



DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Residents of this County,

BY THE BAIT SOME OF THE EXPENSIVE STORES PUT FORTH IN THEIR CUNNINGLY-WORDED ADVERTISEMENTS. THEY WHO USE THEM HAVE NO REAL INDUCEMENTS TO OFFER, AND THEREFORE RESORT TO SUCH METHODS TO ATTRACT BUYERS

We Say to You, Do Not Allow Yourself to be Deceived!

The Season is Backward, and we have still an immense stock—one of the best and most attractive we have ever shown you, all of which we will sell positively 20 per cent. less than expensive stores will ask you.

WE HAVE A LOT OF SEPARATE PANTS, ABOUT 100. SUITS, ABOUT 40. OVERCOATS, ABOUT 60.

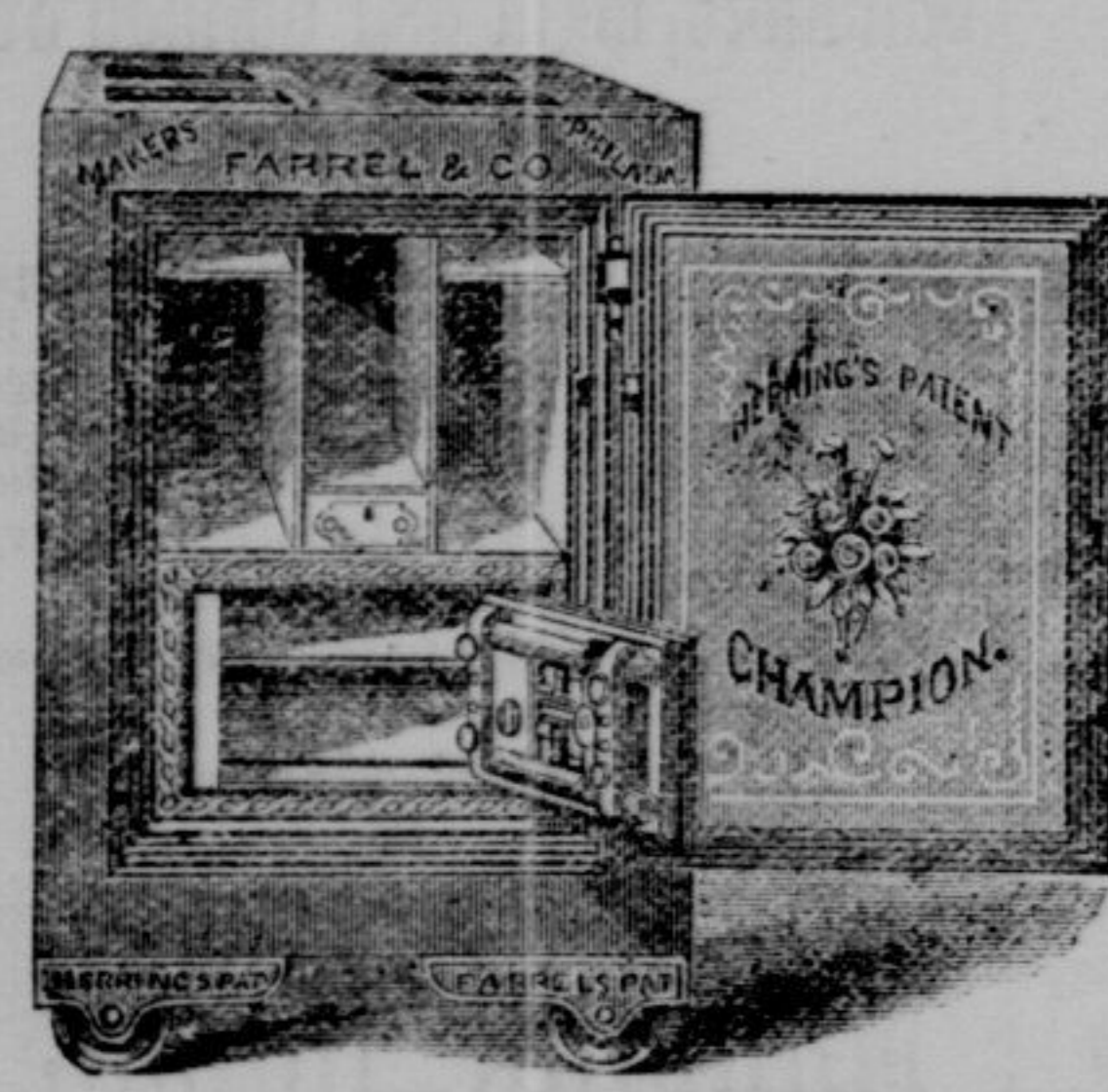
Which are elegantly made, fashionably cut and in every way reliable goods, that we will dispose of at almost cost.

