russian friend charging a Russian community with cannibalism. The extracts were extensively copied by some of your contemporaries, and were stated in one instance to be untrue. The congress of the Russian church at Kiev, however, has had this very matter under consideration during the last few days. The Bishop of Kazan admitted that cannibalism was rife in his diocese, and that no means had been found of eradicating it. The cannibals of Kazan kill and eat people who have been pursued by worldly misfortune, under the impression that their action will propitiate the gods. The confession of the bishop is a significant commentary upon the usefulness of the Russian church as an evangelistic organization.

Makes use of time while it is present with you. It depends upon your will and not upon the number of days to have a sufficient length of life.—*London News*.

HATUEY'S FORESIGHT.

Warning Against the Great Crime of Columbus' Conquistadores.

Though nearly 30 years elapsed from the time of Columbus' discovery of Cuba to the founding of its first settlement the chief ascetic, Hatuey, never ceased to warn his people against the Spaniards. Having secretly informed himself of the barbarous treatment inflicted upon the Indians of Santo Domingo, he called all the tribes of Cuba together in a three days' council. He told them that the Spaniards performed all their cruel deeds for the sake of a great god whom they were serving, whose likeness he would show them. Then, taking some gold from his pouch, he said: "This is the god whom they serve and him they follow. They are coming here to seek this god. Therefore let us make a festival and dance before him, and when the white strangers come we will order them to do no harm."

After they had danced and sung till exhausted the chief directed his people to keep no trace of the gold god anywhere about their persons or in their houses. He advised them to throw it all into the bay, or bury it deep in the earth, or hide it in the depths of caverns, for, said he, "If a bit of the gold god were lost, you yet would the white strangers find it." All this they did, but it did not save the simple people. In their instant thirst for gold the Spaniards rounded the Indians through forest and jungle, swamp and desert, until in a few years all were captured or slain, and the poor old chieftain himself was burned at the stake.

But this was long after Columbus' day. He reached this coast late in October of 1493 and spent five weeks searching vainly for "Botic," a place where some Indians had told him he would find plenty of gold. Not finding it, he sailed away on Dec. 4, steering straight across the channel for the cloud-covered mountains of Haiti, just across the narrow Windward passage. But it was owing to his glowing description of Puerto Santo, as he named what is now known as Baracoa bay, that Don Diego Velasquez came here a few years later and founded the town.

He christened it Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion, appointed civil officers, created a bishopric and established his own residence here, but somehow the place never amounted to much, although a more favorable site cannot be found in Cuba than the local city which the great discoverer spoke of as "the most beautiful land eyes ever beheld." On all Spanish maps the town is still named in honor of Our Lady of the Assumption, but everybody calls it Baracoa.—*Evening Journal*.

Who Painted the Sign?

Some sign painter in this country, if he be still alive, has a secret that is worth a fortune to him but he does not know it.

He is the man who painted a station sign at Harper's Ferry, on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, shortly after the road was completed at that point, some 60 years ago.

The mixture of paint that he made and put on the board proves to be more durable and of greater value than anything manufactured today. Through all the 60 years of a hard, weather-beaten life the letters on the sign have remained as fresh and undimmed as the day they were painted on.

Heat of summer and the storms of winter have had no effect whatever, and, more wonderful than all, the frost, sand laden winds that have worn the wood around the letters down an eighth of an inch have not marred the letters themselves in the least.

The sign is now in the rooms of the Western Society of Engineers at Chicago, where experts are making a careful examination of the paint in the hope of discovering its peculiar property of durability. The engineers are using every possible means to find the man who mixed it. His secret would net him a fortune if he should tell it in the extensive manufacture of paints.—*New York Journal*.

A New Sort of "Deadheads."

An entirely new way to see a show without paying or being admitted on a guess was discovered at the Empire theater the other night. The dangers and difficulties involved were such that few would care to go the same way. An officer in attendance at the theater was informed by a member of the company playing there that several men were in the space directly above the audience, between the ceiling and the roof of the theater. In the center of the ceiling is an opening, and there the officer found half a dozen young men and boys lying on the rafters, watching the stage.

The place where they were was very dark, and it was not until the officer lighted a match that they could be seen. They hastily made their way to the roof and disappeared over other roofs toward Pearl street. It is thought that they had made a practice of climbing over the roofs and taking up their perilous position whenever it pleased them. If by any chance one of them had stepped off a rafter, he might easily have fallen through the ceiling and landed in the auditorium.—*Albany Express*.

Makes use of time while it is present with you. It depends upon your will and not upon the number of days to have a sufficient length of life.—*London News*.

IF YOU HAVE NOT A CLEAR COMPLEXION.

It is only one of many indications that your liver is out of order. Use a remedy of

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standing, that has acquired a reputation for curing Liver Complaints—such as

SELLERS' CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

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THE CLOUDS OF GOD.

The city is full of labor
And struggle and strife and care,
The fever pulse of the city
Is throbbing in all the air,
But calm through the sunlit spaces
And calm through the starlit sky
Forever, over the city,
The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of passion
And shame and anger and sin,
Of hearts that are dark with evil,
Of souls that are black within,
But whiles the robes of angels,
As pure through the wind swept sky,
Forever, over the city,
The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of sorrow
And tears that are shed in vain,
By day and by night there rises
The voice of its grief and pain,
But soft as a benediction
They bend from the vault on high,
And over the sorrowful city
The clouds of God go by.

Eye that are old with vigil,
Eye that are dim with tears,
Look up from the path of sorrow
That measures itself in years
And read in the blue above you
The peace that is ever nigh,
While over the troubled city
The clouds of God go by!

—Robert Clarkson Tongue in Youth's Companion.

MADE IN MINIATURE.

CURIOUS MICROSCOPIC MARVELS
ACHIEVED BY INGENIOUS MEN.

Peter Ramus Tells Some Very Fishy Stories About John Muller—The Ever Growing Squad of Cherry Stone Workers—A Wonderful Knife.

Perhaps the most prevalent mania of men gifted with mechanical ingenuity takes the shape of accomplishing or attempting to accomplish in miniature the mightiest feats of engineering that human hands have ever set up. The enthusiast in miniature regards the Forth bridge, for example, not as a utilitarian masterpiece, but as a model to be followed and copied in all the materials supplied by a threepenny bit, and the 985 feet of Eiffel tower neither fills his breast with awe nor horror, but is regarded as a choice subject to be constructed in miniature out of bent pen and the shell of a walnut.

Of the medieval mechanicians John Muller, better known in the trade as Regiomontanus, which one must admit sounds well for one of his craft, who lived in the fifteenth century, was without doubt the Maaskalyne and Cook of the period, or at all events he had as a biographer a writer of greater imagination than the other less fortunate genii of that era. Peter Ramus, the writer in question, not only credits John Muller with fashioning a wooden eagle, which on the occasion of the Emperor Maximilian visiting Nuremberg flew out to meet him, saluted him in due form—however that may have been—and then turned round and accompanied the procession to the city gates, but further asserts that the same individual turned out an iron fly.

Which, having flown a perfect roundabout, With weary wings returned unto her master. We are inclined to think, all things considered, that Peter Ramus had the makings of a very fine creator of exciting fiction in him and that it was a sad pity he allowed his gift to be wasted in compiling a biography of a 100 years' passed automata artificer in place of forestalling the friend of our youth, M. Jules Verne.

The cherry stone has been a favorite subject for the worker in miniature since Hadrianus Junius saw at Mechlin "a cherry stone cut into the form of a basket, in which were 14 pairs of dice distinct, the spots and numbers of which were easily to be discerned with a good eye." A museum in Massachusetts has among its other possessions a cherry stone containing a dozen silver spoons. As the stone is of the ordinary size the spoons are so small that their shape can only be admired by the aid of a microscope. Other remarkable cherry stones are the ones carved all over with 124 heads, mostly of popes and potentates, and the one fashioned by a topmaker at Nuremberg, which contains a plan of Sevastopol, a railway station and the "Messiah" of Klopstock, is indeed multum in parvo.

A tiny vessel has been made of late years by an Italian jeweler who came into possession of a pearl that nature had caused to take upon itself the shape and contour of a boat. A sail of beaten gold studded with diamonds, a binnacle light of ruby and emerald, and a rudder of ivory complete the structure, which weighs less than an ounce all told. We recently saw it stated that the smallest steam engine in the world is one of an upright pattern, made of silver and gold and resting on a .25 cent goldpiece. The diameter of the cylinder is one forty-eighth part of an inch; stroke, one thirty-second of an inch; weight, one eighth of a grain; bore of cylinder, .3125 of a square inch. The engine can be worked either by steam or compressed air, and—oh, shade of Peter Ramus—the balance wheel of one-third of an inch diameter is said to make 1,760 revolutions per minute.

In 1814 a knife was made at Messrs. Travis & Son's, Manchester, containing three blades, buttonhook, saw, punch, screwdriver, box, corkscrew, hook and gimlet, two phlemons, a species of lancet, picker and two more lancets with a ring at the head. The knife, we learn, was only eleven-sixteenths of an inch

long and weighed 1 pennyweight 14 grains. At this end of the century Sheffield can boast of a dozen pairs of shears, each so minute that they altogether weigh less than half a grain, if report speaks true.

Of examples of microscope writing there is no end, but one of the most famous is mentioned by Pliny, who said that Cicero had once seen Homer's "Iliad" in a nutshell. In order to prove the truth of this a French writer named Huet experimented in the presence of the dauphin, whose tutor he was in 1670. He first showed that a piece of sheepskin 10 by 8 inches can be folded up to fit the shell of a walnut, and then proceeded to prove that he could get 250 stanzas of 30 verses to a stanza on each side of the paper, or 7,500 verses on each side. Of the paintings in miniature Carel van Mander, the sixteenth century painter and historian, quotes the landscape painted by Lucas van Heere's wife. This work of art represented a mill with sails bent, the miller appearing as if mounting the stairs loaded with a sack. A cart and horse were seen upon the terrace upon which the mill was fixed, and on the road several peasants were discerned. The whole was perfectly distinct and accurately finished, and yet so minute that it could be covered with one grain of corn. Surely that most microscopic artist, M. Jan van Beers, must be descended from the fair painter of that extraordinary work of art.—London Standard.

It Was a Pretty Hat.

A young lady of the east end had just received several proofs of different styles of photographs of herself and had kept them until the usual semiweekly visit of her best gentleman friend. He was punctual in arriving that night, but he never imagined that it was to be his last call for an indefinite period.

He had no sooner seated himself in the parlor than the young lady brought in the photographs for his inspection. He looked them over very carefully and finally selected the only one of the several pictures showing a hat on the subject. It was a pretty big hat and beautifully trimmed. The piece of millinery caught his eye at first glance, and he most innocently remarked:

"I think this is the best photograph. The hat is so pretty. It is a very fine picture of the hat."

The young man did not notice his fatal error until too late. His visit was short and uninteresting that evening, and now he wishes that the art of photography had never been discovered.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The English Army.

In the 40 years that elapsed between the battle of Waterloo and the fighting in the Crimea the British army attained a maximum of inefficiency. It is only now, when the chief actors in the great drama of the struggle with Russia are dead, that the public is beginning to learn the extent of the incapacity and inefficiency of the men responsible for the equipment and training of the British army. But for the courage of the British private the Crimean campaign would have been a disastrous failure. Indeed but for the accident of a fog on the morning of the battle of Inkermann, which enabled a handful of British troops to impress 40,000 Russian soldiers with the idea that they were more numerous and better supported than they really were, the English army would have been driven into the Black sea and the subsequent history of Europe altered beyond recognition.—London Standard.

A Deadly Grudge.

"You and Briggins don't seem to be very good friends any more."

"No, he is a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Why, what did he ever do to make you conceive such an opinion of him?"

"Made me believe I ought to take my bicycle apart for the purpose of cleaning it."—Chicago News.

The Foolish Advice Given.

"I hate to see a man who has sense enough to give good advice," said Mr. Biflerly, "but not sense or strength enough to follow and profit by it himself, but it is a fact that many a man has got rich on a hint from somebody else who has staid poor."—New York Sun.

Well Named.

"This is the parlor, eh?" tentatively remarked the real estate agent, who was looking over the house.

"Yes," replied the old man Kidder, "but I usually call it the court-room—I've got seven daughters, you know."—Harper's Bazaar.

There are over 1,000 islands under the flag of Japan, and in Georgia bay, the north extension of Lake Huron, where we find very few islands on the map, there are in reality several thousand islands, most of them, of course, quite small.

One-seventh of the population of England are engaged in the building trade.

Dela., Md. & Va. R. R.—Leave Franklin City 10:30 a. m., week days; 6:37 p. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only. Returning train leaves Franklin City 5:0 a. m. weekdays, and 4:42 p. m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.

Leave Franklin City for Chilcottengro, (via steamer) 1:42 p. m. week days. Returning

train leaves Chilcottengro 4:42 a. m. week days.

Delaware and Chesapeake railroad leaves Clayton for Oxford and way stations 9:33 a. m. and 5:47 p. m. week days. Returning leave Oxford 4:45 a. m. and 1:49 p. m. week days.

Cambridge and Seaford railroad. Leaves

Seaford for Cambridge and intermediate stations 11:17 a. m. and 7:14 p. m. week days.

Returning leave Cambridge 6:20 a. m. and 2:35 p. m. week days.

CONNECTIONS.—At Porter with Newark & Delaware Railroad. At Townsend with Queen Anne & Jefferson Railroad. At Claytontown with Delmarva & Eastern Railroad. And Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad. At Harrington, with Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad. At Seaford, with Cambridge & Seaford Railroad. At Delmar, with New York, Philadelphia, & Norfolk, B. C. & A. and Peninsula Railroads.

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GOOD, BETTER, BEST REMEDY FOR PAIN, St. Jacobs Oil.

The Russian Wolf Hound.

Far off Russia, where winters are so severe that but for a few months in the entire year are the fields free from snow, is the home of a breed of dogs known there as the Borzoi, or Provoi. The dogs are grand in aspect, with long, flowing coats of silken texture that defy the terrible cold, and they are built on lines that speak volumes for the antiquity of their origin. In this country they are known as Russian wolf hounds. England is the country that has perhaps done most for the breed. Some 15 years ago the Briton secured the best that Russia had and bred them with the exceeding judgment he displays in such matters. He today possesses beyond question some of the grandest living. Within the past few years, however, Germany has made most wonderful strides in breeding these dogs, and, together with the Briton, has brought them very rapidly to the fore.—Outing.

A Wonderful Map.

The ordnance survey map of England, which contains over 108,000 sheets, and which has cost \$1,000,000 a year for 20 years to keep up to date, is said to be the largest map in the world. The scale varies from ten feet to one-eighth of an inch to the mile. The details are so minute that sheets having a scale of 35 inches show every hedge, fence, wall, building and even every isolated tree in the country.

One Definition.

"What is your idea of a political economist?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum reflectively, "there's lots of different kinds. But my idea of the genuine article is the man who manages to put by enough while he has an office to pay the expense of getting it for another term."—Washington Star.

Papa's Business.

"What does your father do, little girl?" asked the new teacher.

"He is a conflagration ejector," said the little girl from Boston.

"A what?"

