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The Transcript

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 1, 1887.

—Col. Copeland lectures again at Stam's Hall on the 16th.

—The rain of Thanksgiving saved the life of many a partridge.

—Red-heads, black-heads and other varieties of wild duck are more abundant than last season.

—On Wednesday of next week the sale of the valuable personalty of the late Abner Roe takes place.

—Mr. John Brice killed a fine pen of hogs on Saturday, numbering 13, averaging 336 pounds; the heaviest weighing 426.

—On Tuesday, the 13th day of December, George Bolton will sell at public sale, near Locust Grove, a lot of valuable farm stock and personal property.

—The small boy and the small girl are abroad looking toward Christmas. Capital is beginning to accumulate in the small cast iron savings banks.

—The young men of Edesville and vicinity gave a ball on Friday evening last, which was largely attended. Like all such entertainments given at Edesville it was a thoroughly enjoyable affair.

—Mr. Harry Francis lost a fine young horse last week in a peculiar manner. The animal was being let out to water, and in playing around stepped on a stick, one end of which flew up and penetrated the belly, causing death.

—Col. L. F. Copeland, who lectured in Stam's Hall some time back, upon the subject of "Snobs and Snobbery," will again lecture there on the evening of Dec. 16th, subject, "What's to Hinder?" Read the advertisement in this paper, and go hear him.

—On the outside of this issue the *Transcript* begins the publication of a story, "Allan Quartermain," from plates purchased of the American Press Association. The story is by Rider Haggard, and has the intense and popular interest possessed by all of that writer's stories. It will run through several numbers of the *Transcript*, and we hope will serve to while away an hour or two between supper and bedtime for the *Transcript's* readers.

—Mr. Benjamin F. Davis, of Lankford, met with what might have been a serious accident on Friday last. As he was coming to town in a dearborn, just opposite Carvill's gate, a colored man driving a wagon loaded with corn, drove into the hind wheel of the dearborn, turning the vehicle upside down and throwing Mr. Davis to the ground with considerable force. Fortunately he had no bones broken, but was badly bruised.

—Messrs. Porter Lusby, J. Thomas Pennington and Noble E. Pennington on Saturday last went gunning after partridges on the farm of Mr. Lusby, in Cecil county. Birds were not very plentiful but eventually a good strong flyer was started. He made a straight wake for Mr. Noble E. Pennington. Mr. J. Thomas drew a bead on the bird with the result that Nobie was shot in the face and hand, fortunately not injuring him severely, the shot just penetrating the skin. The bird when last seen was getting away in fine style.

—Thomas Jones, a colored carter of Chestertown, died on Sunday, having nearly reached the age of 90 years. He was born in slavery, being the property of the Worrell family. His last owner was Mrs. James B. Ricaud, by whom he was set free and fitted out with a horse and cart and given a start in the carting business. Up to within a few weeks of his death, Tom had been able to attend to his business in person. By the citizens of the town he was regarded as a thoroughly reliable and honest man. His death is regretted by all who knew him. After many years of toil, the property he left was about the same with which he started in life—his horse and cart.

—Orphans' Court, Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1887—Present, Judges Walker, Hyland and Stevens.

H. H. Barroll, adm'r of Maria Joiner, passed his first and final admin. account.

Simon Freeman, adm'r of Jacob Freeman, passed his first and final account.

Jas. L. Schwatka, ex'tr of John Schwatka, returned an account of sale of person l property.

Letters of admin. on personal estate of John W. Ashley, were granted to Mrs. A. M. Porter, who filed her bond with security approved by the court.

Letters of admin. on personal estate of Comegys Cosden, were granted to Geo. T. Cosden, who filed his bond with approved security; and G. W. Hatcherson and G. H. Leaverton were appointed to appraise the estate.

Matrimonial.

Mr. J. Biddle Hossenger, son of the late Joseph H. Hossenger, and Miss Lillie Hepbron, daughter of Mr. Louis S. Hepbron, were quietly married on last Thursday. Immediately after the ceremony, the bridal couple took the train for Niagara and other northern points.

Personal Notes.

