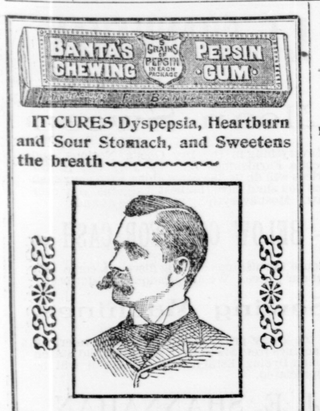


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The finest piece of pure, unadulterated Chicle Chewing Gum on the market.

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Children's Carriages

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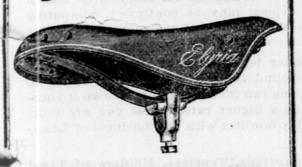
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FITS THE BODY.

Elyria Bicycle Saddle.



THEY WILL PLEASE YOU.

Send $3.00 for Sample by express prepaid.

THE TOPLIFF & ELY CO.,

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JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR

Is what everybody says when they see our



Combination Kitchen Table and Cabinet.

It has one flour bin that holds 100 lbs.; two meal drawers in end that hold about 25 lbs. each; has four drawers in front; a zinc-lined bread cabinet; kneading-board and rolling-pin. Size of top, 30 x 42 inches. Ask your furniture dealer for it.

MADE BY THE

AMERICAN FOLDING BED CO.,

Write for catalogue. Sheboygan, Wis.

NOTICE.

We have this day sold to Dallas B. Hayward the Drug Store and Business in Easton formerly carried on under the name of "D. B. Hayward, Agent," at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets.

All persons who are indebted to the concern are requested to make payment to Mr. Hayward, who is authorized to receipt for the same, and all accounts owing by the late firm are to be paid by him.

WILFRED BATEMAN,
ALEXIS G. PASCAULT,
W. T. H. LEE.
EDW. H. ROE.

6-27-tf

Store For Rent.

For Rent, the glass front store room on Washington street, three doors from Easton National Bank, formerly occupied by the Easton Furnishing Company. Apply to

8-3-tf SAMUEL E. SHANNAHAN, ESQ

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

SHE WAS RESCUED.

THIS IS THE THRILLING BUT TRUTHFUL TALE OF A BUCKET.

It Was No Ordinary, Old Oaken, Iron Bound, Moss Covered Bucket—It Came Into the Play Because Miss Sadie Objected to Being Called "Dead Slow."

This is the tale of a bucket.

Incidentally it is a tale of daring do, of beauty in peril, of bitter tears, of manful endeavor, of heroic rescue, of thanksgiving for dangers past.

It was no ordinary bucket, no moss covered bucket, no old oaken bucket that hung by the well. It was a bucket of distinction, a bucket of parts, a bucket of illimitible hospitality and inherent beneficence. Whatever its ostensible raison d'etre, there are many who will see in this Chevalier Bayard of buckets a manifestation of the finger of Providence, many who will swear that it was fashioned by fate for the succor of a beleaguered damsel. Whereof the story followeth:

'Twas July 23, and quite soft were the skies, whence it might be inferred that Sadie Meyerfriend was likewise. Which the meter's as rough as the rocks Sadie scaled on her road toward the skies.

Miss Meyerfriend was from Oakland. Her fellow tourists, a dozen or so, were from San Francisco. To seek to probe a woman's motives may be both folly and presumption, but one is bound to take cognizance of important facts. Important fact No. 1 in the tale of a bucket is that Miss Meyerfriend overheard a young man in the party hazard the opinion that Oakland girls were "dead slow." Important fact No. 2 is that immediately thereafter Miss Meyerfriend hazarded the feat which made her famous, and without which this tale of a bucket would never be written. Let him who dares draw an inference from this conjunction of circumstances.

They had left Skaggs' Springs, these happy tourists, for a tramp through the mountains. They had just arrived at the base of Major's rock when the ill advised San Franciscan made his remark about Oakland girls being "dead slow." Miss Meyerfriend's eyes shot fire as they traveled to the summit of the rock, which towers skyward 100 feet like a huge monolith.

"Let's climb to the top," she said, darting at the detractor of Oakland girlhood a glance which said "dasn't" as plainly as words.

The young man looked dubiously at the forbidding crag, but his pride forbade him to weaken, and he responded:

"Let's."

And the rest of the party echoed "Let's" in varying moods and tenses of reluctance.

