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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 pleases you.

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Call and examine our stock before buying, as we are confident we can suit you both in goods and prices.

Imported Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns,

And a full line of all kinds of Equipments.

Pistols, Brass and Paper Shells, Powder, Shot and Caps, Gunning Coats, Caps, Pants.

HARDWARE—A SELECT AND FULL ASSORTMENT.

F. & L. Electric Knives, Razors, Scissors and Shears. Rims, Spokes and Hubs, Cumber Pumps, Lime, Hair and Cement.

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AFTER THE QUARREL.

Hush, my pretty one. Not yet. Wait a little, only wait. Other blue flowers are as wet as your eyes, outside the gate. He has shut forever. But is the gate forever shut?

Just a young man in the rain. Saying (the last time) "good-night!" Should he never come again? Would the world be ended quite? Where would all these roses go?—All these roses? Do you know?

But he will not come? Why, then, is no other within call? There are men, and men, and men—And these men are brothers all! Each sweet fault of his you'll find Just as sweet in all his kind.

None with eyes like his? Oh—oh! In diviner ones did I. Look, perhaps, an hour ago. Whose? Indeed (you must not cry) Those I thought of are not free. To laugh down your tears, you see.

Voice like his was never heard. No—! but better ones, I vow: Did you ever hear a bird?—Listen, one is singing now! And his gloves? His gloves? Ah, well, There are gloves like his to sell.

At the play to night you'll see, In mock-velvet cloaks and curls, With mock jeweled warts, that he—Were a clown by! Now, those curls Are the barber's pride, I say; Do not cry for them, I pray.

If no one should love you? Why, You can love some other still; Philip Sydney, Shakespeare, ay, Good King Arthur, if you will; Raphael—he was handsome, too—Love them one and all. I do.

THE BLUE-EYED GIRL.

WHAT ONE DAY BROUGHT.

A group of girls from Madame Deprit's Seminary were taking their daily walk for exercise. A junior teacher was with them; but as she kept at a short distance in the rear of the party with one of the parlor boarders, the restraint of her presence was not sensibly felt, to judge by the laughing faces and rapidly moving tongues.

"Oh, Clara! look at that specimen of the genus homo. Did you ever see such a hat?"

Clara looked in the direction indicated, and made a grimace.

"Did you better say, did you ever see such clothes? They are a mile too short for him—that is, for his arms and limbs."

The girls had spoken rather above their usual tone, and the lad who had attracted their attention must have heard their flippant criticisms, for he turned and looked at the group half reproachfully, half proudly, while a flush rose and burned in his dark cheeks.

"For shame, girls!" said another speaker, indignantly; "he heard you. But if I were he, I wouldn't care for what such thoughtless little things either think or say. It is nothing for farmer's boys to wear such clothes about their work. You couldn't expect them to dress in broadcloth."

"Just like you, Kitty! You always take up on the side of the injured party. But I love you all the better for it; for every one has a chance to be pitied some time, and I like you to cuddle and make much of me when I have one of my headaches."

So the merry coterie went on through the quiet country road alternately criticizing each other, or outsiders whom they chanced to meet, or praising their favorite schoolmates as only school girls know how to do gracefully.

Meanwhile the object of their remarks walked on until he reached the farm house where he was employed; for he was a widow's only son, and worked by the day at the Hill farm, giving his earnings to his mother, and spending his evenings at her little cottage, studying by the light of one poor tallow dip.

As his large, dark eyes glanced at the thoughtless girls who had made such a flippant speech about his clothes they had also caught sight of the indignation which had shot from the blue orbs of the last speaker; and although he had passed beyond the reach of the sound of her reproving words, he felt that their tenor would be as by a flash of intuition, and the knowledge took the sting of the criticism away.

So all through the rest of the day a pleasant memory of a sparkling face, with blue eyes and pink cheeks, framed by rich masses of yellow hair, was lurking in his mind instead of bitter thoughts of his poverty and patched garments.

WHAT ANOTHER DAY BROUGHT.

The Board of Examiners had met to pass judgment upon a throng of trembling, nervous young women who wished to be declared competent to take the place of an outgoing teacher in one of the grammar schools in the city.

