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ESTABLISHED 1874.

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W. O. ROGERS & CO.

PRODUCE

Commission Merchants.

Bananas, Apples, Grapes, Sweet Potatoes,

POULTRY, GAME, EGGS, &C.,

73 & 75 CLINTON ST., BOSTON.

—:0:—

REFERENCES:--Nathan Robbins, President F. H. National Bank, Boston; W. L. Snyder, West Washington Market, New York; S. G. Simkins, Felton, Del.; J. L. Carman, Crisfield, Md.; E. W. Barnes, Metompkin, Va.

April 28—3m.

Full Stock! Low Prices!

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

LUMBER,

Shingles, Lath,

Doors, Sash, Blinds,

132 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

Wholesale and Retail.

Maj. Gen. WM. E. W. ROSS,

U. S. COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

FOR MARYLAND.

204 COURTLAND ST., NEAR LEXINGTON.

PROSECUTES

PENSION BOUNTY & INTERNAL REVENUE CLAIMS

Rejected Pension Claims and Claims abandoned by other Attorneys will receive prompt personal attention.

Thousand of Pensioners are justly entitled to have their Pensions increased. Bring your Certificate and get advice free of charge.

PENSION VOUCHERS EXECUTED.

MEXICAN WAR CLAIMS.

March 24, 1887—4m.

WILLIAM L. ROBERTS,

MEMBER NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE,

Room 21, Chamber of Commerce,

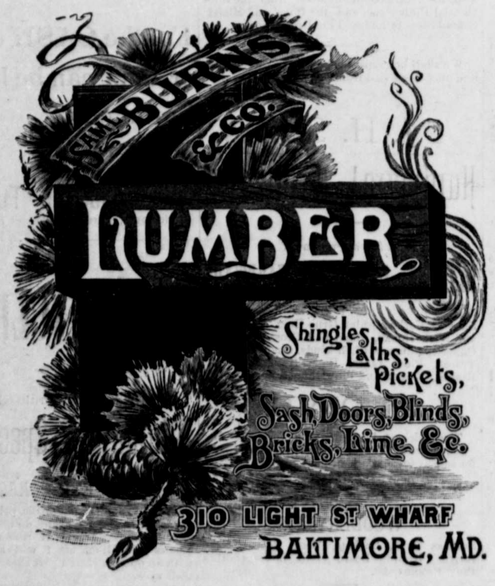
BALTIMORE, MD.

Investment Securities a Specialty.

DIRECT WIRES.

ONE-EIGHTH COMMISSION.

March 31, 1887—y.



LANDRETH'S

GARDEN SEED.

LARGE STOCK! FRESH SEED!

CHOICE VARIETIES.

LOW PRICES!

COLIN H. STAM,

March 10, 1887. Druggist.

ONION SETS!

May be planted now. We have a CHOICE LOT of SILVER SKINS, which we are selling CHEAP.

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

March 10, 1887.

NEW Stock of Horse-Collars and Bridles, Halters, Traces and Plow-Lines at WROTH & ALDRIDGE'S.

W. D. MILLER,

Fire and Burglar Proof

SAFES!

Vault Doors,

Bank Work.

5 S. Charles St.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

April 7—y.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.

PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

J. H. IRELAND,

Commission Merchant,

AND DEALER IN

HARD AND SOFT COAL,

LAND AND BUILDING LIME,

FERTILIZERS,

All Kinds Agricultural Implements

such as

FEED CUTTERS, CORN SHELLERS,

CORN & COB CRUSHERS, HAY TEDDERS,

THE ADVANCE CHILLED PLOW.

HORSE RAKES, FENCE WIRE,

BINDER TWINE, &c.,&c.

The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.

PATENT ROLLER FLOUR

always on hand.

Agent for The Village Nurseries

Hightstown, N. J., C. Black & Bro. Proprietors.

Agent for THE FIRE ASSOCIATION of Phila., which insures property against loss by fire and lightning.

J. H. IRELAND,

Feb. 17. Locust Grove, Md.

Grain Wanted.

SAMUEL B. FOARD,

Chestertown, Md., Agent for

L. J. COX & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Highest CASH Price Paid for

GRAIN

AT ALL TIMES.

Give us a call before selling.

SAM'L B. FOARD.

AGENT FOR

L. J. COX & CO.

Oct. 14, 1886.

