IMPORTANT NOTICE.

M. B. Nichol's Second Cloak Opening

M. B. Nichols announces his 2nd and last Cloak Opening to begin on Friday, Dec. 9th and continue until the 13th. It will be the Great Marked Down Sale of the Season.

Special discounts will be made during this sale.

The first snow of the season has come and I am loaded down with heavy storm overcoats for both men and boys, and I will astonish you with low prices on these goods.

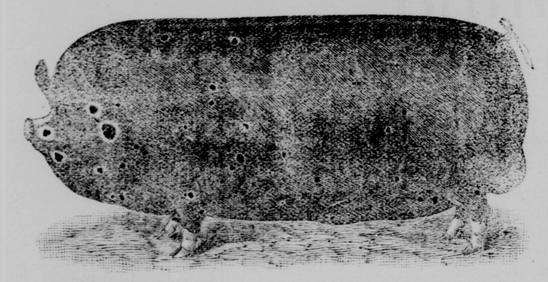
-- REMEMBER THE DATES-- FRIDAY, DEC. 9, TO TUESDAY, DEC. 13TH. POSITIVELY THE LAST OPPORTUNITY THIS YEAR

M. B. NICHOLS.

Public Sale Dec. 9th

—OF—

LARGE ENGLISH BERKSHIRES.



As I am going to move I will offer at public sale 35 head of the best pigs I ever raised for cash to the highest bidder without reserve. This lot consists of boars and sows, all ages. One very fine yearling boar, won 1st prize at Easton Fair. 2 others old enough for service. Fine lot of sows from 3 to 4 months old. These pigs were sired by the English boars Comely Boy, No. 26462, and Lord Washington, No. 41111, which are the best boars in Maryland and as well bred as England or America can produce. These pigs are out of registered sows with plenty of size and quality.

Sale to commence at 10.30 o'clock A. M.

H. W. WARNER, Cordova, Md.

THE BARGAINSPOT.



Nevius & Frampton.

Stove Pipe, 5 and 6 inch	14c. Joint
Elbows, 5 and 6 inch	10c. each
Long Handle Coal Shovels	4 and 5c. each
Galvanized Coal Hods	18c. each
Coal Sieves	10, 15, 18, 25 and 28c. each
Wilson's Russia Iron Air-Tight Stoves	$4.50, $5.50, $6.50
Carpet Tacks, 6, 8, 10 oz	10c. doz
Huskings Mitts, mule skin	28c. pair

NEVIUS & FRAMPTON.

Vienna.

Here we have a proud, imperial city, rather disdainful of trade, aristocratic and easy going, conscious of a long past, its rulers still animated with the conviction that they are the successors of Charlemagne and Otto, looking on Berlin as parvenu, on London as merely commercial, on Paris as half crazy. Excepting in the domain of music, Vienna is not a home of art and culture, but it is a center of dignity and grace and a certain calm air of superiority, which, however, does not offend. It is content to look on while other places explore and write and toil and push and strain; it stands on its rank; it can never forget its 16 quarterings and its claims to high estate.

Vienna is most interesting perhaps as the meeting place between east and west, where the fine gentleman rubs shoulders in the afternoon lounge along the Graben with the Bosnian peasant. The guardian of Europe's ancient order, the center of a great and most interesting empire, the city of leisure and of a pride so lofty that it does not know itself to be pride at all, Vienna is both a charming city and an important political center, as she will continue to be, no matter what is the fate of the Austrian empire.—London Spectator.

M. de Fontenelle's Bright Speeches.

M. —— said of a young fellow who did not see that a lady was in love with him: "You are very young. You can only read large print."

A preacher said: "When Pere Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, he caused a great deal of disorder. The workmen left their shops, the doctors their patients, etc. I preached there the following year and set everything right."

A lady 90 years of age said to M. de Fontenelle, who was 95, "Death has forgotten us." "Hush!" replied Fontenelle, putting his finger on his lips.

A conceited dolt interrupted a conversation by, "I have an idea." A wit remarked, "Astonishing!"

A courier said, "After the death of his majesty there's nothing one can't believe."

