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.

A SPANISH BRAVADO.

REVOLTING SCENE PICTURED BY A CASTILIAN NOVELIST.

A Striking Description of the Daring and Courage Displayed by the Retired General Who Would Not Permit an Englishman to Outdo Him.

The realistic Spanish novelist, Valdes, in one of his most popular stories ("Sister San Suplice," translated by Nathan Haskell Dole) gives a description of a retired Spanish general's afternoon out which will illuminate many chivalric incidents in Spanish life and aptly illustrates the reckless daring and courage of which the average haughty don is liberally possessed. The scene is a sort of picnic grounds in the outskirts of Seville:

"Meantime the animation had been on the increase among the ruffians. The period of unmannerly action had come. One of them climbed upon the table to make a speech, and the others, by way of applause, threw sherry and manzanilla in his face. Another was trying to lift with his teeth a companion whom drunkenness had stretched out on the floor. He did not succeed. He merely tore his sack coat. Still others were committing absurd and extravagant actions, making a great noise and uproar.

"The count remained grave and silent, drinking one glass of sherry after another. But his eyes were no longer, as usual, incomprehensible and unfathomable, like those of a man tired of life. Though he did not speak or move about he seemed a different man.

"The Englishman had taken off his jacket and waistcoat, and, rolling up his shirt sleeves, was exhibiting his biceps, which were really powerful, and trying to break empty bottles on his arm. Once blood had come, but he went on breaking the bottles without paying any attention to it. Then he asked the waiter to bring a bottle of rum and a large glass. He filled this to the brim with the liquor, and then slowly, without moving a muscle or even winking, he drained it to the bottom. Then he sat down at the table opposite the count and said solemnly:

"'You can't do that.'

"A flash of fury gleamed through the harebrained nobleman's eyes, but he succeeded in restraining himself, and, turning the rest of the bottle into the glass, he calmly ordered the waiter to bring him some pepper. He threw in a pinch of it, then threw into it his cigar ashes heaped up before him, and, without saying a word, with the same scornful, contemptuous smile, drained the glass, and, not content with that, bit it in pieces. We saw his lips spotted with blood. The company received with oles and shouts of triumph this proof of an unconquerable stomach, in which it seemed as though the national honor were concerned.

"Our neighbors in the other booths must have reached the same happy grade of temperature, for nothing was heard but extravagant shouts, the crashing of glasses, coarse laughter and swearing.

"The count was not yet satisfied with his victory over the Englishman. While he was swallowing with apparent calmness the glasses of liquor which were offered to him he did not cease to devour him with his eyes, carried away by a dull madness, which soon broke out. His eyes, which were the only part of his impassive face that moved, gleamed more and more ferociously, like those of a madman when a straitjacket has been put on him. The Englishman continued to boast of his strength. He was now thoroughly intoxicated and talking impudently enough to the others, who were not so drunk.

"'So you are very valiant, are you?' asked the count, still smiling disdainfully.

"'More than you,' retorted the Englishman.

"Don Jenaro started to spring at him, but the others restrained him. Soon calming himself, he said:

"'If you are so brave, why not put your hand on the table?'

"'What for?'

"'To pin it down with mine.'

"The Englishman, without an instant's hesitation, stretched out his huge, brawny hand. The count took out of his pocket a damaskeened dagger and laid his delicate, gentlemanly hand on the Englishman's, and without hesitation and with a ferocious grip he raised the point with the other and drove it through both into the table.

"The women uttered a cry of terror. All of us men ran to their assistance. A few left the place in search of help. In an instant our booth was filled with blood. From the wounds great drops of blood streamed, staining the handkerchiefs which we applied to them.

"A doctor who happened to be among the bystanders dressed the wounds provisionally with the few means at his disposal. The count smiled while they were dressing his hand. The Englishman was as sick as a horse and vomiting. Soon the count was doing the same, and both were taken to such rooms as the establishment had to offer and went to bed. Every one left, commenting on the barbarism of the deed."

If She Were a Man.

"Oh," she suddenly exclaimed, "I wish I were a man."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I'll not say what I would do, but there is one thing I will confess that I wouldn't do."

"And that is?"

"I wouldn't sit around as if I had handcuffs on when I happened to be alone with a girl."—Cleveland Leader.

Scientists measure by the contraction of petroleum ether temperatures several hundred degrees below zero F. At 310 degrees below zero, the temperature at which liquid air boils, petroleum ether remains in a semiliquid condition and contracts with the decrease of temperature.

He Wasn't Left.

Biggs—Quite a rivalry between Tom and Fred.

Griggs—Yes, I understand they are both seeking the hand of Miss Triffett.

Biggs—They both called at her house the other evening and at once began the exciting game of trying to outsit each other. Tom had to give it up finally and left Fred in possession.

Griggs—So Fred got the best of it?

Biggs—That's the question. It was a rainy night, and Tom did not take away the poorest umbrella when he left the house.—Boston Transcript.

Carries His Hatchet In His Boot Leg.