Dry Goods.

SILKS, LACES, VELVETS

DRESS GOODS,

Linens, Flannels, Blankets

DOMESTIC COTTONS,

White Goods, Prints, Ginghams

HOSIERY, GLOVES, UNDERWEAR,

LADIES' AND MISSES' WRAPS,

ALSO

Every first-class article a Dry Goods House should have in Low, Medium and High-Priced Goods. One Price for every one; a child can buy of us as cheap as the best judge of Dry Goods. The same price to those who desire to purchase by mail as to those who visit our Store. We have the largest Store in Baltimore and carry the greatest variety of all kinds of Dry Goods. Orders for Samples will receive prompt attention. Customers, when ordering Samples, will please say if Black or Colors are desired, and gives us an idea in regard to price.

We supply Merchants the better class of Dry Goods, not to be had from Jobbers, and cut any length to suit their customers at lowest Piece price.

In business for the past 56 years.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,

New Nos. 23, 25 and 27 Baltimore Street,

Near Light Street,

WHITE MARBLE BUILDING,

BALTIMORE, MD.

March 31—3m.

WANTED:

WHEAT & CORN

DAILY.

I am always prepared to pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for any amount of Grain that can be offered in Kent county.

E. T. COMEGYS,

AGENT FOR

THE WM. LEA & SONS CO.,

Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del.

Oct. 7, 1886.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

One evening a few weeks ago a party of gentlemen were seated on the balcony of the club house at Reed's lake. Most of them were from the city, but there were two or three strangers who for the first time were enjoying the beauty of the suburban scenery of Grand Rapids and the hospitality of the boat club. The day had been excessively hot, but a cool, exhilarating breeze ruffled the waters and refreshed the people who had come from the heat and rush of the city to enjoy an evening's recreation, preparatory to a night's rest. Now and then the words of a song floated upon the air from a distant boat, and the echo of laughter from another quarter added harmony to the song. Upon the shore near the boat house the band discoursed pleasant music, and the splash of oars dipping in the water and reflecting the moonbeams, as the waves rose and fell, kept time to the concord of sweet sounds. It was a good night for story telling, and the party at the club house had been indulging in that pastime for nearly an hour, when one of the strangers, who, by the way, was an artist, threw away his cigar and related the following adventure:

Such an evening as this always recalls to my mind an experience which I had when I was a student in the city of Baltimore. Many of the students lived in the city and took nearly as much interest in society as they did in their school work. In fact, with them, a good time was the chief object of life. One of the fellows of our set owned a yacht, and in consequence we all cultivated his acquaintance. One day he told us that he was expecting to entertain a party of young ladies that evening, and that he wished to rely upon us for assistance. Of course we were all delighted to go sailing in such merry company, and that night a dozen happy young people went gliding up the bay in as stanch a yacht as ever divided the waters of the Chesapeake. We had sailed about ten miles, and were quite near the shore, when it was suggested that we land before making a tack for our return. The boat was turned and in a few moments we were upon the shore.

As we approached the land we saw a light glimmer through the foliage. The ground was laid out with regular rows of trees that stood like tall sentinels in the bright moonlight. Broad gravel walks led from the beach, and the lawn was intersected with carriage drives. Upon the hillside a couple of fountains reflected the moonbeams upon the surrounding evergreens, and upon every side were flower beds whose bright blossoms drank in the sparkling dew drops and diffused rich coloring over the landscape. The natural beauty of the park was enriched by every device of art and landscape gardening. Appearances indicated that we were trespassing upon the private grounds of an aristocratic rural residence, but one of the fellows, who pretended to be acquainted in the neighborhood, said that the grounds were public and that the light proceeded from a hotel which was a sort of a summer resort. It was at once proposed that we have refreshments, and off we started in the direction of the light. The young lady whom I escorted took my arm, and we led the party toward the eminence. There was a little rivalry to see who should get there first, and on that account we did not notice the deserted appearance of the place, nor realize the scrape that we were getting into. We hurried through the grounds and approached a grand old mansion, which was surrounded by a broad veranda. The background of the veranda was broken by the shadows of the supporting columns interlinked with the moving and ghost like shadows of the surrounding trees, which were swayed to and fro in the moonlight by the night wind. We were hard pressed by the young people behind us, and finished the race with a run up the steps. I gave the doorbell a violent jerk, and its echoing sound awoke me to a sense of my stupidity. It was no hotel, but a private house. Behind me I heard the laughter of the young folks. Within the house I heard a door open, and through a gauzy curtain I saw the light stream from a lighted apartment into the dark hall. A figure bearing a lamp came toward the door. I felt the hand of my companion tremble as she grasped my arm, for at the last moment she realized what a predicament we were in. The door opened and a man wearing a dressing gown and in his stocking feet stood before me. I felt that we were in for it, and in a spirit of bravado I blurted out that we were a yachting party looking for refreshments. My nonchalance seemed to please him, for a welcoming smile overspread his countenance, and in a full voice, with a German accent, he bade us enter. We entered a reception room, which was richly furnished and abounded in books, bric-a-brac, antique ornaments and bizarre relics. An air of disorder pervaded the place, and everything was topsy turvy. Evidently the magic hand of woman was unknown. A little black dog skipped around the heels of our German host, and basked a canine welcome in tones of amazement.

