



JOURNAL. NOVEMBER 18. FALL AND WINTER STYLES COMPLETED. Every Fabric Finished. Every Pattern Completed. LADIES' DRESS GOODS HANDSOMER THAN EVER

CHAFFINCH & CONEY'S, EASTON, MD. Remember that every thing bought of us is GUARANTEED AT BOTTOM PRICES NEW.

NO OLD GOODS ON HAND. CHAFFINCH & CONEY. Ladies' Wraps, Ladies' Cloaks, Ladies' Ulsters, Ladies' Dolmans and Mantillas.

STYLES HANDSOME—ALL PRICES. CHAFFINCH & CONEY. ENOS JAMES & CO'S HARD HITTING GUNS.



The above cut represents the JAMES "TRIUMPH" GUN. The demand for the James Breech-Loaders in 1881 was so great that we had great difficulty in filling all our orders.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY. I am manufacturing three styles of Sewing Machines and selling them at such UNHEARD OF PRICES!

No. 1 Style, "THE CENTENNIAL," makes the Stitches 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 Sewing 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 'TRUENE,'" makes it with either the Lock Stitch, Chain Stitch, or Spiral Embroidery Stitch, and the finest Sewing Machine ever invented. Price \$30.

R. J. BAKER & CO., PURE NITRATE SODA. PURE GROUND BONE, CHEMICALS, ACIDS, & C. For Manufacturing Super-phosphates. AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE FOR ALL CROPS.

For \$1.00. You can buy a First-Class pair of Spectacles or Eye Glasses, with best quality of Lenses. F. W. McALLISTER, Optician, No. 2 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

NEW GOODS. H. BLACKISTON & SON, have returned from the city with a large stock of New Goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Real-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and a general assortment of all other goods.

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.

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.

ONE PRICE AND THAT The Lowest. EXCELSIOR LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT IN MARYLAND. S. W. Cor. Baltimore & Light Sts.

W. W. McALLISTER & CO. Wines, Brandies, Gins, AND IMPORTERS OF WISKIES, AND ALL THE FINEST WINE. Always on hand a Large Stock of Choice Old-Whisky, Bourbon and Monongahela Whiskies.

TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER THIS OFFER IS MADE BY THE NEW YORK OBSERVER, the oldest and best of the religious weeklies. For sixty years, this undomestic national, unsectarian and evangelical newspaper has been circulating in the United States and almost every foreign country.

THAWLEY & CHINGHER, BUTCHERS DENTON, MD. WILL keep constantly on hand a fresh supply of the best beef and other meats. They also keep constantly on hand first class corned beef.

CHARLES A. MILLER'S Phosphated Iron Quinine and Strychnia. Put up in Pills and in Liquid Form. And is a sure cure for DEBILITY resulting from ANY CAUSE, thinness or shagreening of the face, BLOOD, derangement of the digestive organs, disease of the nervous system, typhoid and intermittent fevers, ague and fever, and is the very best counteragent of MALARIAL INFLUENCES and cure for malarial diseases, and as a nerve and sedative, quieting the nervous system and inducing refreshing sleep. It has no equal. It is endorsed by medical practitioners here and is frequently prescribed by them in their practice, and is considered one of the very best remedial agents known for the diseases for which we recommend it. We challenge the closest scrutiny in its composition and virtues.

DR. TALMAGE RELATES A DREAM ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS SON'S BIRTH. "And now, with gun and pencil," said Dr. Talmage last Sunday morning, "went through the forests of America to bring down and sketch the birds. His completed manuscript was placed in a trunk in Philadelphia. He went off for a few days of recreation and rest, and returned to find that the mis had utterly destroyed his work. Without any discomposure he again picked up his gun and pencil, visited the great forests, and reproduced his remarkable work. Yet there are persons who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will break into anger as loud as a storm, and all France quakes with dismay and terror. We put in at the harbor of home for repairs. The candle in the window is the lighthouse guiding the toiling man to the port. The children go forth to meet the father as pilots at Sandy Hook take the helm of the ship. Home is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation, where we may lounge without being thought ungrateful. There we may be affectionate without being thought silly.

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

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

MANSTON 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 retired and greatly improved the house formerly kept by Willis, is now prepared to accommodate travelers in 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 over Parlor floor. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and healthful Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors. All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors. F. W. COLEMAN, Manager. 12-31-81 y.

THE "Clarendon." COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS., BALTIMORE, MD. \$1.50 to \$2.00 Per Day. Table board \$1 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 every thing first-class at low rates.

