Denton Journal.

1845. *A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, AGRICULTURE, AND ADVERTISING:—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.* 1882.

VOL. 37. DENTON, MARYLAND: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1882. NO. 17.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

I am manufacturing three styles of Sewing Machines and selling them at such

UNHEARD OF PRICES!

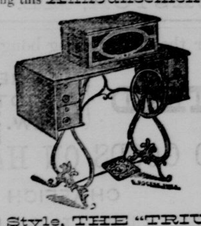
as to defy all competition. No family need be without a Machine, and no person on of employment, after reading this Announcement Extraordinary

No. 1 Style,

THE "CENTENNIAL,"

makes the Stitch directly from two spools, is warranted to do the whole range of family sewing with the greatest ease and in the most perfect manner, and sells

For $15.



No. 2 Style,

"THE BEST,"

a strictly first-class SHUTTLE Machine, is warranted to do the same work as the Singer, and to be a superior machine in every respect.

Price $25.

No. 3 Style, THE "TRIUNE,"

makes at will either the Lock Stitch, Chain Stitch, or Spiral Embroidery Stitch, and is the finest Sewing Machine ever invented. Price $30.

EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED FOR 3 YEARS.

Sewing Machine Agents and others will find this a grand opportunity to engage in profitable business.

NOTE.—I have just completed a "Centennial Hand Machine," beautifully mounted in Walnut stand, which I will sell in lot of 25 at $5.00 each. Send for circular and terms to

HENRY LOTH, MANUFACTURER OF
The Patent Folding Table and the Latest Styles of Sewing Machine Cabinet Work,
9,9,1y NO. 645 NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A perfect restorer & dressing, elegantly perfumed and entirely harmless. Removes dandruff, restores natural color and prevents baldness

50 cents and $1 sizes at druggists

Floreston COLOGNE

A delicate & exquisitely fragrant perfume with exceptionally lasting properties.

25 and 75 cents.

Parker's Ginger Tonic

An Invigorating Medicine that Never Intoxicates.

This delicious combination of Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best vegetable medicines known, cures Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Wakefulness, and all disorders of the bowels, stomach, liver, kidneys, and urinary organs.

If you have lost your appetite and are low spirited, or suffering from age, or any infirmity, take Parker's Ginger Tonic. It will strengthen brain and body and give you new life and vigor.

100 DOLLARS

Paid for anything injurious found in Ginger Tonic, or for a failure to help or cure. Try it or ask your sick friend to try it **To-Day.**

50c. and $1 sizes at druggists. Large saving buying dollar size. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., 163 William St., N. Y.

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.

SAM'L. BURNS & CO.

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SASH, DOORS, BLINDS &c.

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R. J. BAKER. ESTABLISHED 1837. R. J. HOLLINGSWORTH.

SULPHATE OF AMMONIA. R. J. BAKER & CO., PURE NITRATE SODA.

—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN—

PURE GROUND BONE, CHEMICALS, ACIDS, &C.,

For Manufacturing Super-phosphates.

AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATEFOR ALL CROPS.

PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES.

PURE FINE GROUND RAW BONE.

STAGSUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME FOR TOBACCO.

FACTORY at LOCUST POINT.

OFFICE, 36 and 38 S. CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PLACE TO BUY DRY GOODS.
FALL OF 1882.

Hamilton Easter & Sons,

199, 201 & 203 W. BALTO. ST.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

The above firm have been Importers, Jobbers, and Retailers of Dry Goods for *over 50 years*. Their present large trade has been built up by fair dealing, and selling only such goods as will prove satisfactory to the purchaser and found of full value for the price paid. The price of every article is marked in plain figures, and the inexperienced buyer pays the same price as those fully acquainted with the value of goods. Our stock of Silks, Dress Goods, Wraps, Linen Goods, Mourning Fabrics, Hosiery, Gloves, and Shawls are entirely of our own importation.

We have also on hand a very extensive assortment of Domestic Cotton Goods, Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Comforts, Lace Curtains, Goods for Men's wear, &c, &c.

The great extent and variety of our stock will be apparent on a personal examination which we solocit from all reading this advertisement. Shopping by mail is now thoroughly established and is a source of economy. A single order entrusted to our care cannot fail to establish a satisfactory business. We send samples by mail free of charge. In ordering please state class of goods desired.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS.
9 30 3m.