"He puts fires out."—Philadelphia North American.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

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CAPE CHARLES ROUTE.

Time Table in Effect July 21, 1898

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

No. 97 No. 98 No. 99 No. 100

Leave P. M. P. M. a. m. a. m.

New York..... 7:55 8:00 1:00 8:10

Washington..... 6:50 7:00 12:45 8:00

Baltimore..... 7:5x 8:00 8:25 9:05

Philadelphia (Lv.)..... 11:10 3:46 7:25 10:20

Wilmington..... 11:40 4:27 8:15 11:04

P. M. a. m. a. m. a. m.

Riverside..... 10:01 7:58 8:42 8:59

Royal Oak..... 10:05 7:18 8:45 8:58

Kirkham..... 10:05 8:02 8:52 8:55

Bloomfield..... 10:15 8:07 8:57 8:59

Easton..... 10:22 8:16 7:00 8:10

Burke..... 10:25 8:16 8:52 8:55

Bethlehem..... 10:37 8:31 7:21 8:24

Preston..... 10:44 8:38 7:26 8:45

Lancaster..... 10:45 8:40 7:29 8:49

Ellwood..... 10:48 8:42 7:32 8:50

Hurlock..... 10:50 8:44 7:34 8:52

Maryland..... 10:52 8:46 7:36 8:54

Portsmouth..... 10:54 8:48 8:52 8:55

P. M. a. m. p. m. p. m.

Leaves a. m. p. m. p. m. p. m.

Delmar..... 7:55 8:00 1:00 8:10

Malibar..... 8:00 8:05 1:05 8:15

Malibar..... 8:05 8:10 1:10 8:20

Malibar..... 8:10 8:15 1:15 8:25

Malibar..... 8:15 8:20 1:20 8:30

Malibar..... 8:20 8:25 1:25 8:35

Malibar..... 8:25 8:30 1:30 8:40

Malibar..... 8:30 8:35 1:35 8:45

Malibar..... 8:35 8:40 1:40 8:50

Malibar..... 8:40 8:45 1:45 8:55

Malibar..... 8:45 8:50 1:50 8:58

Malibar..... 8:50 8:55 1:55 9:00

Malibar..... 8:55 8:

County Correspondence.

SHARPTOWN, MD.

A great many hogs have been killed here this week.

Rev. Fred. J. Phillips of Westminster College, was called home this week on account of his mother's serious illness.

W. C. Mann recently killed an owl measuring more than four feet from tip of wings.

On November 7th, Rev. B. F. Jester of this town, by order of the president, held quarterly conference at Mardela circuit, in the absence of their pastor, Rev. W. J. McNett, who is traveling South for his health. At the meeting committees from the churches were elected to solicit funds with which to rebuild their parsonage, recently burned at Mardela.

J. Clement Taylor, who recently died in Baltimore, a member of many years standing of the Odd Fellows here, was a native of Mardela springs.

The program of exercises for the celebration of the 70th anniversary of the Maryland Methodist Protestant, was carried out in the M. P. church here on Sunday evening last. At the close of programme, L. T. Cooper read a paper giving the organization, growth and influence of the M. P. Society in this town.

The sills have been laid for the new berry crate and basket factory of A. M. Robinson & Co.

The new school building is shut in and the mechanical work nearly done, except the finishing work on interior. Three girls are soliciting funds for the purchase of a new bell for the new house, as they do not want to use the old one, but want a new bell as well as new house.

The remains of Matthew Marine and wife, were taken up, out of the vault on the old homestead where they were interred several years ago, and re-interred in the Taylor cemetery last week. They were re-committed by the pastor of the M. E. church. The work was superintended by Hon. Wm. M. Marine of Baltimore, their grandson, who owns by legacy, the homestead, a property held in high regard by him in the town, he endeavors to keep it intact, and all the repairing is done so as to retain as far as possible the original identity of the property.

The annual gathering of holly berries has begun here. Buyers are numerous. It sells for sixty-five and seventy cents a case, packed and delivered on the wharf along the river, the purchaser furnishing the boxes.

Raising Bull Frogs.

The industry of raising bull frogs is not a new one, but there is one man in Maryland who has pursued it with better fortune and more persistency than some of the others. This is Jacob Frontz of St. Michael's who has a pond on the suburbs of that village about a quarter of a mile square and containing about 250 frogs of various sizes and conditions. They are not like the ordinary ditch frog, wild and vicious. They sit upon the banks of the pond and croak in an altogether friendly and social way, apparently delighted with their surroundings. Early in the spring when frogs first begin to make their appearance in the ditches, two men are sent out to catch all the medium sized frog that can be found. These are brought to the pond and carefully examined to see that there is no diseased ones among them. This process is continued until the pond is well stocked. Then begins a hunt for the food upon which the frog fattens and grows. A frog will not eat a dead creature of any sort. They must have live food, and even the food must be in motion before the frog will take it. Tadpoles, very small frogs and insects, are the principal food upon which they live. The frog is a cannibal and devours his food at one gulp.

Both Democrats Seated.

Judges Grubb and Boyce completed the official count of Sussex county, Del aware, on Saturday. The contest brought by Elijah J. Ellis, Republican, against Elisha H. F. Farlow, Democrat, for Representative from the Third district, was decided in favor of Farlow, the count showing that he had a plurality of 27 over Ellis. Dr. Hiram Burton, Republican, withdrew his contest of the election of Franklin C. Maull for Senator from the Fifth senatorial district, and the Board of Canvass issued a certificate to Mr. Maull.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Rexine the
Signature
of

First Annual Meeting of the Maryland State Horticultural Society.

The first annual meeting of the Maryland State Horticultural Society will be held in Baltimore, December 14 and 15th, at 2 o'clock, P. M. in Pacific Hall, northeast corner of Baltimore and Paca streets. The programme will be announced later. All persons interested in horticulture, whether members or not, are invited to attend and take part in making this an interesting and profitable meeting. Special rates will be secured on all railroads and boat lines as far as possible. We will be very glad to consider any proposition any person may have to make for the preparation of the programme or the advancement of the interests of the Society. Persons who desire to become members should notify the secretary.

CHARLES G. BRIGGS, President.
Sharpsburg, Washington Co. Md.
JAMES S. HARRIS, Secretary,
Coleman Kent Co., Md.

Alcohol in Sticks.

A new invention of great importance has just been patented by a German chemist, Julius Norden, of Aldenhoven, Germany. He has succeeded in hardening alcohol until it becomes a solid mass. This will insure a very much greater popularity for the employment of alcohol. It now comes in small cylindrical pieces, packed in patent tin boxes; that can be used for cooking, lighting, heating and the various uses of everyday life.

The solidified alcohol burns without a wick, can be blown out after use, and then hardens again within a minute. The danger of explosion is absolutely done away with, and the neat little tin package, with its stick of alcohol, is always ready for use in the kitchen or bed room, on the toilet table or under the milk pot, on the road or in the field as a night lamp or going upstairs at night.—Philadelphia Record.

Rudyard Kipling for Everybody.

If continual talk about him in the newspapers is an indication, Rudyard Kipling must be the most popular of living authors. A vast number of readers must, therefore, welcome a pretty and wonderfully cheap edition of his "Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads and Other Verses." Hurst & Co., 125 Grand St., New York, the price of only 35 cents. You may get it of any bookseller, or from the publishers, who will send their complete catalogue to any applicant.

Virginia Latimer, a 3-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Latimer of Hyattsville, was poisoned with bitter almond Wednesday, but her life was saved by the efforts of the physicians.

John Carroll Fountaine, who is wanted by the police for annoying Baltimore and other merchants with bogus orders for goods, was arrested Wednesday at Church Hill and committed to the Queen Anne's county jail.

A Historic Wreck.

"In the harbor of Santiago de Cuba," says Maturin M. Ballou in "Due South," "a sunken wreck is pointed out, partially visible at low tide, not far from the shore. Only the ribs and stanchions are still held together by the stout keel timbers and lower sheathing. This wreck has lain here unheeded for years, yet what a story these old timbers might tell had they only a tongue with which to give voice to their experience—literally the experience of ages."

Reference is made to the remains of the old St. Paul, one of the ships of the great Spanish armada that Philip II sent to England in 1588, being one of the very few of that famous fleet that escaped destruction at the time. What a historical memento in the old wreck! After a checkered career, in which this ancient craft had breasted the waves of innumerable seas and withstood the storms of nearly three centuries, she was burned to the water's edge here in the harbor of Santiago a few years since and sunk, where her remains now lie, covered with slime and barnacles—a striking emblem of the nation whose flag she once proudly bore.—New York Tribune.

New Zealand's Rabbit Export.

The exportation of rabbits from New Zealand has assumed such dimensions that it has quite got beyond the experimental stage, and has now become an important industry. One exporter is at the present time in receipt of between 16,000 and 20,000 rabbits per day, and is paying to trappers in wages between \$4,000 and \$5,000 per week. He has 24,000 traps out, giving employment to about 500 trappers. Last year his export of rabbits was about 700,000, while he anticipates sending away about 1,500,000 this season. By this exporter alone about eight trucks of timber are used per week to make the boxes in which the rabbits are frozen and exported, while in carriage he pays over \$600 a week.

A stomach full of undigested food is about as unhealthy a mass as one can well imagine.

What can be done with it? There it stays. It won't digest. It churns up, ferments and decays; becomes poisonous (as all putrid matter does) and causes great pain and deep-seated disorders.

In order to change all this, take Shaker Digestive Cordial.

It stops fermentation and decay at once, so that no more poisons are created.

It clears the stomach of poisons already there. It helps it to turn the food that remains into healthful nourishment. It strengthens the stomach for the next meal.

Here is the whole philosophy and cure of indigestion in a few words. And what's more, it's all true. Try it.

Shaker Digestive Cordial is for sale by druggists, price 10 cents to \$1.00 a bottle.

Longfellow to be Illustrated.

Last year Charles Dana Gibson illustrated "The People of Dickens" for the Ladies' Home Journal. The pictures were so successful that this year, and during next year, W. L. Taylor, the New England artist who has made such rapid strides in his art, will illustrate "The People of Longfellow"—also for the Ladies' Home Journal. The poems selected are "The Psalm of Life," "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," and others.

The B. C. & A. Railway Company.

We are now collecting matter for our "Guide to Summer Homes" for 1899. To make the book complete, I would be glad if all persons, who intend taking Summer Boarders, would advise us, giving full particulars; distance from wharf, or station, number accommodated, rates, etc. If you have a picture I would be glad if you send it to me. I wish to make this Guide the most complete the Company has ever issued hence this early start collecting matter. Address T. MURDOCK, G. P. A., 111 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

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—On last Saturday I lost my black, gray double shawl between John Oiphant's old place and Salisbury any one finding the same will be rewarded if returned to Mrs. E. N. WHITE, Whitesville, Del.

Valuable to Women.

Especially valuable to women is Brown's Iron Bitters. Backache vanishes, headache disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and the glow of health readily comes to the pallid cheek when this wonderful remedy is taken. For sickly children or overworked men it has no equal. No home should be without this famous remedy. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber hath obtained from the orphans court for Wicomico county, letters of administration on the personal estate of

PAUL ANDERSON,

late of Wicomico county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof to the subscriber on or before

May 19, 1899,

or they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 19th day of November, 1898.

H. W. ANDERSON, Administrator.

TRUSTEE'S SALE**Valuable Farm**

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Wicomico county passed in the case of Humphreys vs. Humphreys, being No. 118 Chancery Docket, of said Court, the undersigned will offer at public auction at the Court House door in Salisbury, Md., on

SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 3, 1898,

AT THE HOUR OF 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

all that farm or tract of land in Parsons Election District, Wicomico county, Maryland, situated on the south side of and bounded on the county road leading from Salisbury to Pittsboro, known as the "Shell Road," about one and one-half miles from the town of Salisbury, containing

90 ACRES OF LAND.

more or less, being known as

"FAIRFIELD"

and being the same property of which Randolph Humphreys was lately seized. The said property is splendidly located and is improved with fine dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE.

Five hundred dollars cash on day of sale; balance in one year secured by notes bearing interest from day of sale, with approved security.

JAS. E. ELLEGOOD, Trustee.

Itching, Burning**Terribly Afflicted with Skin Disease**

and Could Not Sleep—Hood's Sarsaparilla Gives Complete Relief—Well Known Contractor.

I was terribly afflicted with rash, which extended all over my body. I could not sleep at night on account of the itching and burning. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using three bottles I was entirely well. My husband is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia and it is doing him good. My little boy was also troubled with rash and could not rest. He is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now able to sleep well at night and he has a better appetite." Mrs. M. C. Love, Lonaconing, Maryland.

"I have been troubled with a pain in my back across my hips in the morning. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has cured me. I can now work as well as any man." WALTER W. KEGG, Contractor, 70 Columbia St., Cumberland, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

Auditor's Notice.

The United States Baking Company, et al. vs.
The R. Frank Williams Co.,
No. 1144 Chancery.

All persons having claims against the assets of the R. Frank Williams Company, in the hands of Jay Williams and Elmer C. Williams, receivers, are required to file the same with me on or before the 2d. day of December, 1898, as I shall on that day, proceed to distribute the proceeds of said assets to those entitled thereto.

L. M. DASHIELL, Auditor.

ORDER NISI.

Wicomico Building & Loan Association vs. Jennie Rounds and Alexander W. Rounds.

In the Circuit Court for Wicomico County, in Equity No. 1214 Chancery, November Term, 1898.

Ordered that the sale of property mentioned in these proceedings, and distribution made and reported by E. Stanley Toadvin, attorney, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of December next, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Wicomico County, one in each of three successive weeks before the 7th day of December, next.

The report states the amount of sales to be \$300.00.

CHAS. F. HOLLAND,
CHAS. F. HOLLAND.

True Copy Test:

ISAAC N. HEARN,
Snow Hill, Md. Or Advertiser office.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a bargain and on easy terms, my two houses and lots on William street, above Poplar Hill Avenue. These properties are nearly new and in first-class condition.

ISAAC N. HEARN,

Snow Hill, Md. Or Advertiser office.

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS**BIG BARGAINS****IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.**

15c table oil cloths	9½c	8c Dress Gingham	5c
25c all linen window curtains	18c	\$3.50 plush capes	\$1.98
50c heavy fringe	35c	\$6.50 ladies' coats	\$3.25
25c red table linen	15c	\$3 child's coats	\$1.75
8c muslins	5c	Nice silks	25c
6c apron gingham	4c	Good dark calico	3½c

These are only a few of our bargains. A visit to our millinery department will convince one that we are selling Ladies' and Children's Hats cheaper than ever. Everything up to date. No trashy trimmings used. All the latest styles.

A complete line of standard patterns in stock. If you need a pattern try the standard. Dress makers say they are the best patterns on the market.

The Designer for December, price 10 cents, now on sale at

S. H. MORRIS.

Main Street.

Near Postoffice.

OVERCOATS.

Good quality and low prices meet and shake hands here, and in no more particular place is this exemplified than in the quality and price of our overcoats and suits for men, boys and children.

SALISBURY ADVERTISER

Vol. 32.

Salisbury, Md., Saturday, Nov. 26, 1898.

No. 16.

MARRIAGE OF MR. N. H. RIDER.

