Important to Sportsmen

Having purchased all the Machinery, Tools and Material of the late firm of Alex. McComas & Son; also having employed their best mechanics, I will continue in the

GUN BUSINESS

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES AT THE

Old Stand, 22 South Calvert Street,

BALTIMORE, ON MY OWN ACCOUNT.

Having been in the employ of the late Alex. McComas for OVER 40 YEARS, I feel confident I can give the same satisfaction to my patrons as they have received from the late firm. Soliciting your orders, and thanking you for past favors, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

GEO. A. HAHN,

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Next door to T. W. Eliason, Jr., High street

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Address,

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IT WILL PAY YOU.

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FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN! Four kinds and prices as low as the lowest.

at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO'S.

DR. TALMAGE THINKS THE GOLDEN CALF IS STILL WORSHIPED.

The Mad Folly of the Israelites and the Rage of Moses—As the People Then Were Punished So Are All Who Worship the Golden Calf in These Latter Days.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 13.—The subject of discourse chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage for his first sermon after the national election was one peculiarly appropriate to the money making spirit of the times. It was "The Golden Calf," the text selected being Exodus xxxii, 20, "And he took the calf which they had made and burned it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a calf; the gold cools off; the mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs.

An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance mightily and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments!

Moses rushes, in and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter, or by the old fashioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all.

FLOWED AROUND THE WORLD.

But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down to the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson, and the East river, and the Thames, and the Clyde, and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters.

Put aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat, and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger.

ITS GORGEOUS TEMPLE.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. This golden calf of the text has its right foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship!

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are innumerable. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh, heaven and earth, what an altar, what a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at one o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting, "A thousand shares of railroad stock—one hundred and eight and a half; take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The clergyman comes in and reads the funeral service, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf kicked them!

ITS DREADFUL SACRIFICE.

The trouble is when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they [illegible] here was the [illegible] the mark of a [illegible] dealing hoof of the [illegible]

Solomon offered in one sacrifice on one occasion twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep, but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of the "house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust, and count their golden beads, and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made! Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost!

This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More! more! more!"

THE CRAZE FOR GOLD.

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock exchange. Indeed it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation, and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar, until the president of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship must be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that; but somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an open insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance or by an old fashioned file it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff.

THE ROOT OF EVIL TO BE ROOTED OUT.

So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and he will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and he will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Central park, whether at Brooklyn bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shoreditch, London, or West End, but it will be a very hot blaze. All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melted gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass and into the street, but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up.

The cry of "Fire!" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London, with one cut of the red scythe of destruction, will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down. Golden calf down.

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. "Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is teaching the world, as never before, that old fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned as never before that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay.

We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out—has cut it out—and the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a five dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a fifty dollar coat not paid for.

THE RAGE FOR SPECULATION.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher, and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who are borrowed of. And after awhile the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together.

There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been [illegible] times renewed.

PULVERIZING CALF AND WORSHIPERS.

It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feed themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall by the law of the land be compelled to exchange his mansion for Sing Sing. Let the golden calf perish!

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may perhaps take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there.

It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring. It would be a temptation to the pilfagers. Ah, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Oh, this is a fleeting world; it is a dying world! A man who had worshiped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Fool! fool! fool!"

THE NEVER FADING TREASURE.

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and soothe you when you are sick, and save you when you die.

When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, he will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them goodby forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and he will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome.

Oh, what a God he is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and a returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic scroll.

In the Mine Together.

Sixteen months of hard tunneling, and he had reached the bonanza. As he stood gloating over the richest ore his eyes had ever feasted on he became conscious of a presence, and turning saw the tall form of "Long Brown," the gambler.

He was about to speak, when a dull rumble was borne in on their ears, and a tremor shook the earth, as pieces of loosened rock fell at their feet.

Both knew what it meant. Brown went back a few rods with his lantern, and returned with a blanched face.