Capt. R. R. Calder is still seriously ill. Dr. Catlin, his physician, considered his symptoms a little more favorable yesterday.

Mr. John N. Dodd, who is in Philadelphia for treatment underwent last week a surgical operation. His condition is much improved, though he is not yet able to come home.

Rev. J. W. D. Lucas, son of W. D. Lucas, Esq., is reported to be quite ill at his home in Burrisville, Caroline county.

Sudden Death After a Fist Fight.

Wm. S. Green, a hardware merchant of Millington, died suddenly on Friday night last, after having a difficulty that came to blows, with a young man by name of Bottomly. Seventeen years ago, Green, in an altercation at the Millington hotel, with a man by name of John S. Waters, was terribly cut in the neck, near the jugular. The wound was so frightful and bled so profusely, that it was thought it could not but result fatally. Dr. Power, who rendered him surgical aid, succeeded, however, in staying the flow of blood. Green was taken to Baltimore, and after remaining for sometime under treatment at a hospital, returned to his home in Millington. It had not since been supposed that he experienced any special difficulty from the old wound. Different stories are told with regard to the origin of the difficulty, but accounts agree that Green was the first to make attack on young Bottomley, because of the non-payment of a small bill. Bottomley, it is said, was disposed to be insolent and taunting, which angered Green. Green told him if he did not pay him he would thrash him, and after a few words struck Bottomly three or four times. After Bottomley had recovered from the shock and astonishment he struck Green and knocked him down and caught him by the throat, causing an internal rupture of the arteries at the point of the old wounds. After the scuffle Green went into his store and washed himself and brushed his clothing, and to all appearances had sustained no injury, but he shortly commenced to spit blood, and at one o'clock that night he complained of a severe pain in his head. A physician was called in, but he quickly lapsed into unconsciousness, from which he never recovered. He died about 9 o'clock Saturday night. Mr. Green came to Millington about nineteen years ago from Delaware. He had been very unfortunate in business, having been burned out by fire three times. He leaves a wife and two grown children.

A Birthday Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given Mr. Percy Skirven at the residence of his father, Thos. W. Skirven, near Fairlee, on Tuesday evening, his twenty-first birthday. The guests met at 8 o'clock, numbering about 75. Professor T. A. Hulme presented the numerous presents, in his usual humorous manner. The company was entertained with music and recitations and the evening's amusement was finally concluded with a mule play. A mule was cut out of black muslin and fastened to a sheet. The mule was all complete with the exception of a tail, which was to be put on to complete the animal. The contestants were blindfolded and given a piece of black cloth with a pin attached, which they were to affix to the animal in lieu of the tail. After the performance was over the mule presented a motley appearance. The first prize was awarded to Mr. T. E. W. Crew, he having come the nearest to completing the animal in an artistic manner. At 12 o'clock the guests departed, after wishing the new man an unlimited number of birthdays.

Peaches on the Mountains.

Mr. O. W. Good, of Waynesboro', Pa., was in town yesterday for the purpose of purchasing 50,000 peach trees to be planted on the mountain lands of Pennsylvania and Western Maryland. Mr. Good is a large distiller, and is representing a syndicate who have purchased large tracts of mountain land and intend to engage in the culture of the peach on an extensive scale. Peach-growing in that section while in its infancy has assumed tremendous proportions, hundreds of thousands of trees being planted in the last year. One grower this year netted from 6,000 trees $26,000. The fruit is of fine size and ripens beautifully. The trees are not injured by the frost and the yellows and kindred diseases of the peach are unknown. Mr. Good says that land which could be bought for $10 per acre four years ago is now in demand at $80. From the present outlook it would seem that the Eastern Shore of Maryland and lower Delaware are likely to find in these mountain peaches formidable competitors. They are growing them in the valleys as well as on the mountains. Instead of evaporating the surplus fruit, it is the intention of the syndicate represented by Mr. Good to utilize it in their distilleries.

Runaway Accident.