J. F. DARROW, Proprietor. RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN MARYLAND.—The question of religious toleration in Maryland and the causes which led to it are being discussed. Under a charter granted by Charles I. of England to Lord Baltimore that noblemen obtained from the reigning sovereign a grant of the territory of Cecropia, which name was afterwards transferred to Maryland, in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, whom Charles had married in 1625. That Lord Baltimore originally designed this settlement in the new world as an asylum for those

January and June. Said January to June: "Pray, let us walk together, The birds are all in tune, And sunny is the weather. Then, as they went, the air Grew thick with snow-flakes flying; But all the roses fair Hung down their heads a-dying. Cried June, in sorrow: "Nay, We may not walk together. You've turned my skin to gray, And spoiled my golden weather. "Go now, I pray you, go, Before my last bud closes. Take you your cold white snow, And give me back my roses!"

The Harbor of Home. DR. TALMAGE RELATES A DREAM ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS SON'S BIRTH. "And now, with gun and pencil," said Dr. Talmage last Sunday morning, "went through the forests of America to bring down and sketch the birds. His completed manuscript was placed in a trunk in Philadelphia. He went off for a few days of recreation and rest, and returned to find that the mis had utterly destroyed his work. Without any discomposure he again picked up his gun and pencil, visited the great forests, and reproduced his remarkable work. Yet there are persons who at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment will break into anger as loud as a storm, and all France quakes with dismay and terror. We put in at the harbor of home for repairs. The candle in the window is the lighthouse guiding the toiling man to the port. The children go forth to meet the father as pilots at Sandy Hook take the helm of the ship. Home is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation, where we may lounge without being thought ungrateful. There we may be affectionate without being thought silly.

His Pa Broke Up. "You see, pa has been reading out of an old back number Bible, and ma and me argued with him about getting a new revised edition. We told him that the old one was all out of style, and that all the neighbors had the newest cut in Bibles, with Dolman sleeves, and gathered in the back, and they put on style over us, and we could not hold up our heads in society when it was known that we were wearing the old last year's Bible. Pa kicked against it, but finally got one. I thought I had as much right to change things in the revised Bible as the other fellows had to change the old one, so I pasted some mottoes and patent medicine advertisements in it, after the verses. Pa never reads a whole chapter, but reads a verse or two and skips around. Before breakfast, the other morning, pa got the new Bible and started to read the Ten Commandments, and some other things. The first thing pa struck was, 'Verily I say unto you, try St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism.' Pa looked over his specks at ma, and then looked at me, but I had my face covered with my hands, sort of pious. Pa said he didn't think it was just the thing to put advertisements in the Bible, but ma said she didn't know as it was any worse than to have a patent medicine notice next to Beecher's sermon in the religious paper. Pa sighed and turned over a few leaves and read, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his ox, if you love me as I love you, you shall not covet thy neighbor's wife.' That last part was a motto that I got out of a paper of candy. Pa said the sentiment was good, but he didn't think the revisers had improved the old commandment very much. Then pa turned over and read, 'Take a little wine for the strength of the sick, and keep a bottle of Keen's Gilt-Edged Tonic on your side-board, and you can defy ma, your child and chills and fever.' Pa was just about to read it again, and noticed that the tonic commandment was on yellow paper, and the corner curled up, and pa took hold of it, and the paste that it stuck it on with was not good, and it came off, and when I saw pa lay down the Bible, and put his spectacles in the case, and reach for the fire poker, I knew he was not going to pray, and I looked out the window and yelled dog fight, and I lit out, and pa followed me as far as the sidewalk, and it was that morning when it was so slippery, and pa's feet slipped out from under him, and he stood on his neck, and slid around on his ear, and special providence of select on the sidewalk saved me. Say, do you believe in special providence? What was the use of that sleet on the sidewalk, if it was not to save sinners?"