In some places men carry bowie knives and guns in their boot legs. One may meet in Fulton fish market in this city a man carrying a hatchet in his boot leg, but the hatchet is for peaceful purposes. It is an implement much used in the market for opening and for nailing up boxes and barrels in which fish are packed, and the boot leg seems to be the handiest place to carry it.—New York Sun.

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

CHING'S GREAT LOVE.

PATHETIC STORY OF COLONEL CARROLL'S CHINESE VALET.

Remarkable Devotion and Strange End of a Young Celestial—He Mysteriously Disappears at San Juan After His Master's Death.

Among the dead and missing in the famous Sixth regular cavalry there is one name not mentioned in the reports—that of Ching, the Chinese valet de chambre of the late hero, Colonel R. N. Carroll, who fell in the San Juan fight. Despite the fact that Ching's name is not on record as one of the victims of the San Juan battle, nevertheless he should be included in all justice as a slight acknowledgment of a rare, dog-like faithfulness. Any officer or man connected with the Sixth will tell of the faithfulness and strange end of the loyal celestial. I have heard the story from one or two privates, but in the Hoffman House in New York the other night a big, brawny first lieutenant told me the details as far as known.

Colonel Carroll, who was intensely loved by his fellow officers and men alike, was a great traveler and took advantage of every opportunity to acquaint himself with the world whenever he took a well earned furlough. During one of his trips he picked up a bright Chinese boy and attached him to his service as a body servant. He was Ching and could give no other name.

When the colonel resided at Fort Scott, Ching was with him, his devoted slave. He anticipated every wish of his master, kept his clothes and accouterments in the pink of condition and always slept within easy call of the commander. Ching was very apt and soon developed into a remarkably fine cook. He invented and served up delectable feasts and luncheons which made it a desired event to be invited to poke one's legs beneath the colonel's board.

When the war broke out between the United States and Spain, Colonel Carroll was ordered at once, with his command, to Tampa. In his judgment the commander thought it wise to order Ching to remain behind at the post. The Mongolian said nothing, but he had the same look in his eyes that can be observed in a faithful hound who is injured by the master he loves.

When the Sixth reached Tampa, the colonel was dumfounded to see Ching toddle into his tent, smiling innocently, and without any explanation proceed to adjust his master's traps. Colonel Carroll could say nothing except, "Well, he's here, and it's useless to argue with him." Then came the orders to proceed at once to Cuba. This time, in his most stern manner and in his most impressive tones, Colonel Carroll ordered his Chinese menial to remain behind, under pain of his most dire displeasure. "Alle light, me sabee," was the Celestial's reply.

In the hurry and bustle of embarking for the seat of war, the colonel lost sight of Ching and concluded that his orders were to be obeyed. He reckoned not upon the Chinese boy's faithfulness and affection. The transport was not out more than 24 hours before Ching, with his smile "childlike and bland," put in an appearance before the doughty colonel. He was a stowaway, having hidden himself in the hold during the excitement of the departure.

Colonel Carroll stormed and raved, but the smile never left the boy's face. He had accomplished his purpose and was happy. Finally the colonel saw a humorous side to the situation, especially as the officers of his staff laughingly told him he might as well try to lose his shadow as the pigtailed valet. Once in camp in Cuba Ching's usefulness was apparent. No officer's wants were better attended to than were those of Colonel Carroll. His meals were simply marvels, and the commander frankly admitted that he would be lost without Ching.

All went well until the fatal battle. As the cavalrymen rushed into the fight, where the atmosphere teemed with singing Mauser bullets, Ching followed where he could see the well known and beloved figure of the colonel. Then came the fateful bullet which plowed its way through the breast of the brave warrior. As he fell the Chinaman, with tears streaming down his yellow features, appeared from some unnoticed place and pillowed his master's head on his bosom, while he tried to stanch the flow of blood. Red Cross assistants and his own men carried Colonel Carroll to the hospital, the Chinaman following, crying and bowed with grief.

It was soon apparent that the colonel had fought his last fight and that the brave spirit which had subdued the fierce red men was soon to pass away. Meanwhile Ching camped out at the entrance to the hospital tent. He would not be driven away. Every surgeon who came out felt his sleeve plucked and turned to hear the faltering question of the Celestial, "C'lonel Clallol, him glet well?"

For more than 24 hours the faithful servant kept at his post, until a surgeon, regarding him pityingly, told him that Colonel Carroll had just breathed his last. For a moment or two Ching stood like a statue. Then a huge sob shook his frame. Turning, he walked through lines of sympathetic soldiers, who in their own grief said, "The poor Chink's heart's broken, sure."

Straightaway past the sentries, into the underbrush and toward the enemy walked the desolate Chinese boy. He disappeared from sight and has never been seen since.—New York Herald.

Tip For Manufacturers.

American manufacturers wishing to send goods into Turkey in Asia are warned by the consuls that their circulars and letters must be written in Turkish or French, preferably Turkish. To write or print them in English is simply a waste of time and money. Nobody reads English stuff in that part of the world.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM.

Professor Worcester Says America Cannot Withdraw From the Islands.