NEW GOODS.

H. BLACKISTON & SON,

have returned from the city with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Dry Goods Notions, Groceries, Read-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a general assortment of all other goods, all of which you are requested to call and examine. We are trying to do a fair and square business, giving you the worth of your money. We think it unnecessary to blow about low prices or city prices. We wish you to judge for yourselves in regard to prices and quality of our goods. e have

The Largest Stock

of Goods in Denton for you to make your selections from.

☞We return thanks to our customers for past favors and will be glad to have you call frequently. We are willing and able to accommodate prompt customers.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods.

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WHEN
YOU VISIT
BALTIMORE
DON'T FAIL
TO CALL
AT THE
"EXCELSIOR"
AND SEE THEIR
1882 - FALL - 1882
DISPLAY
OF
CLOTHING, Hats, Caps
AND
FURNISHING GOODS.
OUR MOTTO:
ONE PRICE
AND THAT
The Lowest.
EXCELSIOR
S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts.
LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT
IN
MARYLAND.

LINDAU & CO.
DISTILLERS OF
WHISKIES,
AND IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies Gins,
5 and 7 NORTH GAY STREET.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Always on hand a Large Stock of Choice Old Rye, Wheat, Bourbon and Monongahela Whiskies.

DRUNKENNESS & OPIUMEATING

C. C. Beers, M. D. & Son, 433 Fourth avenue, New York, have painless remedies for these evils. Thousands cured. Call or send stamp for evidence. 10 14

INSURE YOUR HOME BUSINESS Live Stock.

I HEREBY inform the citizens of Caroline county that I am prepared to take risks in the following old and reliable Companies, at very moderate rates:

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS, - - - $94,702,957.92.

AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.
Insures nothing but but Farm Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by

LIGHTNING,
Whether FIRE Ensues or not.
NET ASSETS, - - - $1,394,087.83.

ROCHESTER GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by Fire,
OR BY LIGHTNING, WHETHER FIRE ENSUES OR NOT.
ASSETS, - - - - $493,785.50.

PEOPLES' MUTUAL LIVE STOCK INSURANCE CO. OF BALTO.
Insures nothing but Live Stock against loss by death from accident or disease.

No charge for making a survey of property to be insured. No premium note required. All orders by mail promptly attended to. I will insure property for any period, from two days to three years at a time.

CHAS. A. DUNNING,
2,25 AGENT, Denton, Md.

CARPETS

J. C. SMITH & BRO,
[LATE OF KENT COUNTY, DEL.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc. We have on hand a well selected stock which we offer at lowest prices. Remember name and number and do not fail to give us a call.

J. C. SMITH & BR.,
444 W. Balto. Near Pearl, St.
Baltimore, Md.

VOSHELL HOUSE,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.
J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Propr's.
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL

EASTON, MD.
(Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.)
G. W. W. HADDAWAY, PROP.
First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 4,11

MANSION HOUSE,

I. Albertson,
Proprietor.

☞ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD, SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1 50 PER DAY.

N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets' Baltimore.

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. 2 25.

Carrollton Hotel,

Baltimore, Light and German Sts.
Baltimore Maryland.

Rates Reduced to $3.00 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.

☞All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W COLEMAN, Manager.
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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 The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and everything first-class at low rates

J. F. DARROW,
Proprietor.
[LATE (15 YEARS) PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY]
12-3

Greenwood & Woodall,

Commission Merchants,
72 SOUTH ST, BALTIMORE.
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUIT & PRODUCE.

BLAZER—HIS CHRISTMAS.

Tony and Blazer were brothers. Perhaps you never saw Tony, but I'm certain that you knew Blazer. His business establishment was just off Broad way on Canal Street. His stock-in trade consisted of a box of blacking, with brushes, a pair of lusty lungs, and an infinitesimal amount of "cheek." zer paid particular attention to the feet of the world in general, consequently he could well be excused for paying but little regard to his own face in particular.

Tony took no part in the mercantile operations; he remained at home.

The "home" consisted of a garret, not over-spacious, either as to length, breadth or height, and furnished on the principle that "man wants but little here below."

Tony was a cripple. He had not always been a cripple; there was a time when he had run about as lusty and as impudent as Blazer.

