Potash.

ENOUGH of it must be contained in fertilizers, otherwise failure will surely result. See that it is there.

Our books tell all about fertilizers. They are sent *free* to all farmers applying for them.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

Gun and Ammunition Headquarters.

Sportsmen have rare opportunities to get Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods at lowest prices through the buyers Merca, the Hardware Emporium of

E. T. NICOLS.

Blankets, Harness, „ and Whips „

are being disposed of at an actual reduction of ten per cent less than any where else.

Smokeless Powder

is the hunters favorite now. See us about it.

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.

DEEP SEA WATER.

At One Thousand Fathoms Its Pressure Is a Ton to the Square Inch.

When marine life began to command notice, the question of the depth to which life could extend divided scientific thought into warring camps. About 1840, it was generally believed that the bathymetrica limit was about 300 fathoms, and some strange ideas were current as to the physical condition of water when under a pressure such as a depth of two miles would produce. It was thought that skeletons of drowned men, or even heavy cannon and the "wedges of gold" that popular imagination places in the sea, floated at certain levels, beneath which is water so compressed as to be impenetrable. In fact, water is almost incompressible, and the weight of a cubic inch of it at the depth of a mile is very little more than at the surface, but it was assumed that no living being could survive a pressure which at 1,000 fathoms is about a ton to the square inch.

We ourselves live under a pressure of about 15 pounds per inch, and are unaware of it. Indeed we sometimes waken on a morning when the barometer has risen, say, half an inch during the night, and consequently find ourselves sustaining an increased pressure of several tons not only without suffering, but with a positive feeling of buoyancy and good spirits. On the other hand, if the tremendous pressure under which we live be relieved as by a surgical "cup," severe injury may follow. Aeronauts suffer from this cause, and marine animals dredged from great depth often reach the surface in a most lamentable condition, with eyes protruding and viscera distended.—Dr. C. M. Blackford, Jr., in North American Review.

Not Reassuring.

That an answer may be cheerful and yet far from reassuring is once more proved out of the mouth of a young Irishman.

He was acting as guide to a party of Americans who, in the course of a day's excursion during their visit to Ireland, were wandering over a picturesque, deserted castle.

"It seems very unsafe," said one of the party, as they groped and stumbled along a dark passage. "These floors are loose, I know."

"Yes," said another timid person, "and I wish I could see the blue sky above me. This seems like a dungeon, not a ruin!"

"Is it the blue sky ye'd be seein, miss?" said the voice of the guide, some feet in advance. "Why, may the saints preserve ye for an innocent! It's the roof, an nowt else, that kapes the walls

TOWN CLOCK CONTRIBUTIONS.

About $750 Already Pledged and More to Follow.