"I am glad to see you," said our German friend in his rich brogue, "but you must excuse appearances. It is a long time since this room has heard any human voice except when I have talked to my dog Towzer. Amuse yourselves for a few moments, and I will see if I cannot find something with which you can refresh yourselves."

We seated ourselves about the room, but scarcely a word was uttered. We were all awed by the subdued, weird mystery of the surroundings; but we suddenly regained our spirits when the German appeared with a basket of fruit, a dish of doughnuts, and a pitcher of rich, fresh milk. The eatables soon disappeared, and then one of the ladies sat down at the piano and played a dreamy fantasi. Then the German brought out a violin, and soon we were all keeping time to lively music. Our host proposed a dance. The furniture was removed from the adjacent dining room and in a few minutes we were treading the giddy mazes of the waltz.

"Well," said my partner when we had stopped to take breath, "this beats all the fantastic adventures I ever heard of. Suppose you examine this old German and find out what sort of a place this is."

Acting on this suggestion, I opened conversation as soon as there was a lull in the festivities. He met me half way in my advances, and when I inquired about the house he offered to show us about. It was an imposing old mansion, although the furniture and decorations belonged to the fashions of the preceding decade. On every hand were signs of neglect and decay. What chiefly interested me, however, was the sight of three portraits hanging upon the walls of the library, and my interest was greatly increased when I heard the strange, sad story which our guide related. The pictures were those of a middle aged lady and gentleman, and of a beautiful little girl about six years of age. They were oil paintings, and indicated the touch of a master's hand. The gentleman had a soldierly bearing, and his face showed courage and resolution. The firm set jaw and the lines about the mouth indicated strength of character; yet there was a pleasant, animated expression of a kind and gentle disposition. The eyes and hair were dark, and I readily understood our guide when he elaborated upon the jet blackness of the originals. He was evidently a man who could command the admiration of man and the love of woman. The face of the woman was even more attractive and interesting. It was that of a sylph like blonde, whose golden tresses, dancing blue eyes and full red lips sparkled with enticing beauty. I believed the German when he said the dark haired man loved her as woman had never been loved before. But it was when I gazed upon the picture of the child that my artistic emotions were most deeply aroused. She was a little fairy, whose sweet smile and laughing eyes haunted me for many a day.

As our host led us through the deserted rooms he told us the sad incident that had wrecked the home. The man whose portrait we had admired was the owner of the mansion, and was a member of one of the oldest and proudest families in Maryland. The woman was his wife, and in her girlhood was a leading belle of Philadelphia. The little girl was their only child. Five years before they were living in the old family mansion, surrounded by everything that wealth and refined taste could procure. Their home was a favorite resort for the elite of Baltimore society, and was constantly thronged with gay guests. The walls which echoed our dull footfalls, five years before had resounded with the sounds of mirth and revelry. One night, when the house was wrapped in slumber, the master heard a noise as of some one attempting to gain an entrance. Seizing his revolver, he sprang from his bed and glided with soft footsteps down the hall to the dining room, from whence the sounds proceeded. He stopped for a moment by the door. Suddenly it opened and a burglar bounded past him. He raised his weapon and fired. At the same instant a white figure came within the range of his vision. A piercing shriek revealed to him his terrible mistake. His anxious wife had followed him from their chamber, only to perish at the hand of her husband. She never spoke. He caught her in his arms, and received one passionate kiss of devotion before her spirit took its flight forever.