"When wine is in wit is out." Sometimes this is not all that is out, either. Timothy Taylor—that's tony and Blazers father—came home one night with a large amount of spirits "in," and pretty near everything else "out." The evening repast was not such as pleased the critical taste of Mr. Taylor. hence the desire which arose in his mind to chastise Blazer.

Blazer objected, stoutly. There was nothing else handy to throw at the boy, and so the father flung Tony.

Tony didn't strike Blazer; he struck the foot of the stairs instead. It didn't kill him, though; it only broke his back.

The law stepped in here and kindly assigned Mr. Taylor "quarters out of town;" the gentleman through whose means Tony's back was broken was kindly let alone. He was licensed to do it. Tony and Blazer were let alone too.

Neither cared, though; every morning Blazer said "good-by" to Tony, and with a cheerful heart went down to business. Every evening, if trade was brisk, he went home whistling merrily; if business had been very poor, he went home soberly and silent until he was about a block away; then he began to whistle as cheerily as upon prosperous nights. So Tony never knew the difference.

On this particalar evening Blazer whistled all the way home. It was not alone that business had been brisk; it was not alone that it was Christmas Eve, either.

Christmas Eve brings a great deal of happiness to some people, while to others it simply the spectacle of other people's happiness. Blazer had seen the time when he had stood upon the pavement and hated at the world for going by him with such smiling faces. But to-night—ah! to-night—it was all different, for Blazer had a secret.

I am almost tempted to tell you his secret. I am afraid, though, almost, that Blazer would be angry if I were to let you know that, snugly tucked in an old tobacco bag, down in one corner of his ragged pocket, was to him a mine of wealth—an El Dorado — five dollars!

Five dollars!—I didn't mean to tell, but now it's out and can't be put back again—some in nickels, a few scattered quarters and a great many coppers, but five dollars nevertheless. How did he get it? I shall not tell you that. I might say how he had resolutely gone by the open theatre door—he who loved the lights and glitter as well as any who went in; I could hint how he had denied himself the pleasure of the five-cent restaurant, contented with a crust instead; I might let you know of the really Spartan fortitude with which—but no, I shall not say a word, for Blazer would not like it.

Five dollars! What will it buy for Tony?

Such a dinner! such pies and turkey! Apples, too—red-cheeked big apples; oranges; oh, yes! Tony thinks so much of oranges—grapes, figs candy! what will it not buy?

His eyes sparkle—how merrily he runs up the stairs, to their great detriment and imminent danger of breaking his own neck! how blithely he calls out, "Tony, old feller!"

He always calls this when he comes in, and Tony always opens his eyes and says "Blazer." Then Blazer bends down to the bed and says, "Old boy, how are yer?" And Tony smiles, always, and says, "All right, Blazer,"

Something in Tony's voice to-night, and in his wan smile—such a pitiful smile as it is!—arrests Blazer's laugh. He cannot tell why he stops so suddenly, nor why he comes up closer to Tony's bed and says, again:

"How are you, Tony?"

"Why, all right, Blazer," and Tony laughs.

Then Blazer laughs, too; his heart is light again.

Then shadows creep up and fill the room. The two boys never have a light; they are expensive luxuries; but to-morrow night — here Blazers eyes shine in the gloom.

Presently he speak:

"Tony."

"Well, Blazer?"

"How would you like"—hesitatingly; he is so afraid Tony will suspect, 'would yer like to hang up yer stockings, jest fer fun, yer know, Tony?"

"Oh!"—Tony's eyes grew bright in the gloom—"'twould be prime."

"Yer might pertend, you know, Tony; yer allers wor good at pertendin'."

"Yes" — Tony is quite excited—"Say, Blazer, yer could roll up some papers, couldn't yer? 'Twould be jolly to open 'em in the mording and make believe they wor presents."

"Yes, indeed," how the boy is laughto himself; he is so afraid Tony will see or hear him. "You can pin it onto your pillar, Tony; I've got the stockin'."

Blazer produced it forthwith, and Tony's weak, thin hand hung it at the "pillow."

"Put in a big ball o' paper, Blazer," says Tony; "that'll be for oranges and —oh, dear! I oughtn't ter tell myself" —with a little laugh, for Tony is in such good spirits.

As for Blazer he is almost wild with excitement.

"Paper for oranges, indeed!," he chuckles, inwardly in the darkness. He is glad Tony cannot see his face.