There were about twenty applicants for the position, and it was well known that the examination would be a most thorough one.

Nearly all of the young ladies had been graduates from good schools; but to be questioned at the close of years of study is very different from having to brush up your knowledge so as to have it seem inexhaustible to those who are to pass judgment upon you after even one twelvemonth of cessation from school pursuits; is an ordeal which can only be appreciated by one who has passed through it.

The Board was composed mostly of gentlemen past middle age; but one of

the company, Mr. Moore, was quite a young man. He had a fine face, with keen, dark eyes whose brightness was tempered by eyeglasses. As the young ladies came in he glanced at the different faces—some of them fair and some plain, but nearly all of them wearing a nervous look of expectancy—he gave a sudden start, and then scrutinized one of the group with an air of interest.

"She was seated near the window, and long lines of slanting gold enveloped her in their way from the sun to the pine floor. But they did not develop a single flaw in the graceful, girlish figure or face. The blue eyes were cast modestly down, and the tiny white hands were crossed upon the lap of her neat linen dress. If Katharine Clement felt anxious and was overwrought at the position in which she was placed it did not prevent her red lips from wearing their usual expression of calm sweetness.

And her face was a true index of the state of her mind. She had experienced one of those reverses of fortune which come occasionally to the most favored children of this changeable sphere, and she had come to try for this position, if she secured it, it was well; if not she would try again; never doubting but that the wide world held a living for her somewhere.

And she was right. Another young applicant carried off the prize in mathematics, and that gained her the day with regard to the position of school-teacher; but much to Katharine's surprise an even better offer awaited her.

Young Mr. Moore looked, he had been chosen by his fellow citizens to represent them in the councils of the nation, and he had been wishing to find some pleasant and intelligent lady who would accept a home with his aged mother and make her happy by congenial companionship during his necessary absence.

He had been a poor boy; but his abilities had attracted the attention of a legal gentleman of great culture and of high standing in the profession. He had taken him into his office, and had finally given him a partnership in his law firm.

That had been the commencement of the rise in his fortunes; but the fickle goddess who turns the scales either upward or downward for the sons of men always likes to help those who help themselves, and lately she had sent the fortunate young lawyer a piece of royal good luck in the shape of a large fortune bequeathed to him by an eccentric maiden lady who had formed his acquaintance while calling at the office to give directions in the management of her estates.

Reginald Moore had accepted this good fortune gladly until he had learned that Miss Delaney had a rightful heir in the person of her only brother's only child.

She had been estranged from her brother since his marriage with a poor but worthy girl, and had never communicated with him since that occurrence, and had carried her animosity down to the grave with her.

When the knowledge of this heir came to Reginald, he had lost no time in endeavoring to communicate with the injured party, but thus far his endeavors had been unsuccessful.

Now, however, one thing was certain. In this sweet-faced young woman would be willing to teach, would she not be better pleased to earn a salary by giving kindness and intelligent companionship to his dear old mother?

"I love old people," she said, looking at him with her truthful blue eyes, "and I haven't a relative that I know of in the whole world. It will be like home to me, and I will make your mother very happy."

"I am sure you will," was the earnest reply. And so the matter was arranged to the satisfaction of all.

But when Katharine found that the good son who had engaged her to be his old mother's companion was also a bachelor, and made his home with that mother, she was not a little surprised.

When she was asked to go with him, she felt, with a glow of shame, that she had been too unreserved with a stranger gentleman who was, as her schoolmates used to say, "in the market."

Why she had taken him to be a married man she could not tell, for he was undeniably young looking. But who ever heard of a school examiner being a bachelor? That was what had misled her.

But the cause of her embarrassment was soon removed or rather he removed himself to the scene of legislative combats, and Katharine was once more at ease.

Mrs. Moore was very gentle, lovable and intelligent, and liked to hear Katharine's soft voice reading the Bible, and the works of her favorite poets, or perhaps the items of the daily paper.

She was also fond of talking, and would tell over the trying scenes through which she had passed after her husband's death, and would relate how kind and devoted her boy had been, and how he had denied himself everything so as to give her some portion of comfort.