It is needless to dwell upon the harrowing details of what followed. The establishment was at once closed and the servants were dismissed. The broken hearted husband took his little daughter and fled to Europe, that new scenes might alleviate his sorrows. Our German friend, who at that time was a tutor of the little girl, was left in care of the house, and from the departure of the master until our advent he had been the only occupant of the deserted homestead. He showed us the place of the tragedy, and pointed out the spot where the master stood when he fired the fatal shot.

A somber feeling of sadness took possession of us, which the gayety of our host could not dispel. He assured us that we had done much to break the monotony of his existence, and when we took our departure he heartily invited us to pay him another visit. It was nearly midnight when we reached the yacht and hoisted sail for our return.

But now comes the romantic part of my story. Four years afterward I was traveling in Europe, and at a German watering place I met an American, accompanied by his daughter, a handsome girl of 16. The father was not much past middle age, but his heavy head of hair was white as snow. He was very reserved in his manners, and seemed broken with grief. Somehow their faces attracted me, and I could not help thinking that in days gone by I had known them. I made their acquaintance, and learned their history. Years before I had seen their portraits in the old mansion in Baltimore. A couple of years after our meeting the father died. In the meantime the daughter had become interested in art. I encouraged her taste in that direction, and a year after her father's death she married an artist whom you have all met.

The party at the boat house declared it the best story of the evening, and then all hurried away to catch the last car down town.—Dwight Goss in Hearth and Hall.

Story of a Saucer.

When Walter Scott was a mere youth he began collecting all sorts of out of the way things. On the wall of his "den" were hung a cabinet of Scotch and Roman coins, a claymore, a Lochaber ax and Broughton's saucer, which was hooked up under a picture of Prince Charley, the young Pretender. The saucer had a history. Mr. Walter Scott, Sr., was a lawyer. One autumn a sedan chair deposited at a certain hour every evening a person at Mr. Scott's door, muffled in a mantle. He was immediately shown to the lawyer's private room, where he remained a long time. Mrs. Scott's curiosity prompted her to ask questions, which Mr. Scott would not answer to her satisfaction. One evening when she heard the bell ring for the stranger's chair to carry him off, she entered the private room with a salver in her hand on which were two cups, saying that as the gentlemen had sat so long they would be better for a dish of tea. The stranger, a person of distinguished appearance and richly dressed, bowed to the lady and drank from the offered cup. Her husband refused the tea. As soon as the visitor had departed, Mr. Scott, lifting the window sash, took the cup from which the visitor had drank and threw it into the street. The wife remonstrated on the loss of her valuable china. "I can forgive your curiosity, madam, but you must pay the penalty," said her husband; "I may admit into my house, on business, persons unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Lip neither of me nor mine comes after Murray of Broughton's."

While Prince Charles was invading Scotland this man Murray was his private secretary. He was taken prisoner and redeemed his own life and fortune by betraying several Scotch noblemen who were adherents of the Jacobite cause. Lord Balmerino, one of the prince's supporters, was brought before the privy council and confronted with the traitor. "Do you know this witness, my lord?" asked one. "Not I," he replied; "I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton—but he was a gentleman and a man of honor, and one that could hold up his head." The saucer belonging to Broughton's tea cup was preserved in the family, and young Walter made it a permanent feature of his collection of curiosities.—The Argonaut.

Queer Notions in Scotland.

A traveler in the north of Scotland has much to say about the superstitions prevalent among the inhabitants. The gude wife, for instance, busy at her churn or other household work, hastily puts away her goods at the approach of any dubious stranger, because she believes that there are certain people whose presence will prevent the butter from coming or the cakes from baking.

To count a woman's chickens would be taken for as good as cursing them; while if you were to be cruel enough to count a crew of fishermen as they were getting into their boat they would probably refuse to go to sea that night, after so evil an omen.

Another quaint old opinion, which may have sprung from Scriptural tradition, or perhaps may own a more remote origin, is that curious reluctance to enter a house "empty, swept and garnished," which exists in several of our northern counties.

The outgoing tenant, whose officious care should extend to cleaning the floor, would be held guilty of a most unneighborly act to the new comer. The more dirt and litter he leaves about, the better pleased is his successor.

