GRAND ANNUAL CLOAK SALE!

GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO CLOAK BUYERS.

Opens Friday, Nov. 4th, Closes Tuesday Eve. Nov. 8.

Four Days of Unsurpassed Splendor.



We have looked forward to this great Cloak Sale and have made extensive preparations for it. Our prices range from $1.50 to $50.00 each. You cannot afford to miss this great treat, it will pay you to drive fifty miles to witness this grand display. $7.50 will buy you a very handsome Beaded Plush Cape at our store. We have been told that our efforts to please the public should receive commendation and support of every good citizen Should you desire a wrap before the opening you will find our store full of them already. Special attention will be paid to cloaks and wraps for children. Another important item to remember is, if you are hard to fit, we will have wraps for large and small people and we guarantee to fit both purse and person.



Over Three Thousand Dollars Worth

of Wraps will be on exhibition. From the fine Bear and Electric Seal Capes down to the cheapest Cheviots. Wraps have always been a hobby with us, but we want to say that we do not sacrifice other lines of our business for the sake of pushing our hobby. We shall have on exhibition also a

Magnificent Line of Ladies' Fine Woolen Dress Goods

at popular prices. And while we shall make a specialty of Cloaks, we shall have some new carpets that will astonish and please you.

Your Attention Should also be Called to Our Children's, Youths' and Men's Ready Made Clothing, and Ladies,' Gents,' and Children's Shoes.



Ready Made Clothing is a big business with us, and we sell more children's clothing than any house in Easton. As for our shoe department we can only say that this part of our business has grown far beyond our expectations. We have a Ladies' tender foot shoe which surely will please you. Our School and Dress shoes for Boys and Girls have a great reputation for wear. We sell the famous Douglas Shoes for men.



REMEMBER THE DATES.

M. B. NICHOLS, Easton, Md.

Brave Acts.

On Jubilee day, which commemorated the discovery of gold in California in 1849, a squad of Battery I of the regular army was firing a salute at Lime Point fort, near San Francisco. One load—the charge was 50 pounds of powder inclosed in a woolen bag—did not go off, and the officer in command ordered it to be pulled out of the cannon.

The charge was withdrawn, and as it dropped to the ground it was seen that one corner of the woolen bag was on fire. In an instant the powder would have caught and the seven men with their officer would have been killed. Private John M. Jones jumped toward the smoldering bag, rolled it in the mud and with his bare hands plastered the singed edges with damp earth.

It was a quick, brave deed, and had the hero been a British soldier it would have brought him a Victoria cross to wear on his breast.

During the sepoy war a young captain of artillery saw an ignited shell fall near his battery. Instantly he lifted it up, carried it to a distance and flung it away. Just then it burst, shattering his left forearm.

In the Crimean war Captain Peel of the royal navy, son of the former prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, commanded a naval battery in front of Sevastopol. One day a large shell, its fuse burning, fell into the battery near where Peel was standing. Picking it up, he carried it to the rampart and tossed it over. It exploded before it reached the ground.—Exchange.

Efficacy of Olive Oil.

Medical authorities are generally agreed as to the value of olive oil medicinally, finding it also a potent agent for any defects of the excretory ducts, especially the skin. Eczema has rapidly disappeared upon a discontinuance of diet of fresh and dried fruits, milk, eggs and olive oil. The beneficial effects of the latter, when thus taken in conjunction with a fruit diet, have frequently been remarked in respect to the hair, nails and scalp, supplying to the sebaceous glands the oily substance which they secrete when in a healthy condition, and the absence of which is the cause of debility of the hair, frequently ending in baldness, says The Scientific American. It has long been observed that those who treat olive oil as a common article of food and use it as such are generally healthier and in better condition than those who do not, and its therapeutic and prophylactic properties are very favorably regarded by medical men. It is known to be destructive to certain forms of micro organic life, and for the eradication of such from the system its internal use has been successfully resorted to.

Thunderstorms.

Do not imagine that because a heavy thunderstorm is far away to leeward it is not likely to arise and wet you. Even if the wind is blowing right against the cloud it will come your way all the more surely, for thunderstorms always travel against the wind.

The reason for this is that there is invariably a countercurrent of air above the breeze that you feel close to the earth, and this sky high wind blows in the opposite direction to the one which alone you can detect. Thus the tempest seems to work its way right through the wind's eyes in a very contrary sort of way.