Katharine was an untiring listener to the old lady's monotonous confidences, and if she ever wearied of them no one was the wiser.

Once she smiled and blushed as she felt, quavering voice told of a time

when her boy had been passing a group of school girls, and some of them had made fun of his clothes and of him.

"But Regie didn't care a straw," she continued, "for he said there was one of them, with the face of an angel, who flamed at them angrily out of her big eyes as blue as the June sky, and after that all he cared about was sometime to meet that girl again and thank her for taking a poor boy's part. I hope he will meet her sometime, Kitty, and maybe there would be a wedding follow it. What do you think?"

What Kitty thought was not destined to be told just then; for the bell rang, and who should it be but Reginald himself! He had run up to spend Saturday evening and Sunday with his mother.

After tea the old lady turned to him and said:

"I was telling Kitty about that time you had your feelings hurt, and how I'd like to have you run across that blue-eyed girl you took such a fancy to."

Reginald and Katharine's eyes met for an instant. Then Katharine's dropped in confusion.

"I knew you from the first, Miss Clement," said Reginald with a thrill in his deep voice, as he rose and went toward her. "Is it too soon for me to add that I loved an ideal until I met the reality, and that if the 'blue-eyed girl'—as my dear old mother calls her—will try to love me, or give me time to win her heart, I shall be the happiest man in the universe? May I hope?"

Katharine raised her eyes. Tears were in them, but they were happy ones, and made them shine all the brighter.

"I'll try you already, Reginald," she said, "and I can tell you something else that will surprise you: I am Mrs. Delaney's niece."

"Then her fortune, after all, will go where it should rightfully have been left. Mother, give us joy! The 'blue-eyed girl' will be your daughter, and she is to come into her rights at the same time that she marries your boy."

So we leave our heroine, loving and beloved. Could we give her a happier lot?

LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Since writing before to my paper, my young friend W. E. Medford, a brother-in-law of Jas. H. Douglass the merchant of Preston, has joined me from a trip up the St. John's. (due south) some two hundred miles and over by river, from the very heart of the orange region of Florida. His sunburnt features clearly bespeak of the effects of a tropical sun; but I recognized him and gave him a cordial greeting. He was anxious to learn all that had transpired around after he left, especially so to hear from the ladies, as he is a ladies' man.

Since being in Florida I have seen neither snow nor ice, and only spring weather, buds putting forth, roses commencing to bloom, &c. And I appreciate if my young friend does not soon leave for Maryland, the charming foliage and flowers now putting forth, soon to expand into beauty so profuse, and a certain other sensation for another beauty near the place of our abode, ripening into something perhaps more than admiration, and even then the old hen staid around, clucked to them, and tried to feed them. Colonel Hart has three of those 'gators now in his duck-house, two years old, and as gentle as kittens. They do everything we tell them to. We are going to break 'em to the bit when they get about six years old and use them to draw the ferry-boat between the Lark-in-House and Colonel Hart's grove."

"And the old hen?"

"Well, she's still around. She walks around the 'gators still and takes a motherly pride in them." W. F. K.

OPPOSED TO POLYGLY.

"Say, my dear," roared Mr. Spoonedyke as he dashed into the room and fell into a chair, "did you know that measly section of a dod gasted stove-pipe, with a Freshyterian steeple nose, has published a book about you and me?"

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoonedyke. "You don't tell me! Is it anything like Bonaparte crossing the Alps?"

"No, it ain't anything like Bonaparte crossing the Alps!" snorted Mr. Spoonedyke. "And it ain't anything like Julius Hannibal crossing the Hells-pipe! It's about you and me, and the dod gasted idiot always represents me as going to bed mad!"

"I don't believe there is anything in our private life to be ashamed of," said Mrs. Spoonedyke, "and as to your going to bed mad, you generally do, don't you dear?"