The Oakland girl led the way. With the agility of a chamois and the determination of the young man who bore mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device "Excelsior," she bounded to the lowermost ledge and began to climb. The flippant young man followed her. The rest compromised by looking on and uttering words of encouragement.

After awhile she reached the summit and bent upon her companions beneath a rather red but very triumphant face. Hollowing her hands into a speaking trumpet she uttered a series of ejaculations of which the breeze permitted these fragments to reach the earth:

"Simply beautiful—ought to see the view—most exhilarating air I ever—lovely natural seat hewn by nature out of—why didn't Mr.—enjoy this—is he ill?—hoorear for Oakland!"

Miss Meyerfriend had produced the sensation she desired, and at the end of 15 minutes she started to descend—started, but no more. Her friends saw her climb down a few feet, and then stop, with one foot gesticulating eloquently over a chasm. Then she tried it with the other foot, and then she climbed back to the top. She peered down the escarpment on all sides, looking for a practicable path. She tried it backward, frontward, sideward, until her friends expected to see her compromise by walking down on her hands. Finally she had a good cry, and these words floated to the watchers beneath:

"Oh! Oh-h-h!—can't get down—some of you men—help me—I'll die of fright—don't do something—Boo-hoo-hoo!—a ladder or something—sure I shall fall—tell my poor mother!"

Half a dozen men sprang to scale the rock, but their strength was not equal to the task. Messengers were sent post-haste to the hotel at Skaggs' Springs, but that meant delay, and meanwhile Miss Meyerfriend of Oakland was wringing her hands and declaring that she would die of hunger and exposure even if she were not dashed to pieces from the summit.

Ropes and ladders came from the hotel, and then came the laborious work of digging holes in the rock and fastening ladders where they would do the most good. By this time, however, Sadie Meyerfriend was in a collapse and could do nothing to aid in her own rescue.

In this emergency the bucket arrived.

It is bootless to tell where the bucket was found or who found it. Enough that it was a big bucket—big enough to bear the fairest freight ever borne by bucket.

The bucket was hoisted to the summit of Major's rock, and the rescuers exhibited it dramatically to the terrified maiden.

"Lo!" they said. "Your salvation. Pray descend."

"What," she sobbed, "in a bucket?"

"Even so," said they.

And so she huddled into it, the poor, frightened little Oakland girl, and, covering her face from shame and grief, was lowered to the bosom of her family and friends, while nobody cheered louder than the flippant young man whose remark had caused all the trouble.

Concerning which it is whispered that the tale of the bucket may develop a sequel that Sadie Meyerfriend never suspected when she clambered up Major's rock.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Harem on Shipboard.

A dirtier and more cockroach infested craft I never sailed upon than that Levantine coaster, peace to her ribs! They are whitening now on the Syrian coast, where she went quietly aground one calm night without loss to life and decently insured. The officers were Scotch and the crew Greek, and the latter understood the former according to the vitriolic expletives. It might be said that the ship was worked wholly by profanity. Many are the ridiculous memories that revive with the name of that disreputable tub that scavenged along the Levantine coasts, shipping contraband where she could not get licensed cargo and defying pilots and the rules of ports, but none funnier than of a certain squally night on which we ran out of Iskenderun, the whole sea red in the reflected light of a forest fire.

We were carrying on the quarter deck a pasha's harem, come from the interior, and probably new to the sea, and as the ship pitched and rolled, and wives and children and slaves fell very sick, the oldest and stoutest duenna of them all, starting up unveiled and half clad, rushed to the side and began to climb the rail, with the evident purpose of leaping out of the accursed ship somehow and somewhither. But the old Scotch mate was too quick for her. In an instant he had gripped her waist, and for five minutes there was a Homeric battle, he cursing gutturally as he held on like grim death, she backing out behind, twining her disengaged hand in his hair and defaming his maternal ancestors to the tenth generation. The harem shrieked at the awful spectacle of their comrade in the grasp of a man, but there was none to help, for the pasha was lying abject in his berth below, and we enjoyed the scene far too keenly to cut it short. At the last she succumbed, exhausted, and the old Scot bore her back like a sack to her bed.—Hogarth.

First Days of the World.

When geology took up the world's history in early Archæan days, 300,000,000 of years had passed since the molten rocks of the sunlike earth had formed from the condensing nebulæ.

The cooling of the exterior had gone forward with remarkable slowness, but at last it was hard, solid rock. The thick, heavy vapors had begun to condense, and waters, hot and acid, covered the world, or at least its greater part.