AT COST! AT COST! AT COST!

TO CLOSE OUT!

Our stock must move faster. The great reduction at which we are offering it will make business boom. Reader, take advantage of it. We have only a short time left to sell in and we call especial attention of buyers to our elegant goods, latest styles, extremely low prices, and positive guarantee given all patrons. You pay us only ONE PROFIT, the manufacturer's. You will be glad when you buy from us, if saving and getting value for your money grieves you.

Largest FASHIONABLE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS
230 West Pratt St., to 55 Hanover St.
CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.



FARRELL & CO.

Champion Safe.

WAREHOUSE,

No. 631 Chestnut St.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Prize Medals Awarded

At World's Fair, London. Exposition Universelle, Paris. World's Fair, N. Y. TWO MEDALS & DIPLOMA Awarded at Centennial, 1876. Grand Gold Medal at PARIS, 1878.

GEO. W. BECK,

EASTON, MD.

STOVES, TOVES.

Plain, Stamped and Japanned

TINWARE

ROOFING AND SPOUTING.

OLD STOVES MADE NEW.

NOV.

Sometimes a single hour Rings the long life-time, As from a temple tower There often falls a chime, From blessed bells, that seem To fold in Heaven's dreams Our spirits round a shrine, Hath such an hour been thine?

Sometimes—who knoweth why? One minute holds a power That shadows every hour, Dialed in life's sky. A cloud that is a speck When seen from far away May be a storm and wreck The joy of every day.

Sometimes—it seems not much, 'Tis scarcely felt at all— Grace gives a gentle touch To hearts for once and all, Which in the spirit's strife May all unnoticed be, And yet it rules a life, Hath this e'er come to thee?

Sometimes one little word, Whisp'ring sweet and fleet, That scarcely can be heard, Our ears with sudden meet, And all life's hours along That whisper may vibrate, And like a wizard's song, Decide on e'er yate.

Sometimes a sudden look, That falleth from some face, Will steal into each nook Of life, and leave its trace, To haunt us to the last, And sway our e'er y will Thro' all the days to be, For goodness or for ill, Hath this day e'er come to thee?

Sometimes one minute folds The hearts of all the years, Just like the heart that holds The infinite in things, There is such a thing as— Who knoweth, why, or how? A life of we or bliss Hangs on some little now.

Miss Comfort's Adventure.

"Dear, dear?" said Miss Comfort Crabtree, what an awful night it is! Miss Comfort Crabtree was right. The fry of a late equinoctial storm was bending the tops of the huge forest trees, lashing the tide of the river into a mass of boiling foam, and banging the loose shutters against the side of the old house, as if each one was a miniature piece of artillery. Now and then an angry sweep of rain dashing against the window-panes like a handful of pebbles, and the shrieks of the tempest sounded down every chimney in a different note of warning.

The Reverend Caleb Crabtree lived all alone in this great barn of a ruined house, because his salary was low and the rent was cheap.

There were but few neighbors, but then the Reverend Caleb lived in his books, and cared little for conversation more modern than "Divine Dialogues of Plato." And as for Miss Comfort, she was as serenely indifferent to society as her brother.

"And to think," said Miss Comfort as she threw a fresh log, fringed with moss, and scented of the backwoods, upon the fire, "that old Mrs. Denison must take it into her head to die, just this night of all others! I do hope Caleb won't take cold, and that he won't forget to tie that grayest comforter around his neck. But Caleb is so careless—"

So saying, Miss Comfort opened the oven door, and gloomily surveyed a plump chicken which was browning in its cavernous recesses.

"It'll be done in just half an hour," said Miss Comfort, with a glance at the tall clock behind the door. "And if Caleb isn't back by that time, it will be too bad; for the blessed man hasn't had a bite between his lips this day, except a cold sandwich and half a red apple."

Miss Comfort whisked out a little round table, covered it with a home spun cloth, and set it with her blue-edged plates, a shining silver tea pot, loaf of bread and a little pat of sweet scented butter. And then she sat down to her knitting, before the fire.

"There it goes again, said Miss Comfort—"the rain! and the wind—enough to take the roof off the house! Eh?"