A Southern Girl "Was the Weight That Pulled him Down."

Mr. N. H. Rider, formerly of Salisbury, but nearly two years a resident of Alabama, was married last Wednesday evening to a daughter of his adopted state.

Miss Callie Cunningham was the name of the lady whose charms wrecked the freedom of his bachelorhood and brought him into the bondage of matrimony.

The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride at Riderville at half past seven o'clock. The relatives and friends of the bride were present.

The groom's mother, Mrs. Margaret Rider, his brother Mr. John B. Rider and his nephew Mr. Hugh Jackson of Washington and Mr. W. E. Waller, of Riderville, were also among the guests. Mr. and Mrs. Rider will come north shortly and will probably visit friends in Salisbury.

Mr. Rider is well known here where he was born and lived until February 1897, and he is highly esteemed among the citizens of Salisbury. At the time he left Salisbury he was the head of the Salisbury Oil & Coal Co. He went to Washington in February 1897 to connect himself with the E. E. Jackson Lumber Co. of which his brother in law Hon. E. E. Jackson, is the leading spirit. After remaining in the Washington office some months Mr. Rider went to Alabama to assume the management of the Company's Southern business which has head-quarters at a little place then called Plantersville, on a branch of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, but whose name has since been changed to Riderville in honor of Mr. Rider and he is the postmaster, railroad and express agent. It was here that he met Miss Cunningham who resided in Riderville with her parents.

The ADVERTISER sends Mr. and Mrs. Rider greetings from the people of Salisbury and best wishes for their future happiness.

Ten Years For Parsons.

Clarence Parsons the youthful thief and burglar who escaped from the jail here a short time ago and dropped by chance into the clutches of the Baltimore City police has just been bountifully provided for. When he escaped from the jail here he made his way to Vienna and with the assistance of his pal Sheldon stole from a jewelry store there about \$300 worth of goods. Some of these were found on his person when he was arrested, others taken from a pawn shop in Baltimore. The goods were identified by the Vienna merchant to whom they were returned.

Last week the grand jury of Dorchester found a bill against Parsons and the Court ordered him brought from Baltimore City jail to Cambridge for trial. He was taken down Thursday of last week and when arraigned, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

While in the custody of the Sheriff Parsons told many things of his wanderings and misdeeds but as he is about as much of an adept at lying as stealing, it is not safe to attach much importance to the story. He says he was assisted in his Vienna theft by Sheldon and two boys from Delmar and that these two Delmar boys were near where he was sleeping when taken by the authorities here.

The grand jury of this county will probably find a bill against him at the spring term of court and let the bill sleep till he serves out his present sentence.

The mystery of the disappearance of part of the cargo of the schooner Charmer two years ago, while bound from Baltimore to Savannah, has been solved by an examination of the vessel at Cooper's Point, Camden, where she has been undergoing repairs. Ten tons of phosphate, the missing merchandise, were located between the inner ceiling and the outward planking, where it had worked two years ago while the vessel was storm-tossed at sea. It was necessary to cut away part of the planking in the inside and outside of the vessel to remove the phosphate, the work occupying over a week. The vessel had lost her insurable interest, and it was while the trouble was being inquired into that the missing cargo was discovered.

—There will be an oyster supper held in the parsonage at Allen, on Tuesday November 26th, for benefit of church.

JUDGE MARTIN'S CHARGE.

Remarkable Growth of Court Expenses for Talbot Due to Increased Lawlessness in the County.

Judge Wm. R. Martin of the Second Judicial Circuit delivered the following charge to the Talbot Grand Jury last Monday.

"I had sincerely hoped and certainly expected on convening court today to congratulate upon a short term and little work. On the contrary I am compelled to call your attention to a condition of affairs in Talbot county which must needs be alarming to the taxpayer which is a menace to the peace and good order of society, and which is a stigma upon the good name of our people. You will find upon an examination of your docket that the recognized cases sent for your action by the magistrates of the county amount to the unprecedented number of ninety-three, the largest ever known in the history of this court. To the thoughtful mind this furnishes food for reflection and serious consideration. It is truly a condition and not in any wise a theory.

"The criminal business as you all know, constitutes the chief item of the court's expense. It has been impossible for me to examine every year for the past two decades, but I have selected for my illustration the years 1877, 1887, 1897. In the year 1877 the expense of this court was \$8,585. In 1887 the court's expenses were \$9,500. In 1897 they were \$16,300. The peaceful law-abiding people of this county who have given neither thought nor investigation to this item of expense will be astonished at its proportions. At least five-sixths of all this expense has been incurred in prosecuting the criminals of this county and with the disgusting result of having the largest grand jury docket for this term ever known in our court.

"A further analysis of the situation shows that 67½ per centum of the cases on your docket comes from the town of Easton. For years this town has been the Mecca for a crowd of idling boys and men who disdain work, but who boast of their ability to live on their wits. Crime as naturally follows idleness, as darkness does daylight. This is the criminal class of our community which largely furnishes your work, and they rely, in the hope of acquittal, upon a horde of professional witnesses whose faces are as familiar in the courtroom as those of the court's own officers.

"There must be found some remedy for this condition of things, else the violations of the local option and oyster laws, the drunken and disorderly conduct, the larceny, prejury, burglary, embezzlement, incest, wife-beating, house-breaking, carrying concealed weapons, attempt to poison, all of which you will have to consider, will surely be superseded by the few higher and more horrible crimes fortunately this term not on your calendar. Heroic treatment may possibly have some effect in staying this tidal wave of evil."

Unclaimed Letters.

The following is a list of the letters remaining in the Salisbury, (Md.) Post Office, Saturday, November 26, 1898:

Mrs. Lizzie Cambal, Mrs. J. J. Jackson, Mrs. Mary A. Mills, Mrs. Martha Dashields (2), Miss Emma Hayman, Miss Minnie Hastings, Mary Francis Shields, C. C. Mason.

Persons calling for these letters will please say they are advertised.

E. S. ADKINS, Postmaster.

—Sharptown has been very much excited this week over the burial of a body there, whose death was caused by diphtheria, on Saturday night of last week. It was the child of Edward R. Howard of Delmar. The coffin was opened in the cemetery in the centre of town and viewed by several persons. The town commissioners at once sent a representative to Baltimore to lay the case before Dr. John S. Fulton, Secretary of the State Board of Health. He at once ordered Dr. Chas. W. Truitt of Salisbury health officer of this county to visit the town and make investigation. He did so on Tuesday and examined the throats of five persons who attended the burial and when analyzed by the State bacteriologist if any diphtheria bacteria should be found, every possible precaution will be taken to prevent its spreading. The town appreciates the immediate action of Dr. John S. Fulton and Dr. Truitt in the matter.

ADDICKS' RACE FOR SENATOR.

Took Some of the Legislators to New York's Horse Show.

Wilmington, Del., Nov. 20.—Uppermost in the minds of the politicians is the coming election of a United States Senator to succeed Senator Gray. The Legislature will meet on January 3. It is believed that Mr. Addicks will probably have one or two majority in the Republican caucus, although the Regulars declare that the situation is so close that one man will turn the table. One of the troubles with the opposition to Mr. Addicks is that it is divided. The friends of Colonel DuPont, who are in control of the Regular machinery, having defeated former Senator Higgins on two occasions, will stand by the Colonel for Senator, although it is considered by their opponents that there is no hope for his election. Mr. Higgins is also believed to be a full-fledged candidate, and the workers who follow the Higgins banner are giving out persistent reports that Mr. Higgins will be the next Senator, basing these reports on an alleged deal which they say has been made between Mr. Higgins and Mr. Addicks. Those not interested doubt the deal, as they say Mr. Addicks is nearer the Senatorship than he ever was, and that there would be no certainty that Mr. Higgins could deliver the Senatorship to Mr. Addicks at the next election.

WITH ADDICKS AT THE HORSE SHOW.
Mr. Addicks is beginning to look after the members of the Legislature. Last week he had a number of the members in New York enjoying his hospitality at the Horse Show, where Mr. Addicks had one of the three most expensive boxes. Webster J. Blakely, the State Senator from Christiana, is reported to have declined an invitation to attend the Horse Show, and James Conaway is said to have also declined. Conaway is counted as a Regular, with Hazzard and West, of Sussex. Mr. Hazzard, who is a grandson of Ex-Governor Hazzard, is reported as saying since the election that he was opposed to Mr. Addicks, and Mr. West, who is a sort of patriarch in old Baltimore hundred, is counted as sure against him. None of the Wilmington members of the Legislature attended the Horse Show.

A CHANCE TO BEAT THE ASPIRANT.
The democrats are watching the contest with much interest. Some declare that the Senatorship belongs to Mr. Addicks, as he made the victory possible. One of the prominent Democrats, in sizing up the situation, said that the Regular Republican machine of this county could, if it desired, prevent the election of a Senator. He said that the following members could be counted upon to hold out against Mr. Addicks under all conditions, if the machine so desired: State Senators S. M. Knox, James M. Shakespeare, Representatives J. W. Robertson, John Pilling, Theodore F. Clark and J. W. Dennison.

A boom has been started for James C. McComb, of Claymont, for United States Senator. Mr. McComb is a son of the late Colonel Henry S. McComb. It is said that Mr. Ewing and Mr. Blakely are both favorably inclined toward Mr. McComb, and will probably vote for him.

An Important Difference.
To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleaning, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Fig. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all druggists.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

TAKE YOUR PICK NOW

Our choice selection of new Holiday Goods are now ready for the inspection of all who know a good thing when they see it.

is none to soon to buy them, but if you do not want to buy now, come in and look around. Don't fail to see our special attractions sn Lamps, Umbrella Holders, Jardinsers, Bracia-Brac, Venetian and Bohemian Glasses, Cake Plates, Salad Dishes, Toilet Cases, Comb and Brush Sets, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Sterling Silver Novelties, Games and toys of all kinds, Books for young and old.

We know better than anybody that price is what sells goods and we have marked our stock to sell

AT WHITE & LEONARD'S DRUG STORE

Cor. Main and St. Peter's Sts., SALISBURY, MD.

OUR FALL SHOE SHOW

The exhibit of new shoes, especially designed for fall wear, which we are making now, will attract the attention of many hundreds of sensible shoe buyers who have learned to look to us for the better things in footwear. This fall's showing surpasses any we have ever made. No doubt about that.

MORE SHOES, PRETTIER SHOES, BETTER SHOES

than we have ever gathered before for a single season's selling.

AND THE PRICES!

What magnets they will prove to be. Just as good shoes at \$2.50 as we sold a year ago at \$3. As good shoes at \$3 as we sold not so long ago at \$4, and farther back at \$5. Improved methods of shoe making, makes the new prices possible, and our willingness to give our patrons the best we can, brings you the benefit of these improved methods.

HARRY DENNIS

Only Shoe House,

Salisbury, Md.

NOTICE.

I have removed my bicycle repair shop and stock of Bicycles and Sundries to the store room formerly occupied by W. E. Dorman, on Walnut St., where I shall continue repairing of all kinds. Am selling my new and second-hand wheels very cheap.

T. BYRD LANKFORD.

WATCH LOST.

A silver watch without chain. Reward will be given if left at the ADVERTISER office.

J.D. Price & Co

ooo

JACK FROST IS HERE!

We Are Prepared For Him.

ooo

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

is stocked with the best goods the market affords for

FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

ooo

OUR HAT DEPARTMENT

is up to date and all the New Fall Shapes are represented.

ooo

OUR MEN'S FURNISHINGS DEPARTMENT

is filled with Winter Underwear, Neckwear, Hosiery, etc., and we have a big stock of Umbrellas for rainy weather.

LOOK FOR US.

ooo

J.D. Price & Co

SHOE SUPPLIERS AND
MEN'S OUTFITTERS,

SALISBURY, MD.

MARYLAND POLITICS.

The Elections Over, Much Speculation is indulged in Regarding Future Politics.

A Baltimore writer to the Philadelphia Record had the following to say regarding Maryland politics:

Murray Vandiver, of Havre de Grace, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, by his able and successful management of the last campaign, has made himself one of the most popular men in his party. Through his tact and diplomacy the differences between the leaders of the factions in this city were adjusted; the hatchet that had been uplifted against Gorman and the other leaders, himself included, was buried. Mr. Vandiver proved what he has asserted ever since the overwhelming defeat of the Democrats in 1895, that when the party is united it can easily carry Baltimore city.

Democrats throughout the State propose to give a complimentary banquet to Chairman Vandiver for his services. It will probably take place at the Carlton Hotel next month, and Senator Gorman will be one of the guests.

Many of Mr. Vandiver's friends are talking of him for the Gubernatorial nomination, but it is not at all likely that he would make a fight against Congressman-elect John Walter Smith of the Eastern Shore, who seems to be the choice of Senator Gorman and the other leaders, including Vandiver, for the successor to Governor Lowndes.

THE REPUBLICAN PROGRAMME.

It is difficult to see how the Republicans can get out of renominating Lowndes, although it is already apparent that a bitter fight will be made against a continuation of the Sixth district combine of Senator Wellington, Governor Lowndes and Judge Sloan.

The fact that Congressman-elect Pearce is also from Allegany, the home county of Wellington and Lowndes, and that Senator-elect McComas' home is in the same district will increase the ery to give a favorite son in some other part of the State a chance.

The Combine, however, controls all the machinery, and can no doubt force the renomination of Lowndes. Indeed, the Republicans would have difficulty in finding another available man.

The election of Colonel Smith to Congress has put new life in the Eastern Shore Democrats and gratified those independent and conservative Republicans who are opposed to the rule or ruin policy of the "Duke" and his combine. The Eastern Shoremen, regardless of party, have not forgotten how Wellington knocked them out of the honor of having a United States Senator, which had been a political precedent of the Shore since the beginning of the century. The wavering and the independent vote in the Eastern counties will henceforth be with the Democrats.

Colonel Wilbur F. Jackson, who was the Republican nominee for Congress on the Eastern Shore, has lost his prestige. State Comptroller Phillips Lee Goldsborough will continue the Republican leader in Dorchester county, while State Tax Commissioner Robert P. Graham, will not divide the supremacy in Wicomico with W. H. Jackson or his son, both of whom worked hard for the Colonel's election.

Catarrh Can Be Cured

By eradicating from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh, promptly and permanently, because it strikes at the root of the trouble.

The rich, pure blood which it makes circulating through the delicate passages of the mucous membrane, soothes and rebuilds the tissue, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and ultimately curing the affection.

At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens, invigorates and energizes the whole system and makes the debilitated victim of catarrh feel that new life has been imparted.

Do meddlesome with snuffs, inhalants, or other local applications, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure catarrh absolutely and surely by removing the causes which produce it.

She Was Costly.

Father-in-law—When I give you my daughter, I give you the costliest thing on earth.

Groom—For heaven's sake, what does she cost a month, and why didn't you tell me so before?—New York World.

An Evident Scarcity.

Jinks—Has there been any scarcity of money in Europe since the war with Spain?

Winks—There was with me. I had to come back in the steerage.—Ainslee's Magazine.

The Cumminsville Sage.

"There is a complete difference," said the Cumminsville sage in the course of a discussion of the oil business, "between being a known well borer and well known bore."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A FEW BULLS.