On one occasion, when a tidy housekeeper at "the big house" had caused a cottage close by to be scrubbed before the arrival of the new tenant, the look of dismay which came upon the face of the woman who was to occupy the house, on glancing around, rather astonished her.

"Oh," said the woman, "I would rather have found the dirtiest house in the country than this clean floor!"—Youth's Companion.

A quarter to 3 is the popular time for luncheon in London now.

The Ethics of Interviewing.

The business of the newspaper is to furnish private people with the public news, not to furnish the public with the news of private people.

A private conversation is as sacred as private correspondence. An interlocutor has no more right to publish my private conversation then to ransack my drawers for private papers.

It must be taken for granted that a conversation is private unless it is distinctly understood to be meant for public use either by previous arrangement or by express permission afterward.

When so made public, it must not be printed until both parties to the conversation have agreed as to the accuracy of the report.—New Princeton Review.

What Society Never Forgives.

A man can get all his other work done out for him; his painting, his sculpture, his music, his law, his finance, even his thinking he can get done out for him, pretty cheap, too. Mr. Bennett once said that nothing was so dirt cheap as brains.

But he cannot get the conduct of life done out for him. If he prefers to lead an indolent and useless life, some fine day he will get up in the morning and find all society with its back turned; he runs the risk; he need hope for no quarter. Society never forgives the sins it has fostered.—Mrs. John Sherwood in New York World.

The beggars of Rome, it is estimated, receive $2,000,000 a year, and 500 are said to be worth from $15,000 to $25,000 each.

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

What Col. Pat Donan Says About It. The Vulgarly Rich.

Washington society is peculiar. It takes its tone from the White House, where all classes, colors, creeds and conditions meet upon a sort of level, however uneven it may be. The national mansion belongs to the people and they feel they have a right to it and in it. At a presidential reception high and low, rich and poor, white, black and pumpkin colored, dignitaries, exquisites and boors, sages, cranks, saints, sinners and rapscallions, punch knuckleholes with their elbows in each other's sides and tread on each other's heels or trails. Cabinet officials, foreign ministers and blacklegs, supreme court judges and prize fighters, generals, admirals and corner grocers, senators, congressmen, lobbyists, peddlers and bootblacks, titled and brocaded dames and tatterdemalion crones, reigning belles and nameless women, Indian braves, pigtailed Chinese and nappy pated negroes, all crowd in motley procession to shake hands with the president and his wife, who owe their temporary greatness to the votes of the sovereign mob.

It is very democratic, very republican, very American. It gives to all capital society a free and easiness to be found nowhere else. It has its charms, but it has some drawbacks, too. The gushy local jenkinses have lately gone into hysterics of soft squash over young Mrs. Cleveland because she has discarded gloves on these omnium gatherum occasions, and meets all the legions of miscellaneous visitors "with a cordial clasp of her warm bare hands." My advice to her would be to wear sheet iron gauntlets or promptly add a liberal supply of mercurial ointment to her toilet equipage.

All official receptions are modeled on these chief magistratic affairs. They are open to nearly everybody, and a decent suit of clothes and a letter of introduction from some back county wirepuller to his senator or representative are generally enough to oil the hinges of more exclusive portals. This brings here hordes of nobodies, whose highest ambition is to be mentioned in a society report or newspaper paragraph as mixed up with the somebodies. The newly and vulgarly rich have flocked to a field where, what seems to them, social distinction is so cheap. Their pretentious mansions overlook the most aristocratic squares and circles. Their gorgeous turnouts, with gold tipped hubs and gold plated harness outflashing the sunlight, spin along the most fashionable avenues. Their epicurean free feeds draw throngs of well bred and well known feeders, and their blunders and absurdities are the laughing stock of the town that feasts at their expense.—P. Donan in Globe-Democrat.

On the Verge of Insanity.

Meeting an old friend, a drummer, coming from one of the depots, sachel in hand, the other day, I greeted him cordially and asked him where he was from this time. He looked at me wearily and replied, "Arappy tap tap, rappy tap tap." "What's that you say?" says I. "Arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap," he replied. I really thought for a moment that he had gone crazy, but he slipped his arm through mine and said: "I can hardly remember where I have been. I can't think of anything but arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap. You see, unfortunately, about a year ago in one of my railroad journeys I noticed the singular fact that the noise made by the truck of a passenger coach in passing over the rails was always like the words arappy tap tap.