And as she soliloquized to herself, as persons who lead a solitary life often do, one of the boards of the carpetless floor, behind her creaked, and turning, with a start, she found herself in the presence of two men.

One was tall and stout, with no particular nap to the hat he held under his arm; a low forehead, from which the hair was brushed up like the bristles of a heath broom; very dirty linen and furtive expression of countenance.

The other was short, smiling and serene, and wore superlative broadcloth and a pair of gold eye-glasses dangling across his breast.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am!" said the short man, ingratiatingly.

"I ain't!" said Miss Comfort, with a contemptuous snuff.

"We shan't hurt you," reassuringly added the tall man.

"I rather reckon you won't?" said Miss Comfort. "Did you want to see my brother?"

"No—no," said the short man rubbing his plump white hands together; "we wished to see you!"

"What's your business?" briefly demanded Miss Comfort, wondering much within herself.

"You see, my dear Miss Barbara—"

"Comfort Crabtree is my name, if you please!" interrupted the lady. The two men exchanged glances over her head.

"Mis Comfort, then," the stout man corrected himself, "if you prefer that name—"

"I ought to," remarked Miss Crabtree, "since it was given me by my sponsors in baptism."

"Certainly—certainly. I was only going to remark," added the stout man, nervously twirling his watch-chain, "that we have come to take you for a drive this evening."

"I don't think you have," said Miss Comfort, her quick glances traveling from one to the other.

"The carriage is at the door," said the man, advancing with a conciliatory smile.

"And there ain't no use foolin' no longer!" added the tall stranger impatiently.

"Better come with us quietly, like a good soul," said the stout man, laying his plump hand persuasively on Miss Comfort's arm.

But in the same instant Miss Comfort, who had watched him as a cat watches a mouse, had charged at him with her knitting needles, and backed him into the china closet, whose door stood ajar just behind him, turning the key on him with the quickness of lightning.

"And now for you!" said Miss Comfort, seizing the boiling tea-kettle from the hearth, and advancing in a menacing manner upon the tall man, who stood momentarily dismayed by this prompt coup d'état. "Go into that cellar or I'll scald you to death!"

The man tried to remonstrate, but Miss Comfort stepped forward with a threatening flourish of the tea kettle, and he was compelled to obey; and a second after Miss Comfort smiled grimly to hear him tumble down the broad shallow flight of wooden steps that led to the region of early rope potatoes, cabbage and winter apples.

And with both her prisoners locked safely up, Miss Comfort sat down once more with her knitting-work, although there was not much extra color in her face, and the needles jerked with more elastic force than their wont.

The captives battered fiercely at the door, especially the one in the china closet, whose every motion brought down a hail storm of tin pans, pitchers and pie plates about his ears, and as Miss Comfort with injurious epithets, but she paid no more attention to them than to the howling of the wind without; and in about half an hour—the longest half hour that our poor heroine had ever known—the Reverend Caleb came in, dripping and amazed.

"Got company, Comfort?" said he.

"No!" said his sister, shortly.

"What's that carriage at the door with a white horse, then?" said the puzzled parson.

"I expect," answered Miss Comfort, with great philosophy, "that it belongs to two chaps I've got locked up here."

"What?" ejaculated the Reverend Caleb.

And with this, the announcing of the door recommenced in good earnest.

Miss Comfort rose calmly up and unlocked the several doors.

"Come out, you!" said she. "We're tolerably well matched now, with the help of the tea-kettle."

The Reverend Caleb Crabtree glared at his uninvited guests with mingled indignation and astonishment.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "And what brought you here?"

"We come on professional business," said the stout man, rubbing his forehead, which had been considerably abraded by the metallic shower of missiles to which he had been so recently exposed.

"And we'll have the law on that crazy creature!" added the tall man, whose temper was not improved by his fall down the cellar steps in the day.

"Will you be so good as to explain yourselves?" demanded the clergyman.

"If you must know," responded the short man, "I'm assistant warden of the Boonville Insane Asylum, and I've a physician's certificate for the apprehension and removal of Barbara Pooley. And this gentleman," with a wave of the hand in the direction of his confederate, "is a keeper."

"But Barbara Pooley doesn't live here," said Mr. Crabtree, beginning to perceive a faint gleam of daylight in the darkness of the dilemma. "She lives in the old Battersea farm house, a quarter of a mile beyond. I am the Reverend Caleb Crabtree, and this lady is my sister, Comfort Eunice, who is as sane as myself."

"Eh!" said the keeper.

"Then we've made a mistake!" cried out the assistant warden, covered with confusion.

