THE EASTON GAZETTE.

VOL. LXXX, NO. 28. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1896. $1.50 PER YEAR.

Ocean City, July 1st.

All Stations From Claiborne to Hurlock,

Given by Easton M. P. Sunday School.

FROM NOW

Until All Spring And Summer Goods

ARE SOLD

We Shall Make Sweeping Reductions

Look at Our Special Cut Prices:

12½c. Lansdale Cambric 10c., 10c. Bleached Muslin for 8c, 30c. 8 4 Bleached Wamsutto Sheeting for 18c., 8c. Unbleached Muslin for 5c., 5c Lawn for 3c., 25c. French Ginnham for 12½c., 37½c. French Satteen for 12½c., 38 in. Table Line for 29c. You have paid 50 and 75 cents for no better. 12½c. duck for 10c

We have a splendid line of Ducks, Linens, Homespuns, Law Dimity, Jaconettes, Percales etc. The largest assortment in Easton, at the lowest prices.

1.25 French Serge silk, for 75c., 1.25 Cheviots 54 in. for 85c., 1.50 Black Silk warp Henrietta for 1.19, 1 25 Black Silk warp Henrietta for 98c.

Our 1.00 Black Sicilline and our 60c., every body tells us is the best in the market. Have you seen our 29c. all wool Frence Serge?

We have cut lots of dress goods just one half price—50c. goods all Wool 25c. They must be sold. We have some wonderful bargains in this department. Prices will make trade.

$1.25 Lansdown cloth for only 75c. the handsomest goods in the market.

We have a splendid line of Silks, Laces, etc., which we have put the knife in.

One lot of Brown Hose worth 25c. e c , for only 10c. We shall sell all for 10c. large and small, so come early and get your pick. Remember we have the best 10-15-25-35 and 50c. Ladies' and Children's Hose in Easton for the money.

Have you tried a pair of our 50c. Corsets?

Also in Summer Goods, Gloves, now is the time for Summer Gloves, 50c. Gloves for 25c. Have you seen our 8 9-10-11-12½-15-16-18-20-22-25 and 37½ Imported Indian linens? We lead the trade on this goods. Also the handsomest line or embroideries ever shown ove our counters, Inserting 9 rows wide.

Gause Shirts from 5c. up. We have the best Gents Laundried Percale Shirts for 49c. worth 75c. 1.00 shirts worth 1.50, 1.25 shirts worth 2.00. We believe in quick sales and small profits.

One lot of Neck Wear to be sold for 10c. worth 50 and 25c. each. Now is your time to buy clothing. We do not intend to carry over a single suit and just think, you have about four hundred to select from. And we have all the latest novelties of the season. Clothing for everybody, men boys and children.

Lot of suits prices cut just ½. $7.50 tailor made pants, the latest style for only $3 00.

Buy your clothing of us and you will get the latest style and lowest prices.

We will make special reductions on all Trunks, Carpets, Mattings Oilcloths etc. They must be sold.

Quick sales and small profits, is our motto. Have you seen our 10c. Collars?

YOUR FRIENDS,

THE J. C. GODWIN CO.,

26 North Washington Street,

Easton, Md.

Closing Out

. . . And Going to the City . . .

Beginning today, Thursday, June 11.

Mr. Kinnamon, of the Kinnamon Shoe Parlor, corner Dover and Washington streets, has decided to close out his stock of new shoes and go to the city, as his family is dissatisfied on the Eastern Shore. Remember, this is no closing out sale of old goods. They all are new, made in the last six weeks, and must go at some price, as he has made future arrangements in the city and cannot be delayed. They must go at once.

He has a large line of gents' and ladies', misses', boys' and children's shoes both in hand-made and regular made. After looking over his stock he finds that he has nearly $3000 worth of shoes, and to think he has to close out at once! That ought to convince you that you can get bargains and nothing else. Read some of his prices:

Ladies' Hand-Made Tan, Dongola and Kid Oxfords.

Oxfords in round, common sense and pointed toe, sold for $3, closing out at $2.25. Oxfords in round and pointed toe, sold for $2.50, closing out at $1.95. Same, sold for $2.25, closing out at $1.75. Same, sold for $2, closing out at $1.29. A good Oxford, not hand-made, sold for $1.75, closing out at $1.25 Same, sold for $1.50, closing out at $1.19. Tan pointed toe Oxford, sold for $1.25, closing out at 98 cents. Same, sold for 90 cents, closing out at 60 cents.