Over the continental region the sea was more or less shallow, and the breaking and grinding of the ocean's bed laid the nucleus for future land.

A triangular island slowly appeared above the waste of waters in what is now the Hudson bay region. There appeared, too, a narrow strip which in centuries to come was to be the highland of the Hudson. There was also a coast line in the broad area covering the Rockies. Small islands dotted the great northern seas where Norway and Sweden now stand.

As time passed the waters slowly became cooler, and at last life, lowly life, appeared in some structureless plants and animals.

A warm and equable climate covered the land, and a clouded sky tempered the rays of the sun, but the rocks were yet bare, and no sounds filled the air save those of a lifeless and voiceless nature—the surging of the waters and the raging of the tempest. But a gradual change was taking place. The seas adjoining these primordial islands became shallower; corals and sea lilies filled the bays; mollusks and crustaceans had begun, and for ages mollusk life reigned supreme in this embryo world.—Lippincott's.

The California Lion.

The running and leaping ability of the California lion when hard pressed by hounds and hunters in open field is almost incredible. Only a fine pack of hounds, accustomed to the mountains, can even attempt to run a genuine lion. There are scores of hunters who declare they have seen California lions, when hotly pursued, rise like a winged creature high above the greenwood and chaparral and make leap after leap of over 30, sometimes 40 feet, across bowlders, logs and rocks. Ground scent for the dogs is barely left, so daintily does he alight. The hounds must use the slightly tainted air for their guide. It is a well known fact that the mountain lion stands in the greatest terror of dogs. When chased by them, he will first try to outrun them. Failing in this, he will take to the nearest tree. But when there are no trees of refuge and the lion comes to bay, then look out. One stroke of the powerful paw means a dead dog, and unless the hunter comes to the rescue with a rifle or revolver the savage brute will slaughter the whole pack in detail. Should he succeed in killing all the dogs he will immediately turn his attention to the human enemy, whom he considers the most insignificant of the pursuers.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Newest Hailstones.

The Washington Star reports a hailstorm in which the hailstones were like goose eggs. This is a new departure that will mightily surprise veteran newspaper readers. From time immemorial hailstones have always fallen the size of hen's eggs, according to the reports in the papers. People finally came to believe that some mysterious law of nature caused all hailstones to assume that size, and now their belief is rudely upset by an iconoclast who brings in a goose egg standard. Certainly this is a revolutionary age. The first thing we know hailstones the size of ostrich eggs will be falling, and then where will we be?—New York Tribune.

Some One Must Suffer.

If a Chinaman dies while being tried for murder, the fact of his dying is taken as evidence of his guilt. He has departed, but somebody must suffer, and his eldest son, if he has one, is therefore sent to prison for a year. If he has no son, then his father or brother gets a digging. It's all in the family, and somebody has to pay for it.

OPPOSED TO SUGAR.

BRYAN WON'T ASSIST AMERICAN SUGAR PRODUCERS.

Objects to Either a Bounty or a Protective Tariff—Prefers an Income Tax For Raising Revenue—Wants Dependence Upon Foreigners For Our Supply.

In the house of representatives on Saturday, Jan. 13, 1894, Hon. William J. Bryan of Nebraska made the following attack against our sugar producing industry:

"There is no reason for a bounty on sugar which will not apply to any other agricultural product. If the bounty paid went to the farmer directly instead of the manufacturer, he has as much right to ask for a bounty on wheat, oats, or cattle, as upon sugar, beets, or cane; but so much of the bounty as goes to Nebraska finds its way, not to the farmers, but to two factories. If the people of Nebraska pay their share of federal taxation, the government collects for the bounty from all the people of Nebraska about $150,000 and pays over to two corporations $76,000. It is thus seen that the state of Nebraska pays out twice as much as it receives and that while everybody pays only the two factories receive.

"I have yet to learn the duty of a representative if I am under any obligation to plead for two sugar factories because they receive large sums and disregard the rights of more than a million people because they pay in small amounts. If I demand bounties for beet sugar in my state, I cannot oppose bounties and subsidies for industries in other states, and thus, to secure a special advantage for two factories in Nebraska I must subject the people of that state to a burdensome tax upon everything.