M. de Fontenelle, then in his ninety-seventh year, having just paid Mme. Helvetius a thousand pretty compliments, passed her on his way to the table, without seeming to notice her. "See," said Mme. Helvetius, "what account I should take of your gallantry. You went by without looking at me." "Madame," said the old gentleman, "if I had looked at you I should not have passed by you."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Desperate.

"I want a horse and trap for a funeral. Can you let me have them?" inquired the young man in the loud check suit of the cautious liveryman, whose stock occupies the same place in his affections that a wife and family should.

"Well, if you're careful," replied the cautious liveryman slowly.

The turnout was at last ready, and while the young man in the loud check suit was arranging himself in his seat the proprietor patted the horse, an especial favorite, tried the buckles of the harness, shook the shafts and performed all the usual ceremonies due upon such an occasion. Then, as he handed up the reins, he said absentmindedly:

"He's very willing and quick. Be careful not to drive too fast."

The young man regarded him in surprise for a moment, and then asseverated:

"Well, I'm going to keep up with the funeral if it kills him!"—London Answers.

A Bridle to Her.

Polk Miller of Richmond is known as a raconteur of plantation life in the south before the war. One story told by Mr. Miller will well bear repetition. An old darky named Absalom was the favorite attendant of a widower acquaintance of Miller, and as rumor had it that the widower intended taking unto himself a second wife Miller asked Absalom if it were true. Absalom scratched his woolly pate for a moment and replied that he reckoned it was.

"Well," said Miller, "will he take a bridal tour?"

This somewhat puzzled Absalom for an instant; then an inspiration struck him, and he said, "I dunno 'bout a bridle, sah, but when de ole missus was 'live he used to talk a paddle to her; so maybe he talk a bridle to de new one!"—Exchange.

Got Her Snap Shots.

As President McKinley entered the station at Omaha the other day the crowd lined up as usual upon two sides of a passage that was roped off and protected by the police. Half way across the platform a woman with a kodak dodged the guard and sprang out before Mr. McKinley. The chief of police, who led the procession, ordered her away, but the president interfered and took off his hat so that she might get a better view of his face. Backing rapidly a few feet in advance, she got several good snap shots and then disappeared.

He Won Her.

"I learn," she said reproachfully, "that you were devoted to no fewer than five girls before you finally proposed to me. How do I know that you didn't make desperate love to all of them?"

"I did," he replied promptly.

"You did!" she exclaimed.

"Certainly," he returned. "You don't suppose for a minute I would be foolhardy enough to try for such a prize as you are without practicing a little at first, do you?"—Chicago Post.

Alaska's Sky Pillar.

The newly discovered peak in Alaska, which is said to be taller than Mount St. Elias, is away over on the American side of the boundary line and is thus indisputably ours. It will be somewhat rough on Elias to lose his long reputed pre-eminence, but as the great landmark of the international boundary line he may yet get some consolation.—New York Tribune.

THE FEAST OF THE BUTTERFLIES.

On the track of a sunbeam shining through
The blossoming hedge the wind cars flew
As only the trains of the fairies do.

And every butterfly came down,
From Lilac vale to Bluebell town,
In a velvet bodice and satin gown.

With green leaf plates was the board complete,
With drops of dew for their bread and meat,
And in blue delft cups the honey wine sweet.

And they only staid to dance and sup
Nor cleared the table of platter and cup,
For the rain washed all the dishes up.
—Virna Woods in Woman's Home Companion.

A GRAND JUROR.

The day Mary Hammond accepted Joyce her mother handed her a $1,000 bond, her share of her father's life insurance. She thought of pretty gowns—to be worn as a bride. Then she sobered up. David would think her silly; she was so practical. She was sorry for David.

About a month after the engagement John Alroy was made postmaster of Garret. He was young, quick, clever and handsome.

Joyce was busy at the store, so Mary often went to social gatherings without him, he calling for her later on in the evening. He did not dance; Alroy did. It gradually dawned upon him that Mary danced a good deal with the postmaster.

In April he made his usual spring trip to buy goods. He had been away a week, when he received a letter from Mary. She asked to be absolved from her engagement with him. He was stunned and hastened home. The calmness with which Mary met him told him his doom.