County Commissioners	$100 00
Town Commissioners	100 00
W. R Martin	10 00
Walter H. Thompson	10 00
M. B. Nichols	10 00
I. R. Hooper	5 00
George H. Trax	5 00
Frank M. Willis	5 00
Charles F Stewart	5 00
Wm. H. Adkins	5 00
Geo. W. Wilson	5 00
J. Harry Covington	5 00
Geo. F Nickerson	5 00
John S Griffith	5 00
Dallas B. Hayward	5 00
O F. Sturmer	5 00
Dr. Thos. A. Councell	5 00
N Tuthill & Son	5 00
F. G Wrightson	5 00
Isaac R. Pippin	5 00
Joseph H White	5 00
H. S. Gordon	5 00
Wilfred Bateman	5 00
M. P. Flowers	5 00
Dawson & Jenkins	5 00
Robson Bros	5 00
John E. Hubbard	5 00
Dr. Joseph S Garrison	5 00
W. C. Hughes	5 00
M. M. Higgins, $10 if with fire alarm attachment, or without	5 00
Wm. J. Dukes	5 00
Wm J Hartnett	5 00
J. W. Wheatley	5 00
W. B. Kemp	5 00
Shannahan & Wrightson Hardware Co	5 00
Nevius & Frampton	5 00
James Dixon	5 00
J. J. Wright	5 00
W. P. Chaffinch	5 00
U. G Ross	5 00
A. H. Matthews	5 00
Oswald Tilghman	5 00
N. E. Clark	5 00
T. H. Hollingsworth	5 00
Clayland Mullikin	5 00
Harry Roberts	5 00
Alexander Fountain	5 00
Dr. Joseph E. M. Chamberlaine	5 00
Dr. J. M. H. Bateman	5 00
Nichols & Brother	5 00
Hubbard & Co., Baltimore	5 00
Wm. Reddie	10 00
Michael McGinn	5 00
O H. Henry	5 00
Thomas M. Bartlett	5 00
F. C. Goldsborough	5 00
George M. Wingard	5 00
G. E. Warrington	5 00
W. H. Griffin	5 00
Willis Flowers	5 00
Capt. J. F. Chelton	5 00
Charles H. Gibson	5 00
John T. Rathell	5 00
J. B. Bennett	5 00
Samuel Norris	5 00
John Mason	5 00
J. F. Bateman	5 00
J. Frank Turner	5 00
J. C. Norris	5 00
G. Harry Patchett	5 00
J. E. M. Chamberlaine, Jr	5 00
J. C. Bartlett	5 00
William Mason Shehan	5 00
Alexis G. Pascault	5 00
H. Lay Beaven	5 00
Garrison R. Collins	5 00
W. T Carpenter	5 00
Mrs. R. B. Dixon	5 00
B. F. Parlett	20 00
R. B. Dixon	10 00
Gen. Richard Thomas, $10 if with fire alarm, if without	5 00
C. C. Nickerson	5 00
E. H. Furness	2 50
Wm. S. Wilson	1 00
Henry Holyday, Jr	1 00
A. Cohen	2 00
S. Schneider	1 50
C P. Warrington	2 00
Chas. H. Leonard	1 00
W. K. Norris	1 00
H. N. Hackett	1 00
Alfred B. Mason	1 00
Wm. H. Davidson	5 00
Geo. E Haddaway	5 00
"Cash"	5 00
Garey & Bro	1 00
J. L. Walker	1 00
Ferdinand Anderson	1 00
J. R. Treganowan	1 00
R T. Kirby	1 00
Wm. H. Whitby	1 00
Edwin C Warner	1 00
Charles E Nicols	1 00
Leroy Lane	1 00
Henry Shreve	1 00
H. A. Towers	1 00
Easton Town Hall Co	8 00
Mackenzie Goldsborough	1 00
"Cash"	1 00
A. L. Nichols	1 00
T. W. Jones	1 00
John C Henry	5 00
Easton Primary School	5 00
Rev. W. E Temple	5 00
Easton High School	5 00
John C. Henry	1 00
Miss Louisa F. Mason	1 00
W. Harry White	1 00
B. E. McHale	1 00
George W. Mowbray	1 00
Leonidas Nichols	1 00
Samuel W. Jones	1 00
George A. Phillips	5 00
Dr. Isaac A Barber	25
Addie Startt	25
Geo. S. Biddle	1 00
A. B. Hardcastle	3 00
Chas. H. Hughes	1 00
W. W. Spence	2 00
W. T. Williams	1 00
Geo. C Mason	1 00
T. H Coburn	1 00
Total	$744 50

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

OF

The Easton National Bank of Maryland, at Easton, in the State of Maryland, at the close of business, Dec. 1, 1898.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$529,119 72
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		844 18
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		182,200 00
Talbot County Court House Bonds		10,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		5,856 25
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		12,000 00
Other real estate and mortgages owned		5,069 28
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		11,525 94
Due from State Banks and Bankers		75 55
Due from approved reserve agents		70,023 09
Checks and other cash items		16 55
Notes of other National Banks		1 630 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		214 43
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	$37,756 10	
Legal-tender notes	4,720 00	42,476 10
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)		8,197 50
Total		$879,188 51

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$200,000 00
Surplus fund	150,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	21,[illegible]7 72
National bank notes outstanding	68,450 00
Due to other National Banks	5,[illegible]06 [illegible]
Due to State Banks and bankers	1,154 [illegible]4
Dividends unpaid	5 00
Individual deposits subject to check	337,685 04
Demand certificates of deposit	110 00
Certified Checks	305 70
Total	$879,188 51

STATE OF MARYLAND, COUNTY OF TALBOT, SS:
I, R. THOMAS, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

R. THOMAS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of December, 1898.

HENRY SHREVE,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest.
CHAS. C. NICKERSON,
WM. R. MARVIN,
WM. H. ADKINS,
Directors.

Don't Neglect Your Liver.