Fog never does this; neither does ordinary rain—at least very seldom—but snow or sleet some time works its way up wind just as the tempest does. Sheet lightning, by the way, is not a distinctive sort of light, but merely the reflection in the sky of a forked flash many miles away. You can tell how far away a tempest is by counting the number of seconds that pass between the flash and the peal. Each second stands for about a mile.—New York Herald.

Where They Are Mated by Lottery.

It was a cynic who said that marriage is a lottery, but in the province of Smolensk, in Russia, this aphorism has been reduced to a quarterly fact, for four times a year there is held the most remarkable lottery ever devised.

A charge of a ruble is made for a ticket, only one prize is to be drawn, and it consists of the entire sum yielded by the sale of the tickets, amounting to 5,000 rubles. The lucky winner of the prize is bound to marry a certain damsel if he takes the 5,000 rubles. Should he be married he is at liberty to turn over the money and the lady to any friend whom he may wish to put in for such a good thing. Should the lady, however, refuse to marry the winner they are allowed to divide the rubles between them.

Strong Soup.

In the life of William Stokes, written by his son, which has appeared in London, it is told how Soyer was sent over to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how make soup. Stokes asked a starving beggar why she did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed.

"Soup, is it, your honor? Sure, it isn't soup at all." "And what is it, then?" inquired Stokes. "It is nothin, your honor, but a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it sthrong!"

This is the soup maigre which Hogarth caricatured in his picture of the French troops at Calais.

Regular 50c. Carriage Whip for 25c. at NEVIUS & FRAMPTON'S.

Art of Making a Mustard Plaster.

To put on a mustard plaster is not at all difficult, but to do it in the best way requires some care and skill. In the first place, remember never to give a cold mustard plaster to a patient. To a weak or sensitive person the shock is often great. Either mix with very hot water, or, better still, have a plate put where it can get warm while you are mixing. Having everything ready at hand, mustard, flour and a spoonful of molasses, with a bit of old muslin or linen—an old handkerchief is the best thing for the purpose. Stir the mustard and flour together first, making the plaster stronger or weaker with mustard as you have been directed. Add the molasses and then the water until the smooth mass is about as thick as porridge or poultice. Spread your cloth on the warm plate, using the middle portion of the linen and leaving a margin on all sides, which is to be folded back at the edges. Put a second cloth over the whole, so that the mustard is entirely hid between the two covers and keep on the plate until it is necessary to apply the plaster.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mixed Party.

"I understand that was rather a mixed crowd that attended your benefit ball, Rastus."

"Yassir, dey mixed once or twice, but we got 'em scatterated befo' any one had time to call fer de wagon."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Grateful Gush.

Sandy McQuirk (to porter, who has been about ten minutes looking after his luggage)—Mon, I con-see-der ye've been verra obleegin. Wull ye tak' a peench o' snuff?"—London Tit-Bits.

First-class Floor Dressing for 30c per gallon. NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.

Notice of Registration.

To the VOTERS of TALBOT COUNTY

The Officers of Registration for the several Precincts of this County will sit for the purpose of registering the qualified voters of Talbot County between the hours of 8 A. M. and 7 P. M. on

Tuesday, October 4,

Tuesday, October 11,

AND

For Revision Only on

Tuesday, October 18.

The places of sittings will be as follow:

First District.

1st Precinct.

In Esquire Plumb's office, South side of Dover Street, Easton.

2nd Precinct.

R. F. Walker's office, North side of Dover Street, Easton.

3rd Precinct.

Harry G. Councell's office, N. Washington Street, Easton.

4th Precinct.

Tunis Mills Co. office, in Tunis Mills.

Second District.

1st Precinct.

George Tarr's Store, St. Michaels.

2nd Precinct.

J. H. Sutton's Store, Bozman.

3rd Precinct.

E. T. Benson's, opposite M. E. Church, South, Royal Oak.

Third District.

1st Precinct.

Wm. A. Kirby's office, Trappe.

2nd Precinct

James E. Price's office, Trappe.

3rd Precinct.

G. Bell's Main Street, Oxford.

Fourth District.

1st Precinct.

Election room No. 1, Cordova.

2nd Precinct.

Election room No. 2, Cordova.

Fifth District.

1st Precinct.

Harry D. Nutz's Store, Wittman.

2nd Precinct.

J. W. K. Cumming's store, Tilghman.

LEWIS BUFFETT,
JOHN T. TRAX,
J. HARRY RADCLIFFE,
Supervisors of Election.