"I had never noticed it before, but I have never stopped noticing it since, and it has become very annoying to me. I have traveled on every railroad in every kind of passenger coach in this country, and wherever I go it is arappy tap tap. The only variation that I have discovered is that these sounds are loudest when the track is poorest and the speed the greatest, and that they are not heard at all when the track is good or the train is moving very slowly. I can't imagine what produces that regular succession of sounds. I have laid awake in my berth all night thinking about it. I do believe it will run me crazy." He turned off at the next corner, and as far as I could hear him he was saying "Arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap."—Chicago Journal.

In General Debility, Emaciation,

Consumption, and Wasting in Children, SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is a most valuable food and medicine. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system, and builds up the body. Please read: "I tried Scott's Emulsion on a young man whom physicians at times had given up. Since he began using the Emulsion, his Cough has ceased, gained flesh and strength, and from all appearances his life will be prolonged many years. I have been in Hospital Service for the past twenty years, and never have used any preparation with greater satisfaction."—JOHN SULLIVAN, Hospital Steward, Reform School, Morganza, Pa.

A REMEDY FOUND AT LAST TO CURE

Hog Cholera!

LIEBERMAN'S

HOG CHOLERA REMEDY

WILL POSITIVELY CURE & PREVENT

HOG CHOLERA.

It is not a new remedy, but has been tried and experimented with for two years, and found that if used when the hogs are first attacked, that it will cure the diseased hogs and prevent the contagion from spreading to the others in the same pen.

Manufactured and sold by

N. LIEBERMAN,

MELITOTA, MD.

Correspondence Solicited. Telephone Call 36.

PRICE, 50c. per Package; by Mail, 75c.

Feb. 10, 1887.

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY,

For Young Men and Boys, Media, Pa

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly.—Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to college in 1883, 15 in 1884, 10 in 1885, 10 in 1886. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Bal Ground. 1500 vols. added to library in 1883. Physical apparatus doubled in 1883. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate) Media, Penn'a.

Aug. 26—y.

COAL. COAL.

TO ALL CONCERNED.

We would be pleased to call your attention to the fact that we are this season buying direct from first hands and at first cost which will enable us to sell at low figures. The buying community will find it to their interest to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Will be receiving monthly until further notice.

Respectfully,

July 9. J. D. BACCHUS.

JOHN F. STRATTON,

49 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK,

Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of

Musical Merchandise, Musical Boxes, Band Instruments. Stratton's Celebrated Russian Gut Violin Strings.

Nov. 25, 1886—y.

BELTON, 2256.

SIDE-WHEELER, BUT TROTTING-BRED.

3-Year-Old Record, 2.31½, in 7-Heat Race. 4-Year-Old Record, 2.30.

Paced at Pimlico in 2.23, in a Field of 8 Horses.

PRIVATE TRIALS MADE TO ORDER

Foaled April 27th, 1882. Snip on nose; left fore and both hind ankles white and white around corner of right fore foot. Bred by Rob't Stoner, Paris, Ky.

SIRE—BELMONT, 64.

1st dam, Sallie D. ..... by Strathmore 408

2d dam ..... by King William

3d dam, The Willis Goodman Mare .....

Belmont, 64, by Alexander's Abdallah; dam by Mambrino Chief; second dam by Brown's Bell Founder, Belmont, sire of Cora Belmont 2.24¼, Dick Moore 2.22¼, Nil Desperandum 2.24, Nutwood 2.18¾, Wedgewood 2.19, Tremont 2.28¼ Viking C.S. (5 yrs) 2.20½, Persica B.F. (3 yrs) 2.29½

Alexander's Abdallah, 15, son of Hambletonian—dam, Katie Darling, sired Goldsmith Maid 2.14, Major Edsall 2.29, Rosalind 2.21¾, Saint Elmo 2.30, Thorndale 2.22¼, Mercer (W) 2.33¼.