Liver troubles quickly result in serious complications, and the man who neglects his liver has little regard for health. A bottle of Browns' Iron Bitters taken now and then will keep the liver in perfect order. If the disease has developed, Browns' Iron Bitters will cure it permanently. Strength and vitality will always follow its use. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

Fruit Cake time is here. See Meintzer's ad on page 5 and then leave your order with him today. Delivered whenever you say.

NOT AFRAID OF MAN.

Remarkable Tameness of Animals In the Yellowstone Park.

The slaughter of birds has almost entirely removed one of the delightful accompaniments of life in the rural east—the music of the feathered songsters. Apropos of this, it may be said that one of the most pleasant features of the drive through the Yellowstone National park is the apparent intimacy between man and the animal and bird life in the park. Thanks to the wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within its boundaries.

"The result," says an English tourist, "is positively charming. Hundreds of little chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scampered impudently about or peered at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lordly eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the rank grass. We were fortunate enough to see a fine specimen of the wolf tribe. He stood, a beautiful creature, and watched us out of sight, showing only curiosity, not fear. Another time were perceived a doe and fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here at least mankind was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party, yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsels, for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire, and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact."—Troy Times.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Nature Likes Them Not and Invariably Crushes the Breed.

Through all time men of genius have scoffed at and have ridiculed the attempts of purse proud old "richesse" to create superior orders of manhood. Nor is this a matter for wonder. They were and are ridiculous. Yet these attempts are repeated every hour. Considering them one would suppose that wealth, titles, dignities, are talismans which insure virtue and honor and personal worth and beauty in those to whom they descend. Talismans are ridiculous, and so are titles.

Nobility is of blood and not of garters, royal sponsors and christening robes. Pedigrees, portraits and family history when truthful tell us a great deal about the nobility of a race. Titles, quarterings and patents are worthless, and the production of a great genius is in general as bad a sign as the production of a great profligate. Races that produce geniuses should be avoided. The best is the second best—the normal.

Genius, as some one (Victor Hugo, I think) has finely said, is a promontory stretching out into the ocean of the infinite. Look for the descendants of Shakespeare, Bacon, Macaulay, Wellington, Nelson, Gibbon, Swift, Voltaire, Carlyle, Bonaparte, Goldsmith, Spencer, Milton, Cromwell, Disraeli—to take a few names at random—and you will find that they are not, for the genius is always a transgressor of the normal—a "sport." He is never symmetrical. Such a one nature likes not, and she makes provision for the extinction of his race.—Humanitarian.

Illuminated Buoys.

Another form of beacon for mariners of smaller dimensions, but hardly less important, is the illuminated buoy. These floating lamp holders, placed in an estuary where the available channel is often only a narrow one, bounded by mud or sand banks only a few feet below the surface of the water, are invaluable to shipping. Hitherto the illuminant chiefly employed has been compressed gas, necessitating a high pressure reservoir and compressing machinery.

Mr. Wigham, whose name has long been known in connection with lighthouse apparatus, has introduced a mineral oil lamp which can be fitted to any existing buoy and will burn for a long period at very small cost. The maintenance of one form of lamp can be kept up at a cost of one penny for 24 hours, and as no compressing machinery is required this is the only expense plus the original cost of the lamp. The approach to port—such as that of Liverpool, for instance, where a ship has to enter through a long avenue of buoys—could by this invention be almost as well lighted as a city street.—Chambers' Journal.

A Warm England.

The extremes of outdoor temperature in England vary more than 123 degrees. The greatest heat probably on record was registered in the valley of the Medway on July 22, 1868, when the thermometer at Tonbridge stood in the shade at 100½ degrees F. Eleven years later, in December, 1879, 55 degrees of frost were recorded at Blackadder, in Berwickshire—i. e., 23 degrees below zero F. More remarkable, however, than the heat in summer were the hot winters of 1748 and 1857 and the warm Januarys of 1877, 1884 and 1898.—Notes and Queries.

His Only Alternative.

Little Dot was very fond of Bible stories, and one day after her mother had read the story of Lot's wife she asked, "Mamma, what did Mr. Lot do when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt?"

"What do you think he did?" asked mamma.

"Why," replied the practical little miss, "I s'pose he went out and hunted up a fresh one."—Chicago News.

TWO AGAINST A MOB.

