



**One Small Profit**  
is all the consumer of Clothing should pay.

We manufacture more Clothing than any other retail house in the United States.

We know how to make the best goods at least cost.

We are willing to sell at the smallest profit. Hence we offer our customers the best bargains.

**WANAMAKER & BROWN,**  
OAK HALL,  
6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

The largest clothing house in America.

**THE CHIEF POINTS**  
OF PRE-EMINENCE WE CLAIM FOR OUR CLOTHING

SUPERIOR MAKE AND FINISH AND LOW PRICES.

TEST AND PROVE THIS TO YOUR SATISFACTION.

**A. C. YATES & CO.**  
LEDGER BUILDING, CHESTNUT AND SIXTH STS., PHILADELPHIA.

**GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.,**  
Lumber Dealers,  
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF.

The fire will not interfere with our business.

Our Office is not injured, and only a portion of our Yard No. 1 destroyed.

We will be pleased to fill all orders promptly, having a good stock in our other three yards.

**Greensborough Hotel**  
AND LIVERY STABLES,  
GREENSBORO, Maryland.  
W. H. COHEE, PROP'R.

Having refitted and greatly improved the house formerly kept by Willis, is now prepared to accommodate travelers at moderate prices. Carriage runs to R. R. and connects with every train. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

**Carrollton Hotel,**  
Baltimore, Light and German Sts., Baltimore Maryland.

Rates Reduced to \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day according to location of rooms, for all above Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors.

F. W. COLEMAN, Manager.

**THE "Clarendon."**  
COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS., BALTIMORE, MD.

\$1.50 to \$2.00 Per Day.

Table board \$4 per week. Permanent Guests, \$5.00 to \$7.00 per week. Rooms without board, 50 cts., 75 cts., \$1.00 a day.

J. F. DARROW, Proprietor.

**VOSHELL HOUSE,**  
CHESTERTOWN, MD.  
J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Prop'rs.

**EUROPEAN HOTEL**  
EASTON, MD.  
G. W. W. HADDADWAY, PROP.

**MANSION HOUSE,**  
I. Albertson, Proprietor.

**BRICK HOTEL,**  
EASTON, MD.,  
J. C. Norris, Proprietor

**TABLE FIRST-CLASS.**

**House Newly Furnished.**

**CARPETS**  
J. C. SMITH & BRO.,  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc.

**GEO. S. CLOGG & SON,**  
FINE SHOES

**LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.**  
They keep constantly on hand a great variety of the best shoes made.

**GEO. S. CLOGG & SON,**  
179 West Baltimore Street,

**ESTEY ORGAN**

Agency just completed for the counties of Talbot, Caroline and Queen Anne's. The superb quality of the Estey Organ is too well established to need further commendation.

**G. W. MINNICK & SON,**  
EASTON, MD.

**ALEX. D. WATSON,**  
SOLE AGENT FOR

**Averill Chemical Ready-Mixed Paints,**  
NEW YORK.

**ALEX. D. WATSON'S,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.

**Ford's Bazar,**  
51 W. BALTIMORE ST.,

**THE GREAT BAZAR FOR USEFUL AND FANCY HOUSEHOLD GOODS.**

**FARMERS & PLANTERS**  
The best and cheapest Fertilizer for Corn, Oats, Grass and Truck is the Ammoniated Corn Grower.

**ROBT. TURNER & SON,**  
BALTIMORE, MD.

An American's Ideal.  
A common-place young girl;  
A decidedly rare young girl;  
Stay at home night;  
Do what is right;  
Helpful old mother young girl.

THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR TELLER'S SON SAM.  
Senator Teller, of Colorado, is the happy father of two boys. One of them named Sam, a red-headed young dandy of 8 years was recently introduced to President Arthur. He took the introduction coolly, and proceeded at once to establish friendly relations between the Chief Magistrate and himself. Two days ago Sam, who is fond of piscatorial pursuits and will brave everything in the way of parental punishment to satisfy his taste, sat fishing at the foot of Seventeenth street. After the style of old anglers, he had his line between his right finger and thumb, and was anxiously, yet patiently, awaiting a bite. He was aroused from his reverie by a large, tall man smoking a cigar, who cheerily accosted him: "Hallo, Sam; what are you doing there, my boy?"