Examples of Unconscious Humor Gathered From Old Ireland.

The propensity of the Irish people to make "bulls" is undoubtedly a deep rooted national characteristic, and it will probably be one of their mental attributes to the end of time, or until the race is radically transformed—a consummation not to be wished for indeed. This gift—for there is really something to be proud of in its possession—is not, as is commonly supposed in England, confined to the lower, or perhaps it would be better to say the uneducated, classes. It is certainly more widespread among the humbler folks, but very often amusing examples of it come tripping from the hasty tongues, and even from the leisurely pens, of educated and well to do people.

In a recent annual report of a benevolent society having its headquarters in Dublin, the following delightful sentence occurs: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid by the society for medical attendance and medicine, very few deaths occurred during the year."

A Cork newspaper published a report of an open air political meeting, in which this paragraph appeared: "Mr. M. A. Brennan next spoke at much length in his usual happy style, but from the distance we were wholly unable to catch the purport of his remarks."

Even the commissioners of national education in Ireland are occasionally subject to this strange but laughable confusion of thought and utterance. In a parliamentary blue book containing the annual report of the commissioners of national education and signed by these august personages the following titbit may be read: "The female teachers were instructed in plain cooking. They had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in turn."

But it is among the peasantry as a class that the making of bulls more widely prevails. A country woman walking through the streets of Limerick caught sight of a small coffin displayed as a gawseome trade sign in an undertaker's shop window. "Oh, glory," she exclaimed, "is it possible that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

The owner of a valuable horse was very indignant with his stable boy for having allowed the animal, which he had taken out for a morning trot, to take head.

"The devil a bit o' me could stop him, sir, for I had no spurs," was the boy's strange excuse.—Spectator.

On His Own Hook.

"How are you, Scroggins? Where have you been for the last year?"

"Conducting an agricultural experiment station in the country."

"Salary annexed to the job?"

"No."

"Get a commission on sales of the stuff you raise?"

"No."

"How do you make it profitable, then?"

"I don't make it profitable. It has cost me \$2,000 in cash to run it."

"Why don't you throw up the job?"

"Can't you understand, confound you? I've been doing amateur farming."—Chicago Tribune.

Generous.

Countryman (to dentist)—I wouldn't pay nothing for extra gas. Just yank her out if it does hurt.

Dentist—You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth.

Countryman—Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache. It's my wife. She'll be here in a minute.—Everywhere.

Deceptive Appearances.

"Appearances are so deceptive, unless one knows how to interpret them."

"How, dear?"

"I can always tell when my husband is going to be near with his money when I ask him for some by his assuming a faraway look."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Had Been Reading Dooley.

"Oh, well, what's the use being a hero, anyway?"

"Why are you discouraged?"

"It isn't on my own account. I heard a woman arrayed in costly garments refer to him as 'Teddy Rosenfield yesterday.'—Cleveland Leader.

Not a Scientist.

College Professor—Your father is a wealthy farmer, I understand. He conducts his farm on scientific principles, I presume?

Student—No; he runs it to make money.—New York Weekly.

Not the Maine.

She—Do you remember the—He—No chestnuts now.

She—Errands I asked you to do for me?

And he collapsed.—Boston Courier.

A Simple Version.

The Spaniards had some colonies Not very long ago All scattered round from east to west As every one does know.

But Weyler and some other chaps, They didn't treat folks right, And Uncle Sam, he couldn't stand Such actions in his sight.

And so his anger riz and riz Until he felt no doubt, But set about his honest biz And cleaned those dagoes out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The B. C. & A. Railway Company.

We are now collecting matter for our "Guide to Summer Homes" for 1898. To make the book complete, I would be glad if all persons, who intend taking Summer Boarders, would advise us, giving full particulars; distance from wharf, or station, number accommodated, rates, etc. If you have a picture I would be glad if you send it to me. I wish to make this Guide the most complete the Company has ever issued hence this early start collecting matter. Address T. MURDOCK, G. P. A., 111 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Teamster Wanted.

First class teamster wanted to haul in the woods or on the road; permanent employment and good wages to the right man. R. W. STATION, White Haven, Md.

FOR RENT.

The house now occupied by L. T. Nichols, in California, will be vacant on November 15th. Terms easy to the right man. For particulars apply to

E. P. HUMPHREYS, Crisfield, Md.

STATEMENT OF

Receipts and Disbursements

OF FUNDS FOR

Public School Purposes

In Wicomico County for the year ending July 31st, 1898.

RECEIPTS.

Bal. on hand July 31, 1897, Gen'l Funds	\$6 8
State School Tax, White Schools	14576 23
State Free School Fund	1573 00
State Education Academic Fund	1200 00
County School Tax, Levy 1897	2600 00
County Schol Tax from I. L. English	700 00
Fines and Forfeitures on Injury to Books and Books	246 20
Books on a total loss	16 87
Sales of Books	119 51
State Appropriation to Col'd Schools	3000 00
Liquor Licenses	1790 10
Oyster Tongue License—White	563 88
—Colored	646 66
Loan from Banks	1700 00
Bal. on hand July 31, 1897, Free Book Fund	62 30
Free Text Book Appropriation for fiscal year ended July 31, 1898	3570 96
Sundries	228 50
Free Book Appropriation for fiscal year 1899, ending July 31, 1899	40 51
	\$38,952 21

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teachers Salaries—White Schools	\$20308 44
Fuel	974 19
Incident. Expenses of Schools—White	292 87
Rent School Houses	245 00
Repairing School Houses	341 00
Furniture, Blackboards and Stoves	285 21
Building School Houses	615 40
Cost of School Lots, Surveys, Deeds, etc.	140 77
Salaries of Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner	800 00
Printing and Advertising	101 00
Per Diem of School Commissioners	300 00
Office Expenses and Acct. Books	49 19
Insurance	93 92
Notes in Bank taken up	4100 00
Teachers Salaries, Colored	4277 82
Fuel, colored	206 68
Incidental Expenses, colored	29 85
Rent, colored	49 00
Repairs, colored	68 12
Furniture, Blackboards and Stoves	106 05
Supervision	106 95
Free Text Books, as per report	3610 18
Auditing Treasurer's Accounts	15 00
Opera House, High School Co.	50 00
School Registers	50 00
Check Book, Crayons, and Erasers	78 30
Balance Cash on hand, Gen'l Fund	1752 22
	\$38,952 21

Statement of Colored School Fund.

(INCLUDED IN ABOVE STATEMENT.)

RECEIPTS.

Amount rec'd from State Treasurer	\$3 308 66
Canoe license to colored schools	648 66
Free school book fund	815 90
Fines for injury and total loss of free text books	3 86
From white school fund	510 20

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid for teachers salaries	\$4 277 82
Incidental expenses	20 85
Hire	49 00
Fuel	206 68
Free school books, cost	430 20
Repairs to school houses, etc.	65 12
Furniture, blackboards and stoves	102 05
Supervision	100 00

\$5 282 22

Statements of Receipts and Disbursements

of Free Text Book Fund.

RECEIPTS.

Bits of Maryland News.

Clarence Beebe is having a summer hotel built at Lewes.

Second-crop raspberries and grapes are being picked near Trappe.

Thomas O'Donnell 16 years old, of Cumberland, has been arrested for horse stealing.

A large barn on the farm of Leonard Grossnickle in Frederick county was destroyed Monday by fire.

The Postal Telegraph-Cable Co. will extend its line throughout Delaware and the Eastern Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tarbutton of Trappe will celebrate next Monday the 20th anniversary of their wedding.

Good health is worth more than anything else to you, and every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains good health.

Marie K. Shoeneber of Philadelphia, who sued W. H. Phillips of Cecil county for breach of promise, has been awarded \$900 damages.

An unknown man was found dead on the Susquehanna bridge of the P. W. & B. railroad. It is supposed that he fell from a train.

W. J. McCullough, of Rayville, Baltimore county, raised this year one hundred barrels of corn on six acres of ground.

J. H. Smith of Boonsboro, is the possessor of a piece of casting that inclosed the wire connecting Morro Castle with the mines in Santiago harbor.

The cabbage crop in the Twelfth District, Baltimore county, which usually is large, was this year a failure, owing to the damage caused by worms.

A white couple from Washington went to Rockville, Montgomery county and being unable to find a white minister, were married by a colored preacher.

Dr. Bull's Congh Syrup is a very efficient remedy. For coughs and colds it has no equal. It is good for adults and children. For croup and whooping cough it is invaluable.

The Western Maryland College football team has disbanded for the season, as several of the players were not in good condition. The team had won one game and lost two.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by R. K. Truitt & Sons, Salisbury, Md.

St. Michael's and other Eastern Shore towns are making bitter complaint of poor mail and telegraph facilities and will endeavor to get better.

The barns and stable on Pleasant Valley farm, near Longwood, Talbot county, owned by John C. Henry, were destroyed by fire Sunday night. Fourteen horses and seven cattle were burned.

The Peach Bottom Slate Company, of Harford county, is putting in a pneumatic pump in their quarry to be operated by electricity with a capacity of one hundred gallons per minute.

An epidemic of sore throat has been prevailing in some sections of the Fourteenth district of Baltimore county, and the attendance at some of the schools has fallen off very much because of it.

When wear begins to exceed repair in your body you are going to fall sick. Signs of it are: loss of flesh, paleness, weakness, nervousness, etc. The repair needed is food. You think you eat enough, and yet you feel that you wear out more tissue, energy, nerve-force, than your food makes for you. The difficulty is that you do not digest enough. And this is so serious it is worth sitting down seriously to think about. If you can't digest what you eat, take a few doses of Shaker Digestive Cordial. The effect of it will be to increase your flesh and make you feel stronger. You won't fall sick. Proof that it is in control of your repair apparatus. It's easy enough to test this for yourself. Take a few bottles of Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Sold by druggists at 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

A large force of hands are at work repairing the break on the fourteen-mile level of the canal. The canal will remain open this year until about the middle of December, weather permitting. The coal taken down to Georgetown will be as large as last season, and a decided increase in the freight for the small towns and villages along the course of the canal is evident.

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The cause of nine-tenths of the sickness of the world is constipation. From this one cause come indigestion; disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys; biliousness, headaches, flatulence, heartburn, impurity of the blood and the serious complications that follow. To begin with, constipation is a little thing, and a little thing will cure it. The "Pleasant Pellets" are tiny, sugar-coated granules. They will perfectly cure the worst case of constipation and indigestion. If the druggist tries to sell you some other pill that pays him greater profit, just think of what will best pay you.

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Local Department.

—Ask your newsdealer for Truth this week.

—Miss Pauline Collier is attending Beachwood Seminary, Norfolk, Va.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jay Williams spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. J. M. Williams at Nyack, N. Y.

—Watson Metropolitan Minstrels will be at Ulman's Opera House, Friday night, December 2d.

—Dr. Warner of Baltimore, spent Thanksgiving with his brother, Rev. Luther F. Warner.

—Tickets on sale at the office of the Opera House for Watson's Minstrels, popular prices.

—Messrs. L. P. and J. H. Coulbourn of this city are handling large quantities of poultry this season.

—Don't fail to see the grand street parade of the Metropolitan Minstrels, Friday, December 2d.

—Mr. John Slemons who is at Mars-tones in Baltimore came home for Thanksgiving.

—Mr. and Mrs. George H. Toadvine spent Thanksgiving with their brothers and sisters in Salisbury.

—Mine Host Schneck of the Peninsula Hotel, gave a handsome set out to his guests Thanksgiving day.

—Miss Edna Gillis, who is attending the Peabody Institute in Baltimore spent Thanksgiving with her parents in Salisbury.

—Dr. Medders will make his next professional visit to Salisbury on December 2d. He may be seen at the office of Dr. L. S. Bell.

—Mr. Severn H. Dawson of Salisbury, and Miss Sadie E. Hayman of Fruitland, were married at the Methodist Protestant parsonage Wednesday evening last, by Rev. L. F. Warner.

—Messrs. W. B. Tilghman & Co. have received consignment of 700,000 Gulf cypress shingles from N. J. Tilghman and Sons, Palatka, Fla. The cargo was brought by the schooner R. G. Runlett, Capt. J. W. Fountain.

—Announcements for Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church: Third quarterly conference, Friday evening, December 2d. Love feast Sunday evening, December 4th at 6:30 o'clock. Preaching that night by Dr. Martindale.

—Dr. W. A. Graham of Hartford, Conn., is visiting his mother, Mrs. Louisa A. Graham. His sister, Miss Graham, gave a progressive euchre party in his honor Tuesday evening. There were six tables at each of which sat six players. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Bell of Chicago were among the guests.

—Messrs. Harper & Taylor have just received the largest stock of silverware ever shown in Salisbury. This firm proposes to give away one of those handsome onyx stands and lamps on exhibition in their show windows on January 10th. Every person who purchases goods to the amount of one dollar will be presented with a ticket on the stand and lamp. Tuesday next will be opening day at Harper & Taylor's.

SYRUP OF FIGS



NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BERGEN'S

Great Bargain Sale of

LADIES' COATS & CAPES.

No Auction Goods, No Old Stock, No Old Styles.

EVERY COAT AND CAPE FRESH FROM THE MANUFACTURER.

Black Cloth Capes, Fur Trimmed, made to sell for \$1.00, bargain price

40c

Black Beaver Capes, trimmed with Braid and Fur, made to sell for \$2. Bargain price

\$1.15

Black Jersey Capes made to sell for \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00. Your choice for

\$2.54

Plush Capes, Fur Collar, worth double the money for

\$2.15

Beautiful Plush Capes trimmed with braid, beads, fur. Made to sell for \$5. Our special price is

\$3.75

Plush Capes in plain and trimmed that were made to sell for \$6, \$7, \$8, and \$10. We sell

\$5.00

Black Diagonal Dress Coats, made in latest style. Should have been \$4. Our price only

\$2.50

Black Kersey Coats with Dart Sleeves and new Back. Made to sell for \$6.00. We sell them for

\$3.90

Fine Black Beaver Coats, new Sleeves and Back, Satin Lined. Made to sell for \$7.00. Our special price is

\$4.95



Great Bargains

Dress Goods Bargains
Trimmings and Silk Bargains
Millinery Bargains at

BERGEN, THE PRICE CUTTER.

HOLIDAY CLOAK SALE EXTRAORDINARY.

Never before in the history of cloak selling in this city has there been such a wonderfully beautiful line offered at such prices as we are selling these goods. Style, quality, richest trimmings and exquisite workmanship, all the essential qualifications of superb dress, will be connected with prices bordering on the phenomenal. If read you'll come. If you come you will buy—that much is a certainty.

Ladies' High class Tailor-made Jackets, of extra quality Kersey in all the newest shades, silk lined throughout values \$15 to \$17. Our special price is

\$11

Ladies' Seal Plush Capes, extra quality, elaborately jetted and braided, lined with extra quality satin and trimmed around edge with skunk, value \$13.50, but our special price is

\$9

Fine quality Kersey Cloth Coats lined throughout with satin and fine values at \$7.50; our price is

\$5

Extra quality Black Kersey Cloth Coat worth \$9. Now selling at

\$7

Elegant English Plush Capes, elaborately trimmed with Jet, Braid and Tibet Fur. Price \$6.50 now is

\$5

Collarettes and Scarfs, all styles, at prices ranging from \$2.50 to Cloth Coats both plain and trimmed from

\$12

\$1 to \$12

Misses and Children's coats in all styles and at prices ranging from

\$1.25 to \$8

Be sure and take a look at that array of UMBRELLAS, in our East window.