AN OLD TIME MISSISSIPPI RIVER SHOOTING SCRAPE.

A Trivial Incident That Led to the Wrecking of the Old Postoffice, and a Pitched Battle In Which Seven Men Were Slain.

"One of the worst shooting scrapes that ever happened along the Mississippi river," began the man at the wheel, relaxing his hold on the tiller, which had been hard down, and permitting it to spin around with the velocity of a top, "took place out there, just above the mouth of the bayou, about 30 years ago, when they burned the old postoffice and the warehouse. You can see where they stood by the piles of bricks there on the bank."

All admitted the ruins were plainly visible, when he changed to the opposite side of the wheel, and after a spirited effort made to counteract the effects of an impinging current that had caused the boat to swerve from her course he continued:

"The boat that I was on had got caught in the fog, and we tied up under the point there about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and a lot of us went on shore to take a little exercise. It was on a Saturday, and a good many people had come in from the country to do their trading and get their mail. Some of them were pitching quoits and others shooting at a mark when we first landed, but they quit when they saw the man carry the mail bag we had brought and went in and stood around waiting for the letters to be sorted. They had all been drinking and were pretty noisy. When the postmaster said there were only two letters and that they were both for Bud Johnson, a colored man, a murmur of disapproval went around, and several of them insisted on a new deal.

" 'You can look for yourselves,' said the postmaster, tossing them the bag, but after searching and finding it empty they were in a worse frame of mind than ever. Presently one of the number, a local politician, got up and made a speech derogatory to the administration. He insisted that the government was prejudiced against white folks, and that he had no use for the office anyhow. Several of the others present expressed their approval of this sentiment, and a general smashing up of everything at once followed. During the row the coal oil lamp was broken, the house set on fire and everything burned up.

"Colonel Bunch, who owned the property, noticing the fire, came up from his plantation below and denounced the perpetrators of the outrage as vandals. The colonel was a high spirited man and didn't stand any foolishness, but was getting along in years now and couldn't do much but talk, so that when one of the men declared he could whip any Bunch on earth he looked like he felt himself in a pretty close place, but the colonel stood his ground until at last, when the contending parties were about to come to blows, his son appeared upon the scene, and, learning the cause of the trouble, sprang between the two, and, drawing his revolver, said, 'My name is Bunch, and when my father gets to be too old to defend himself I can stand in his tracks and take his part.'

"At this juncture the shooting commenced, and I made for the boat. Everybody seemed to take sides against the Bunches, and you would have thought them a band of guerrillas from the way they kept the fight up. Presently I noticed the colonel roll down the bank and stop just at the edge of the water, and then his son came staggering down, too, and fell near his side. They were both dead! We wanted to leave, but the men were afraid to go on shore to untie the lines, for the infuriated crowd was still calling for more Bunches and the colored man who had got the letters, but he had climbed a tree, and they didn't know where he was. An hour or so later, when the crowd had dispersed, he slid down from his hiding place, came aboard the boat and we had him in the hold until we got away and he was over his fright. He said there were five men lying on the bank that the Bunches had killed before they fell."

The boat at this juncture showing a disposition to become fractious, the pilot gave his undivided attention for a moment to the wheel, when he went on:

"But there is not much shooting along the river now, and you hardly ever hear of a feud. When there were only about three families in a county, two of them were usually engaged in an effort to exterminate the other on account of some imaginary wrong, or maybe prompted by jealousy. Since the country has been settled up they are all right. I used to think myself," he went on to say after a brief tussle with the tiller, "that what a man wanted was room, but I have found out my mistake. What he stands most in need of is plenty of good neighbors, and I find that the thicker you put people the better they get along. It makes them more human, and besides they come to know something, which is not the case when they live alone. I have learned a good deal myself by traveling around and seeing what is in the world, for I usually go east every summer to swap malarias."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Caused the First Coolness.

Mr. Newlywed (reading)—Nobody ever yet saw a dead mule.

Mrs. Newlywed (who is thinking of something else and not listening)—Don't you think your life insurance premiums are a waste of money, John?—Boston Journal.

Just Like Other People.

"You look nice enough to eat," exclaimed the youth.

"And so I do," replied the maiden; "three times a day."—Ohio State Journal.

HONOR ABOVE GOLD.

An Incident Which Illustrates the French Character.