"Why, halloo, Mr. Arthur," was the boy's response, "I am fishing. Don't you want to take a line yourself?" "No, not now," said the President, smiling.

"Don't you like to fish?" asked the Westerner.  
"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I frequently go fishing. I caught a fifty-pound salmon on the St. Lawrence once."  
"Do you like to come here, Mr. Arthur?"

"Yes, I do, Sam," responded the President with a touch of sadness in his voice. "I am a widower; and my wife used to live in that house"—pointing to a humble-looking frame building.  
"I think it is funny for you to be here," continued Sam, hauling up his line and looking disgusted when he found his bait gone and no fish on the hook. "Ain't you afraid of getting shot, like Mr. Garfield?"

"No, Sam," replied the President. "I never think of that. I like to stroll around, and especially to come down here."  
"If I was a rich man like you, Mr. Arthur," said the boy, "and had all the carriages and horses you have, I would not come walking around here; I would ride out to Great Falls and fish."  
General Arthur laughed at the artlessness of the boy, and said he was going to Great Falls some day to fish.

"Are you going to the circus, Mr. Arthur?" asked Sam, abruptly.  
"No. Are you?"  
"Yes, indeed. I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. Governor Pacheo is going to take me in his carriage. It is two miles, you know, and we've got to ride. They say they've got an awful big elephant. You ought to go and see it, Mr. Arthur."  
"I would like to do so," said the President, "but I can't go this afternoon, Sam. I guess you had better come and take dinner with me. Pull up your line and let us go."  
"No, indeed," was the quick reply; "can't get me to dinner to-day. I'm going to the circus. I had rather go to a circus any day than dinner."  
"Well," said the President, laughing, "let us walk up the street, anyway. It's near time for the circus."  
"That's so," said Sam, pulling up his line and stuffing the major part of it in his pocket. "I'll go along with you, Mr. Arthur."

They walked up the street a short distance, Sam holding on by the President's hand. "Why," he broke out suddenly, "we all like you, Mr. Arthur, because of your appointment of Mr. Teller. Herbert likes you, too."  
"Who is Herbert," asked the President.  
"He's my big brother. He'll be twelve years, old and he likes you. I'm bringing you to see you."  
"All right," was the genial response. "Both of you come up to the White House and have dinner with me some day, and I'll drive you out to Great Falls, where we will have some good fishing."  
"That'll be bully!" cried Sam. His eyes brightened as he saw a carriage driving toward them. He yelled to the coachman to stop. "There's Governor Pacheo," he shouted. The Governor stepped out of the carriage and advanced toward the President, and Sam sang out: "Hellow, Governor! Mr. Arthur, this is my friend, Governor Pacheo. I want you to know him. I'll go with you now, Governor. Good day, Mr. Arthur, relinquishing his hold of the President's hand, and General Arthur and Governor Pacheo separated. The boy shouted: "Oh Mr. Arthur, you must go to the circus with Jumbo comes. They say he is the biggest elephant in the world. You had better drive down and take me with you when he comes."  
The President laughingly assented to the proposition. It was very evident that Sam thought more of Governor Pacheo than he did of the President, and more of the circus than he did of both.

merit a wreck upon the sand-bars of fate or fashion, for they must mean about the same thing. Perhaps in the near future light may break in upon our benighted minds surrounding them with a golden halo of truth. Who knows?

**A Fellow-Feeling.**  
THE PRESIDENT AND SENATOR TELLER'S SON SAM.  
Senator Teller, of Colorado, is the happy father of two boys. One of them named Sam, a red-headed young dandy of 8 years was recently introduced to President Arthur. He took the introduction coolly, and proceeded at once to establish friendly relations between the Chief Magistrate and himself. Two days ago Sam, who is fond of piscatorial pursuits and will brave everything in the way of parental punishment to satisfy his taste, sat fishing at the foot of Seventeenth street. After the style of old anglers, he had his line between his right finger and thumb, and was anxiously, yet patiently, awaiting a bite. He was aroused from his reverie by a large, tall man smoking a cigar, who cheerily accosted him: "Hallo, Sam; what are you doing there, my boy?"