Mr. Frank Toulson accompanied by Miss Bessie Thomas went out driving on Sunday evening. Near the cemetery they overtook his cousin, Mr. Andrew Toulson, and Miss Lizzie Duyer. The two teams were then driven in a walk, the occupants being engaged in conversation. At this juncture two other teams came by, racing. As they passed Frank's horse, a young animal, took fright, kicked him on the knees, threw him out, and ran into the other carriage, taking a wheel off each, and then ran toward town. Miss Thomas kept her seat until the railroad was crossed, when she jumped out. She was badly shaken up and suffered severely from nervous prostration from the shock. Andrew Toulson's horse did not run, and the occupants of the carriage received no injury. The runaway horse was stopped at the Catholic Church by Mr. Frank Anderson. The carriage was a complete wreck.

Kennedyville Items.

KENNEDYVILLE, Nov. 28, 1887.

Messrs. Editors:—The people of the vicinity have been making the most of the good weather of the past week. The farmers have all been busy harvesting, shelling and shipping their good crop of corn and hauling in the fodder. Most of that work is done now, and they are butchering their pork.

Thanksgiving Day was very quiet. There being no service at either church, the day was spent in the quiet enjoyment of social gatherings and good dinners. The day was dark and threatening, but its gloom was little felt in the pleasant home circle. The sick and suffering were not forgotten, for they were cheered frequently through the day by the reception of substantial tokens of friendship.

The protracted meeting is still in progress at the M. P. Church, and on Sunday evening a very large congregation listened to a good sermon from Rev. C. R. Blades, whose subject was "Dried Bones." There have been three conversions so far. The meeting will continue some time longer.

The Sunday schools are beginning to think and talk of preparations for Christmas entertainments, and no doubt they will endeavor to give more enjoyable ones than they have done heretofore, but some think that would be hard to do.

Sunday afternoon we were called upon to carry the body of the late Joshua Vansant to its last resting place. He had been an invalid for more than a year, and his friends had some time ago given up all hope of his recovery. His funeral was preached in the M. P. Church by the pastor, and the Rev. Mr. Pitman made a very appropriate address. The house was filled with sympathizing friends and acquaintances. Mr. Vansant was a good citizen, an honorable, upright man and a Christian gentleman. His many friends miss him sadly, but feel that he has passed from the trials and pain of earth to the joys of heaven. He leaves a widow and two children.

Political interests are very little talked of here now, and it seems as if the quiet has come here just after the storm. We hope to see the village brighten up soon, and feel sure that the merchants echo this sentiment. ADELPHOS.

ATTACKED BY DREDGERS.

Capt. George of the Oyster Police Sloop Has an Experience on His First Night Out.

Capt. George, the newly appointed captain of the oyster police sloop "Mary Compton," returned last week from Annapolis with his commission. On last Sunday evening at about half past six he sailed out from Rock Hall. His crew consisted of three beside himself. While beating up the river, he noticed two vessels, one ahead and one sailing directly in his course behind him. The vessel ahead suddenly changed its course, turning directly back, and sailed passed him. When it reached the boat astern it again went about and the two followed directly after the police sloop. When the police sloop arrived off Buoy Rock she found seven boats dredging on the bar there. The two boats that had been following the police sloop opened fire upon her with repeating rifles, and two other boats that were at work on the bar began firing with breech-loading rifles. There was a brisk wind blowing, and it required two of the Compton's crew to manage the boat—one at the sheets and one at the helm. The two others returned the fire of the dredgers with the four breech-loading rifles with which the police sloop is armed. They were not able to use the small cannon, because of the shortness of force and of the brisk wind. Capt. George says the firing was right across the deck of his boat, and was undoubtedly meant to kill. He himself was at the helm, and there are four bullets in the hull of the Compton, not four feet from where he sat. During the firing a metal bucket which sat near him on the deck was pierced by a rifle ball. The firing began about half past nine, and the Compton was compelled to run away and leave the dredgers at work on the bar. It was at night and the police boat was not able to identify by name or number any of the dredgers. The Mary Compton is a small boat, built originally as a pleasure yacht. Capt. George very reasonably says that she is not properly fitted to the purpose of a police boat, where any fighting is to be done. She is too light, lighter than any dredger in service in the Chesapeake fleet. Most any of the dredgers can run into her and sink her. Her armament is not what it should be. If she were supplied with repeating instead of breech-loading rifles, her small force would be better equipped for a fight. A boat intended for enforcing police regulations should be capable of doing what she sets out to do—she should be something of a war ship, even if a comparatively small war ship. Capt. George says his beat is the most troublesome on the bay; that depredations there are more frequent than upon other bars. He thinks that more than one hundred shots were fired at the Compton from the different dredge boats,

Peninsula Notes.