"O, I don't know anything about special providence," said the grocery man. "Pa say, what is your pa on crutches for? I see him hobbling downtown this morning. Has he sprained his ankle?" "Well, I guess his ankle got sprained with all the rest. You see, my chum and me went bobbing, and pa said he suppose he used to be the greatest bobber when he was a boy that ever was. He said he used to slide down a hill that was steeper than a church steeple. We asked him to go with us, and went to that street that goes down by the depot, and we had two sleds hitched together, and there were more'n a hundred boys, and pa wanted to steer, and he got on the front sled, and when we got about half way down the sled sledged, and my chum and me got off all right, but pa got shut up between the two sleds, and the boys behind they all run over pa, and one sled runner caught him in the trousers leg, and dragged him over the sleds leg clear to the bottom, and the whole lot run into a street car, and the mules got wild and kicked, and pa's suspenders broke, and when chum and me got down there pa was under the car, and a boy's boots were in pa's shirt bosom, and another boy was straddle of pa's neck, and the crowd rushed up from the depot and got us out, and he began to yell 'fire,' and 'police,' and he kicked at a boy that was trying to get his sled out of the small of pa's back, and a policeman came along and pushed pa and said, 'Go away from here, you ovoid devil, and let the boys enjoy themselves,' and he was going to arrest, when me and my chum told him we would take pa home. Pa said the bill was not steep enough for him, or he wouldn't have fell off. It is awful stiff to-day, but he says he will go skating with us next week and show us how to skate. Pa seems well, but he don't realize that he is getting stiff and can't be as kit-

teny as he used to be. He is very kind to me. If I had some fathers I would have been a broken-backed, disfigured angel long ago. Don't you think so?" The grocery man said he was sure of it, and the boy got out with his pockets full of raisins and a lump of sugar.—Peck's Sun.

Matrimonial Happiness. In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a promise of him and give one in return. Promise each other secretly never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other—never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill-humor. Never say never. Wrangling in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor merely to become earnest by practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other sincerely and solemnly, never to keep a secret from each other, under whatever pretext or whatever excuse it may be. You must continually and every moment see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, walk not an instant but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it. And as you keep nothing from each other, so on the contrary preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt and the world. You two, with God's help, built up your own quiet world; every child or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be; promise this to each other. Remember the vow at the temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, to each other and at last become as one. Ah, if many a pair had on their wedding day, known this secret, how many a marriage would be happier than, alas, they are!

A Ventriloquist's Tricks. Newark has a ventriloquist who is making a good deal of fun for the people. Ex-Senator Ray, while sitting in his office a few days since, with several neighbors, including the ventriloquist, was suddenly called to the door by a rap and a piping female voice demanding his immediate attention on important business. When he reached the door no one was visible. This was repeated and while the company discussed the phenomenon a sharp rap on a window shutter and a feeble voice asking food and shelter brought Mr. Ray again to his feet. But the applicant, this time apparently an old man, was invisible, and again the strange manifestations were discussed. Presently the cry of fire and the sound of hurrying feet on the street indicated the office, one of the company, it is said, even repeating the cry. Nothing was to be seen, however, and all returned to their seats. A few minutes later the squeaking of rats beneath the safe, against which the ex-Senator's chair was tilted, brought him to his feet, and with reddening face he got upon his knees and sought the offending rodents with a poker. Then the ventriloquist confessed. The same practical joker recently slipped out of a store, leaving the proprietor busy removing a great pile of baskets and boxes from the floor whence came the squeaking of an imaginary rat, the dog and cat brought in for the purpose eagerly watching for their prey.

How Governor Andrew Did It. Late one afternoon after a busy day, when the executive people were getting ready to go home, a poor old Irish woman was announced, the messenger remarking: "It's only an old woman, Governor, who wants to get her husband pardoned out of the house of correction. I'll get rid of her for you." "No you won't," said Andrew; "I am here to see just such people, and the poorer they are the more necessary it is that they should see me." It is also said that here the Governor used a mildly profane word. The discomfited official of the ante-chamber ushered the old woman into Andrew's presence. She told her story quickly, inspired by sympathy of the Governor. Her husband had been injured on the railroad, and, to support himself in his disabled condition had begun selling a little rum at Revere. He had been arrested and sentenced to the house of correction. When Andrew had heard Bridget through, he said: "Don't worry, my good woman; I'll pardon your husband to-morrow." She left the room showering blessings on the Governor's head. When she had gone down stairs Andrew said: "I'll pardon out every such case as long as I am Governor of this State, and they continue to imprison poor men for doing what rich hotel-keepers do every day unnoted. There shall not be one sort of justice for the poor and another for the rich."—Boston Herald.

FOR FARM BOYS TO LEARN.—From a Western paper we extract the following practical remarks; they will be useful to every one on a farm: How many of the boys who read this paper could "lay off" an acre of ground exactly, providing one of the dimensions was given them? Now I have taken some pains to make out a table, and I would like to have every one of the farm boys learn it. There are 160 square rods in an acre, and there are 361 square yards in one rood. This gives 4,840 square yards in one acre: 5 yards wide by 968 long is one acre. 10 yards wide by 480 long is one acre. 20 yards wide by 242 long is one acre. 30 yards wide by 160 long is one acre. 40 yards wide by 120 long is one acre. 50 yards wide by 96 long is one acre. 60 yards wide by 80 long is one acre.