"My dear," said the admiring parson, "you are a heroine! You ought to be selected by the government to man one of our frontier forts."

But after that, whenever her brother was absent on night expeditions, Miss Comfort Crabtree took particular care to lock and bolt the doors.

"For," says Miss Comfort, "I don't care about being carried off, milly-willy, to any of their insane asylums."

FISH CULTURE.

REPORT OF COMMISSIONER FERGUSON TO GOVERNOR HAMILTON.

The report of Major T. B. Ferguson, a commissioner of fisheries of Maryland, which has been sent to Governor Hamilton, is a very interesting document. The year 1880, which the report covers, has, he says, been a very important one in the history of the Maryland Fish Commission. During the spring of 1880 there was a very decided increase of shad at points near the head of the Chesapeake and in the Potomac. The catch at the head of the bay and in the Susquehanna from 1870 to 1881 was 6,394,929. The catch of 1880 was 614,929, an increase of 96,729 over the average for the five preceding years, including 1879.

The work of shad-hatching was commenced in 1875, and was continued the following year, principally at the head of the bay. In 1876 operations there were not prosecuted on a scale sufficient to enable the commission to transfer many of the fish to the Potomac, but the numbers deposited in that river were increased from year to year until 14,250,000 were deposited during last season. The investigation of last season indicates that fish inhabiting salt water exclusively can be as readily propagated artificially, and increased to an unlimited extent as the anadromous fishes, with whose spawning habits there had been more thorough acquaintance, and it is quite possible that the bay mackerel may be propagated on a yet larger scale than has been attempted with the shad itself. The eggs of the shad, unlike those of the salmon, are somewhat lighter than water, and the apparatus used in the cultivation of shad cannot be efficiently employed in their manipulation, and several new forms of apparatus have been experimented with, and are found to act most satisfactorily. The number of mackerel has been very materially diminished in the waters of the State, and they are becoming more scarce every year, and it will doubtless require several years to restore them to their former abundance and make the catch plentiful enough to warrant the establishment of hatching stations higher up the Chesapeake bay.

It is essential to the thorough success of the work of shad-hatching that means be provided for the ascent of these fish to localities from which they are now debarred by natural and artificial obstructions. He suggests that the dam on the Gunpowder river, a part of the Baltimore new water supply, should be provided with fishways for the free access to the upper waters of the river of shad, herring and rock bass.

The Potomac river is, however, the most valuable one of which have been provided with effective fishways, and many miles of the Patuxent river, at least, could be opened to the migration of these valuable fishes.

In April last a quarter million of shad eggs were obtained at Moxley's Point, Potomac river, and emptied into the Eastern branch of the river at a point near the navy yard. The quantities obtainable at this period could not be handled on account of the lack of apparatus, but comes for developing the eggs were put up at the navy yard and over 19,000,000 fish were produced there, 14,000,000 being deposited in the waters of Maryland.

The fish hatched at the hatching-house during 1879 had nearly all been distributed by January 1, 1880. Sixty thousand young Penobscot salmon which had been hatched there were in March and April deposited in the upper waters of the Susquehanna, the Monocacy and the north and south forks of the Potomac, and 25,000 salmon eggs from Grand Lake stream, Me., were from March 24 to May 24th deposited in the Monocacy, Potomac, Gunpowder, Grynn's Falls, Lake Roland, Patuxent, Bush river, Chesapeake bay, Patuxent, &c. Two hundred thousand California salmon eggs were hatched and the young fish liberated in the Potomac between the hatching-station and Fort Pendleton. Five thousand received from another source were placed in the head waters of the Gunpowder, and 5,000 in the Patuxent, near Savage station. During the two years preceding the last a considerable number of the eggs of the brook trout were hatched out at Druid Hill and distributed in the Susquehanna, Potomac and Maryland waters. German carp have also been freely distributed, and most encouraging accounts have been received of the success which has attended the cultivation of this fish by those who have received them in all parts of the United States. The carp grow much more rapidly in this country than in Europe, and it is quite likely that the fish issued during the winter of 1880 will spawn during the summer of 1882.

For the Journal.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

While the Indians show so much of earnest desire to grow up into the civilization of the white man and manifest such marked ability in their progress in study and proficiency in labor, yet we must remember that they are of the majority in the law of society; and it requires in the Indian a strength, unknown to most of us, to throw of the dress and customs of camp life and adopt those of the hated white man with his laws and religion. However the dress with them is more important than either the laws or religion. The only way to relieve this, as well as all other Indian troubles, is to civilize the majority. That can be done only by planting schools among them and educating them.