The Smyrna *Record* says a movement is on foot to build a M.E. Church at Clayton. Already about $800 have been subscribed for this purpose, and the larger part has been paid in.

The Talbot Guards, of Easton, went to Cambridge Thursday and spent the day as the guest of the Lloyd Guards of that place. A dress parade and a target shooting match were indulged in.

Wm. M. Ross, of Seaford, Del., has made a contract with Enoch Moore, shipbuilder of Wilmington, for the construction of a steam yacht of the following dimensions: Length, 50 feet; beam, 12 feet; depth, 5 feet. The engine and boiler will be built by Pusey & Jones Company, and the yacht is to be completed by January 1.

At New Castle, Del., Saturday, three prisoners were publicly whipped in the jail yard in the presence of several hundred spectators. Jas. Conway, for the larceny of a baby carriage, received five lashes; Ulysses Mellon, colored, was striped with ten lashes for stealing a watch and chain. James Holland, colored, stood in the pillory one hour and was whipped with twenty lashes for the larceny of a watch.

The Delaware Game Protective Association held its annual meeting at the Capital Hotel, in Dover, on Monday of last week. I. N. Mills was elected president; George Churchman, secretary and treasurer, and there were also one vice-president and three directors elected in each county to serve for the ensuing year. N. H. Hutchins was appointed detective to arrest and prosecute violators of the game laws in the State. The treasurer reports the finances in a good condition.

St. Cloud.

PARIS, Oct. 21st, 1887.

The river Seine runs directly through the city of Paris. It is crossed from side to side by beautiful bridges of different designs. All manner of vehicles and foot passengers pass to and fro at all hours of the day and night. In the evening various-colored lamps on the boats on the river give a gay and picturesque effect. I enjoy standing on these bridges to watch these boats and lamps and people going back and forth—it is all so Parisian, so gay and happy, so different from prosaic America. Every twenty minutes by day small pleasure steamers go up and down the river to smaller towns and villages on the banks beyond the environs of Paris. To-day I went with two artist friends from America on a sketching tour to St. Cloud. It was charming, but a little chilly while the steamer was in motion.

We started from the pier at (Pont Neuf) 9th Bridge, one of the oldest bridges and adorned with a great equestrienne statue of Henry IV. (Henri Quartre) in bronze. As he was one of the greatest of all the French monarchs, it is pleasant to look upon this statue every day as we cross the Pont Neuf, and reflect upon the great qualities which he possessed and endeavor to emulate them. It is one hour's ride by steamer to St. Cloud. En route we passed several small towns, among them the celebrated Sevres, noted for its beautiful Faience and porcelain. The river resembles somewhat the Schuylkill, only that it is more picturesque, made so by its associations with the lives of kings and heroes of all ages from Charlemagne to Napoleon the Great, as well as by the daily life of the present day, filled as it is with novel scenes.

St. Cloud is a small town nestling on a plateau near the banks of the Seine; celebrated for its palace, now in ruins, built in 1658 by Louis XIV., for the Duc d'Orleans, afterwards purchased by Louis XVI. for the Empress Marie Antoinette. The Emperor Napoleon I. spent much time here. In 1815 Blucher had the palace for his headquarters, and the capitulation of Paris was signed here. The palace was entirely destroyed in 1870, during the siege of Paris by the Germans. It is now in ruins, and the ivy is clambering over its walls, seemingly to protect them from further desolation.