"What if I do?" howled Mr. Spoonedyke. "S'pose I want to go to bed on every news stand in the country done up in cheap posters and bad type? Think I want posters on the fences, 'Spoonedyke going to bed mad, in paper, 25 cents; Spoonedyke going to bed mad, with additions and preface by the author, price 50 cents; Spoonedyke going to bed mad, bound in cloth, in beveled glasses, children

would disturb him at all. Buckshot would be nothing but mosquito-bites to an old alligator. Alligators lay their eggs in the sand, in a sunny place where the temperature is sure to be warm enough to sustain animal growth. If a cold snap comes it kills the life of the egg, just the same as the chickens die in hen's eggs when the old hen stops too long. In the case of the alligator the warm sand is the nest and the sun the old hen. The sun sits on the nest all day and gets it so warm that it continues to keep warm during the night. Capt. Larkin tells me that he has hatched goose eggs and hen's eggs in the warm sand.

"I place them just as the alligator does," said the Captain, "where they are continually warm, with the small end of the egg up and just sticking through the sand. I spread a blanket over them at night, and at the end of three weeks the chickens jump out and commence eating the mosquitoes."

"Did you ever, vice versa, hatch alligator eggs under a hen, Captain?"

"No; but Mr. Pratt, editor of the Palatka Herald, and Col. Hart, who has the big orange grove over the river, have done so and it was a very curious experiment, too."

A moment afterwards the Captain introduced me to Mr. Pratt. "He is a very careful and truthful man, etc.," said the Captain, "and the best authority we have on alligators."

"What was it about you and Col. Hart hatching alligator's eggs under a hen, Mr. Pratt?" I asked.

"Why, yes, we tried it. We hatched out two litters—one under a goose, and the other under an old hen. The young 'gators came, for some time. She was very much puzzled. She couldn't give up the idea that they were her goslings, but still she didn't want to claim them. So she'd go to the nest and look in very mournfully, as men look at the remains at a funeral, and then go away."

"Who fed the little alligators?"

"Oh, little 'gators don't eat anything. They live for weeks on absolutely nothing. I've kept 'gators till they were a foot long, and never given them anything to eat. They simply lie still and grow. They live on air."

"What did the old hen do?"

"Well, she was different. She didn't set like the goose. She was a very stubborn old hen. I tried to break her up. We'd tied her off the nest, ducked her in the water and done every thing to stop her setting; but she would set. So I put ten 'gators' eggs under her in the sand, and let her go at it. I thought she'd get tired; but she sat five weeks on those eggs, and finally they hatched out six as lively little 'gators as you ever saw. The little fellows you know are quite frolicsome. I saw by the looks of the old hen, the morning that the 'gators hatched out, that something was up. The old hen clucked in a slow, motherly way, as if she was very proud. Well, the second day I threw some corn around the old hen, and she came off to eat. I knew she wouldn't go back again she ever saw the 'gators; but I wanted to see just what she would do. So Colonel Hart and I watched the nest."

"Did she come back?"

"Yes, and what do you think she did? Why, the old fool actually went and set down on the nest and never noticed the difference. I always knew hens were darned fools, but I never took them for beastly idiots before. That hen sat on those 'gators for four days, till the little fellows began to crawl out of the nest and drop into the muddy water. And even then the old hen staid around, clucked to them, and tried to feed them. Colonel Hart has three of those 'gators now in his duck-house, two years old, and as gentle as kittens. They do everything we tell them to. We are going to break 'em to the bit when they get about six years old and use them to draw the ferry-boat between the Lark-in-House and Colonel Hart's grove."

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AN AWKWARD FAINT.

Some women never can faint in the proper manner nor at the right time. And if a woman cannot bring about this happy combination of time and swoon, she had better get along without swooning. Now, about two weeks ago, one Sabbath evening, at Bradford, Pa., the best behaved and most thoroughly moral town in the oil country, a city not given to fainting or other unseemly displays, during religious services. The Methodist Episcopal conference was in session, and its ministers were conducting service. Just after the ordination of deacons, a woman in the gallery fainted. Now, while the ordination of deacons is a most solemn and deeply impressive ceremony, it is not widely thrilling and exciting, like the initial scenes of the Sons of Malta, and it is nothing to faint over. But this woman fainted, and a beautiful faint she made of it. It seems that she was sitting in the front seat in the gallery and slid straight forward on to the floor through her unconscious feet right through the gallery rail. They must have been a startling pair of feet to view, for the moment they were observed by the congregation, the panic struck on worshippers raised the cry that the gallery was giving way, evidently mistaking the swaying feet for displaced columns or bracket braces. In the most worldly manner the congregation made a rush for the doors, and in the