A tie vote.—When two people agree to get married.

A Strange Case. FATAL RESULT OF AN ATTEMPT TO DROGUE A DYING LOVER. The Davenport, Iowa, Gazette vouchers for the absolute truth of the following, though from obvious reasons all names are suppressed: One of the leading citizens of North Davenport had an only daughter, who was betrothed to a young man of fair promise, a clerk in a leading commercial house at Dubuque. His visits to the city were regular, and arrangements had been made for an immediate union, when the bride elect was stricken down with typhoid fever, and in spite of all that skill and care could do, died. The Gazette reporter says: "We saw her in her coffin, dressed for the bridal of death, not for the commutation of the agony of her lover as he bent in speechless, tearless abstraction over the satin lined burial case. After the melancholy journey to Oklahe, the young man returned to Dubuque. Nervous fever set in and a peculiar hallucination seized him that his lost one was present in the room, draped in the same garb which shrouded her clay. He minutely described her dress, her appearance, and her position in the chamber. Even when his parents or friends would sit or stand where he declared her to be, he saw her glide away and take another place. This went on for weeks, and the patient was gradually sinking under the physical and nervous excitement, when a friendly nurse was tried to cure him of his ecstasy.

"Coming to Davenport, his mother found that the funeral garments were purchased of C. E. and made by Mrs. B. She procured the material, had it made up in fine simile, and returning, a young lady as near in height and appearance as could be found was dressed to resemble his deceased love, and during one of his fevered and brief slumbers was introduced into the room, taking her seat in a shady corner. "His awakening was anxiously watched and sanguine hopes of removing his hallucination were indulged in. He woke at length, and turning his eyes in the direction of the pious fraud, stared with fixed eyeballs for a few seconds, and then raising himself aloft and shrieking in an unearthly voice, 'My God, there are two of them!' fell back and expired."

A Pastor's Troubles. The Dorchester Era says: Rev. J. A. B. Wilson is a member of the Wilmington Conference, and is stationed at Fairmount, a place somewhere in Somerset. Mr. Wilson appears to be up to his knees in the hottest kind of water. It seems that he takes occasion to reproach the disorderly among his flock, for which he is persecuted by an unruly element at Fairmount who are in the habit of circulating the vilest slanders against him. The last attempt to annoy Mr. Wilson occurred on Friday evening of last week, when he went from his pulpit down among the congregation to preserve order, and seating himself by the side of a young man named George Hall who was misbehaving, said to him: "You must be quiet or else I must put you out." Hall said: "If you are the better man you can put me out, but if not you can remain here;" whereupon the pastor collared him and gently offered him out the door. He went home and got his gun and declared that he would shoot the parson, but better counsels prevailed and no blood was shed. The church officials at once convened and passed resolutions condemning such acts of lawlessness and indorsing the acts of their pastor. Later on the reverend gentleman, after having his life threatened by the mob, was arrested for illegally ejecting Hall from the church, at the instigation of a magistrate in the locality, who informed the infuriated mob that the preacher had exceeded his authority and could be handled for it.

"Can't you help an orphan in dis-establishment?" said an old colored man, entering the U. S. pension agency. "An orphan?" "Yes, sah." "How old are you?" "Seventy-five, sah." "How long have you been an orphan?" "Since dis mornin'." "Did your parents die this mornin'?" "No, sah, da died fifty years ago." "Then, how is it you have only been an orphan since this mornin'?" "Case my wife died dis mornin'." "The death of your wife doesn't make you an orphan." "It don't! But I get a pension, don't I?" "No." "Well, den, ef dat's de case, I'll go and marry ag'in. Dar's so many laws in dis country dat it takes half a man's time ter keep up wid 'em."

WHEAT FOREIGN PEOPLE, distressed through some great calamity or lack of food, stretch out their empty hands for bread, they turn with unerring instinct to America. Ireland's wailing cry for bread has more than once been stillled by American hands, and now no sooner do hapless villagers of the Rhine complain of hunger and cold than America opens her storehouses and her purses and sends relief. This trust and faith in the liberality of the New World is America's coat-of-arms, her badge of royalty. Before such princely charity sceptre and throne must precede their brightness and their value.