After Tony is asleep he will go out and buy all these things. A popgun, too; he is sure Tony would like a popgun.

And Tony is asleep at last. Blazer, waiting patiently beside him, slips his hand from his grasp and rises. It is chilly in the room—very chilly; he wonders if Tony will be cold. It's Christmas, too; Tony ought to be warm to-night. After a pause he takes the coat he wears and carefully wraps it about Tony.

He laughs again as he looks at the stocking. He will not care for the cold. Then he goes to the door, but with his hand upon the latch he stops. It is the remembrance of the wan, pitiful smile that causes him to pause; he is not a lad given to sentimentality—oh, no—but to-night something seems to move him; he comes back through the darkness, and, bending, softly kisses Tony. Then he goes out, down stairs, into the crowded street, with a heart light as the garments he wears.

Christmas Eve! The bustle and hurry, the shops and windows, so full of pretty things — fairy worlds, almost. Chrismas Eve, with the crowds of men and women—the Santa Clanses of every household. Christmas Eve, with the light and and laughter, and the tinkling sleigh-bells, and the joy everywhere, the "good will to men."

Blazer stands on the corner; he has the bag tightly graped in his hand.

"Five dollars!" He cannot help saying it over and over; he does not think, either, that he is saying it aloud.

"Five dollars! First the oranges, then the apples." There is an evil-looking face coming up quite close to Blazer; there is a wicked smile upon the face, but he does not see.

"Five dollars—then the popgun—oh!"

Blazer is jostled against the wall; there is only time for this cry; then he stands, empty-handed.

Yes, it is gone—all gone. For a moment he stands like one suddenly turned to stone, then, with a cry like that of a wild animal, he starts upon a mad run.

Jostling the people right and left, unheeding their imprecations, unmindful of threating looks, he rushes straight into the arms of a burly policeman with a vise like grip.

"Ah, ah! young man! Caught at last!" says "Bobby," and, "Hold him tight, policeman," cried another voice.

Dazed and bewildered, smarting under the sense of his own wrong, dimly conscious of this injustice, Blazer franticallp kicks and twists, endeavoring to escape.

In vain. The chains that bound Prometheus were not stronger than the encircling arms.

"That's him," says some one in a tone of triumph; "that's the little wretch who stole my money!"

"'Twas another feller!" cries Blazer, thinking only of his own.

The policeman laughs grimly. Blazer is marched off to the station-house. He is searched; it is short work—there is not much to search; no money. Well, but his excited accuser is positive. Blazer is shut up for the night.

He thinks of the stocking, the boy who lies dreaming of to-morrow's "pertendin'." Alas! there will be not even that. Tony alone through all the night; Tony alone in the morning, waking up to find the stocking empty—poor, poor Tony! In the dim silence of the night the hot tear roll down the dirty face, and now and then a sob breaks the stillness.

Ten o'clock. Tony opens his eyes.

"Blazer"—it is very soft, only a whisper, but Blazer always hears. "Blazer!"

No answer. Tony lifts his head, only a very little and tries to look through the darkness. Perhaps Blazer has gone out; he does not know how late it is.

In the darkness, Tony lies and thinks. He thinks of a great many things. He wonders how the streets look; he sees the children with their happy; he hears their merry laugh; he counts the stockings hanging be the chimney.

Eleven o'clock. Tony listens to the great bell. How it peals out over the city!—how it echos and re-echoes thro' the vast darkness! The children are asleep now, tucked snugly in bed. Tony shivers a little. He is cold; he wonif his stocking were hanging up among those bright-colored ones if the good Santa Claus would fill it too. He wonders then if Blazer has put in the paper balls; then he thinks where is Blazer. He lifts his head again, only a very this time. He calls again, "Blazer!" How very weak his voice sounds, even to himself, and his head feels so queer! Oh, and it is so lonesome here, alone. Why don't Blazer come? A great sob rises in Tony's throat, but he shuts his eyes; he will not cry.

Such a strange idea comes to him here. He wonders — do they keep Christmas in heaven.

Twelve o'clock. Again the whisper —a faint whisper now — "Blazer!" Again the stillness.

Then comes a great light, as if a hundred bonfires—no, not that kind of a light—a great golden splendor—a dazzling radiance.

There is a tree—a great Christmas-tree. There are stars shining upon it. There is a river, too, flowing between it and the boy. There is a boat, and a face smiling upon him. He is not afraid.