panic the saints trod the sinners under foot and the sinners walked along on the backs of the saints, according to the respective sizes of saint and sinner, all being animated by the desire to get out from under the threatening shadow of those overhanging feet. In the midst of the confusion and terror, one of those lunatics whose mission is to say and do the most idiotic things under a guise of sanity, sprung through the window and shouted fire, and unfortunately escaped alive. That brought the fire department and a miscellaneous crowd of a few thousand men and boys swarming around the church, and although Chaplain McCabe began singing a hymn at the top of his rather plaintive voice, the panic could not be stayed and the people got out, but there wasn't a fall bonnet in the congregation fit to look at.

And how badly this woman must have felt, when she realized how great a ruin she had wrought by fainting in that ridiculous manner, sticking through the gallery rail, like a saw buck hanging on a picket fence. And how the women with ruined hats will glare at her, especially those women who can't afford to buy new ones. A woman who is given to fainting ought always to pick out a suitable place before she lets go; and no woman whose feet are sufficiently startling in their development to throw a congregation of worshippers into a panic, has any right to faint at all.

A MURDER MARRIED CHILD.

LITTLE ELLA SHORES TAKES A SECOND HUSBAND.

Says the Somerset Herald: The marriage of Miss Ella Shores to Mr. Howard E. White, of Dames' Quarter district, this county, on the 6th inst., deserves more than passing notice. Many of our readers remember Miss Shores as the 13-year-old bride of Sidney Shores; if they do not, we will refresh their memories. On the 5th of February, 1880, the Rev. Z. Bowen united the last-named parties in marriage; and on the 9th of the same month Shores was arrested at his home in Dames' Quarter, at the residence of Mrs. Bowen, and taken before Justice A. K. Robinson of this town, and committed to jail in default of bail. Miss Shores was 13 years of age, and the step-daughter of Sidney Shores, who was between 35 and 40 years old. In the first place, that said Sidney had married his uncle's widow, and she had not been dead more than two months when he had induced his wife's daughter, by her first husband, to marry him. The child was to young to know any better, and no blame is attached to her. In this State a penalty of \$500 is imposed upon a man for taking to wife a step-daughter; and the minister, upon conviction, is fined \$1,500 for performing the ceremony.

Both Shores and Bowen were indicted at the April term of court, 1880—both trials took place during the same term. Shores was convicted and a fine of \$500 was imposed upon him, he to stand committed until the fine and costs were paid. The convict was a poor man, and if the terms of the sentence were to be carried out, it looked as though the groom would pass the remainder of his days in jail. Fortune favored him, however, and he escaped from jail on the 20th of May, 1880, and we have not heard from him since. Mr. Bowen was tried by jury, and acquitted, on the ground that he did not know the little girl or the affinity existing between her and Shores. The whole affair created quite a talk at the time, and the city papers had long and inaccurate accounts of it.

The marriage of Sidney and Ella was set aside or annulled by the court. The respective ages of Howard E. White and Ella, his wife, are 19 and 15 years. So it will be seen that on the same day of the same month, two years after her first marriage, the said Ella was for the second time united in the holy bonds of matrimony; and that her last husband is about half as old as the first one. May they live long and prosper.

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

Death to rats, mice, roaches and ants; Parson's Extremator. Burns, granules and household clearers in a single light. No fear of bad smells. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. Sold every where.

Not to be Sneezed At. That pure, sweet, safe and effective American distillation of witch hazel, American Canada, Florida, and clover blossom, called Sneeze-Preventer, for Catarrh. It instantly relieves the most violent sneezing or head cold, stops all watery discharges from the nose and eyes, cures headache and nervousness and banish all danger of fever. Complete treatment for one dollar.

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