R. E. POWELL & CO.

Main St. SALISBURY, MD., Church St.



A lawyer wanted an office boy. He wanted a boy who would stick to the office—a boy who wanted to learn to be a lawyer, and who would grow up to be an ornament to the profession. He had the other kind of boys. He advertised for a boy. He selected twelve of the brightest from dozens of applicants; then he took the first one into his private office and told him a story. The story was this: "A man was bothered by a cat which got on top of a neighbor's barn and yeowled loud and long every night, which kept him awake. He threw things at it, yelled at it, swore at it, but the cat yeowed louder. He threw a China dog at the cat and knocked it off the roof. The cat came back, next day he got a shot gun and loaded it. That night the cat selected an opera and began. The man took aim and fired. The paper wad caught the dry shingles on the roof of the barn afire and they had to call out the fire department. The neighbor sued him for damages, and he sued the neighbor for maintaining a nuisance within city limits." The first boy yawned and asked who won the suit. He told it to the other boys in rotation. The second boy wanted to know what the damages were. The third asked if the barn burned down. The fourth, if there were any horses in the barn. The fifth, if it set the house afire. The sixth, whether it was on a dark night or a moonlight night. The seventh, whether the cat was alone. The eighth, whether this was a real story or made up. The ninth, whether or not it was far to the barn. The tenth, little Jimmie Hines, who was freckle-faced, pug-nosed, and red headed, slowly inquired "Did he hit the cat?" Jimmie was hired, and is now a prominent member of the bar in a near-by town. Why did the lawyer hire him? Because he never lost sight of the main point of the question. He stuck to one thing, Lacy Thoroughgood started out twelve years ago last Thursday week—November 17, 1886—to build a clothing business in Salisbury. He started to build it by selling good clothing cheap; by selling good hats straight; by fair-dealing; and Thoroughgood has never changed his policy for one second. All Thoroughgood's energies have been directed toward one thing—buying right and selling right. There has never been a time, and never will be, when you can buy as good clothing and hats for your money anywhere else as you can at Thoroughgood's. It's queer, isn't it, that the first store a new comer hears of when he lands in Salisbury with his grip, is Lacy Thoroughgood's? He'll ask the first man he sees, "Where's a good clothing store?" And the man will say—"Lacy Thoroughgood's. He's our fair-dealing clothier. He's got more suits, and especially overcoats, than any three stores in Salisbury—and he'll treat you fair. That's the main point."

LACY THOROUGHGOOD,
The Fair-Dealing Clothier.

THE EGIST.

From the weathercock! Listen, good people,
When I swing to the east, it blows from the east!
I call and call!
Till the storm rack drives over the moaning land,
And the rain lash scourges the shivering land,
And the good mast splits in the shrieking gale.
And I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the north, it blows from the north.
I call and call!
Till it blurs the lake with a film of ice
And whitens your autumn paradise,
And you trudge to church to your knees in snow.
Four little people that flock below
To worship me on my steelye tall,
For I did it all—I did it all!

When I swing to the west, it blows from the west.
Hurrah for my westing wind!

There is health and life for the world and his wife
When I feel in a rolicking mind.
Oh, the steer is glad as he grides the earth
With the share of the wallowing plow,
And the plowman dreams of the husking's mirth.

The shocks and the bursting mow!
Oh, the wind is true to its master's call.
For I did it all—I did it all!

John Mowatt in New York Times.

A COURT MARTIAL.

General Gomez and several officers of his staff were taking their after dinner nap—"siesta" is the Spanish word for it—when there was a commotion in the thick chaparral between them and the narrow, rugged road which ran all the way from the mountains to the western coast of Cuba.

The thorny underbrush was pulled and tossed about until the billowy surface seemed to be swept and lashed by a storm.

Pedro, the watchful sentinel who was guarding the sleeping general and his companions, clutched his rifle with a firmer grip. He knew that a struggle was going on in those tangled bushes and vines, and the men who were headed in his direction might be either friends or foes.

"Quien sabe?" was Pedro's low voiced comment, after his keen eyes had taken in the situation.

The noise of the scuffle or skirmish in the chaparral suddenly died away, and the sentinel heard only an occasional oath, but the moving tops of the bushes warned him that the strangers were approaching him.

"They swear like the pious defenders of our holy cause," said Pedro, "but that is no sign. There are Spanish devils who can outwear the Cubans, and even the pig dog Yankees have learned the trick. Carrajo is a word which will soon belong to all languages."

Perhaps it would be well to awaken the general. Gomez was with a small scouting party, and after their hurried dash into the enemy's territory the tired troopers were enjoying their first nap in a week.

While the soldier was considering the matter his commander solved the problem for him. The rebel general has a way of sleeping with one eye open, and his little catnaps are easily disturbed.

"What is it, Pedro?"

The vigilant guard quietly told his wakeful general about the movements and suspicious noises in the chaparral.

By this time all of the officers and soldiers, some 30 or more, were wide awake and ready with their weapons to resist an attack or make a dash into the forest.

"Captain Vando and his men are to meet us here," said Gomez, "and it is about time. The only Spaniards in this vicinity are dead ones. Their friends did not even bury them when they left last week. You may rest assured that Vando is the man who has broken our siesta."

With a rush and a swish a dozen men plunged out of the bushes into the comparatively open space occupied by the general and his followers.

Their faces and their uniforms were unmistakably Cuban, and Captain Vando and his commander lost no time in embracing each other in the most affectionate fashion.

The newcomers had with them a fettered prisoner—a tall man with a dark, stern face, who wore the uniform of a Spanish captain. Gomez looked at him curiously as he listened to a whispered report from Vando.

Then he frowned and his eyes flashed fire.

"Carrajo!" he hissed between his teeth. "A good day's work, Vando. I'll not forget it."

The Spaniard in the captain's uniform said nothing, but looked about him with a haughty stare.

"What can we do for Captain Lopez?" asked General Gomez, with a pleasant smile.

"Release me, restore my weapons and my horse," said the prisoner. "I was on a peaceful mission, visiting a sick friend, when your men ambushed me

on the road. They have treated me with great indignity, but let that pass. Give me my liberty and I promise to say nothing of your movements in this district."

"It gives me great pain to refuse your request," replied Gomez courteously, "but we have given your case our careful consideration for the past six months, and the main object of our recent scouting expeditions was to capture you. You see, captain, you are not an ordinary guerrilla. You have a gang of the worst cutthroats and robbers in all Cuba. You have never met us in a fair fight. All of your work is done in the dark. You destroy the homes of peaceful farmers, murder and rob wounded prisoners, assault helpless women, and Captain Vando reports that when you were captured you had on your person the watch and the handkerchief of a Red Cross nurse, a young woman who was outraged and murdered by you and your ruffians two nights ago."

"It is a lie," shouted the Spaniard. "I found the handkerchief in the road—the watch I bought from a soldier."

"Mistakes will occur in wartime," answered Gomez calmly, "and I may be mistaken now, but I am willing to swear to the truthfulness of Vando's report."

"I must go with you, then, and be tried by court martial, I suppose?" said Lopez.

"You will be tried by court martial," responded the general smilingly. "Your trial is in progress now. This is a court martial, and it is formal and orderly enough considering the fact that we are in the enemy's country, liable to be killed at any moment by your ambushed robbers. Yes, captain, this is a court martial, and from what I know of your record, together with Vando's report, the only thing to be done is to pronounce and execute the sentence of the court. Bind him to that tree!"

Two stalwart Cubans dragged the Spaniard to a tree and quickly bound him so that he could not move. "This is murder," said the prisoner, "and you will suffer for it."

"War is a bad thing," remarked the general softly, with a sad look in his big black eyes, "and murder is a part of it. I lie awake nights mourning over the terrible things we find it necessary to do, but they have to be done all the same. Any messages, captain?"

"No, curse you. I would not trust a message to you!" was the excited answer.

"Hear him!" said Gomez, turning to his comrades. "This man is evidently not a gentleman. He is unpardonably rude. Would you like to pray, captain?"

The prisoner pulled at his bonds and broke out with a torrent of profanity.

"Rope or bullet?" snapped the Cuban grimly.

"Bullet, curse you!"

"Very well, just to please you; but you deserve the rope," said the other.

"My body!" interrupted Lopez.

"Will you see that it is sent to Havana?"

"I beg your pardon," said Gomez, "but you are asking too much. We must leave this spot at once. Time's up. Adios!"

The general stepped aside with a wave of his hand. The Spanish captain held his head erect, facing his fate, scowling and defiant.

The firing squad which had been detailed for the work stepped forward, and when their rifles rang out the prisoner's head fell back. Every bullet had pierced his heart.

The Cubans brought their horses from the surrounding bushes and mounted in some haste.

"Shall we bury him?" asked Vando. "Did he bury the murdered Red Cross nurse?" was the question asked in return by the commander.

"No, general. He left her body to the vultures."

"What a devil!" the other muttered.

"Forward, men! Here we go!" and the raiders rode off through the forest, leaving the corpse of the guerrilla tied to the tree waiting for the vultures!—Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.

When John Law Boomed It.

A milliner happened to come to Paris about a lawsuit. She was successful and invested the proceeds in speculation, and she amassed in a few months a sum which converted into our currency represents nearly £5,000,000. No class of the community escaped the infection. Two of the ablest scholars of France are reported to have deplored the madness of the times at one interview, only to find themselves at their next meeting bidding for shares with the greatest excitement. The scene of operations was a narrow street called Quincampoix, and the demand for accommodation may be judged from the fact that a house which before yielded about £40 a year now brought in more than £800 a month. A cobbler made about £10 a day by letting out a few chairs in his stall, and a hunchback, who is celebrated in the prints of the time, acquired in a few days more than £7,000 by letting out his hump to the street brokers as a writing desk.—Professor Nicholson's "Money and Monetary Problems."

No Longer Anxious.

Beggy—Do you ever, Miss Geraldine, think of marrying?

Geraldine—Not any more. I've joined the Don't Worry society.—Philadelphia Call.

DICKENS IN EVENING DRESS.

When Charles Dickens was to make his first appearance in Boston before an American audience as a reader, an immense crowd awaited him. The enthusiasm of the people for the most popular novelist then living had risen to fever heat. One of the most ardent of his admirers afterward told this little incident of the evening:

"It gives me great pain to refuse your request," replied Gomez courteously, "but we have given your case our careful consideration for the past six months, and the main object of our recent scouting expeditions was to capture you. You see, captain, you are not an ordinary guerrilla. You have a gang of the worst cutthroats and robbers in all Cuba. You have never met us in a fair fight. All of your work is done in the dark. You destroy the homes of peaceful farmers, murder and rob wounded prisoners, assault helpless women, and Captain Vando reports that when you were captured you had on your person the watch and the handkerchief of a Red Cross nurse, a young woman who was outraged and murdered by you and your ruffians two nights ago."

"With a few gentlemen who wished to welcome and show him attention I was in the little room at the back of the platform when Dickens entered it. He was a rather stout man with a somewhat red face, and I saw to my surprise, that he was dressed in an exaggerated servility to the extreme fashion.

"More than this, he wore a bonnetiere in each buttonhole, and two watches, the chains of which were strung aggressively across his chest. There was a gaudy bad taste in his appearance which his friends regretted, knowing how distasteful it would be to most of his admirers who appreciated his genius and enjoyed his writings.

"No one, of course, could broach the subject to him, and he appeared that night and every other night of his engagement in the same attire. The universal comment was, 'Why, this is a petit maitre.' How can a man with such tastes be the creator of Tiny Tim and Sam Weller!"—Youth's Companion.

HIGH PRAISE.

A story told by John Ross Dix in his "Pulpit Portraits" shows how strong a current of life ran in the veins of Dr. Lyman Beecher when he had passed the allotted threescore years and ten.

When about 75 years of age, he spent a fortnight in the eastern part of Maine. A party of gentlemen at Calais went with him some 30 miles up a series of lakes to Indian territories.

When about to embark upon a chain of lakes in the birch canoes, the Indian guide, Etienne, rather objected to so old a man attempting the adventure, fearing that he would give out.

The doctor paddled with the best of the youngsters; caught more trout than all the party together and returned each day from the various tramps in the lead; ate his fish on a rock, with a sea biscuit for a trencher and fingers for knives and forks; slept on the ground upon hemlock branches under the tent, and at length the Indian guide went from the extreme of depreciation to the highest expression of admiration in his power, saying:

"Ah, old man, all Indian!"

SEALED ORDERS.

The custom of having warships sail "under sealed orders" has arisen from the desire of maritime powers to prevent their plans from becoming known to the enemy.

In the American navy such orders come from the president and are delivered to a commander of a ship or squadron by a confidential messenger, who knows nothing of their contents.

Sometimes they are in cipher, but they are always sealed with the official seal of the navy department, and the package cannot be opened until the time marked on it, which is usually several hours after the hour of leaving port.

By this precaution the newspapers are prevented from disclosing prematurely the movements which may be of the greatest importance and the spies of the enemy are rendered useless so far as their ability to discover the secret of such movements is concerned.

Sailing under sealed orders is now the common naval practice in time of war.

These instructions are found in the packet of "sealed orders," which is opened when well out to sea.

THE KAISER'S LATEST.

The German emperor has devised a new scheme for the encouragement of vocal music in the German empire. It will be put into operation in 1899, and it consists of a singing competition to be held in a different town every year. Cassel has been selected for the first competition, the chief condition of which is that each choir taking part will receive an unpublished musical composition about an hour before the contest takes place. There will be no accompaniment.

The kaiser's prize is a valuable jewel, and the president of the winning choir will be allowed to wear it for a year, the name of each singer being engraved upon it.

FROM NEW ZEALAND.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 23, 1896. I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicine the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of this particular remedy that of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. SCANTLEBURY.
For stile by R. K. TRUITT & SONS,
druggists, Salisbury, Md.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight \$200 a year and expenses—dinner, house, no more, no less salary. Monthly \$75. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Herbert E. Hess, Pres't, Dept. M, Chicago.



A more pitiful sight than a mother and her child, both captives and shackled in dungeon, could not well be imagined. There are thousands of mothers and their babes who lie shackled by disease in the dungeon of death.

Without knowing it, or having the faintest comprehension of it, the fault lies with the mother. Too many women enter upon the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood while suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible. A woman who suffers in this way cannot be a capable wife and a competent mother. Before entering upon the duties and responsibilities of these positions, she should see to it that her health, both general and local, is thoroughly restored. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for this purpose. It acts directly on the sensitive organs concerned, making them strong, healthy and vigorous. It promotes regularity of the functions, relieves irritation and inflammation, heals ulceration, checks unnatural and exhausting drains and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It turns the dangers and pains of maternity into safety and ease. It is a medicine that is intended for this one purpose only and is good for no other. Dealers sell it and no honest dealer will suggest a substitute.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription did me so much good that to-day I am well again and stronger than I have been for years," writes Mrs. Alex. Lockie of Wise, Isabella Co., Mich. "I have a baby one year old and as fat and healthy as one could wish to see. I took two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription.' I keep Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in the house all the time. My family take no other kind of pills."