All the grounds surrounding the palace are laid out with delightful avenues of tall trees, whose top boughs interlace, forming archways of green. Just now they have assumed their autumnal tints of gorgeous yellow, reds and browns. Many statues are on all sides, and beautiful fountains; one of the largest in France is here. The water falls from the mouths of immense tritons, dolphins and other marine animals into the open jaws of huge frogs, each at least 7 feet long, while *they* spout it back into other designs, from which it rolls downward in sparkling sprays to a miniature lake.

Numbers of artists are painting all through these woods and on the banks of the Seine. Some are doing very large pictures. Such is the respect paid to art-work in France that no one interrupts their work by any rude curiosity or interference.

There is a garrison and barracks at St. Cloud, and the the soldiers are very brisk with their military exercises—horses drilling, drums beating, a clatter and commotion all the time. One of my companions, being the daughter of a Brigadier-General, U. S. Army, was particularly interested in the soldiers. I find quite a difference between these French soldiers and the Highlanders. The French are very young, most of them *mere youths*, beardless faces, or with the faintest perception of down on the upper lips, small in stature, nervous and quick in movements, dark with bright eyes. The Highlanders are a robust, vigorous race—tall, muscular, bare-kneed, with towering bonnets and waving plumes, short skirts, with tartan plaids around their shoulders pinned with a silver thistle to the left side; splendidly drilled and proven able to endure any climate from their native Highlands to the swamps of the Ganges. When I look at these young French soldiers drilling I think of the great leader, the first Napoleon, who carried their fathers in a frenzy of enthusiasm to victory or death—who crossed mountains, precipices, deserts; stood them before the immovable and immortal Sphinx and pyramids, and "stared forty centuries in the face;" and then I go from St. Cloud, with its relics of royalty, its ruined palace, desolate ground and broken statues, its fading autumn leaves and fading summer tints, to the Hotel des Invalides and reflect beside the mausoleum of the conqueror, —that wonderful meteor which flashed over the sky of Europe and sank in lonely shadows upon the rocks of Helena.

Silent and gloomy now are the galleries and courts of Luxembourg, that palace where the Scottish Queen Marie Stuart spent one brief year as "Queen of France, and where the lovely daughter of Martinigal smiled upon the gayest court of France.

And the Palace de Tuilleries seems solemn and empty amidst its gardens, now that Eugenie the Fair and the brave young prince no more grace its chambers.

Changes of all kinds are sad. They interrupt the smooth current of daily life. Even changes for the better are tinged with sadness, because they suggest the passing of time and the fleetness of life. But how very overwhelming are those changes in the lives of royalty which cause a rapid descent from the height of grandeur and adulation to exile or conquest, to loss of power or loss of respect. How very perceptible even to strangers is the emptiness of royal titles, and how dreary now are the abodes of kings. It is impossible to live in this France, ruled by dynasties for centuries, read past history of Imperial times and reconcile the present republic to the past. Everywhere one is reminded of something gone, lost, vanished—something that was regal, grand, gay, amusing—a part of the surroundings. Now, the reign of the people may be better, but it is not in keeping with the old palaces, gardens, fountains, statues, &c.; and they, without royalty seem strange, and their strangeness is so very sad. Because it all tells the story of the instability of all human institutions and the emptiness of all human aspirations—mere bubbles which man's fickle nature blows up and lets fall upon the carpet of time. ROSALIE MITCHELL.

Literary Notes.

The December *Century* opens with a frontispiece portrait of Lincoln from a photograph made about the time of his inauguration, which event is the subject of the present part of the Lincoln history. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay continue in this number the promised publication of new material. The narrative begins with Mr. Lincoln's departure from Springfield, and includes an authentic account of his farewell to his neighbors and of the speeches made at Indianapolis, Columbus, Steubenville, Trenton, Philadelphia and Harrisburg. An exact statement of the facts in regard to Lincoln's secret night journey through Baltimore is given, accompanied by unpublished letters from Seward, Scott and General Stone. The circumstances attending the revision of the inaugural address are related with particularity, the text of that document being printed in full, with the references to Mr. Seward's alterations in footnotes, so that the reader may see which of these suggestions were adopted by the President and which rejected. The comparison affords an insight into Mr. Lincoln's attitude toward the crisis which he was so soon to be called upon to meet.