"Blazer"—a very faintmurmur, "I'm a-going across. I'm all right."

Silence again. The clock strikes one, and two, and three, four, five, six, but Tony does not lift his head again and whisper, "Blazer." He lies quite still, with the ragged coverlid drawn up over the face, and the thin hands crossed under it.

Christmas morning! Happiness, joy, "peace on earth."

Blazer stands and confronts the man who last night called him "thief." There is a quiet dignity about the boy—a dignity that the man has not.

"Colors seen by candle-light do not look the same by day." After a great deal of perplexity the man decides that Blazer is not the thief.

"You are discharged," says the officer; but the boy does not stir.

A man comes in and says, "Merry Christmas" to the gentleman. They shake hands and begin to chat.

"You may go," says the officer, tapping him on the shoulder. "You had a night's lodging, anyhow."

Blazer goes out slowly, his head bent down, his eyes blind. He is thinking of Tony.

Go home? No, not yet. He cannot say "Merry Christmas" to Tony. He wanders aimlessly up the street. There is a church near, and upon the steps he seats himself.

The choir are singing within — the grand old Christmas hymn. Now the singing stops, the sermon has begun.

It is a beautiful sermon, all about charity and brotherly love. Many a hearer is enraptured; but Blazer does not hear it. There is an oaange stand across the street. If he only had an orange—just one! He thinks of the empty stocking and Tony—poor Tony! The man's back is turned. If—— Blazer rises. He sits down suddenly; a hot wave of shame comes rushing over him. He was going to offer Tony an orange—a stolen orange—Tony!

Blazer, Arab, bootblack, gamin, has the old-fashioned idea of honor and honestly.

"Oh, Tony, I'd bring it if I could!"

It is a little dispairing cry — a cry that comes to the ears of a man hurrying by. There is something touching in the cry. The man stops — comes back.

"Well, my man?"

Blazer looks up. He springs to his feet; it is the man who accused him of stealing his money. In the light of the morning the man looks different, too. It may be that he is a second scorge. He stops the boy.

"Come," he says, "tell me all about it."

And Blazer tells. There is a suspicious moisture in the man's eyes after the telling. He takes Blazer's hand and leads him away.

Half an hour later two forms enter the dirty court—Blazer with eyes shining and a man with a basket.

Such a marvelous basket!—such wonderful things that it contains!

"Bless me," pants the gentleman, as he climbs the rickety stairs, "we must get you out of this!" Blazer opens the door and goes in. Silence, deathlike answers. He goes over to the bed on tiptoe.

"Tony!" No answer. A great terror comes over Blazer. "Tony, old feller!"

No answer yet. A pause now. After a moment Blazer bends down, and with a hesitating hand removes the coverlid from the face. Silence, strange, sacred. In a moment Blazer lifts his head.

A dry, hard sort of a sob chokes Blazer, and he cannot speak.

Ah, yes, indeed! Tony had just "crossed over." He is "all right."

THE PULPIT VOICE.—Many clergyman have a pulpit voice. When they are out of church they speak as other people do. They do not employ a deep chest note when they inquire of the buther respecting roast beef, and they do not use a dismal monotone when they discuss domestic matters with their wives and children. But as soon as they get into church they unconsciously assume an artificial tone, and they are apt to do this when they have any devotional functions to perform. It has often been observed that if a minister who is chatting easily and naturally at table should be asked to say grace, he will suddenly assume his pulpit voice, articulate with it during the ceremony, and then resume the conversation in his proper voice with the dexterity of a ventriloquest. The pulpit voice is probably attributable in a large degree to a desire to give solemnity and impressiveness to the performance. It results from an effort to convey to the hearers the deep sense of awe which may fairly be supposed to sufiuse the clerical mind. But the result to the listener is far more likely to be an almost irresistible tendency to go to sleep. The effective voice is always the natural voice, The skillful actor touches every cord in the entire gamut of passion, and he gives force and effect to ever phase of sentiment, without putting any undue strain upon his voice machinery. A great truth must be far more impressive when it is urged in the speaker's ordinary tones modified only by whatever influences of sincere feeling may govern the speaker's mind, than when it is offered in an artificial voice, about which there can be no suspicion of genuineness.