"It is Alroy, of course?" he said.

"It may seem to you that I treat you badly," she returned, "but I never knew what love was until I met him," and Joyce went away.

Throughout the summer he saw little of the happy pair, invented business excuses taking him often away from home. Winter came, and the store claimed him. April loomed up—the anniversary of his shattered hopes—and he heard that Mary would be married in June. In June the marriage was put off until autumn.

This was the reason: The postoffice at Garret was third class. Out of his salary the postmaster was expected to defray all office expenses. In a second class office clerk hire and other liabilities were met by the government, while the salary of the master was considerably increased. Alroy proposed to raise his office to the second class, so as to be able to marry. To do this he must prove that the business of his office had increased for a year to such an extent that it equalled existing second class offices. Late in the summer he said that this was so. In September an expert discovered that, while the sale of stamps for a year equaled that of an office of the higher grade, it did not represent a corresponding increase in mailed matter. Alroy was accused of fraud.

In January Joyce was summoned to act as grand juror on the 20th of February in the city more than 100 miles away.

The afternoon of the 18th brought Garret a blinding snowstorm. The streets were deserted. Business was at a standstill. About 4 o'clock and nearly dark a lady entered Joyce's private room at the store. It was Mary Hammond.

"I have heard," she said at once, "that you are a grand juror in the February term. The postmaster's case comes up before you."

Joyce's heart gave a bound. He had not thought of that.

"The grand jury, I am informed," she went on, "decide if there is sufficient ground to make out a case to go before the court. You will have a voice in deciding whether or not there is a case against the postmaster."

Joyce's eyes were like coals of fire.

"If it were in your power, you would convict the postmaster," she said.

Joyce found his voice.

"If I knew him to be guilty, yes," he said.

"He is guilty," she went on. "The stamps were bought by me with the $1,000 of my father's insurance. I proposed the fraud. Love for him made me do as I have done. Love for me made him do the rest."

Without another word she went from the room out into the snowstorm.

Joyce trembled in every limb. The insult drove him wild. She knew that he still loved her, and she called upon that love to save Alroy even at the expense of honor. The outrage of it! Alroy was guilty, and there was but one thing to do. Love and honor contended—hopeless love, inalienable honor. There could be no question as to which would win.

The following day, the outrage—the insult—gnawing at him, he went on the 100 mile journey. On the morning of the 20th he took oath that he would do his duty as a good and loyal man in the matters to be placed before the grand jury. In a few minutes more he was sitting, with 23 other men, around a long table, listening to detectives and others testifying against unseen people.

How many cases were disposed of he hardly knew, when he heard the name he had waited for. Joyce raised his head. Now would come his revenge for all the pain he had silently suffered, and yet his revenge would be only his honest duty. His face grew hard and dim.

A postoffice expert testified among other things that Alroy had openly boasted that he would raise his office to second grade so that the increase of salary would warrant his marriage. Two other witnesses testified as to the facts already known.

"Well, gentlemen," said the foreman of the jury.

"I move that a true bill be found," cried a juror.

"I second the motion," said another.

"All in favor of a true bill signify their assent by saying 'aye.'"

Several "ayes."

"Contrary, 'no.'"

Several "noes."

The foreman and an officer of the court looked around the table.

"He may or may not have thought the sales legitimate," said one.

"Oughtn't he to have the benefit of the doubt?" asked another. "It is getting very easy to accuse men of dishonesty."

"An official like a postmaster," said a third, "should be above suspicion."

"Rather unfair to make his wish to be married the cause for his rascality," said the youngest juryman.

"And to blame him for his ambition in trying to raise his office," said a kind voice.

"Gentlemen," said the court officer, "a majority of one is sufficient to make out a true bill, and a like majority of one may ignore a bill. Those in favor of a true bill will please rise."

The man next to Joyce sprang up to his feet. Another got up. Joyce counted three, four, five.

"If he knew that the bare sale of the stamps did not substantiate his claim, that would make a true bill against him," said a juror. Another man stood up, still another.