QUEEN ANNE'S RAILROAD COMPANY.

Time table in effect Nov. 21, 1898.

EAST BOUND TRAINS.

Leave	t.m.	p.m.
Baltimore, Pier 9½	6:00	3:20
Queenstown	8:45	6:10
Queenstown	11:15	8:25
Bloomingdale	9:18	6:31
Wye Mills	9:23	6:38
Willoughby	9:30	6:44
D. & C. Junction		A 6:51
Queen Anne	9:43	6:54
Hillsboro	9:45	6:55
Dorset	9:50	6:59
Georgetown	9:55	7:07
Denton	10:10	7:16
Hobbs	10:15	7:22
Hickman	10:18	7:25
Adamsville	10:27	7:27
Blanchard	10:32	7:31
Greenwood	11:40	B 7:37
Owens	10:55	7:44
Oakley	11:00	7:49
Ellendale	C 11:15	7:58
Wolfe	11:24	8:06
Milton	11:30	8:11
White-sboro	11:38	8:19
Overbrook	11:41	8:22
Greenhill	11:46	8:24
Lewes	11:50	8:30

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

GOD'S SECOND GIFT.

DR. TALMAGE SAYS THE WORLD IS
TOO MUCH WITH US.

Life Is Good, but Life Is Not God's Greatest Gift—Man Cries, Like Caleb's Daughter, For the Upper Springs—The Better Life.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—Taking for his text an oriental scene seldom noticed, Dr. Talmage discusses the spiritual advantages of religion for this world and the next; text, Joshua xv, 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conqueror. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint hearted a woman herself may be she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and, sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property: she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amid the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The Desert of Sorrow.

The fact is that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees and flowers and grass and blue skies are well in their places, but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amid the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpeter out of my presence."

Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or at any rate only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the smiling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes?" But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care

drags him back. Take your stand at 3 o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and making no appeal to God for help or comfort many of them are tossed every whither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of 14 rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry since you won that \$50,000 than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghaestliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more because they have only \$50,000 left.

The Vanities of Life.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited. Yet at the close of his life he says, "Behold, 88 years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrow, and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Blessed be God, we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate! We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. If he walk forth, heaven is his bodyguard. If he lie down to sleep, ladders of light angel blossoming, are let into his dreams. If he be thirsty, the potentes of heaven are his upbearers. If he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say, "Look at that odd fellow with the worn-out coat." The angels of God cry, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" The doorkeepers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God stands fast having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord; who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion; do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

The Source of Happiness.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless

religion, but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live.
Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land," not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God, my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven!

The Gates Ajar.

It is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. O Christian man, if you could see what a place it is we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected! I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now. Let us stay!" And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world if once we got there, but as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne. Another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple. Another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water."

O Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory! Hear it! They are never sick there; not so much as a headache or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is honor on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us and say, "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good! He is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one whose strength is going away and we shake our heads forebodingly they cry: "I'm glad he is worse. He has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we could only get our ideas about that future world untwisted, our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said, "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said, "Today, Florence." "Today? So soon? I am so glad!"

The Day of Deliverance.

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! The day of your deliverance is coming—is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better soon the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and the

this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed of thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs—comfort here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is that it cannot give us anything after awhile. It is a changing world. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of a thousand streams are leaping into the valley. The Alleghanies are dying. The dews with crystalline mallet are hammering away the rocks. Frosts and showers and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plunge. The sea all around the earth on its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar and bay and frith and promontory. Some of the old seacoasts are midland now. Off Nantucket, eight feet below low water mark, are found now the stumps of trees, showing that the waves are conquering the land. Parts of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships today sail over what, only a little while ago, was solid ground. Near the mouth of the St. Croix river is an island which, in the movements of the earth, is slowly but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth changing—changing. In 1881 an island springs up in the Mediterranean sea. In 1866 another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. The earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bizoli show that the water has risen nine feet above the place it was when these columns were put down. Changing! Our Colorado river, once vaster than the Mississippi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then an Eden of luxuriance, has now dwindled to a small stream creeping down through a gorge. The earth itself, that was once vapor, afterward water—nothing but water—afterward molten rock, cooling off through the ages until plants might live and animals might live and men might live, changing, changing, an intimation of the last great change to come over the world even infused into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible.

The End of the Earth.

The Hindoos believe that Brahma, the creator, once made all things. He created the water, then moved over the water, out of it lifted the land, grew the plants and animals and men on it. Out of his eye went the sun. Out of his lips went the fire. Out of his ear went the air. Then Brahma laid down to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years. After that they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it over again, bringing up land, bringing up creatures upon it, then lying down again to sleep four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, then waking up and destroying the world again—creation and demolition following each other, until after three hundred and twenty sleeps, each one of these slumbers four thousand three hundred and twenty million years long, Brahma will wake up and die and the universe will die with him—an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible, but while Brahma may sleep on God never slumbers nor sleeps, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up.

"Well," says some one, "if that is so, if the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the point on which I want to guard you. I do not want you to become misanthropic. It is a great and glorious world. If Christ could afford to spend 38 years on it for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations and for the bringing on of the glorious time when all people shall see the salvation of God. While therefore I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject I have presented, I want you to take this thought home with you: This world is a poor foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The shifting scenes and the changing sands are only emblems of all earthly expectation. Life is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is storm and darkness, then sunshine, then darkness, then again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon this uncertain world! Build on God. Confide in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come sickness or health, come joy or sorrow, come life or death, all is well, all is well.

The Day of Deliverance.

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration! The day of your deliverance is coming—is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better soon the deck and coil the rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down the Narrows to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Love Always Young.

Donald B. McDonald, 98 years old, and Margaret Ann O'Reagan, 84 years old, of Reno, Mich., were married the other day. McDonald had been married three times in Canada and is the father of 14 children. The bride had been married twice and is the mother of ten children. The wedding was performed in the presence of great-grandchildren of both bridegroom and bride.



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A MISSING BILL.

Who Has the First \$5 Greenback That Was Printed?

One missing \$5 bill is making a heap of trouble for the receiver of the National Bank of Illinois. This is not an ordinary, cheap, everyday \$5 bill, but one of great historical interest, and was the property of the Chicago Press club when the bank closed its doors.

This bill is the first \$5 greenback that was printed under the act that was passed during the great civil war authorizing the United States to issue money to carry on the conflict that led to the creation of the rebellion.

This bill was presented to the Chicago Press club about ten years ago by George Schneider, who was then the treasurer of the club and president of the bank. Being a piece of currency of great value because of its history, it was placed in an envelope and left with the bank for safe keeping.

It was placed in a pigeonhole in the vaults. When the bank closed its doors and John C. McKeon took possession as receiver, the bill could not be found, nor has it been traced to this day. Every effort has been made to discover it, but no clew has developed that would lead to a knowledge of its possible whereabouts.

It was not placed in the bank as a special deposit, but kept there as an accommodation to the Press club, which had no facility for protecting it from theft.

"That bill came to the bank," said George Schneider, "in the regular course of business. When I saw its importance and value as a souvenir, I presented it to the Press club. It was of series A, No. 1, and the first \$5 greenback printed by the government under Abraham Lincoln's administration. Its monetary value cannot be computed, but its rarity and historical value cannot be questioned."

"When I gave it to the Press club, I was asked to keep it in the bank vaults for safety, as the club had no great value to be publicly exposed. Therefore I had it placed in an envelope and sealed and placed it in a pigeonhole in the vault of the bank. No, it was not marked, either as to its ownership or its contents, but kept so as to be recognizable whenever it should be demanded by its owners. I don't believe there was any record of it on our books of special deposits, nor was there a memorandum regarding it in the papers of the bank."

"I have no idea what has become of the valuable piece of currency, but I assure you efforts are making to discover its whereabouts. That bill belongs to the Press club, and I regard it as a most valuable asset."

"We have made search for that bill," said John G. McKeon, vice president of the Commercial National bank and former receiver of the National Bank of Illinois, "but we could find no trace of it, high or low. I had every box and paper opened when I took possession of the bank as its receiver, but no such \$5 bill ever was discovered. I have not given up hope yet that the bill will be found, for its value to collectors of these things is too great for it long to remain hidden."

General McNulta succeeded Mr. McKeon as receiver, and his assistant, E. Allen Frost, has also tried to get trace of that \$5 bill. "I could find no record of it," said he, "nor have I seen such a thing among the papers, and I have examined them all. It is a mystery to me where it could have gone. It would do the holder no good, for if he offered it for sale it would at once create publicity and would naturally return to the hands of its owner. I believe the bill will yet be found."

A coin and currency dealer told a reporter that he would give \$5,000 in cash for such a rare bill, for the greenbacks had all been called in, and No. 1 of the first series would have a value to collectors of these things that no one could compute. A collector of rarities of this sort would no doubt be glad to give \$10,000 for such a prize. "But, then," the dealer continued, "title must be perfect, as is a piece of real estate. It would be hard to dispose of unless the person selling could prove absolute ownership."

And the question still remains, Who has the \$5 bill, series A, No. 1, of the issue of 1862? The Chicago Press club would like to know.—Chicago Tribune.

New Naval Training Station.

The site for the barracks, school and pier for the proposed naval training station on Goat Island, near San Francisco, has been chosen by Captain Dickens. "As now contemplated," says the San Francisco Chronicle, "the main building will be 300 feet long and 60 feet deep, with wings of the same depth and 100 feet long at each end of the main building. This structure will afford room for the accommodation of 300 boys, with ample recitation rooms, gymnasium, drill hall and sleeping apartments."

"Everything in the building will be patterned after the ships which will be the homes of the boys for so many years. They will have to sleep in hammocks, will have their cells to quarters and their living arrangements, just as when afloat. The dock where the Pensacola will lie will be about 400 yards from the barracks. It will be necessary to build only 200 feet of dock, while if the structure was built at the barracks front there would be 600 feet necessary

The Feathered Hobo.

"Did you ever know that the English sparrow is a tramp," asked Depot Superintendent Sanford the other day. "Well, he is, and the worst kind of a 'hobo.' Recently I have seen a flock of them fly from under the pilot of one locomotive to the pilot of an outgoing locomotive, and in that way they travel over the country."

"Sharp? Well I should say so. It's the brightest bird I know of, as I have maintained for a long time."

Mr. Sanford was in dead earnest, and the reporter went out to look for himself at these "tramp" sparrows. As he stood under the shed at the union depot a big Missouri Pacific engine came along pulling in slowly from its long trip from St. Louis. No sooner had the train come to a standstill until out from under the pilot of the locomotive hopped a dozen English sparrows. They looked around as if to get their bearings, and then made straight for the pilot of a Burlington engine. They disappeared, and remained there until the train pulled out.

Sure enough the English sparrow is a tramp. Evidently they are sharp enough to know they will be transported over the country without exertion. It may be that they enjoy the rapidly moving engine, at least it evidently pleases them to take a free ride.—Kansas City Times.

Burns Won the Dinner.

There is a story told of Robert Burns in his youth. Burns was living in the town of Ayr and, though still young, had attained more than a local reputation as a poet. One day he was passing through the main street of the town and saw two strangers sitting at one of the inn windows. With idle curiosity he stopped to look at them. Seeing him and thinking that the rustic might afford them some amusement while waiting, the strangers called him in and asked him to dine with them. Burns readily accepted the invitation and proved a merry, entertaining guest.

When dinner was nearly finished, the strangers suggested that each should try his hand at versemaking and that the one who failed to write a rhyme should pay for the dinner. They felt secure in the challenge, believing that their rustic guest would pay for the meal. The rhymes were written, and Burns read the following: "I, Johnny Peep, saw two sheep; two sheep saw me. Half a crown apiece will pay for their fleece, and I, Johnny Peep, go free." The strangers' astonishment was great, and they both exclaimed: "Who are you? You must be Robbie Burns!"—New Castle (England) Chronicle.

A Bismarck Reminiscence.

Professor Aegidi, who was for many years the chief of the press bureau, under Prince Bismarck, has published the following reminiscence of Prince Bismarck and the czar, Alexander II: "Before the outbreak of the Franco-German war the czar was with King William at Ems. They were together one evening, and Prince Bismarck was standing at the other end of the room anxiously watching the czar, whose more or less friendly attitude toward Prussia's policy was a matter of very great importance.

"Suddenly the czar's big dog, which had been lying silent under its master's chair, rose, prowled about the room, stopped before Prince Bismarck, looked at him, wagged its tail affectionately and licked the hand he held out toward it. The czar, who had attentively watched its movements, called out to Prince Bismarck at this moment, 'You see, the dog knows his master's friends.'"

Prince Bismarck, who told Aegidi this story, added: "I felt relieved. That was a historical moment for our policy."—Berlin Cor. London Standard.

Definite.

"About Nov. 1, 1861," said Commodore Kantz, "I called to see President Lincoln, with General Denver, in regard to my exchange, being at the time a prisoner of war on parole. A violent storm was prevailing at the time, and as the wind whistled through the trees of the White House grounds and sheets of water dashed against the windows of the executive mansion our thoughts naturally turned toward the poor mariner, and especially to Flag Officer DuPont's fleet, which had sailed a day or two before."

"General Denver remarked that there would be great anxiety on the part of all of us as to the safety of the fleet until it was heard from, and added, 'I suppose, Mr. President, it is now so near its destination that you would not object to telling us where it has gone to?' Mr. Lincoln looked at the general a moment, as though he were loath to reveal the secret, and then said, 'No, general, since you and your young friend are especially interested in the navy, I don't mind telling you that—it has gone to sea.'"—Harper's.

The Charn Failed.

A letter from Limento, near Lucca, states that during a tremendous tempest which recently occurred in that town five young men mounted the church tower and began to ring the bells, acting in accordance with the popular superstition that the sound of bells keeps off storms. Lightning suddenly struck the tower, killing two of the young men and injuring the other three.—London Times.

KAISER AND APOTHECARY.

How Frau Siek Obtained William II's Signed Photograph.

Apothecary Siek of Bergkirchen in Westphalia entertained the kaiser against his will at the time of the army maneuvers in September. The apothecary owns a house in the outskirts with a piazza running along the first story. He had been obliged to quarter a number of officers and men during their stay in the town, and had turned over to them every spare room and bed. He kept the room opening on the piazza for himself and his wife, and one night went to bed leaving the house door on the latch for the convenience of his guests.

At 4 o'clock in the morning Kaiser Wilhelm, with his staff, entered the town. The kaiser noticed the piazza and thought it a good place from which to observe the country. An officer was sent ahead to clear the way, the kaiser following immediately behind. The officer, who was the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, came to the door of Herr Siek's bedroom, knocked, and, getting no answer, pushed it open and walked into the room, where he found the worthy apothecary in bed with Frau Siek. The clatter of his sword woke up the apothecary, who was naturally indignant and cried: "This is too much! Are you crazy?"

"Excuse me," answered the duke. "I knocked, but no one answered. May we not go out on your balcony? At any rate, here is his majesty already coming up the stairs."