Rysdyk's Hambletonian, 10, son of Abdallah; dam Chas. Kent's mare—sired Administrator 2.29¼, Alma 2.28¾, Bella 2.22, Breeze 2.24, Bruno 2.29½, Chester 2.27, Lurcalion 2.26¼, Dexter 2.17¼, Drift 2.29¾, Effie Deans, 2.25¼, Ella Madden 2.25¾, Enfield 2.29, Factory Girl 2.29¼, Gazelle 2.21, George Wilkes, 2.22, Hamperion 2.29¼, Harvest Queen 2.29¼, James Howell 2.24, Jay Gould 2.21½, Jerome 2.27, Kisbar 2.27¾, Lady Agusta 2 30, Lady Banker 2 23, Lottery 2 27 Lottie 2 28, Marguerite 2 29, Mattie 2 22¼, Maud 2.29¾, Nettie 2 18, Nutwood (W) 2 33¼, Orange Girl 2 20, Scotland Maid 2 28½, Sentinel 2 29¾, Small Hopes 2 26½, Young Bruno 2 22¾.

Mambrino Chief 11, son of Mambrino Paymaster—dam not traced—sir of Bay Henry 2 28½, Brignola 2 29¾, Lady Thorne 2 18¼, Mambrino Star 2 20½, North Star Mambrino 2 26½, Woodford Mambrino 2 21½.

Brown's Bell-Founder by Imp. Bell-Founder; dam by Mambrino; second dam by Imp. Messenger; third dam by Imp. Messenger.

King William, sire of King William 2 20¾, by Washington Denmark; dam, Queen, the dam of Lathaus Denmark.

Belton 2256 is a very compact, muscular colt, strikingly like his sire in head, neck and shoulders, but his back and hind-quarters are more like Strathmore. He has a rapid movement and bids fair to trot fast.

Belton will stand, beginning March 20th at Belton Farm, the following week at Robert Wright's stable, Chestertown, and alternate between these two places until April 17th, and then will make a stand at Belton Driving Park, and alternate between the Park and Chestertown until the close of the season, June 20th.

TERMS.--$50 for the Season.

PAYABLE AT THE END OF SEASON.

Mares not proving in foal can be returned the following season, and if the horse is in training or sold, owners of such mares will not be required to pay for service for the season of 1887. No Groom's Fee.

JOHN F. GODWIN, Owner.

Feb. 25—tj20.

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

—AGENT FOR—

R. J. BAKER & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS

—AND—

Pure Chemicals for All Formulas.

ANALYSES:

Pure Ground Raw Bone	*Pure Dissolved Raw Bone*
5 to 6 per cent. Ammonia,	*3 to 3½ per cent. Ammonia,*
50 to 52 per cent. Bone Phos.	*32 to 36 per ct. Bone Phos*

It is no longer a question for the farmer to determine whether Fertilizers pay him or not it but remains for him to determine the kind and quality which pay him best. We make a specialty of furnishing in quantities to suit the purchasers every article used for the purpose of fertilizing the soil. We sell it separate or will manipulate and mix it to order according to any formula which may be required. Our brands of Ammoniated Bone Super Phosphates we guarantee to be made of the best and purest materials, and which have stood successfully the test and competition of 40 years, we respectfully commend to farmers who are not governed in their purchases by the low prices regardless of the more important considerations of quality. We have also a carefully prepared Fertilizer for Peach Trees, Corn and Oat Fertilizer, Bird Guano and Potash. Pure Dissolved South Carolina Bone Phos., Muriate of Potash, Kainit, Sulphate of Ammonia, Nitrate of Soda, Agricultural Salts, Ground Plaster, and all Chemicals used for fertilizing purposes.

SPECIAL FORMULAS COMPOUNDED.

LOW PRICES FOR CASH. FREE ON BOARD IN BALTIMORE

All orders promptly attended to by addressing

FREDERICK FOUNTAIN,

Feb. 17, 1887. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Our Peach Tree Guano! TRADE MARK Our Peach Tree Guano!

The most successful growers of peaches are using fertilizers upon their orchards, and they believe it is necessary that the tree must be fed to produce yearly crops. A large crop one season necessarily reduces the quantity of fruit the next, without you supply to the tree what the fruit takes from it. A properly prepared and low cost Fertilizer is cheaper than fruit, therefore you must make a good profit if you feed your trees. Peach trees should not have applied to them any fertilizer containing sulphuric acid. Nearly all the Peach Tree Fertilizers are made with the objectionable article. Our Peach Tree Guano does not contain one lb. of sulphuric acid, and the wonderful results from its use prove our claim that it is the most successful Peach Tree Food upon the market. Ask the gentlemen mentioned below their opinion of these goods. Dr. John J Black, New Castle, Del., author of the celebrated work upon the peach, pear and quince, says; "I think the condition of my trees warrants me in saying the application of your tree Fertilizer to them has been of advantage."