The government ought to adopt this of dealing with the Indians for many reasons, and especially because it would be, as has already been seen, the best thing for the Indian and the best thing for our country. This is true in that as soon as they are educated they become, as facts substantiate, reliable and useful men, such as can be given the rights of citizenship and be dealt with as men and as responsible individuals, not hordes of animals in which the whole tribe is punished for the misdeeds of one. It would be an immense saving to this country over and above all the expenses of schooling to have the Indian in a condition that would save the expenses of the present system of reservation and standing troops.

But let us see what the government thinks of this question. In the treaty which Gen. Wm. T. Sherman made with a number of the worst tribes, the following clause is found which is a fair expression of what on the same subject is found in almost all the treaties made by the United States government with the Indians: "In order to insure the civilization of the tribe entering into the treaty the necessity of education is admitted, especially by such of them as are or may be settled on said agricultural reservation, and the said Indians pledge themselves to compel their children, male and female, between the age of six and sixteen years to attend school; and it is hereby made the duty of the agent for said Indians to see that this stipulation is strictly complied with; and the United States agrees that for every thirty children between said ages who can be induced or compelled to attend school, a house shall be provided and a teacher or competent to teach the elementary branches of an English education furnished, who shall reside among said Indians, and faithfully discharge his or her duty."

Such is not only the opinion but the obligation, not of a man, but of the United States government. But does the government keep its promise? Let us see; among the same tribes with whom this treaty at present stands are to be found 15,000 children of the prescribed school age. To fulfill the treaty they must have 500 school-houses and as many teachers. The expense of building these houses, with teachers salaries, clothes for the children and incidentals, would have amounted in the thirteen years of this treaty to not less than \$25,000,000. Instead of that the government has spent on these same Indians for the purpose of education about \$2,000,000. Thus has the United States government not only defrauded these Indians of \$23,000,000 of rightful dues according to treaty, but has deprived them of what is far more valuable—education and enlightenment. And policy has not only deprived our country of so many useful citizens, but has forced upon it as many ignorant, dependent, mischief-making savages. The Indians remember these treaties and the subsequent injustice, and only re-echo the doings of the United States government when they break their pledged faith.

In all there are about 50,000 Indian children of school age in the United States. Once establish schools among them and they can be run with much less money than it takes for schools in the State of Maryland. If we spend so much in order to sustain education and thus civilization, should we not be willing to spend something to blot this last remnant of barbarism from our soil and to raise an oppressed and injured people to the blessings of the enlightenment which we enjoy? S. Dickinson College, Feb. 14.

MARK TWAIN HAD A COLD.

The first time that I began to sneeze a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water, and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after a friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend told me it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both; so I thought it best to fill up for the cold, and let the fever starve a do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened a restaurant on Cortlandt street, near the ho-

tel, that morning, paying him so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired whether people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office, and on the walk encountered another boson friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of your friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficacious with me; and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me—to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this, everybody in the hotel became interested; and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper-tea, Conest, steved Quaker Bourbon stout, onions and leaf sugar, vinegar and lard, and five bottles of balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles Uncle Sam's remedy, but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose, that was enough. I had to take to my bed and remain there for two entire days. When I felt a little better more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, and then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey-buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to continue then; therefore I determined to take a sheet bath, though I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped; and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand of it) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbid. It is a cruel experiment. When the chilly rag rouches one's warm flesh it makes him start with a sudden violence, and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this friend ordered the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

SAD STORY OF A NOTED FAMILY.

The family referred to is that of Thomas Comegys of this county. Forty, and even fifty years ago, Thomas Comegys was regarded as one of the most active and shrewdest business men, as well as the wealthiest, of the county. By industry, business tact and prudent economy he acquired a large landed estate, all situate near Centerville. His personal estate was also large and valuable, a good portion of it consisting of ready cash. While economical, we are told by the old men of the present day, though young then, Thomas Comegys, in the day of which we write, was a good liver and liberally entertained his friends and neighbors. More than twenty-five years ago he lost his wife, then an old, but highly respected lady. Dating from this event the scene changes and the picture becomes a sad one. A few years later—not exceeding five—he lost his eye-sight, and being incapacitated for business, coupled with a poor opinion of human nature, his accumulated wealth became the prey of the avaricious and the spendthrift. At the time of this sad affliction there were two children residing at home—a daughter and a son. The daughter, Miss Mary, was his faithful and devoted companion, retiring from the world and social intercourse to administer to her afflicted parent. She transacted all his business, but not having been raised to business, the farms were poorly cultivated, tenants returned the buildings decayed, small rentals, and thieves plundered the granaries and raided the stock. Farming was abandoned after a few years and Thomas Comegys and his daughter boarded with their tenants. The son, Jesse T. Comegys, was a pig-sticker and spendthrift. He squandered the cash, and afterwards induced his father to deed him two of his farms, which he sold at good prices and squandered the money as fast as collected. Twenty years ago he flourished in Baltimore and was the proprietor of a dollar jewelry store at 500 West Baltimore St. For the last