"Woman, get out!" cried the apothecary, jumping for his clothes, while Frau Siek rolled out of bed into a closet just in time. The kaiser entered before Herr Siek had fully covered his nakedness, nodded, and said:

"C'est la guerre, doctor. Don't be angry. That was a friendly greeting you gave the duke regent of Mecklenburg. I didn't know that he was crazy."

He then passed on to the piazza, followed by his whole staff, and staid there for an hour. On leaving the emperor said to Herr Siek, who tried to excuse himself:

"Your good wife is probably very much frightened. I hope in some way to show you my thanks."

After the officers had left Frau Siek came out of her closet. Some days later she received from Berlin the kaiser's photograph, with the inscription: "In friendly memory of the attack on the night of Sept. 9-10, 1898, 4 o'clock. William I. R." Herr Siek's night adventure has been published with embellishments throughout Germany, so that he has been obliged to issue an authoritative statement of the facts as they occurred.—New York Sun.

Don't Look For a Job in Honolulu.

Dew is so heavy that the stock is never watered, and the walk to every house is paved with heavy slabs cut from the trunk of palm fern trees, forming a soft and fine wearing pavement. The wound in the tree heals at once. Bananas, wool and hides are also exported, while tropical fruits grow in abundance, among them breadfruit, pineapples often weighing 12 pounds, avocado pears, peaches, tamarinds, limes, lemons, citrons, guavas, strawberries, raspberries, ohelo berries, grapes, mountain apples, etc.

I would not advise any one without capital to come to the islands. Even skilled labor is a drug on the market, as many of the Chinese and Portuguese are skilled laborers, with whom you would have to compete in wages. Professional and mercantile careers are overdone here, the stores carrying large modern stocks and the total white population only numbering a few thousand. The bulk of the population includes Portuguese, Chinese, Japs and natives, all of whom trade at Chinese stores, with which a white man could not compete. Capitalists can still find safe investments with large returns in stocks of plantations, railways, etc.—Leslie's Weekly.

Phases of Child Life.

Children pass through a great many phases. Transitions are often trying. Keep these related facts in mind. We sometimes fix a fault by taking too much notice of it. A mistake should not be treated as a wilful sin. A transient awkwardness may be due to rapid growth. A shyness of behavior, which amounts to a painful timidity, will pass if not accentuated by comment and reproof. This is especially true in regard to speech. Children sometimes use slang; sometimes pick up words and phrases which are worse than slang, but the mother need not be unduly alarmed because of this. The boy and girl will speak the language and use the dialect of home, and if the mother possesses the children's entire confidence she will not find it difficult to convince the children that vulgar speech is a thing to avoid.

Mothers will never in the years to come regret a union of mild measures with firm adherence to principle in the home life. But of harshness and too much government they may repent in dust and ashes.—Harper's Basar.

Antisparrow Law.

In a portion of Hanover, Germany, a local decree requires each farmer to deliver to the authorities 12 sparrows or sparrow heads between Oct. 1 and Dec. 1 or pay a fine of 6 marks. It is safe to say the sparrows will be delivered.

Great Britain's Dependencies.

Says Professor Bryce, "More by a series of what may be called historical accidents than from any deliberate purpose Great Britain has acquired vast transmarine possessions." This is peculiarly true of the British settlements and protectorates in Africa and the far east. The English have no possessions in north Africa. The sphere of their influence and dominion in the dark continent extends from Cape Verde on the west to the gulf of Aden on the east to the Cape of Good Hope. England's scattered colonies and dependencies in this district have an area of more than 2,500,000 square miles and a population estimated at from 10,000,000 to 40,000,000. To Great Britain more than to any other nation belongs the credit of bringing this unknown land into contact with European civilization. British enterprise and capital have done much to develop its abundant resources. British traders, hunters, soldiers and missionaries have traversed its wilds and sailed its rivers and lakes. Along with other blessings that England has brought to Africa her share in suppressing the slave trade should not be forgotten.—Chautauquan.

French Instability.

The revolution of 1848 swept everything before it like a cyclone, making the path clear for the third great experiment of postrevolutionary France. The abortive republic of 1848 passed away with the bloodshed in which the second empire had its baptism, and in due time the empire itself perished by the sword that gave it life. No one who reads the narrative of these unforeseen overthrows of established rule will be rash enough to assert that the third republic is the final word of France's choice.

That it will be upset by the Bonapartists or the royalists may be most unlikely, but so seemed the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 before they came to pass. What was more unlikely in 1848 than that before five years Louis Philippe should have died in exile after barely escaping with his life to England, and that Louis Napoleon, then a prisoner at Hamme, should be seated on the imperial throne? It is because the unexpected has happened so often that one hesitates to predict that the republic will last for ever.—Montreal Gazette.

Her Explanation.

"This building," said the little city girl, who was taking her little country cousin around and showing her the sights, "is called the half orphan asylum. They intended to make a whole asylum out of it, but they found they didn't have money enough, I expect."—Chicago Tribune.

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A Painter's Conscience.

In the course of some reminiscences of Sir Edward Burne-Jones a correspondent of The Westminster Gazette remarks: Those who are not "offended" by the paradoxes of Charles Lamb would have delighted in Burne-Jones' play of humor and imagination. Let me justify my reference to Charles Lamb.

I once returned to Burne-Jones some books which he had lent me 30 years before, writing to him to the effect that if it was base to keep borrowed books so long it was heroic to return them after such long possession as might well breed the sense of ownership. In reply he said:

"The return of those books has simply staggered me. It has also pained me, for it seems to raise the standard of morality in these matters and perhaps to sting the susceptible consciences of book borrowers. I have many borrowed books on my shelves. I would rather the owners should die than that I should have to think about these things and return them. I have two costly volumes that were lent to me before that little incident of ours, which you may remember, was in Red Lion square. I hope the owner is no more, for I simply will not give them up. And you have made me uneasy and have helped to turn an amiable rascal into a confirmed villain. Your affectionate NED."

Slang Puzzled Him.

Edouard Remenyi, the great violinist, used to say that some of the hardest studying he ever did in his life began after an experience he had in Detroit.

"On my first tour of this country," he delighted in telling, "I worked unceasingly to acquire a knowledge of the language and got on fairly well. But the slang that I found so prevalent baffled me more than anything else. I gave a performance in Detroit one night and met with a reception that warmed my heart toward her people. Among other things, this appeared in one of the papers next morning: 'Here an ugly, little, bowlegged chap, whose clothes hung loosely about his ungainly person, waddled to the footlights. But, saves alive, how he did play the fiddle!'

"Now, I couldn't make out what that 'sakes alive' meant, so I timidly approached a gentlemanly citizen, told him of my inability to grasp the meaning of the slang, and asked him if the expression was intended to be complimentary.

"He kindly read it and replied, 'Well, I should smicker.'

"I was more bewildered than ever, and from that time on made the study of slang one of my chief occupations." —Detroit Free Press.

A Forgetful Bishop.

An English bishop, noted for the shortness of his memory, was one day waiting at a station for a train. Being in good time, his lordship was indulging in a solitary trot up and down the platform. While thus engaged, he came in contact with a young officer whose face seemed familiar to him. Meeting him again, he said "Good morning."

At the next recontrover the bishop stopped, saying, "How is your father?" The gallant soldier replied, "He has been dead for many years." The bishop tried again with the query, "How is your mother?" "Well!" said the officer, smiling, "I think she must be all right, or you would have heard had she been indisposed."

The bishop walked away, but his curiosity was greatly aroused. Seeing the station master, he at once asked him if he could enlighten him as to who the young officer was with whom he had been conversing. "Oh," replied the station master, "why, your lordship, that's the Duke of Connought." —Household Words.

A Brave Briton.

When the attack was made on Sidon, during the war with Syria, it became necessary for the British troops to advance across a long, unprotected bridge, in the face of a battery of six guns, which completely commanded the approach. The men were unwilling to expose themselves to certain death, when Arthur Canning, carefully dressed in full uniform, stepped forward to the middle of the bridge. It was immediately swept by the fire of the battery. When the smoke had rolled away, there stood Canning intact, carefully brushing the dust from his boots, after which he stood erect, fixed a single glass in his eye and looked back at the men. This was too much, and they captured that bridge and battery with a whoop.

His Compliment.

A few weeks back a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest of whom was the bride. A neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt that he ought to say something complimentary upon the event, addressed the bridegroom thus:

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

The faces of the four unmarried ones were a study.—London Fun.

Cordial Relations.

Mrs. Snow—My husband has grown very fussy of late years, but he was easily pleased when we were married.

Mr. Colclough—He must have been.—San Francisco Examiner.

COSTLY MONSTER MISSILES.**Steel Tempered With as Much Care as a Razor Blade.**

The invention of the modern high power gun has brought into use projectiles that are the finest product of ingenuity and improved machinery, calling for the best efforts of skilled artisans. Instead of cast iron globes that could be turned out by any foundry 20 years ago, use is now made of the grades of steel, tempered with as much care as a razor blade and ground and polished with as much exactitude as a surgical instrument.

Here is the history of the making of a 10 inch shell, and as the projectiles of all sizes are made in the same manner it gives some idea of the vast amount of labor required to equip a fleet.

In the casting shop molten steel is cast into a solid piece 12½ inches in diameter. It is then taken to the forge room, where, after being reheated, it is hammered down to 10¾ inches and considerably elongated during the process. Next it is conveyed to the machine room and placed upon a specially constructed lathe and turned and pointed.

The only parts of the shell that bear against the rifled surface of the gun are the conical end and the copper ring that encircles the base. This ring is soft, so as not to injure the rifling. After the finishing out has been given to the projectiles the diameter of the largest part of the cone is 10.5 inches and that of the body of the shell is 9.90 inches.

Then the "extracting score" is cut. There is a V shaped groove, in which a tool can be fastened when it is desired to withdraw the shell from the gun. The next move is the boring of a 5 inch hole in the base of the projectile to a depth of 14 inches. Tempering follows. In this process the shell is suspended, point downward, into a receptacle filled with molten lead, and is allowed to settle until the metal rises above the cone base.

At first the temperature of the lead is but 500 degrees, but it is increased gradually to 1,300 degrees. The work of heating continues for many hours, when the shell is withdrawn and sprayed with water, to give it a hard exterior.

Next follows a bath in a vat filled with secret ingredients, after which the shell is cooled with a jet of water.

Once more the shell goes back to the machine shop, where the hole in the base is widened half an inch and the depth increased 2 inches. The hole is then threaded and a screw plug inserted. The grinding room is next. Here the extreme diameter of the cone is ground down to 10 inches exactly. The workmen now apply the "band score," which is a groove for the reception of the soft copper band.

After the soft steel cap has been fitted to the tip of the projectile, on the theory that when the shell strikes the armored side of a battleship the point will be protected without any interference with its penetrating power, the work is finished so far as the steel company is concerned. It is then boxed up and shipped to some United States arsenal, where it is filled with an explosive compound and made ready for its work of destruction.—Philadelphia Record.

Business and Personal Letters.

"A young man in business is wisest who sees to it that his personal letters do not come to his business address," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Aside from the technical point that he has no right to use his employer's address for social correspondence and that it is not the place for such letters, it means a freedom from distraction which is valuable to him. The receipt of social letters at business places often means their answer there, and so one evil multiplies into another. A young man's business hours should be devoted to business, and he cannot be too strict in the observance of that rule."

"Nor should our girls seek in any respect to lead our young men to give laxity to that rule. The best kind of a self-respecting girl, on the other hand, is she who helps a young man to keep inviolate a rule so obviously for his own best interests, present and future. A girl cannot too rigidly let a young man alone during business hours. That is the rule of wisdom, and I wish that every girl would learn it and adhere to it."

The Stranger.

A man in this city has just received the following letter from Great Falls, Mont.:

DEAR UNCLE—Papa has allowed me the use of his typewriter just long enough to tell you that I am a little boy and that I was born on Thursday morning last, quite early. I am worth coming all the way from New York to. I weighed ten pounds when I was born nine pounds the day after, and now I weigh ten again. I have a fine alto voice and know several songs. Papa says I am nonpareil, whatever that means. I think English a very hard language to learn, and I am very fond of the western climate. I have no name yet, and so can only sign myself your loving nephew.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l Manager.

A Singular Calculation.

In a recent number of Power a singular calculation is presented by J. A. Renie. It would require, according to Mr. Renie's figures, the power of a 10,000 horsepower engine about 70,000,000,000 years to lift the earth a foot in height, and to do this work, allowing 18 pounds of water per horsepower per hour, would require some 10,000,000,000,000,000 gallons of water, or more than would be discharged at the mouth of the Mississippi in 60,000 years. This would be enough, the writer estimates, to cover the entire surface of the earth to a depth of about 300 feet, to convert which into steam, using good boilers, would require some 4,000,000,000,000 tons of coal. If the latter quantity of the mineral was loaded on cars of 20 tons each, it would demand 200,000,000,000,000 such cars. If the latter were 30 feet long and all coupled together in one train, it would reach around the earth 45,000,000 times and, if running 25 miles per hour, would consume 25,000,000 years in running the length of itself. So much for "fig urea."

An Editor's Hard Lot.

There are always those who will kick. For instance, if you publish jokes with whiskers on them some will say that you ought to be in a lunatic joint. If you don't print something to smile at, they say you are a pessimistic fossil. If you spread yourself, and write a good, original article, they will say it is stolen. If you reprint an article, they say you can't write. If you say a deserving word for a man, you are partial; if you compliment the women, the men are jealous, and if you don't the verdict of the women is to the effect that your paper is not fit to use in the construction of a bustle. If you stay in your office, you are afraid to remain on the streets; if you do, you are lazy. If you look seedy, you are squandering your money; if you wear good clothes, you are a dude, and don't pay for them. If you play a social game of any kind and get stuck, you are a fish; if you win, you are a tin horn, and so it goes through one continual round of pleasant complications.—Roslyn (Mich.) Sentinel.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED everywhere for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government official historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camp at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the Hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in American trenches with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of the battle at the tail of Manila. Numerous for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low price. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unprofitable war books. Outfit free. Address F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature of *Chat H. Fletcher.*

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia, Wilmington & Balt. R. R.

DELAWARE DIVISION.

Schedule in effect November 29, 1897.

Trains leave Delmar north bound as follows:

	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Delmar	11 00	8 00	1 00	8 10	8 10	8 10
Laurel	11 21	7 11	8 10	12 25	11 50	12 05
Seaford	1 24	7 52	8 14	2 35	3 41	3 45
Cannons	17 31	13 51	13 51	14 04		
Bridgeville	1 48	7 37	8 37	12 46		
Greenwood	7 45	10 45	12 54	4 10		
Farmington	17 53	13 53	13 53	4 27		
Harrington	2 22	7 05	9 05	3 08	4 40	
Felton	2 31	8 14	9 16	3 18		
Viola	18 18	19 20	19 20	4 48		
Wooloada	18 23	19 24	19 24	4 57		
Wyoming	2 46	8 29	9 31	3 30	5 05	
Dover	2 52	8 35	9 38	3 38	5 11	
Smyrna	8 42	9 49	3 44	5 20		
Clinton	3 00	8 53	9 59	3 54	5 20	
Groveside				5 37		
Middletown	9 06	10 18	4 07			
Delmar	9 15	10 25	4 16			
Mt. Pleasant	10 32	10 52	6 05			
Kirkwood			10 40			
Porter	9 31	10 46	4 31			
Bear			10 51			
New Castle	9 46	11 02	11 47	4 35		
Wilmington	4 15	9 58	11 17	4 58		
Baltimore	10 46	12 40	6 55	4 45		
Philadelph.	10 46	12 46	6 55	4 46		
Delmar	10 46	12 46	6 55	4 46		

"Stop to leave passengers from points south of Delmar, and to take passengers for Wilmington and points north."