Ladies' Hand-Made Shoes in Kid and Dongola.

Ladies' common-sense, sold for $3.50, will close out at $2.75. Ladies' square toe button, sold for $3.50, will close out at $2.75. Ladies' round toe button, sold for $3.75, will close out at $2.89. Same, sold for $3.50, will close out at $2.75. Ladies' 20th century shoe, lace, latest style, sold for $3.50, will close out at $2.75. Ladies' round and square toe, sold for $3.25, will close out at $2.50. Goodyear welt shoe, in square and round toe, sold for $2.25, will close out at $1.50. Pointed and round toe sold for $1.75, will close out at $1.25. Pointed, round and common sense toe, sold for $1.50, will close out at $1.19.

Gents' Shoes in Tan and Calf, Hand-Made.

Gents' hand-made in pointed toe, tan, sold for $3.50, closing out at $2.69. Same, sold for $3, closing out at $2.29. Gents' hand-made in square toe, tan, sold for $3.50 closing out at $2.69. Gents' hand-made in square toe, tan, Oxford, sold for $3, closing out at $2.29. A good line of gents' tan shoes, sold for $2.50, closing out at $1.79. Gents' black shoes, hand-made, pointed toe, sold for $3.50, closing out at $2.69. Same, square toe, sold for $3.50, closing out at $2.69. Same, square and pointed sold for $3.25, closing out at $2.49. Gents' black shoes, welt, square and pointed toe, sold for $3, closing out at $2.29. Same, square and round toe, sold at $2.50, closing out at $1.79. Good shoes, round and square toe, sold for $2, closing out at $1.29. Good men's shoes, sold for $1.75, closing out at $1.25. Same, sold for $1.50, closing out at $1.19.

Patent Leather--Very Handsome Line, Hand-Made.

Gents' needle cap, patent leather, sold sor $6, will close at $3.79. Gents' round toe, plain, pat. leather, sold for $6, will close at $3.79. Pointed toe, pat. leather, sold for $4, will close at $2.75. Good pat. leather, sold for $3, will close at $2.25.

Ladies' Patent Leather.

Ladies' pat. leather, pointed toe, sold for $5, will close at $3.49. Same, Oxford, sold for $4, will close at $2.98. Same, tan trimmed, sold for $3.75, will close at $2.75. Ladies' pat. leather Oxford, Dongola to e, sr, sold for $3.50, will close at $2.49.

At these prices I will lose mo[illegible] it at they must go. What I lose you gain. Call and be convinced that I say. This is no humbug sale, It is straight. I have lots Catalogue and ve not named you can buy at your price. Boy's and children's shoes fro[illegible] Cents up.

KINNAMON'S SHOE PARLOR,

Dover and Washington Sts. Easton, Md.

THROUGH WONDERLAND.

ON A HUNT WITH BUFEALO BILL, BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Part I—The Start from Fort Flagstaff, Arizona—Graphic Account of Adventure in the Far West.

In the early fall of 1893 a party of Americans, and prominent military men of Europe assembled through invitation of Colonel W. F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, at his Nebraska home, for the purpose of an extended tour in the saddle into the almost unknown wonderlands of the far West.

General Miles sent a military escort in honor of the foreign officers, Colonel Frank Baldwin being in charge.

Going by special car through Colorado and New Mexico, visiting frontier ports and other places of interest, we arrived at Flagstaff, Arizona, which was our starting point in the saddle.

We were met there by the "outfit," which consisted of three army wagons for supplies, two buckboards, an ambulance, about a hundred horses, and thirty Mormon rangers, with guides, scouts, stock tenders, cooks and camp attendants, or "hustlers," as they are called.

There were horses in plenty for all to ride—the hardy mountain prarie ponies of that country, nimble as goats, tough as mules, and as fleet and surefooted as deer.

The English officers glanced them over without favorable comment at first, talked disparagingly of them to each other, but before the trail was ended admitted that no English hunter could have lasted a fourth of the hard ride that those ugly little equine customers did.