"I dissent, too, from the position taken by some, that we are compelled by a moral obligation to allow the bounty to remain for the period named in the present law. Such a position is wholly untenable. If the Fifty-first congress could pledge the revenues for the government for 15 years, it could just as well pledge them for 50 or 100 years, and surely no one will say that one congress can thus give a perpetual bounty and impose obligations on subsequent legislatures. The present law provided when the bounty should terminate, but it could not guarantee its continuance until that time. If congress cannot properly give a bounty directly to the sugar industry, neither can it properly impose a tax upon sugar for the avowed purpose of protecting the sugar industry.

"IT IS AS EASY TO JUSTIFY A BOUNTY AS A PROTECTIVE TARIFF, AND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO JUSTIFY EITHER.

"When I was called upon to choose between a tax upon sugar which would raise the price of it to every consumer and a bounty reduced gradually, I chose the latter. I preferred to let the bounty fall by degrees and raise the needed revenue in a way that, instead of taxing the poor man as much as the rich man on the same number of pounds of sugar, would make wealth bear its share of the expenses of government. In other words, I would rather give free sugar to the people and make up the deficit by an income tax."

Railroad Wreckage.

The effect of the Democratic administration and its hard times tariff legislation is shown in the increase of foreclosures of railroads. These have been unexpectedly large since 1893, but the record for the first half of 1896 exceeds that of 1895. This year there were 25 lines foreclosed in six months, representing 3,402 miles of road and $349,049,000 of bonds and stocks. During the first half of 1895 there were 20 roads foreclosed, representing 2,936 miles of road and $100,941,000 of bonds and stocks. This latest Democratic addition to adversity should leave no doubt in the minds of any railroad men that a policy of American protection means prosperity for railroads. Even President Roberts of the Pennsylvania road, which has suspended many contemplated improvements owing to hard times, ought by this time to acknowledge the root of the evil that is affecting his company.

BRYAN & SEWALL, BUNKO STEERERS.

Must Have American Ships.

Reciprocity treaties undoubtedly lead to close relations with those countries with which we enter into commercial advantages, but after all we have been for years embarrassed by not being in possession of a merchant marine service, and until the latter is encouraged by our people upon the basis of a gratuity of some sort—term it subsidy if you like—we will never be able to accomplish the objects involved in reciprocity. The American ship carrying goods from New York or from any port in the United States to any foreign country can be regarded almost as I would regard a salesman who is traveling throughout the country or world in our interest. Jointly with a marine service we also must establish mutual banking facilities. They are collateral necessities.—George J. Seabury.

Will Keep Our Gold.

Mr. McKinley's protective policy will of course check the efflux of gold, as no doubt it will cause a falling off in the imports of British and European goods, and there will consequently be less gold required to pay for them.—London Financial Post.

Japanese Industry.

One thing characterizes the Japanese, be he student, merchant, shopkeeper, artisan, or worker, and that is intensity of application. Work, occupation, toil are not regarded as hardships, but as the natural condition of life.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company,

RAILWAY DIVISION.

PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE,

In Effect 12.01 A. M., Monday, June 29th, 1896.

EAST-BOUND. (Read Down.)

17 ¶	11 ‡	7 ‡	5 ‡	1 *	9 ‡	3 ‡	STATIONS.	6 ‡	10 ‡	2 ‡	4	12 ‡	14 ¶	8 ¶
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*Daily. ‡Daily ex. Sun. †Daily ex. Sat. and Sun. ¶Sunday only. ‡Saturday only. f Stop on Signal to let off Passengers from Baltimore. b Stop on Signal to let off Passengers from Baltimore. x Stops on Signal to take on or let off Passengers for Regular Stops or Baltimore. n Stop on Signal to let off Passengers for other than regular stops or Baltimore. k Stop on Signal to take on or let off Passengers for Easton or Ocean City.

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FIVE DOLLARS WILL BUY A Nice Mandolin with Bag and Instruction Book Thrown In.

All Kinds of Musical Instruments at Rock Bottom prices.

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QUEEN SURREY TRAP. THE HIGHEST TYPE OF A FAMILY VEHICLE.

Utility.	FULL CANOPY.	EACH SEAT Independent.
Beauty.	FULL CURTAINS all around.	NO JOINTS to Rattle.
Comfort.	WEIGHT only 440 lbs.	GRADE the Highest.
	PLENTY of Leg Room.	

Combines the always popular SURREY with the Phaeton and the Nobby Trap.



ELEGANT DESIGN. NOVEL FEATURES. ROOMIEST ENTRANCE.

Both seats equal comfort, Double-tilting front seat—can enter either side. Rear seat folds down out of sight when not in use.

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