E. H. LACHMAR, Clerk.

THE COOL GAMBLER.

HOW HE BETS, WINS AND LOSES AT MONTE CARLO.

A Scene by Night In the Great Gilded Den at Monaco—Tempting Fickle Fortune as a Cold Blooded Business Transaction—A Lucky English Couple.

Not to see the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo by night would be to miss the grand show of the place. There are not people enough in the town to make up the crowds that press through the big corridor and the atrium in the evening. They come in trains from all the neighboring places—from Cannes, Nice, San Remo, Mentone, sometimes from as far as Genoa. People ride down from Paris, 20 hours in the rapide, just for a little "shy" at the tables. All outside is as bright as day, though chilly.

When I set out for the casino, I came upon a young English couple standing near the big fountain, discussing something with great earnestness. They were good looking, well dressed, with something of an air of a bridal couple. What became of them at the moment I did not notice, and inside I stood for a few minutes watching the roulette tables. Ten minutes later I went into the trente et quarante room and met them just inside the big arched doorway. They were on their way out. Her rosy cheeks were rosier than before, and her face was wreathed in smiles. He was fairly radiant and looked "very fit," as the Londoners say. In one hand he held a great bundle of French notes, all stretched out at full length, just as they came from the tables. It took no great shrewdness to see that for ten minutes they had been leading active, industrious lives and had reaped the reward of industry and virtue and were getting out of the place before they were tempted to try again and lose.

One elderly gentleman was at the moment doing the leading business in that room and attracting the most attention by risking ten 1,000 franc notes ($2,000) at every dealing of the cards. He was particularly interesting to me, because he was beyond doubt an American. He was a fine looking man, with gray hair, iron gray beard, well trimmed, a shrewd eye that watched every move the dealer made, and of course in the regulation black evening clothes. His face showed him to be a man who had made his money, not inherited it. I think that lumber was the foundation of his fortune in the northwest somewhere, but long enough ago to give him time to have the sawdust brushed out of his clothes, for he was very smooth and well groomed. Not a word was said around the table, so there was no chance to hear what language he spoke. He was one of those men who would not look at all out of place leading a prayer meeting, but who might be depended upon for a ready revolver if he caught the dealer at any foul play.

The notes came out of one of his vest pockets, but not carelessly. There was none of the usual effort to look as if risking $2,000 every three minutes was an everyday affair with him. He did everything with caution, always deliberating over what square he should lay his money upon, and sometimes changing it to some other square after he had laid it down. But whether he won or lost he showed no emotion whatever. He won oftener than he lost while I watched him, putting the winnings always into the same vest pocket. At one time the banker made a mistake in duplicating a pile of his notes that had won, but this did not bring a word from him. His eyes were open, and instead of picking up the pile he merely pushed it back toward the banker, which was a sufficient hint for a recount. When the mistake was corrected and the missing note supplied, he added the pile to the big lump in his pocket.

Like almost every player around the trente et quarante tables, he was there strictly for business. It was not a few dollars laid on for the novelty of the thing, but a deliberate speculation in the hope of winning. My experience of gambling houses is fortunately rather limited, but I have seen the big places of Saratoga and Long Branch and one or two in New York and some very large ones in Cuba and Mexico. Never have I seen such a businesslike air in any gambling room as there is here. You may not be wicked enough to know that generally a great deal of smoking and drinking and some eating go with fashionable gambling, but that is the case. The sideboard is almost as necessary as the tables, and George and Sambo and Henry are kept busy carrying champagne and cocktails to the thirsty players. This is pure business with "the house," even where these things are not charged for, for does not a man become the more reckless the more alcohol he absorbs?

But there is none of that here. There is no smoking in the rooms, and no drinks are served at the tables. As far as I have seen, there is no place in the casino building where drinks can be had, though possibly there may be some cozy corners that I have not discovered. It is as much a business house as a wholesale dry goods store, and the profits are larger for the firm. This gives it a very cold blooded atmosphere, for there is not a particle of interest in either of the games outside of the financial risks involved. They are stupid games of doctored chance that a navvy can play as well as an arithmetician.—New York Times.

Diplomatic.

Tom—I've lost a dozen pairs of gloves to that girl, and I haven't a sou to buy them with.

Dick—Tell her no one keeps the size small enough for her little hands. She'll be just as pleased.—Pick Me Up.

Too Much For Any Man.

There isn't any one so good that it doesn't make him mad to go home to dinner and find some one sitting in his chair at the table.—Atchison Globe.