The commissiary wagon was stocked for a long campaign, a most generous supply of "snake-bite" cure, not being forgotten. Ammunition for rifles, shot-guns and revolvers we had a ton of, with reels and fishing tackle to catch anything in the shape of a fish.

As the weather was warm at Flagstaff, many could not understand the great amount of blankets and bedding taken along, but they appreciated the need of all, and more, before the ride was over.

At Flagstaff we caught sight of the San Francisco Mountains, and there the pine forests began. There was grass in plenty, though a great scarcity of water, on account of there being only rain streams near.

It is near Flagstaff that the famous "cliff dwellings" are to be found, and we enjoyed a visit to the ruins.

Flagstaff is a typical frontier town, showing a strange admixture of the wild frontier life with modern civilization.

Saloons and gambling dens are in full blast, day and night, and Sunday, too. One also sees here the real cowboy, the frontiersman, the Mexican and Indian.

The town took its name from the fact that a company or cavalry camped here years ago on the Fourth of July, and a soldier climbed to the top of a stately pine tree, lopping off its branches, and nailed there a United States flag.

We pulled out of Flagstaff on October 14th for our first camp, under the shadows of the San Francisco Mountains.

This camp, as it was our first day's march, we reached in detachments, some not getting in until midnight, several accidents occurring on the way. Some of the city horsemen got thrown, and a buckboard went over a bluff and was smashed.

As it would be our last camp near civilization, the men one and all buckled down to hard work to get everything in readiness for the march.

Here we had outside help at hand, for our bivouac was at old Fort Moroni, built by Brigham Young on the march to Salt Lake, and now the ranch quarters of the "Arizona Cattle Company, A 1."

The fort is situated in a vast plain, and was the home of Young for many years.

It is a log and stockade structure, and the Mormons, to protect themselves from the Indians, staked out shot ranges on the plains of two hundred, four hundred and so on up to twelve hundred yards, so that the firing of the rifles should not be thrown away.

The fort is seven hundred feet above Flagstaff, and has an altitude of seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

San Francisco Mountains tower above it to a height of twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, there being Mounts Agassiz, Kendrick and Humphrey—all within plain view and seemingly very near, yet miles distant in reality.

Bright and early the next morning, and unheeding the soreness from the ride the day before, we were in the saddle, armed like bandits and led by Buffalo Bill, for a hunt in the San Francisco Mountains after mountain sheep.

It was a rough and dangerous ride, and several accidents occured, some of the horses falling down the snowy steeps.

We had our photographer along, and he got a snap-shot with his Kodak of Buffalo Bill catching a falling horse with his lasso, and saving him from going over a precipice to his death.

The mountain tops were frozen hard, but the grand view and the game secured, more than repaid us for our rough climb and the risk we ran to life and limb.

Fort Moroni looked like a toy fort from the heights of the mountains, the highest points of which were reached only by a few of the party, the English officers being of the few.

It was not very long before we came in sight of a band of mountain sheep, some thirty in number. The recognition was mutual, and we at once began to get ready to kill—the sheep for flight.

It was a thrilling, attractive sight as they hovered silent, watchful, surprised for a moment, and then, as though following the command of their leader, bounded away amid the cracking of the rifles.

Only one fell at the first fire, and we all suspected whose aim had brought him down, though we said nothing, hoping that by accident we—used in an individual sense—had been the lucky one.

The sheep was crippled only, but fell, rolled half over the brink, recovered, made a grand spring for life, missed the other edge of the canyon, and shot downward a hundred feet or more into a snow-bank.

The others seemed to swoop along the mountain side like huge birds, fleet and sure-footed to a wonderful degree.

Suddenly they came to a cliff, hesitated an instant, and as our leaden hail pattered about them and a couple dropped in their tracks, the leader, a venerable old ram, plunged headforemost down the steep, it seemed fifty feet or more.

Then arose the question—a mooted one, and which has been as positively asserted as denied—whether the mountain sheep fell on their horns in jumping down a precipice, which, being spongy, broke the shock, and causing them to rebound like a ball, enabled them to alight on their feet unhurt.

There were a number of voices pro and con in our party, several saying that they believed the sheep fall on their heads and then dart away, while others stated that they came down in a heap, and after a slight hesitation, as though partially stunned, bounded away.