"We are shut in by a cave, and it may take days to dig us out!" After a pause he continued:

"How long will your provisions last?"

"Four days—for one."

"Then I'll be the one."

The click of his weapon sounded through the drift as he covered his old enemy.

"Have you a pack of cards?" said the other quietly. "If so, let's play a game of draw with the gun for the stakes."

They gazed in each other's eyes for a few moments.

Brown had never taken advantage of mortal man. He would not do it now. He produced a pack of cards from his pocket. He always carried them.

"Cut." "Deal."

The gambler drew three cards; so did the miner.

"Queens."

"Aces."

The gambler looked a second at his opponent's hand as it was laid down. "You win," he said quietly, and lifted the weapon.

"Click, click. Bang!"

His body lurched forward sprawling over the cards after the smothered report. The miner, with a look of horror on his face, lifted the lantern and held it over the body. As he shook his sleeve four cards fluttered down on the prostrate figure.

"It was a close shave," he said, "but I downed him!"—Sam Davis in Short Stories.

Wires Along a Trolley Line.

A great many people wonder why there are so many overhead wires along an electric road, and which of them are alive or dangerous. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred know nothing whatever about it. You have noticed that alongside the pavement on both sides of the street is strung a large, well insulated wire, almost large enough to be a cable. That is the feeder. In other words, that wire carries the current from the power house and at certain intervals contributes it to the trolley wire. It is well nigh impossible for an accident to happen to the feeder, but even then there would have to be a direct ground connection before much damage could be done. If the feeder should break and fall to the ground it would emit a blaze which would prove a warning to all passersby.

On either side of the trolley wire are two wires which seem to be useless. They are dead, and are only intended to shield the trolley. Suppose these wires were not there and a telephone wire should fall across the trolley? Instantly the voltage which transmits the cars would be flashed into every telephone which had a connection, and the result would be a very severe shock. As it is, falling wires of any kind are caught by the side wires, and hence never reach the trolley wire. There's your primer lesson in electricity.—St. Louis Republic.

A Strange Looking Monkey.

One of the most singular and most unsightly of all creatures is the probocis monkey. A traveler who saw a troop of them in Borneo says it is impossible to imagine such hideousness. One must see it to believe it. This probocis is cartilaginous, and can be inflated by the animal to a prodigious size, and suddenly to encounter such a visage from behind a tree in a Borneo wilderness is to be horrified as you never were before. Not a boy in the world would be willing to take such a creature as a pet. They are very active, and in bounding from tree to tree will clear a space of fifteen or twenty feet.—Harper's Young People.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

ODDS AND ENDS.

Kansas has 24,743 railroad employees.

The room in which Napoleon I died is now a stable.

Chicago is to have electrically propelled vehicles.

Aniline dyes were discovered by Unverdorhen in 1826.

Desertion from the army costs England $600,000 annually.

A resident of Marietta, Ga., claims to have a petrified chicken.

A woman can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

The Roman Emperor Maximian was the son of a common soldier.

Only 10 per cent. of German schoolboys are said to go in for athletics.

We are assured by an artist that only one person in 4,800 has a perfect nose.

Florida fig trees are said to be at present bearing their third crop this season.

Calhoun county, Ills., has no railroad, telegraph or telephone within its borders.

General Hancock was never in chief command of the army of the United States.

Waiting on a young prince and grooming a spirited horse are two very difficult things.

Quite a large gold nugget was recently gotten out of the Swank mines in Washington.

Whittier, after sixty years of labor, died poor. Corbett made $45,000 in a two hours' prize fight.

A Portland (Me.), woman, who has a mania for canceled postage stamps, has over a million of them.

Hyphenated names are increasing among New York's fashionable people at a rate that suggests a fad.

A Turkish proverb says: If you come empty handed they will tell you "the effendi is asleep." If you come with a present they will say, "Effendi, pray step in."

A Delicate Compliment.