Daily. Daily except Sunday.

* Stop only on notice to conductor or agent on signal.

BRANCH ROADS.

DeLa, Md. & Va. R. R.—Leave Harrington for Franklin City 10:30 a.m. week days; 6:37 p. m. Tuesdays. Thursdays and Saturdays only. Returning train leaves Franklin City 5:50 a.m. weekdays and 1:42 p. m. Tuesdays. Thursdays and Saturdays only.

Leave Franklin City for Chincoteague, (via Easton) 1:42 p. m. week days. Returning leave Chincoteague 4:42 a. m. week days.

Delaware and Chesapeake railroad leaves Clayton for Oxford and way stations 8:33 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. week days. Returning leave Oxford 6:30 a. m. and 1:40 p. m. week days.

Cambridge and Seaford railroad, Leaves Seaford for Cambridge and intermediate stations 11:17 a. m. and 7:14 p. m. week days. Returning leave Cambridge 6:20 a. m. and 2:35 p. m. week days.

CONNECTIONS—At Porter with Newark & Delaware City Railroad. At Townsend with Queen Anne & Kent Railroad. At Clayton with Delaware & Chesapeake Railroad and Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad. At Harrington, with Delaware, Maryland & Virginia Railroad. At Seaford, with Cambridge & Seaford Railroad. At Delmar, with New York, Philadelphia, & Norfolk, B. C. & A. and Peninsula Railroads.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l Manager.

J. H. WOOD, G. P. S.

R. B. COOKE, R. H. NICHOLAS, Supt.

REGULAR PASSENGERS.

FARMER'S SHOULD OPPOSE IT.

At a recent meeting of the Grange of Patrons of Husbandry, Herbert Myrick editor of Agriculturist and Orange Judd delivered an address on the subject of the government's position with regard to its new acquisitions. He discussed imperialism and said that farmers should oppose any form of annexation which would admit products of the new colonies into the United States duty free.

He favored governing them as England governs her crown colonies, with independent fiscal and tariff policy, and only granting concessions in return for specific advantages. Mr. Myrick said in part:

"Our tropical dependencies must be justly administered, but that is no excuse for at once making them an integral part of our national union. Our experience at home with the Indian, the negro and with undesirable emigrants warns against haste in admitting to political or territorial equality the inhabitants of our tropical dependencies."

IMMENSE PROFIT FOR SBHEMERS.

"A certain contingent demand nothing less than immediate unconditional annexation of Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, and their admission to the Union as Territories, with all the privileges of interstate free trade, irrespective of their form of government. This demand comes from Spanish property-holders in those islands, and from a small but powerful coterie in this country, who seek to monopolize the cheap labor and marvelous productivity of the tropics. These interests realize that wealth beyond the dreams of avarice will be theirs if once they gain free access for their products to the largest and best market in the world—that of the United States. They frankly admit that if through annexation they can get their produce into the United States free of duty, they will wax fat by monopolizing this market to the ruin of certain agricultural, manufacturing and labor interests of vast domestic importance.

"What is there in it for the annexationist? By remission of duties, they would make an extra profit of \$30 or \$40 on every ton of sugar, \$5 to \$8 on every pound of cigars, \$1.50 on every pound of wrapper tobacco, \$25 to \$40 on every ton of rice, and proportional extra profits on all early or tropical fruit, and vegetables.

"SO SHAMELESS A CONSPIRACY."

"It is safe to say that in this way there would be taken from the United States revenues at least \$100,000,000 annually, with a constant ratio of increase. This loss of revenue would have to be made good by increased direct taxation of our people here at home. In other words, after having given freely of our blood and treasure to drive out their Castilian oppressors, Spanish proprietors in the East and West Indies now seek a yearly bonus of untold millions from their deliverers.

"History fails to reveal so shameless a conspiracy of pelf at the national expense. Its success would cause a moral decline and an undermining of basic principles that bodes far worse for the republic than the sacrifice of men and money in the tropics and of material prosperity at home that is nefarious plan would involve with this scheme.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

"The recent negro riots at the South and in Illinois, and the steady progress at the South of legal disenfranchisement of 'our brother in-b-back,' are only mild object-lessons of what will occur if we attempt forcible subjugation of countries filled with negroes and Malays of a far worse type. Let not the errors of reconstruction be repeated in the colonies with even more serious results. The race problem here at home is more serious than ever, though in a somewhat different form or sense. Let it be adjusted before additional millions of more inferior blood, thousands of miles distant, are admitted to the sacred union of a self-governing republic.

"WHERE FREE TRADE WOULD HURT."

"The best things in agriculture today in the United States are the specialties free trade with the tropics would knock out. That policy would permanently blight Florida and almost annihilate her agricultural industries, making Florida only a way station to the tropics. It would seriously compete with the important industry of growing early fruits and vegetables both in Southern and Northern States. It would probably obliterate cigar leaf tobacco culture in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Florida and Texas. It would transfer to Ponce, Santiago, Havana and Manila the vast cigar manufacturing industry of the United States, whose skilled labor and millions upon millions of capital could

not compete with labor at one-fourth our wages working on tropical leaf. The extent to which the vast semi-tropic fruit industry of the South, Southwest and Pacific Coast would be injured by trade with the East and West Indies is self-evident. The fruits of the North-east belt would also be affected.

"The production of sugar in the United States, already given a hard blow by the annexation of Hawaii, would be most seriously interfered with. In fact, sugar raised by the yellow and black labor of the East and West Indies, if admitted duty free, would probably annihilate our domestic sugar-producing industry."

Death of Thomas C. Knowles, Jr.

On Thursday afternoon, November 17th, Thomas C. Knowles, Jr., died very suddenly near Sharptown. He had been in apparent good health, but felt somewhat indisposed in the morning and got a physician to prescribe for him and was up riding around up until noon, and after dining, lay down for a short rest, feeling no worse however, but his father, Thomas C. Knowles, Sr., noticed a peculiar breathing and in a few moments, life was ended.

This was a sad death and was a heavy blow to his father, brother and sister. He was an industrious young man. He was teamster several years for A. W. Robinson & Co., and during all his service he was never late but once, and had to walk nearly two miles morning and evening. He was a faithful as well as an industrious and trusted employee. He was thirty-five years old and unmarried. He was a young man of good character and of moral habits, and stood high in the community. His mother died when he was a boy, and he was true and faithful to his father and sister remaining with them at the home until the time of his death, by which they sustain a heavy and irreparable loss.

His remains were brought to town on Friday afternoon and interred in the Taylor cemetery with the honors of the Knights of Pythias of which he had been a member for about two years. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. P. McFarlane of the M. E. church. He was a member of the Lady's Aid Society of Riverton and it sent beautiful floral tributes. The burial was largely attended.

Humphreys—Owens.

Thursday November 17th was the date of a very pretty wedding which took place in the presence of a number of immediate friends and acquaintances at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. George M. Ruhl, No. 414 N. Ann Street, Baltimore.

The interested parties were Miss Sadie V. Owens of Anne Arundel County, Md., and Mr. Emory Humphreys of Rockawalkin. Rev. George Emmett Wood of Parsonsburg, Md., brother-in-law of the groom performed the ceremony.

Mr. Willis Ruhl, cousin of the bride, acted as best man and Miss Helen Woods was bridesmaid.

Miss Freely Schiller presided at the piano and skillfully rendered the beautiful wedding march from Lohengrin.

The bride was becomingly attired in a golden brown broadcloth, with hat and gloves to match, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid was tastefully gowned in a beautiful green satin, while the gentlemen wore the conventional black.

The ceremony was immediately followed by a reception at which a generous collation was served. The bridal party then took the steamer Cambridge for Claiborne, en route for Rockawalkin, where at the home of the groom's father, Mr. W. H. Humphreys, they were met by a host of friends and a beautiful repast was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys were the recipients of many beautiful and valuable tokens of esteem.

Notice.

Services (D. V.) as follows next Sunday in Spring Hill Parish Morning—

9 o'clock—Sunday School, and at 10.30 o'clock—Celebration and Sermon in Quantico. Afternoon, at Spring Hill Church, at 3 o'clock. Evening Prayer and sermon in Mardela Springs, at 7.30 o'clock. The Bishop will confirm in S. Mary's, Tyaskin, on Friday afternoon, December 2d, at 3 o'clock.

FRANKLIN B. ADKINS, Rect. of Spring Hill and Stepney Parishes.

A Wonderful Discovery.

The last quarter of a century records many wonderful discoveries in medicine, but none that have accomplished more for humanity than that sterling old household remedy, Browns' Iron Bitters. It seems to contain the very elements of good health, and neither man, woman or child can take it without deriving the greatest benefit. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

A Prize Worth Winning.

Mr. Wm. F. Allen, Jr., of Salisbury, the world wide famous strawberry plant grower, has just awarded \$100.00 in gold as a prize to the individual who produced a strawberry superior to Glen Mary. The winner was Mrs. Martha G. Yates of New York State.

Mr. Allen has always had much faith in the Glen Mary, as a strong, healthy plant, producing fine fruit. In the interest of the business he offered the \$100 prize in gold, for a superior plant, feeling that would be a moderate price for so valuable a possession. After testing thoroughly many new varieties which had been entered as competitors for the prize, the decision was made in favor of Mrs. Yates' seedling, which Mr. Allen has named "New York," in honor of the State where it was originated.

In acknowledging the receipt of the \$100 in gold, Mrs. Yates says: "I am firm in the conviction that had you and Disgenes been contemporaries, his search (for an honest man) need not have been in vain."

Another Suicide.

Two suicides have occurred in Baron Creek district during the present month. An account of the self destruction of Marcellus Hearn of Spring Hill by means of an over dose of laudanum was given in the columns of the ADVERTISER two weeks ago.

Last Tuesday night Samuel Phippin, a laborer residing near Mardela Springs shot himself in the head with a revolver the ball being a .38 caliber. He was a peaceable and harmless creature and it is believed that his mind had become deranged from brooding over his spiritual welfare, he being of an intensely religious bent of mind.

He and his wife who constituted the family, had retired to their bedroom late Tuesday evening. His wife had gone to bed and fallen into a slumber when she was aroused by the report of a pistol shot. As she opened her eyes she saw her husband fall to the floor. He had held the pistol to his forehead and the ball crashed into his brain bringing death instantly. When the neighbors arrived they found the dead man lying in a pool of blood which issued from a hole in the head.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has superior merit. Try it for a cough or cold and be convinced. There are many cough remedies on the market but Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED eve. y. where for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Halstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific, with General MacArthur, and in the Philippines, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low price. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address, F. T. Barber, Sec'y, Star Insurance Bidg., Chicago. 24

A GRAPHOPHONE

for everybody. Why not have a perfect talking, singing and laughing machine, when one can be bought for \$10. We have them in stock ranging in price from \$10 to \$50. Records 50 cents each, or \$5 per dozen. We would be pleased to have you call and examine them.

R. K. TRUITT & SONS, Salisbury, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE**Valuable Farm**

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Wicomico county passed in the case of Humphreys vs. Humphreys, being No. 1186 Chancery Docket, of said Court, the undersigned will offer at public auction at the Court House door in Salisbury, Md., on

SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 3, 1898,

AT THE HOUR OF 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,
all that farm or tract of land in Parsons Election District, Wicomico county, Maryland, situated on the south side of and bounded on the county road leading from Salisbury to Pittsville, known as the "Shell Road," about one and one-half miles from the town of Salisbury, containing

90 ACRES OF LAND,
more or less, being known as

"FAIRFIELD"

and being the same property of which Randolph Humphreys was lately seized. The said property is splendidly located and is improved with fine dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE.

Five Hundred Dollars cash on day of sale; balance in one year secured by notes bearing interest from day of sale, with approved security.

JAS. E. ELLEGOOD, Trustee.

America's Greatest

Medicine is
Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Which absolutely
Cures every form of
Impure blood, from

The pimple on your
Face to the great
Scrofula sore which

Drains your system.
Thousands of people

Testify that Hood's
Sarsaparilla cures

Scrofula, Salt Rheum,
Dyspepsia, Malaria,

Catarrh, Rheumatism

And That Tired

Feeling. Remember this

And get Hood's

And only Hood's.

Auditor's Notice.

The United States Baking Company, et al. vs.
The R. Frank Williams Co.,
No. 1144 Chancery.

All persons having claims against the assets of the R. Frank Williams Company, in the hands of Jay Williams and Elmer C. Williams, receivers, are required to file the same with me on or before the 3d day of December, 1898, as I shall on that day, proceed to distribute the proceeds of said assets to those entitled thereto.

L. M. DASHIELL, Auditor.

ORDER NISL.

Wicomico Building & Loan Association vs.
Jennie Rounds and Alexander W. Rounds.

In the Circuit Court for Wicomico County,
In Equity No. 1214 Chancery, November
Term, 1898.

Ordered that the sale of property mentioned in these proceedings, and distribution made in these proceedings, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of December next, provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Wicomico County, once in each of three successive weeks before the 7th day of December, next. The report states the amount of sales to be \$800.00.

CHAS. F. HOLLAND,
True Copy Test: CHAS. F. HOLLAND.

FOR SALE.

I will sell at a bargain and on easy terms, my two houses and lots on William street, above Poplar Hill Avenue. These properties are nearly new and in first-class condition.

ISAAC N. HEARN,
Snow Hill, Md. Or Advertiser office.

FOR THE NEXT TEN DAYS**BIG BARGAINS****IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.**

15c table oil cloths	9½c	8c Dress Gingham	5c
25c all-linen window curtains	18c	\$3.50 plush capes	\$1.98
50c heavy fringe	35c	\$6.50 ladies' coats	\$3.25
25c red table linen	15c	\$3 child's coats	\$1.75
8c muslins	5c	Nice silks	25c
6c apron gingham	4c	Good dark calico	3½c

These are only a few of our bargains. A visit to our millinery department will convince one that we are selling Ladies' and Children's Hats cheaper than ever. Everything up to date. No trashy trimmings used. All the latest styles.

A complete line of standard patterns in stock. If you need a pattern try the standard. Dress makers say they are the best patterns on the market.

The Designer for December, price 10 cents, now on sale at

S. H. MORRIS.

Main Street.

Near Postoffice.

OVERCOATS.

Good quality and low prices meet and shake hands here, and in no more particular place is this exemplified than in the quality and price of our overcoats and suits for men, boys and children.

Are you going to buy a Fall Hat? Are you going to get a pair of Dress Pants? Do you want the swellest thing in Neckwear? Or any thing that will assist in completing the toilet of a well dressed Man, Boy or Child? If so you should not fail to see an up-to-date stock, such as we carry.

Look to us for new things in Men's wear. You know our reputation as leaders.

Kennerly & Mitchell

Fashionable Wearing Apparel.