—Hayward & Brother, druggists, Easton, Md., have secured the agency for Pulmona, the greatest known remedy for coughs, colds, throat and lungs. Free from morphia. A fair trial will convince any one of efficacy. It is highly endorsed. Price 50 cents.

Wanamaker's Great Store.

A RACY ACCOUNT OF THE IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 20.

The ancient proverb, "All roads lead to Rome," Philadelphians have paraphrased to read, "All roads lead to Wanamaker's,", and this goal is far easier to reach, and crowded as it is with beautiful creations of modern industry and genius and well preserved antiques, is in the estimation of many people quite as well worth seeing as the renowned cities of the old world—whose chief merits lie in their mouldiness and decay, or in traditions which are mythical and horrible.

"See Rome and die," was another old saw, of which a better rendering would be "See Wanamaker's and live."

Nothing can afford more pleasure, even regarding it as a show, than a visit to this wonderful establishment, so comprehensive in all things rich and rare, that are open for inspection of all comers, and where every visitor whether of high or low degree, is treated as though he or shewere a honored guest of the large-hearted proprietor of the greatest emporium of the arts and industries the world has ever seen. On entering this establishment at Thirteenth and Market streets with satchel or luggage, the visitor is at once relieved of these encumbrances (they being locked up in receptacles provided for their c re) and a check given to insure their safe return when wanted. Thus at liberty, the guest can descend to the resting room or toilet room in the basement, where, surrounded by all homelike luxuries, chief among which may be reckoned a blazing woodfire on the hearth, the fatigued traveller may enjoy all possible ease while planning for the day's business or pleasure.

If sightseeing be the object of the guest it will be well to first inspect the basement, in which the resting rooms are situated. This floor in extent is 500 by 250 feet. Of this nearly all of the main building is open to the public, w ile that under the Chestnut street stores is used for stockrooms. On this floor, though excluded from the public view, are the lunch and toilet rooms for the employes of the house, all handsomely fitted up, with attendants in waiting to take care of their outer garments when they come in in the morning, and to return these to their owners in good order when they leave at night.

It is a remarkable trait in the character of Mr. John Wanamaker and one that I am continually doing homage to, that his protecting and kindly care, (in spite of the multipicity of his business enterprises) is continually over his household of 2,500 souls and that none of these are in his sight too humble or obscure to claim his sympathy in sorrow or advice and material aid when in need.

Under the vast basement is a subcellar, but to this visitors are not invited, as it is where the engines are and machinists work.

Just now the season is upon us when we must think of the coming holidays and post ourselves in the varieties and prices of jewelry and fancy goods exhibited, silverware, dress goods, chinaware, glassware, upholstery as presents for the "grown ups," as well as fancy goods and toys for the little folks.

It is frequently asked by customers in the store, why does not Mr. Wanamaker add still further to the convenience of his establishment and his own profits by opening a lunch room, where for a moderate and not fancy price, visitors from a distance may in the intervals of their shopping sustain their strength by a wholesome refreshment of some sort? This want like all others that the shopping world may conceive, has been anticipated By Mr. Wanamaker, who has denided that lunch room, or department of public comfort, is a fixed fact in his plans, and that refreshment tables may be speedily looked for in the vicinity of the toilet and restings rooms. Tables at which gentlemen and boys may be taken care of while waiting the movements of wives, mothers or sisters whom they have escorted hither.

It is possible that these will furnish only hot soups and cold meats, supplemented with hot coffee, tea and cakes, but all will be served neatly and be of the best quality.

How for the lunch table may grow to meet a public demand can only be guessed at by those who have noted the improvement, growth and development of all other enterprises, conceived and engineered by Mr. John Wanamaker.

As persons visiting the city from the interior of the State and towns near by often desire to know how they can get at once into this establishment, it is only necessary to say that by coming through the Public Buildings, which are directly in front of the Pennsylvania railroad station, they arrive at once before the Market street front of Wanamaker's great store.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.—The train had stopped for a few minutes at a station, and the silence that usually broods on such occasions was rudely broken by a sudden ejaculation from a small man who occupied the front seat, near the stove.

"I can't express myself," was his remark.

Stillness reigned for a minuet, when he again asseverated:

"No, I can't express myself."

By this time everybody in the car was staring at him, and for the third time he made the same statement, in a louder tone. Than a big fellow in the back of the car yelled out: "I say, stranger, if you can't express yourself, why the deuce don't you go by freight?"

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