"Only seven. Ah, eight, nine, ten, eleven."

The juror on the other side of Joyce rose.

"Twelve."

Joyce, with a feeling of exultation that his revenge was to be even greater that he had hoped—when he could give the casting vote which would decide the case against Alroy—straightened out his knees to rise and form the majority of one. At that moment he heard a low, tremulous voice: "I proposed the fraud. Love for him made me do as I have done; love for me made him do the rest." He glanced furtively around, almost expecting to see the owner of that voice—the woman he loved, the woman who had treated him so badly—the woman who had gauged his honor and love.

("Your duty as a good and loyal man"—)

"No majority," sang out the court officer. "A tie. Let me try again another way. Those in favor of ignoring the bill please to rise."

("Your duty as a good and loyal man"—)

Twelve men were standing up.

"How is this, gentlemen?" said the court officer. "Still a tie."

("I proposed the fraud," came that low, tremulous voice. "Love for him made me do as I have done.")

Love! Did Joyce know what love was? Did he know the power Mary's love must have exercised over the man she loved—the man she had ruined? Did he know her suffering now that she realized what she had done? And did he think of Alroy's love for her, of his striving after happiness with her even at the price of that which men hold to be the first principle of manhood—honor? Was there not yet a chance for retrieving, a chance for their peace, made purer by their mistake and suffering? Was there nothing higher than mere duty? Was it duty to irretrievably ruin two lives which might yet be made better? Mary would never be sure of the part her discarded lover played in this case, despite her guessing, and—oh, his honor, his honor, and, oh, his pain, his hopeless love!

"Still a tie," impatiently said the court officer.

Oh, his honor, and, oh, his pain, his hopeless love! But, oh, Mary's happiness!

Joyce, the thirteenth juror, suddenly shot up on his feet, making the majority of one.

"Majority!" proclaimed the court officer. "The bill is ignored."

The thirteenth juror fell into a heap on the floor.—Robert C. V. Myers in Buffalo Times.

Ancient Varieties of Dogs.

The first domesticated mammal seems to have been the dog. In the Swiss Society of Natural History last year Professor Studer read a paper on ancient European dogs. The oldest variety was the so called peat dog. It belongs to the neolithic period. There were four other varieties known in the bronze period and in that of the lake dwellings. Direct descendants of these are the German hunting hounds, the shepherd dog and the poodle.

In America there is little evidence that any dog was trained for hunting. In the far north the Eskimo dog was a beast of draft, the only one known to the red race. The dogs of Mexico and Central America seem to have been principally raised for food or ceremonial sacrifices. In Peru there were several varieties under domestication, two of which have been clearly distinguished.

It is noteworthy that although in many American tribes the dog was a sacred or mythical animal in the legends he was not regarded with affection, but with dislike and aversion, a fact strongly brought out by Von Tschudi.—D. G. Brinton in Science.

M. de Mirabelle Would Not Tell.

"A venerable and worthy nobleman, M. Pompignan de Mirabelle, was imprudent enough to repeat at a supper party some satirical verses he had heard touching Mme. de Pompadour and M. de Sartines, the chief of police. Warned that De Sartines had filled in his name on a lettre de cachet, M. de Mirabelle called at the police office and asked to what prison he should betake himself. 'To Vincennes,' said De Sartines.

"'To Vincennes,' repeated M. de Mirabelle to his coachman, and he arrived at the dungeon before the order for his detention.

"Once a year De Sartines made a formal visit to Vincennes, and once a year punctually he demanded of M. de Mirabelle the name of the author of the verses. 'If I knew, I should not tell you,' was the invariable reply, 'but as a matter of fact I never heard it in my life.' M. de Mirabelle died in Vincennes a very old man."—"Dungeons of Paris."

CITY FIRE FIGHTERS.

The Deadly Perils They Encounter In Saving Human Lives.

A great tenement house was burning like tinder wood in one of the poorest quarters of the metropolis. The stairs had gone up in smoke before everybody had left the building, and even the fire escape down the outside of the building was cut off by the hot flames from the lower windows, which had already peeled off a part of it. A young girl of 14 or 15 was frantically shrieking for help in one of the top windows, and a mother was wringing her hands in pitiful despair down in the street.