Professor Dean C. Worcester of the University of Michigan has an article in the October Century on "Knotty Problems of the Philippines." Professor Worcester says:

Can we withdraw and restore the islands to Spain? To do so would be to stultify ourselves in the eyes of the world. We have gone to war in order to put a stop to Spain's brutality in Cuba, and we have taken the position that this end can only be accomplished by her expulsion from the island. We have turned a deaf ear to her promises of better things in future and have said to her that she must go.

But the Cubans have not been the only Spanish subjects to suffer oppression. By a strange chance we have it in our power to strike the shackles from other millions of unfortunates. What, then, are we to do? Has not every crime against civilization in Cuba been duplicated in the Philippines a hundred times? If the taxes levied upon the Philippine natives in the past have been heavier than they could bear, how would it be now, with the mother country burdened with debt as never before? Granting for the moment that Spain would be able to reconquer the islands, what would be the fate of the thousands of natives who have revolted against her? Have we any reason to doubt that other scores would be "forgotten" in the Black Hole until they suffocated; that other hundreds would be lined up on the sea wall in front of the Luneta and shot down like dogs while the bands were playing and fair women applauding?

Is it an answer to say that Cuba is near and the Philippines are distant? How many degrees of latitude and longitude measure the difference between right and wrong? True, we might have thought it hopeless to attempt the improvement of conditions in the Philippines had not fate placed the power in our hands. Granted, if you will, that we cannot right the wrongs of all oppressed nations, yet can we refuse to accept the responsibility which the logic of events has thrust upon us? Can we say to Spain: "We will have no more of your misrule in Cuba, but the Philippines are a long way off. Take them back again and be sure to treat them well?" If we were to do this, could we blame our cynical neighbors for suggesting that our interest in putting a stop to misgovernment seemed to wane when the territory concerned did not happen to be conveniently situated for annexation to our own? It seems almost unthinkable that we should ever put ourselves in such a position, but if we were disposed to do so another question would arise. Is it in our power to restore the islands to Spain? The islanders themselves would hardly be willing parties to such a transaction. Is it probable that she could again subdue them? Her conquest of the archipelago began in 1565, under Legaspi. It should not be forgotten that in the centuries which have passed she has not been able to complete it. At the outbreak of the present revolution there were tribes as independent of her as they were the day Magellan set foot on Zebu.

COMMERCIAL CORNMEAL.

An Unsatisfying Article by the Present Process of Milling.

"One of the most serious among the many of our food grievances is the loss to us of true cornmeal," writes Ella Morris Kretschmar in the October Woman's Home Companion, discussing the deterioration of "Our Boasted Maize." "A shadow has been substituted for a substance, literally, in point of food value. Here are the facts: The old fashioned meal was made of whole white flint corn, ground by the bur process (crushed between stones), giving a soft, fragrant, highly nourishing product which was capable of so many culinary variations that the poor who made it their staple might be said to have 'fared sumptuously' and the rich to reckon it among gastronomic delights. Some years ago 'granulated meal' appeared, the whole grain being cut by the 'roller process.' This meal, while not as soft as the bur meal, was equally sweet, nourishing and well flavored—in short, very acceptable. When made of corn thoroughly dried, requiring about two years, it had 'keeping' qualities not possessed by meal made of fresh corn by either process, which, by the way, will keep perfectly for months in cold weather, but not more than two or three weeks in summer.

"So today we have a granulated meal made from corn dried in kilns in a few hours by heat so intense as to kill all the characteristic qualities of flavor and texture. But these losses are small compared to greater ones. If you will examine a grain of corn, you will note on one of its flat sides a cone shaped depression running to the point where it is attached to the ear. Under the skin covering that depression is the germ, the vital part of the grain, the muscle builder, brain feeder, the part that a rat has the intelligence to eat, leaving the rest. Now, this soft germ substance will not granulate, is quickest to become musty; hence for 'trade' considerations it now is entirely scooped out, leaving the devitalized grain, the part rejected by the rat, to be calcined in the kiln and ground for our use. Could a more cruel robbery be perpetrated?"

A Valuable Point Gained.

One point of very great value is already gained, says Hon. Carl Schurz in the October Atlantic. The old distrust between the United States and Great Britain has disappeared as a power of mischief. Whatever either of the two nations may do, the other will readily believe it to be prompted by good faith and friendly intention as to the relations between the two, and whenever either one of the two gets into trouble the presumption will be that the other will interfere on its side, or, if by its own interests compelled to remain neutral, will maintain a thoroughly sympathetic neutrality. This may eventually open the way to further understandings, but it is in itself a result of such importance that, I repeat, the mutual confidence necessary for its maintenance should not be jeopardized by precipitate attempts at arrangements by which either of the two nations would lose the mastery of its own destinies.

Autumn.

Now gently falls the fading light,
The autumn's sunset veil.
While dusky grows the wavering flight
Of whippoorwill and quail.
The grain is bound, the nuts are brown
On every wooded hill;
The light is softened on the down,
And silvered on the rill.

The partridge drums, the plover's call,
Salutes the sportman's ear,
And just above the waterfall
The fisher sets his weir.
The reddened leaves, with withered wings,
Sweep lightly to the sod,
And autumn walks the land and sings,
With rustling sandals shod.
—G. H. Dierhold in October Woman's Home Companion.