The illustrious writers represented in the Christmas number of Harper's Magazine are T. B. Aldrich, W. D. Howells, Amelie Rives, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Charles Egbert Craddock, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Captain Charles King, George F. Kunz, F. W. Burbidge, Will Carleton, Harriet Lewis Bradley, Andrew Lang, William Black, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain and Edward Everett Hale. The chief artists are E. A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, Frederick Dielman, C. S. Reinhard, A. B. Frost, Gilbert Gaul, R. F. Zogbaum and Frederick Barnard. Besides the multitude of small illustrations there are twenty-five full page, one of them being from Murillo, and one a lithographic masterpiece of gems in twenty colors. All of the articles, stories and poems are complete, and all (except two brief poems) are elegantly illustrated,

Capt. Charles King contributes to the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine* another of his very popular military stories, "From the Ranks." The plot is more than usually stirring and complicated, and the style has all the brilliancy and dash of this author's best work. Albion W. Tourgee, with "Professor Cadmus' Great Case," begins a series of stories of mystery, complication and detective ingenuity, under the general heading of "Guage & Swallow," each of which will be complete in itself, though all revolve around a common centre of interest.

H. C. Bunner's story in *Scribner's* for December is entitled "The Zadoc Pine Larbor Union," and is said to be filled with humor and genial satire exposing the absurdity of the foreign ideas about labor and capital which have found a foothold among workingmen in this country. E. H. Blashfield, the well known painter, and his wife, who have been frequent residents and close students of Florence have contributed to the Christmas *Scribner's* a delightful paper associating some of the most picturesque features of that city with the scenes of George Eliot's famous romance, "Romola." Mr. Blashfield has made sixteen beautiful drawings to illustrate it.

The readers of *St. Nicholas* will discover in the December number, that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has created a worthy companion character to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in the heroine of her story, "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's," and, as in the earlier story, the author's conceptions are aided in their setting forth by the work of the illustrator, Mr. R. B. Birch.

New Advertisements.

The following new advertisements appear in this issue:

Sale of personal property of Geo. Bolton.
County vacancy in Balt. Female College.
Order nisi in case of Elizabeth T. Wilkins vs. Samuel H. Crawford and others.
T. W. Eliason, Jr.'s new adv.
Houses for rent by H. W. Vickers, Esq.
Copeland lecture announcement.
J. K. Aldridge's new advertisement.
Grain wanted, &c., at Green Point by Dr. W. B. Turner.
Leghorn chickens for sale.

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—BY—
Prof. Wm. G. Sumner, Prof. Richard T. Ely, Pres. John Bascom, Prof. Arthur T. Hadley, and others;

Monthly Literary Articles
—BY—
Thomas Wentworth Higginson and other critical and literary articles by Maurice Thompson, Charles Dudley Warner, Jas. Payn, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, R. H. Stoddard Mrs. Schuyler, Van Rensselaer, Louise Imogen Guiney, H. H. Boyesen, and others.

Poems and Stories
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E. C. Stedman, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edward Everett Hale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Julia Schayer, Rose Terry Cooke, Edith M. Thomas, Andrew Lang, John Boyle O'Reilly and others, and

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An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate, New York.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 00 Per Year.

Vol. IX. begins November 1, 1887.

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YOU CAN FIND
OUR STORE
WITHOUT A MAP.

YES, you can find our Mammoth Store without the aid of a map or diagram. Our grand establishment ranks among the most attractive and imposing merchantile buildings of the Monumental City, and its location, like the name of Mabley & Carew, is thoroughly familiar to the people of Maryland and the South.

Now for a practical, common-sense business chat with everybody. We put aside all unnecessary formalities. We don't like formalities, we don't like what is commercially known as "red tape." A man's a man, and a woman's a woman, that's all there is about it.—Everyone who enters our store is greeted with civility and business-like courtesy. If you merely wish to "look around," all right.—You're welcome. There's a competent and courteous salesman, he'll show you everything. Don't carry your baggage and bundles all over town. Step right up to our first floor bundle counter and have your parcels checked, subject to delivery on demand. Just make up your mind when you come to Mabley & Carew's that you're an invited and welcome guest. These privileges cost you nothing, but will add greatly to your comfort and convenience.