"Why, halloo, Mr. Arthur," was the boy's response, "I am fishing. Don't you want to take a line yourself?" "No, not now," said the President, smiling.

"Don't you like to fish?" asked the Westerner.  
"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I frequently go fishing. I caught a fifty-pound salmon on the St. Lawrence once."  
"Do you like to come here, Mr. Arthur?"

"Yes, I do, Sam," responded the President with a touch of sadness in his voice. "I am a widower; and my wife used to live in that house"—pointing to a humble-looking frame building.  
"I think it is funny for you to be here," continued Sam, hauling up his line and looking disgusted when he found his bait gone and no fish on the hook. "Ain't you afraid of getting shot, like Mr. Garfield?"

"No, Sam," replied the President. "I never think of that. I like to stroll around, and especially to come down here."  
"If I was a rich man like you, Mr. Arthur," said the boy, "and had all the carriages and horses you have, I would not come walking around here; I would ride out to Great Falls and fish."  
General Arthur laughed at the artlessness of the boy, and said he was going to Great Falls some day to fish.

"Are you going to the circus, Mr. Arthur?" asked Sam, abruptly.  
"No. Are you?"  
"Yes, indeed. I wouldn't miss the circus for anything. Governor Pacheo is going to take me in his carriage. It is two miles, you know, and we've got to ride. They say they've got an awful big elephant. You ought to go and see it, Mr. Arthur."  
"I would like to do so," said the President, "but I can't go this afternoon, Sam. I guess you had better come and take dinner with me. Pull up your line and let us go."  
"No, indeed," was the quick reply; "can't get me to dinner to-day. I'm going to the circus. I had rather go to a circus any day than dinner."  
"Well," said the President, laughing, "let us walk up the street, anyway. It's near time for the circus."  
"That's so," said Sam, pulling up his line and stuffing the major part of it in his pocket. "I'll go along with you, Mr. Arthur."

They walked up the street a short distance, Sam holding on by the President's hand. "Why," he broke out suddenly, "we all like you, Mr. Arthur, because of your appointment of Mr. Teller. Herbert likes you, too."  
"Who is Herbert," asked the President.  
"He's my big brother. He'll be twelve years, old and he likes you. I'm bringing you to see you."  
"All right," was the genial response. "Both of you come up to the White House and have dinner with me some day, and I'll drive you out to Great Falls, where we will have some good fishing."  
"That'll be bully!" cried Sam. His eyes brightened as he saw a carriage driving toward them. He yelled to the coachman to stop. "There's Governor Pacheo," he shouted. The Governor stepped out of the carriage and advanced toward the President, and Sam sang out: "Hellow, Governor! Mr. Arthur, this is my friend, Governor Pacheo. I want you to know him. I'll go with you now, Governor. Good day, Mr. Arthur, relinquishing his hold of the President's hand, and General Arthur and Governor Pacheo separated. The boy shouted: "Oh Mr. Arthur, you must go to the circus with Jumbo comes. They say he is the biggest elephant in the world. You had better drive down and take me with you when he comes."  
The President laughingly assented to the proposition. It was very evident that Sam thought more of Governor Pacheo than he did of the President, and more of the circus than he did of both.

A man in the suburbs calls his wife "Shadow" because she is continually following him around. We take it for granted that he is afraid of his own shadow.—The Household.

**On the Bite.**  
A CHICAGO IDYL OF THE GENTLE SPRING-TIME.  
"Does your father keep a dog?"  
As George W. Simpson spoke these words in the earnest way that characterized his demeanor towards the gentler sex, Aphrodite McGuire gave an upward glance, half-shyly, half-wonderingly, and then the beautiful brown eyes were again turned away and the little dimpled hand that had been clasping a pillar of the vine-clad porch on which they were standing this beautiful June morning felt listlessly by her side. For a moment neither spoke. The sun glints fluttered erratically down between the bright green leaves of the maple trees, the hum of insects filled the air and the pleasant lowing of the cows as they grazed contentedly among the grasses of the meadows was borne up on the breath of the early summer to these two in whose hearts the first prompting of a pure Cook county love was being felt.