One sheep that I got a shot at was in mid-air, leaping across a narrow canyon.

As he still flew onward after the crack of my rifle, I supposed that I had missed him, for one thinks quickly under such circumstances, when suddenly he drew himself up in a bunch, and dropped downward to death—the bullet had passed through his heart.

His horns were double curled, and as fine a pair as I have ever seen.

The cracking of the rifles for awhile seemed like an Indian battle among the canyons, and, as in battle, the dead and wounded sheep were few in comparison to the ammunition expended; but then, to hear us talk that night around the camp-fire, every mother's son of us would have killed half a dozen sheep, if—

Tired out, sore, bruised many of us by falls, hungry but full of grit for another day of it, we sat around the camp-fires that night, glancing proudly at the swinging forms of the sheep, ravenously at the cooks, and lying like fishermen of our achievements with an ardor that is a sportsman's prerogative.

The next morning we pulled out on the trail for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the huntsmen flanking the train miles away on either side, to pick up what game we could.

At first every coyote seen was shot at, the "tenderfeet" sportsmen of the party deciding that wolves were game, when deer, antelope or mountain sheep were not within range.

This was a surprise to the coyotes, who are seldom considered worthy by plainsmen of a charge of powder, and they soon took the hint, fatal to many of them, and loped out of sight in a way that would fatigue a bullet to catch them.

Tiring of the wolves, the hunters began to search for bigger game, and Colonel MacKinnon brought down the first antelope with a fine shot, while Buffalo Bill soon after caught one on the run, at five hundred yards.

Major Mildway just missed his game by his horse going down into a prairie dog-hole, when he accomplished, by accident, a feat seldom done when attempted; that is, his gun went off in the fall, and killed a prairie dog distant several hundred yards, for these little fellows are as quick in their movements as electricity, and can dodge a bullet if they see the flash of a rifle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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DANGER OF FREE SILVER.

AN INTERESTING ALLEGORY ON THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

The "Prosperity" That Would Result from Adopting Free Coinage—Farmers, Read and Consider This.

From Balto. Sun, May 22.

[There are many books going into the mystery of our American financial situation, but the farmer rarely reads them. Take the latest and best, Horace White's "Money and Banking," and while it covers the whole ground thoroughly and simply to the student of finance, much of it would be lost upon the reader who had not some previous knowledge of banks and banking, United States treasury issue, the meaning of exchange, parity, raitos and international commerce. What can be easily understood, and wherein lies the heart of the whole matter, is that no earthly power or government can make ½—1—one-half equal a whole—and then it is easy only when we can get down to the primary principle of credit and exchange and leave out the secondary and obscuring action of artificial mediums of exchange, or, in other words, government-created, debt-paying money.

In the story of Lonely Valley, of course, wheat represents gold; corn, silver; the farmer, the agricultural debtor class, and the merchant, the mercantile creditor class; the judge, the United States, whose fiat is relied upon to make fifty cents' worth of silver equal to one hundred cents.]

Lonely Valley was inhabited by a community of farmers. It lay remote from railways and cities. Wheat and corn were its staple products. These were sold at the only warehouse in the valley, kept by one Simon Storekeeper. He hauled the wheat and corn to the distant railroad station, sold them, and supplied the farmers with agricultural implements, seeds and general goods. Very little money circulated, principally small change. All the transactions between the warehouse and the farmers were based on credit, and every season the farmers around were more or less in debt until their crops were harvested. The credits were made by notes something as follows:

LONELY VALLEY, Nov. —, 189—.

Received of Simon Storekeeper one hundred dollars' worth of credit for goods, to be paid one month after next harvest in wheat or corn by the bushel, struck measure.

HEZEKIAH HAYCROP.

Witness: HARRY STANDBY.

For many years this state of affairs had continued. But early one spring a sharp-faced, squint-eyed man came into the neighborhood and was noticed to be very busy among the farmers, while he avoided Simon's store, the general place of gathering and gossip. He complained of the high price of wheat to pay debts, one dollar's credit a bushel, and the difficulty of raising it, and set forth the great advantages as a debt-payer of the low price of corn, fifty cents' worth of credit a bushel, and its easy cultivation. He at last persuaded the farmers that he could get a friend, a member of his society, or party, as he called it, to run for judge of the County Court, and, once in office, give a decision which would lawfully pay off all debts at half price, while it doubled the value of every farm in Lonely Valley. They had only to plant corn, and plenty of it, and very little wheat, and vote for his man for judge to witness a sudden prosperity beyond their wildest dreams.