Here you are on the first floor. Look at that $10 suit, there's a whole counter full of 'em at the same price and it's a genuine all-wool Scotch Cheviot, well made and correctly trimmed. You'll see suits exactly like it displayed in clothing store windows about town marked $15. Here's a grand assortment of Tailor-Made suits in English CHEVIOTS, PLAIDS, WORSTED, CORKSCREWS, &c., at $15 each. Quite sure you couldn't match them in Baltimore for less than $20. Try it and let us know the result. There's our Pantaloons' Department to the right as you enter the door. Never saw so many pants and such a variety of patterns in one store, did you?—Guess not, for our general stock is just about three times larger than that of any other clothing house in all the South. Pantaloons from $1 up to the very finest made. Take a glance at our Furnishing Goods Department. Shelves, cases and tables filled to repletion with everything seasonable in the line of Furnishings. SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, NECKWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS, Cardigan, Jackets, Umbrellas, Mufflers, &c. Prices always 25 per cent. less than are charged at exclusive stores.

Second Floor—Our Children's Department. Headquarters for Juvenile Clothing, Shirt Waists, Hats, Caps and Furnishings. Truly a magnificent stock, matchless and enormous in its variety of styles and patterns. CUTE and PRETTY KILTS, stylish NORFOLK SUITS, handsome THREE-PIECE SUITS—in fact, Suits of every description for Young Folks. Prices surprisingly low—much lower than are charged at any other store in the city. Our Overcoat Department offers decidedly the largest and most elegant variety of Overcoats your eyes every gazed upon. We'll sell a reliable garment for $4 or $5. You can select any grade and style you desire, for our assortment includes OVERCOATS of all qualities, from ordinarily good up to the finest Satin-Lined garments, all at very lowest prices.

Mabley & Carew,
S. W. Cor. Baltimore and Light Streets.

Send your name and address and we will mail free our Fall and Winter Fashion Review, containing rules for self-measurement and description of all the latest fashions. Also Furnishing Goods price list and set of handsomely colored cards.
Nov. 10, 1887.

DON'T YOU BUY
B 4 U C
THE FINE ASSORTMENT OF
HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES!
now being received and opened at
H. A. SPARKS
consisting in part of

Fancy Goods and Novelties and Hammered and Polished Brass, Gilt, Bronze, Plush Goods, Dressing Cases, Odor Stands, Albums, Shaving Sets, Satchels, Toilet Sets, Vases, Cups and Saucers, Mugs, &c.

In Toys we shall not have as large a stock perhaps as some others but will try and show you a nice assortment and at lowest prices.

In our Confectionery and Fruit department we claim to take the lead and have one of the best stocks to be found in the county, they will speak for themselves and prices will please you

Don't forget our Lamps. We have them at lower prices than ever. We will sell a nice Hanging Lamp for $2.50. Stand Lamps, Hall Lamps and every other kind of Lamp.

Fine Groceries, Canned Goods, English Pickles, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Jellies.

Triple-Plated Ware very cheap. Clocks, Clocks, Clocks, price them before buying.

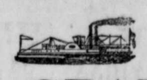
These are a few of the many goods to be found in our stock. We have many other goods which space will not allow us to mention. Give us a call. H. A. SPARKS,
Dec. 9, 1886. opposite Court House

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. j.20, 1887—tf.

REMOVAL.
Dr. C. P. Gilpin has taken the dwelling house on High street adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past.
Jan. 6, 1887—tf.

NOTICE.
THE RISING SUN SALOON is now prepared to accommodate the public with all the delicacies of the season, such as Spring Chickens, Soft, Deveiled and Hard Crabs, Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, Turtle Soup, Terrapin Soupand Ox Tail Soup.
June 2, 1887 WM. PERKINS, Proprietor.

Daily Trips Between Chestertown & Baltimore
Centreville & Corsica River Steamboat Co.



Steamer GRATITUDE,
M. M. LARRIMORE, Master.