The man was first to speak. Bending over the little form that stood beside him, he looked with his clear blue eyes upon the coronal of golden locks that crowned Aphrodite's head, and then his eyes wandered to the invisible net which kept the coronal from slipping off when the breeze hit it. "My darling," he whispered softly to himself. "God has made us for each other and we must never be parted. Without you my life would be as desolate as the subscription book of a Milwaukee newspaper, my whole existence a horrible dream from which there was no awakening." And clutching nervously at his ill-behavior-in-the-spring monstache with one hand, he gently placed the other on Aphrodite's shoulder. The girl did not move. Again he touched her but there was no response. Still George suspected nothing. Who can blame his pure innocence? The dress was padded.

"Aphrodite," he said, in low, mellow tones—almost mellow enough to pick, "will you not speak to me and give me hope, one little three-for-five cent hope?" The girl raised her face to his. "The happy, careless are you going-to-the-hall-his-evening expression that had marked its every feature before George spoke the fateful words with which this story opens was gone and in its place there dwelt a stony, almost concrete look, that told more eloquently than could words of the terrible struggle that had taken place in the mind of this beautiful, striped-stocking girl. No words came from the ashen lips from which the red blood of youth had flown, but the wistful, feeble expression of the dusky-brown eyes told all.

"He has got a dog, then?" asked George, his voice trembling with excitement as he spoke.  
"Two," murmured the girl, while a storm of sobs shook her form; "and," she added, speaking the words with a tender grace beyond compare, "they are both on the bite."

**Cave of the Robbers.**  
Colonel James A. Alexander, the Gallatin banker and capitalist, rented his farm near this place five years ago to a fine-looking farmer who gave his name as F. J. Howard. The farm was occupied by Howard until the day of the killing of Jesse James was reported, when the occupants disappeared, carrying away the household goods. The owner of the farm soon after received a letter signed Frank James, alias F. J. Howard, stating that he had vacated the premises forever, adding "visit the cave on your farm and you will find something to interest you. I shall avenge the death of my brother or die in the attempt."

The receipt of this letter greatly astonished Colonel Alexander, who called about him a select number of his friends to whom he read the document and who were as equally astonished. Keeping the matter a secret they left the same evening for a visit to the cave, and entering the same with torches a weird sight met their view. First, the skeletons of four horses, evidently left there by the robbers on their last raid as they still emit an unpleasant odor. Blankets and mattresses were strewn about promiscuously, together with cooking utensils and a few pieces of furniture. This portion of the cave is perfectly dry and afforded a comfortable abode for the bandits.

In a niche in one of the chambers was found a half bushel measure, such as is used by farmers, and in it was found miscellaneous assortment of valuables, evidently placed there and forgotten by the robbers. Among the assortment were four diamond rings, two diamond necklaces, nine diamond pins (supposed to be diamonds), thirty gold watches, sixteen plain gold rings, twelve silver watches, and many other articles too numerous to mention, all of which are now locked up in the vault of the Summer Deposit Bank, in Gallatin, for identification.—Gallatin Tennessean.

Among the other luxuries of the season Guiteau is allowed a serenade—a religious and evangelical serenade, conducted and given by representatives of a local "Salvation Army" in Washington. They sang the revival hymns, "Bring in the Sheaves," "Adieu, My Friends, Adieu," "Walk in the Light," and "I Long to Meet You There." Guiteau "wept bitterly," one account says; another that he "wept like a child." His savage breast seems to have been shaken at last in accordance with Shakespeare's prescription.

The Chinaman who thought he was Americanized enough to squeeze a Texas girl's hand on the sly, has departed for some quiet place in the hills where he can pick stray bird shot out of his legs.—Free Press.

**Why Butler Would Not Defend Guiteau.**  
General Benjamin F. Butler has declined to act for Guiteau, notwithstanding the urgent appeal of his relatives. It is not generally known that General Ben. Butler once made a vow never to enter a criminal court again as counsel for a prisoner under criminal indictment. [The reason he assigns for such action carries with it quite a history.