The farmers believed his plausible arguments. The corn was planted; the judge elected.

The judge's first decision was on the legal bearing and effect of one of the farmers' notes to Simon Storekeeper.

As soon as he heard of it Hezekiah Haycrop posted off to pay his note, chuckling all the way. He hitched his horse in front of Simon's door and unloaded one hundred bushels of corn. He found Simon within, sitting on a flour barrel, smiling and contented, and saw at once that he knew nothing of the recent decision.

"How d'ye, Simon."

"How's yourself, Hezekiah?"

"Right peart, thank'ee. I want to pay that note—got the truck out side in the wagon."

"All right; unload while I get the note." Hezekiah had all he could do to keep from laughing as he toted in his hundred bushels of corn.

He sat down and waited for Simon, who soon came in with the note in his hand.

"Hello, Hezekiah!" he exclaimed when he saw the bags of corn. "I thought you were going to pay the whole note. Want to pay half, eh, and renew the balance? All right. You and I have traded considerable, and I can accommodate you."

Hezekiah began to feel a trifle badly, and he spoke with a little hesitation.

"Well, you see, Simon, our new judge, he had one of these notes brought up yesterday—maybe you ain't heard of it—and he said a bushel were a bushel anyhow you fix it, and one bushel was as good as another bushel, and a bushel of corn as good to pay debts as a bushel of wheat, being a bushel anyway, and I guess all we farmer folks is a-going to pay that way. It is the law, and we thinks, being as we can raise corn cheaper nor wheat, and corn is what our judge called legal tender same as wheat, we've a *right* to pay in it.

"Darn your new judge! I always thought he was a fool from wayback. And you, Hezekiah, want me to take a hundred bushels of corn, worth fifty dollars after I haul it to market, for one hundred bushels of wheat, worth one hundred dollars in good credit, because a bushel is a bushel and the court says so, do you? It is an outrage; a cheat. Your new judge is a fraud."

"It's the law, Simon."

"Leave your old corn, Hezekiah, until I see if it *is* the law. I don't believe it."

"All right, neighbor; I'll come tomorrow, I did want to take some things home with me in the wagon, but you don't seem in the humor to dicker just now. I'll come when you have found that law all right—and powerful good thing for the farmers, too. I'll get the things tomorrow, Simon; an' I don't say but I might be willing to pay a little more, as corn's cheap. So, mornin' to ye!"

Simon sent a man to the court, got the decree and found as Hezekiah had said. The judge had decided flat-footed that a bushel is a bushel, and a bushel of corn, therefore, as good as a bushel of wheat. He saw clearly that he would have to take the one hundred bushels of corn brought for the one hundred bushels of wheat he had always previously received and had expected. It was absolute ruin to him under the guise of law. He sat down with his credit-book, ledger and stock-book to count up his losses. But the "I might be willing to pay little more, as corn's cheap," of his friend Hezekiah kept ringing in his ears. Perhaps, after all, it might not be so bad—might not be absolute ruin. He stared at the books and meditated. He began to calculate. Then he began to figure on Hezekiah's bill. His face cleared. Yes, it might not be so bad. It's a poor rule, he thought, that will not work both ways.

He called his clerk, he called his porter; he took a pen and went to marking mysterious figures on his goods. The three of them did the hardest night's work they had ever done in their lives. But it was to be done that night, for, as Simon said, "All the farmers in Lonely Valley would be down on him next day."

Most of them were, but Hezekiah was the first, and was greeted cheerfully as by a man making the best of the situation.

"I have seen the law. It is as you say. Here's your note, neighbor; the corn I have stored away. While I still think the decree an outrage, I will have to submit to it."

"That's so, that's so. We farmers only want what the law gives us, you know. Law is law. So that's all right—glad you have no hard feelin's, Simon."

"We'll let that pass, Hezekiah. You have your note and I have the corn—so far that is settled. Can I do anything more for you?"