The chief called for volunteers to save the girl, and three men came forward on the instant, without hesitation and without awaiting to count their chances for success. This is the custom in such cases, for no one would take the responsibility of ordering a fireman to his possible death.

A strong young fellow who had yet to win his spurs was selected for the task, and he disappeared quickly through the doorway of the adjoining building. When next the crowd saw him he appeared at the window just under the roof, and, grasping the tin cornice of the burning building next to him, he swung out into the air and made his way, hand over hand, for 30 feet through the dense smoke that rose in black clouds from the lower windows to the sill where the girl was seen.

She had fallen back into the room unconscious and was overcome with smoke by the time he reached her. A thousand anxious faces in the street below were tortured with fear for the hero, a hundred muttered prayers went up for his safety as the fireman disappeared into the black cloud, and a thousand throats sent up a lusty shout of relief as he appeared again at the window a moment later with the limp form of the girl in his arms.—Harper's Round Table.

THE CLOTHES OF AUTHORS.

Some Strictures Upon the Dress of English Literary Men.

Novelists and playwrights in sample quantities are the latest class to come under the basilisk eye and measuring tape of The Tailor and Cutter. These members of the sister profession of journalism, and perhaps even the severely judged members of parliament who have appeared in a like connection, may be relieved to know that the novelists and playwrights scarcely excel them as glasses of fashion and molds of form. By way no doubt of sharpening his pen, the tailor critic begins with I. Zangwill, whose lounge suit "might have belonged to any period during the last ten years," and had even reached the stage of the "shabby genteel." However, it is consoling to know that Mr. Zangwill's literary success enables him to wear a frock coat that nearly passes muster, even though the accompanying trousers are too short.

Mr. Jerome, J. M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones and Hall Caine might almost be called moderately well dressed in a nonstylish sort of way. At all events they avoid the shuddering solecism of wearing a light coat and waistcoat with dark trousers, attributed to Robert Buchanan, or the mixed styles of W. S. Gilbert. But the only two members of the class who unreservedly enjoy the approval of our contemporary are Sir Walter Besant and Clement Scott. The former will no doubt be rejoiced to learn that his clothes might cause him to be mistaken for "a prosperous city merchant," while Mr. Scott might "easily be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman," says a tailor. The force of flattery could surely no farther go.—London Chronicle.

Gladstone's Courtesy.

"My father," says a London restaurant keeper, "was a milkman, and his place was in the neighborhood of Harley street. He supplied the Gladstone family with milk, and I delivered it. One day when on my rounds a thunderstorm came on as I had just reached Mr. Gladstone's house, and the rain descended in torrents. I rang the servants' bell, but it was not promptly answered, and meantime I was being soaked with the rain. The front door opened, and a kindly voice asked me to step into the doorway, so that I might be sheltered. Mr. Gladstone had seen me from the window and opened the door himself. He also rang for the servant, so that I might be attended to without further delay."

Light and Artificial Fog.

The production of cloud by the action of ultra violet light was demonstrated at a soiree at the Royal society by C. T. R. Wilson. The beam from an arc lamp was focused by a quartz lens in a tube containing moist air free from dust. In a few minutes a blue fog was seen to form in the illuminated cone, and this fog could be made to move by applying heat to the tube locally. When the ultra violet rays were cut off by a sheet of mica, no such formation took place, and it is therefore suggested that the small particles which give rise to the blue of the sky are produced by the ultra violet rays of sunlight absorbed in the upper layers of the atmosphere.—Engineering.

Built Upon a Bowlder.

There is a village in England built upon an enormous bowlder of chalk. This bowlder is half a mile long and must have been carried coastward a distance of 25 miles by some great iceberg. It was dropped to the bottom of the glacial sea, where it became partly covered and surrounded by blue gray bowlder clay.

Mrs. J. M. Bull, wife of the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Worthington, Minn., supplied the pulpit on a recent Sunday in the absence of her husband.

The first baby gets its photograph taken every three months. The other babies are lucky to get theirs taken once in three years.—Bachelor.