It appears that during his second term in Congress, one of his supporters, and a faithful friend, was sheriff of one of the counties in his Congressional district, received a telegraph from the sheriff of an adjoining county, asking him to arrest a prisoner who had escaped from his custody, and was on board an incoming train. On the arrival of the train in question the culprit was arrested, and the sheriff locked him up, pro tem, in the railroad depot, from which he subsequently escaped. Pursued by the sheriff the prisoner halted at the bank of a creek, produced a pistol and threatened his pursuer with death should he advance one step further. "The courageous sheriff, though unarmed, did not hesitate in the discharge of his duty, and met his death in consequence. The man was hunted down and in a short time lodged safely in jail.

Then came the funeral of his victim, at which General Butler, next to the widow and fatherless, acted as chief mourner. "Some six months after this," says General Butler, "I was in the criminal court, when the prisoner before mentioned was arraigned for trial. In answer to the presiding judge he represented himself as being without counsel, and requested that I should be assigned to defend him, which request was granted. I pleaded all sorts of excuses, but in the State of Massachusetts a similar request from a prisoner on trial for his life never passes unheeded, and I was compelled to act as the defender of the very man who had so cruelly deprived one of my best friends his life. "Once assigned," said he, "I forgot everything but my official oath as an attorney, and succeeded so well for my client that in the end he was convicted of a minor degree of manslaughter, entailing only a few years incarceration in jail. Then came the hue and cry of my political enemies. "This is the man," they said "who escorts the widow to the grave at the funeral of his faithful henchman, weeps crocodile tears, and then defends the assassin and assists him in defeating the ends of justice."

"At the last election," said General Butler, "I did not get even one vote in that district, though heretofore they had been unanimously cast in my interest. Can you then wonder at my registering a vow never to enter a criminal court again?"

**Outward Signs of Character.**  
The eyes are wonderful interpreters of character. Round-eyed people see much, live much in the senses, but think less. Narrow-eyed persons, on the other hand, see less, but think more and feel more intensely. It will be observed that the eyes of children are open and round. Their whole life is to receive impressions. When the upper eyelid—for it is that which has the greatest amount of mobility—drops over the eye, it indicates not merely reflection but something painful to reflect about. Hence the length or drooping of the upper eyelid betokens confession and penitence. The drooping of the half of the eyelid from the outer angle to the centre indicates the disposition to confess one's faults to parents or seniors, to a "father confessor," or to the Supreme Being. The drooping of the half of the eyelid from the inner angle to the centre betokens the disposition to repent and to "do works meet for penitence." Closely allied to these signs are those of prayerfulness and humility. The former is indicated by the muscle which turns the eye directly upward, as represented in the pictures of the Madonna. The faculty of truth, or love of it, is indicated by the muscle which surrounds the eye, causing folds and wrinkles. Justice is indicated by the muscle which causes perpendicular wrinkles between the eyebrows. Fullness and wrinkles under the eye, for which some persons are remarkable, indicate the love of mathematical accuracy; and wrinkles curving upward from the outer angle of the eye and eye-brow indicate probity and personal truthfulness. A kind of exactness of strict honesty in small money matters is indicated by a single perpendicular wrinkle or line between the eyebrows. The love of command is indicated by one or more short transverse wrinkles across the root of the nose, exactly between the eyes. It may be seen in great military commanders, in masters and teachers, and in those generally who are fond of exercising authority.

The Chinaman who thought he was Americanized enough to squeeze a Texas girl's hand on the sly, has departed for some quiet place in the hills where he can pick stray bird shot out of his legs.—Free Press.

Snooks went home the other night afflicted with a double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Snooks, and then complacently remarked: "Well, I declare if you two gals don't look 'nough like to be twins."

Albert has nine marbles and Aaron steals four. How many are left? Aaron drops a dime from his pocket and Albert swallows it. What was Aaron's profit on the whole business?—Detroit Free Press.