ten years, up until recently, his sister, Miss Mary, boarded him with one of the tenants. At the last November term of the Court he was adjudged a lunatic, without means of support, and sent to an Insane Asylum. It is estimated that he has spent \$30,000 of his father's estate. As Miss Mary saw the property decreasing daily she grew more and more penurious, and for the last ten or twelve years has denied herself and father the necessary comforts of life. She died on Monday, the 6th inst., in the 67th year of her age, having been born in January, 1815. This leaves Mr. Comegys, now in his 89th year and blind, without anyone to give him special attention or to attend to his business affairs. He has a landed estate of four farms, eligibly located, which, with proper management and cultivation, would be valuable and yield a good revenue. His oldest son is living in Tennessee.—*Can. Record.*

THE DUTCHMAN'S MISTAKE.

I goeps me von leedle schotte town Broadway, und does a pooty good pecznis, but I don't got mooch capital to work mit, so I finds it hard work to get me all der greidits vor I would like. Last week I hear about some goats dot a barty was going to sell peefy sheep, und so I writes dot mit peefy would give me der refus!—he said I couldn't had dem—but he said he would call on me und see mine schotte, und den I mine schotding in pecznis was good, berhaps we might do somedings together. Vell, I vas behind mine quarter yesterday, ven a sheutleman games in and dakes me py der hand und says: "Mr. Schmidt, I believe." I says "Yaw," und den I links to minself, dis vas der man vat has doze goats to sell, und I must try make some good indrestments mit him, so ve would do some pecznis. "Dis vas goat schotte," he says, looking round, "but you don't got a pooly big stitok already." I vas avrid to let him knock dot I only had "bout a thousand tollars vort of goats in der black, so I says: "You ton't would knock I hat more as dree thousand tollars in dis leedle schotte, aint id?" He says: "You ton't tole me! Vos dot bossible?" I says: "Yaw." I meant dot id vas bossible, dough id vasn't so, vor I vas like Shorge Washingtons ven he cut down der "olt elm" on Poston Gunmons mit his leedle hadet, and gouldn't dell some how about id.

THE LATEST BY JOSE BILLINGS.

I have never known a second wife but what was boss of the situation. After a man gets to be thirty-eight years old he can't form any new habits much; the best he can do is to steer his old ones.

Any man who can swap horses, or ketch fish, end not lie about it, is as puz as men ever git to be in this world.

The sassiest man I ever met is a hen-pecked husband when he is away from home.

An enthusiast is an individual who believes about four times as much as anybody else believes.

The dog that will follow anybody ain't worth a cuss.

Those people who are trying to get to heaven on their creed will find out at last that they didn't have a thru ticket.

Too long courtships are not always judicious. The party often tire out skoring fore the first begins.

One quart or cheap whisky (the cheaper the better) judiciously applied, will do more business for the devil than the smartest deacon he has got.

I don't recollect doing any thing that I was just a little ashamed of but what somebody remembered it, and was sure one in a while, to put me in mind of it.

Young men, learn to wait; if you undertake to get a hen before she is ready you will lose your time, and confuse the hen besides.

Nature seldom makes a fool; she simply furnishes the raw materials and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

Terrible itching and scaly humors, ulcers, sores and scrofulous swellings cured by the Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally, and Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally. Ask about them at your druggists.

Death by rats, mice, roaches and ants; Parsons' Exterminator. Barns, granaries and households cleared in a single night. No fear of bad smells. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. Sold everywhere.

Not to be Sneezed At. That pure, sweet, safe and effective American distillation of which buzzed, American pine, Canada fir, marigold and clover blossom, called Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. A few doses instantly relieve the most violent sneezing or head cold, stop all watery discharges from the nose and eyes, cure headache and nervousness and banish all danger of fever. Complete treatment for one dollar.