"Well, yes. I want a few things now. I've paid my note. I've got a list somewhere, mighty big sum, too. 'Mounts to about a hundred dollars' worth of credit, but don't be scared, Simon, I'm richer nor I was, now my corn crop's come in. If you will get the goods for me to take back on my wagon, I'll pay, Simon, I'll pay."

"Just as you please, Hezekiah; the goods are here. How'll you pay—corn or wheat?"

"Corn, Simon, corn. All our folks are going to pay in corn. Splendid crop, more than we can get in our cribs; been putting it up in the barns."

"All your folks going to pay in corn? I thought so. Then the goods on your list will cost you just two hundred dollars credit in corn. Just two hundred bushels, Hezekiah, and your friends can pay on the same terms."

"Why, why, why, Simon, I figured on my list and it didn't come to over a hundred dollars of credit. You look at it."

"I am looking at it, but I'm not going by it. I am selling by my own list, not yours, and since yesterday all my goods have been marked up to corn value—just double—and you will have to pay it in corn if you want to purchase."

"But Simon, this is a cheat a fraud."

"Just what I said about the note."

"But I won't buy.',

"So I wouldn't take your corn."

"But the law don't compel me to buy of you. I'll go somewhere else."

"You can't; there's nobody in the country to go to but me."

"Then I'll go across the big pond or over the North river."

"You'll have to pay in wheat—one hundred bushels for one hundred dollars credit—and you heaven't the wheat, and soon won't have the credit. Besides, you will have to pay for bringing the goods over."

"Do you mean to say I will have to pay you forever your own prices on all I buy?"

"Oh, no; only on corn. Give me a fair profit—wheat or corn, it is the same to me."

"But I haven't the wheat. Mighty small crop and little attention given it. All of us went wild over corn."

"Then you will have to be credited with corn at corn value."

"And I'll have to buy of you, too?"

"You will, Hezekiah, undoubtedly."

"And it takes me a year to change my crop and you can change your prices in a night?"

"The pen is mightier than the plow, Hezekiah."

"Then what good does the decree that a bushel of corn is as good as a bushel of wheat to me, anyhow?"

"None at all. You have simply been fooled again."

"I don't know what to think of this thing. I won't dicker today, anyway."

"Better dicker while you can. Powerful big corn crop; farmers will be rushing it all in; tomorrow I may get overloaded, and corn may go down."

"Go down!"

certainly. If I get more than I can use, I am not going to credit you, or any one else, with present prices for it. It will go down, or the prices of goods will go up, just as you please."

"I'll take the goods Simon. But, say, I want a pair of pants for my hired man. You're not raisin on him, too, oppressing the poor man. He's got none too much, I can tell ye."

"I don't know. How are you paying him, corn or wheat?"

"Corn, of course. You see corn's cheap"—

Hezekiah stopped; something seemed to dawn upon him. He never said "cheaper," for the look he saw on Simon's face. He was a deceived, but at bottom an honest man and took in the situation. After a pause he stepped up to Simon and held out his hand:

"Old fellow, let's see if we can't deal on the square again. I don't like these new ways anyhow you fix 'em. And if you'll help me catch that squint eyed chap that was around here last spring, I'll pay all the costs if we get brought up. When the farmers get a chance at that judge I guess he will either have to reverse his decree or leave."

Hezekiah stayed at the warehouse all that day. He talked with the farmers as they came in. The result was the Lonely Valley went back to its old ways of honest credit honestly canceled.

The squint-eyed man was never seen, fortunately for him, in Lonely Valley again. His party, as he called it, meaning those who believed that because the judge said a bushel was a bushel anyhow, one hundred bushels of corn were equal to one hundred bushels of wheat, went to pieces like a loose pack of cards at the next election, and the judge lost his position.

A lucky accident

for Rev. J. M. Stevenson, Hawthorne, N. J., who writes: "By rare accident I was made acquainted with Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills. They act gently and like a charm, correcting the secretions and preventing constipation. I subscribe myself your friend, as your pills are welcome friends to me."

Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills.

Every one of the thousands of testimonials to the virtue of **Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills** is genuine. They cure—white wrapper if constipated, yellow if bowels are loose. Send for a free sample.

DR. J. A. DEANE CO., Kingston, N. Y.