It seemed so odd when the announcement was first made of the practicability of packing electricity in the storage batteries that for a while the idea served only as a basis for jokes. But the occasional accounts which have come from over the water of marked success in this method of using the electric fluid have turned joke into serious reality and theory into real work. The best proof that the storage plan is a serviceable one is given by the batteries just arrived on the steamer Labrador from Havre. These batteries were charged in Paris, ten days before the steamer sailed. Some of them were used on the voyage and furnished to the lamps a clear and steady current of electricity, yielding a more satisfactory light than that which comes directly from the dynamo. If the practicability of this system is permanently proved it is a great step toward the general and economical introduction of electric light. The batteries can be deposited in an out-of-the-way corner of any house and refilled at slight expense when empty. The thought of sending electricity around in wagons and delivering it at people's houses like the milk or groceries does seem a curious novelty. Yet it is not more really queer to us than would have been the idea of friction matches to our forefathers a century ago. That would have required fully as much credulity as we are called to exercise in regard to the perfect working of the storage of and delivery system for electricity. The first commercial success of this plan will be for dwellings and other places of moderate size, where only few lights are wanted and where it will not pay to keep an engine going for the purpose. Then let the gas men look well to their meters and see how low per thousand they can make out their bills.

**The Newer Arithmetic.**  
In one lot there are four calves, and in another two young men with their hair parted in the centre. How many calves in all?

An Alderman who has an official salary of \$100 per year, spends \$120 to be elected. How much would he lose if he didn't sell his influence to rings and schemers?

Mary bought a comb for ten cents, a spool of thread for six cents, and a paper of pins for seven cents. She handed the clerk a fifty cent piece with a stove-pipe hole through the rim. How many cents did she receive in change? A man ordered a ton of coal and received 1,800 pounds. How much more was due him, and how did he go to work to get it?

A woman bought eleven yards of cloth, and paid for it with butter, giving three pounds of butter for a yard. There was a stone weighing five pounds in the centre of the crock, and the dealer cheated her a yard and a half in measuring the cloth. Who was ahead on that trade, and how much?

A farmer's wife has twenty-two hens. A preacher comes to stay over Sunday, and she cooks a neck-piece of corn-beef. How many hens has she left?

A boy earns eighty cents a day and beats the old man out of his board at \$3 per week. How much will he have after the first grand aggregation of gigantic wagons leave town?

Albert has nine marbles and Aaron steals four. How many are left? Aaron drops a dime from his pocket and Albert swallows it. What was Aaron's profit on the whole business?—Detroit Free Press.

It seemed so odd when the announcement was first made of the practicability of packing electricity in the storage batteries that for a while the idea served only as a basis for jokes. But the occasional accounts which have come from over the water of marked success in this method of using the electric fluid have turned joke into serious reality and theory into real work. The best proof that the storage plan is a serviceable one is given by the batteries just arrived on the steamer Labrador from Havre. These batteries were charged in Paris, ten days before the steamer sailed. Some of them were used on the voyage and furnished to the lamps a clear and steady current of electricity, yielding a more satisfactory light than that which comes directly from the dynamo. If the practicability of this system is permanently proved it is a great step toward the general and economical introduction of electric light. The batteries can be deposited in an out-of-the-way corner of any house and refilled at slight expense when empty. The thought of sending electricity around in wagons and delivering it at people's houses like the milk or groceries does seem a curious novelty. Yet it is not more really queer to us than would have been the idea of friction matches to our forefathers a century ago. That would have required fully as much credulity as we are called to exercise in regard to the perfect working of the storage of and delivery system for electricity. The first commercial success of this plan will be for dwellings and other places of moderate size, where only few lights are wanted and where it will not pay to keep an engine going for the purpose. Then let the gas men look well to their meters and see how low per thousand they can make out their bills.

"What shall we do to entertain our girls?" says a religious exhorter. A man who needs advice as to how to entertain his girls is not fit to edit a religious paper. We suggest that he should take one of them out buggy riding in the afternoon, tell her what a daisy she is and how inquisitive and fixed up that other girl is. Then he should take the other girl out for ice cream after supper and tell her confidentially how very uninteresting and awkward the buggy-riding girl is. When the two girls meet the religious editor can depend on them entertaining each other, without his personal assistance.

Snooks went home the other night afflicted with a double vision. He sat for some time with his sleepy gaze riveted on Mrs. Snooks, and then complacently remarked: "Well, I declare if you two gals don't look 'nough like to be twins."