Speaking of French politics, I heard a most extraordinary story of another strange secret of contemporary life. Some years ago one might see in a restaurant at night, playing dominos quietly or conversing in tranquil tones, a gentleman named Levy. He was a man who knew more of the secret history of the courts of Europe than any man of his time. To get a full account of his personality and history you must spend an evening with Joe Lyons, the owner of the Trocadero and a score of other restaurants, one of the most brilliant raconteurs as well as one of the best fellows in all London. Mr. Levy was a private detective, employed whenever a task of extreme delicacy and enormous importance was on hand. He was retained by the Bank of England, among other institutions, and I have heard that his services were esteemed so valuable that he got the magnificent salary of £10,000 a year from that institution.

Well, just after the downfall of the commune Mr. Levy was intrusted with one of the most delicate and, I might say, terrible missions in his life. There were several communist refugees in London. Levy tracked them out. A man of the world, without enthusiasms, acquainted with all the seamy side of life and of man, he yet had a broad, sympathetic imagination, and he was astounded by the picture he found in the miserable den—if I remember rightly it was a stable—in which he discovered the objects of his search. These men, who but a few weeks before had the government and the revenues of the great city of Paris at their command, were engaged in making a wretched bowl of soup, which was to be the one meal—and the one meal of them all—for 24 hours. Not one penny had stuck to their palms of all the millions that were at their mercy! "These men may be madmen," he said to a friend, to whom he told the story, "but, according to their lights, they are patriots!"

His wonder grew as they refused scornfully to surrender some papers which had fallen into their possession, in spite of dazzling offers of gold, which, as agent of the French government, he was authorized to offer them. They knew the horror and the terrible and appalling importance of the domestic secret in the life of a great man of which they held proofs, but they decided to keep the proofs until they thought it right or wrong to publish the story to the world. And, though they refused the gold, they never told the secret, and France and Europe were saved one of the most cruel and devastating scandals of our times.—New York Herald.

SHE TIED UP HIS TONGUE.

An Experiment Which Led to the Breaking of an Engagement.

I don't know why the simple fact of being in love should deprive people of the vestige of common sense with which nature, never overgenerous with that rarest of blessings, has endowed them, but all my observation tends to confirm me in the opinion that it does. For example, a man I know is engaged to a Georgetown girl—that is, he was engaged to her up to a quarter to 10 o'clock Thursday night, week before last. He went out to call on her, and—but first I must tell you that she belongs to a Georgia family, and he is from Boston, and both of them are exceedingly proud of their birthplace and ancestry. After a few preliminaries, said she to him:

"Oh, let's hear how fast you can say, 'She sells seashells.' "

So, of course, he said, "She shells seasells" and "She shells sheshells" and "She sells shesells," and goodness only knows what, till his tongue was so tangled up that his mouth was full of knots. And she began to laugh, and he told her to say it herself. Then they both went at it, and midway of their sibilant mouthings somebody's temper began to get frayed at the edges. She said that Boston people speak abominably anyway, and he retorted in quoque about the Georgia dialect. From discussion of speech they came to a discussion of manners, and things were said which it were painful to repeat. The engagement was broken, as I said, at 9:45 o'clock. It has staid broken ever since. The rupture bids fair to be permanent. And all this misery because—well, because two ordinarily intelligent persons happened to be made temporarily feeble minded by mutual affection.—Washington Post.

Two Ways of a Sameness.

Skeptical Patient (to faith doctor)—How do you propose to cure this pain in my chest, doctor?

Faith Doctor—I shall pass my hands over your chest a few times, then tell you the pain is gone, and it will be gone.

Patient—Ah, yes! Will you dine with me, doctor? You can perform the cure afterward.

Doctor—With pleasure.

Patient—Well, take this loaf of bread and rub it on your waistcoat a few times and say you have had your dinner, and you will have had it. If the experiment is a success, we will go on with the chest cure.—London Telegraph.

Cucumbers are native to the East Indies and are grown in Cashmere, China and Persia. They were much esteemed by the ancients and are common in Egypt, where a drink is prepared from them when they are ripe.

A digitorium is a soundless piano upon which learners may become proficient with a knowledge of the keys of the instrument; also in the art of fingering.

The last safe retreat of the beaver in the United States is the canyon of the Rio Grande, between Eagle pass and El Paso, a distance of about 800 miles.