BETTERTON, Md., Jan. 12, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & Co.—Gentlemen:—In the Spring of 1885 and the Spring of '86 I used your "Special Tree Guano" with very satisfactory results. My crop was nice both years. The summer of 1886 my crop was large and fine and what was very peculiar my peaches did not rot on the trees, which I attribute to your fertilizer. HENRY H. McVAY.

WORTON STATION, March 4, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & Co.—Gentlemen:—I used one ton of your "Peach Tree Guano" last Spring on our peach orchard with the most surprising results. The orchard is sixteen years old, and as the trees had not borne any peaches up to last year for over seven years, I advised Mr. Porter to let me cut it down, but we did not do so I am glad to say. We had a nice crop last year; the peaches were nicely colored and of fine size. We made three pickings from the trees; we counted the peaches in one basket and it contained only fifty-two peaches. I measured one, it was 10½ inches in circumference. The *Kent News* contained an account of the basket containing the fifty-two. For a large number of our peaches we got one dollar per basket, and the basket returned at the station. Another strange thing was; that the orchard kept its foliage longer and greener than any orchard I saw last fall. I certainly cannot help recommending your Peach Tree Phosphate and advise all growers to use it. P. H. GEARS.

BETTERTON, Md., Jan. 12th, 1887.

MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & Co.—Gentlemen:—We have used your 'Special Peach Tree Guano' with wonderful success on old peach trees, and in our nursery, the most remarkable result was on our June budded trees; we gave them an application when we budded in June, and where we made the heaviest application our trees were over five feet high in the following October.—Where we only used a small quantity the trees were about two and a-half feet high, an increase in size of one hundred per cent. We truly believe your "Peach Tree Guano" the best article made for peach trees, and the lowest priced; shall need more next spring. We will be pleased to answer any questions regarding its worth, and advise all nurserymen and peach-growers to use it.

Very respectfully,

H. H. McVAY,

J. T. VANDEGRIFT, Nurserymen.

A FEW NAMES OF PURCHASERS LAST SPRING:

Josias Ringgold, Chestertown, Md.;	J. H. Porter, Worton Station;	B. F. Beck, Lankford, Md;
Sam'l Vannort, "	" J. Rankin & Bro., Fairlee;	Thos. Hulme, Fairlee, Md;
H. W. Vickers, att'y, "	" W. T Baker, Edesville, Md.;	Chas. D. Brown, Pomona;
Henry Massey, "	" John Evans Church Hill;	Jos. Porter, Worton.

Black Residuum! Black Residuum!

Hand in your orders for this article early. It prevents frenching in corn, and destroys insect life in your peach orchard. We are always the lowest priced in fertilizers and chemicals. A trial will convince you. We were the first to lower the price of these goods.

CORN FERTILIZER.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.

Do you believe that Phosphate on Corn will pay? We know it will if you get a good article, and at a fair price. We lead in Low Prices. Our increasing trade convinces us that our customers are finding this out. Those who doubt call and see us. We give the opinion of one gentleman. Only have room for one testimonial. Plenty more in the office.

Testimonial of J. H. Toulson:

57¾ bu. per acre from Clover Sod and Manure; 67¼ bu. from our Corn Fertilizer per acre on Same Ground:

MESS. C. W. KENNARD & Co.:—It is with great pleasure that I state to you and others interested the success of your corn phosphate sold to me last spring. I put a field containing eighteen acres in corn in the spring of 1885, turned under a clover sod and manured heavily. My crop of corn was 57¾ bushels to the acre. I put the same field in the next spring. Planted it also in peach trees, and used your corn phosphate. The result was 67¼ bushels to the acre. The increase of fodder more than paid for the fertilizer. I did not put any phosphate between the peach trees running one way. The corn was so much poorer that my neighbors asked me why it was. I told them it was because I had not put any of Charlie Kennard's phosphate there. I have used the highest priced phosphate on corn of other makes, but your lower priced goods I consider the best. Your Special Potato Phosphate grew me fine sized, smooth potatoes, and a large crop. I shall always recommend your goods. Very respt., JAS. A TOULSON.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.