When General Grant visited Japan he was received with great hospitality, and every honor possible was shown him. The Japanese hardly knew what to make of the somewhat grave and serious demeanor of the American, but by an act of graceful consideration he won their admiration and remembrance.

As he journeyed toward the interior of the country, he came to a deep ravine spanned by two bridges. One of these was known as the "sacred bridge," and was not open to travel. It had never been crossed but once. It had been formally opened by a prince who died shortly after the ceremony. The bridge was called by his name, and was not used afterward.

Wishing to do honor to General Grant, the authorities commanded that this bridge be thrown open for him to cross upon. His courier was told its history, which he in turn told to General Grant.

As the party neared the two bridges, the general gave directions that his cortege should cross over the bridge commonly in use, and removing his hat he approached the sacred bridge, bowed to the official in charge, and turning rejoined his companions and crossed over the other bridge.

This act was received with a murmur of applause. Its delicate consideration was highly appreciated by a people with whom courtesy is a fine art.—Youth's Companion.

Where Thackeray Lived.

It was at Willis' rooms, the old Almack's, in King street, Pall Mall, that Thackeray delivered, in 1851, his lectures on the "English Humorists." In the vicinity of Brompton and Kensington his life as a successful author was mostly passed. Becky Sharp, on her marriage, retired to snug little Brompton lodgings, and in a cottage in a street leading from the Fulham road, with the romantic title of St. Adelaide villas, Anna Maria road west, old Mr. Sedley hid his head with his wife and daughter when the crash came.

There is a touch of Dickens in Thackeray's description of this neighborhood, "where the houses look like baby houses; where the people looking out of the first floor windows must infallibly, as you think, sit with their feet in the parlors; where the shrubs in the little gardens in front bloom with a perennial display of children's pinafores, little red socks and caps, and where little porter pots hang on the railing sunning themselves."—Chambers' Journal.

Witnesses Feared by Lawyers.

The best witnesses are nervous ones, who are afraid that they will never be able to speak so as to be heard in court. And the worst ones to tackle are those who are telling the truth. If a witness has truth on her side she may be ever so timid, but she will tell a straight story, and the most astute lawyer in the world can neither shake nor break her word. If a witness is telling a lie a clever lawyer will make her tell another and another and another, until she has woven such a network of lies around herself that it is comparatively easy to break up one of them, and so the whole structure falls through.

It is easy to win a case for a woman. The natural chivalry of American men makes them in sympathy with a woman when they would feel none at all for a man. Any able lawyer will tell you that he finds it easier to carry through one weak case for a woman than half a dozen strong ones for a man.—Abe Hummel in New York Press.

Saw His Tombstone Every Sunday.

A somewhat eccentric man, a stonemason by trade, died at Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire, recently. On the death of his wife, many years ago, he engraved a tombstone, which read as follows: "Erected to the memory of William and Sarah Swain, who departed this life in the Nineteenth century." The stone was then erected at the end of his wife's grave, and from that time until his death he passed it on his way to church every Sunday.—London Tit-Bits.

A blind man with a hand organ has been parading the streets of Alexandria, Ind., with a placard on his breast which reads, "I am blind and the father of eight children by a horrible accident."

Trinity college, Cambridge, England, has an autograph letter of Sir Isaac Newton which the curators of the institution bought in 1889 for $315.

Amurath III killed five of his brothers; his mother in grief took her own life; and he was shortly after taken off by poison.

Checkers or draughts were known to the ancient Egyptians, and pictures 4,000 years old represent a quarrel over the game.

THE smallest "cat-boil" is large enough to show that the blood needs purifying—a warning which, if unheeded, may result, not in more boils, but in something very much worse. Avert the danger in time by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Cured others, will cure you.

THE new Duke of Sutherland's annual income will not fall short of $720,000.

DO NOT allow yourself to be imposed on by the many novel schemes, advertising new and untried so-called cough remedies; but stick to the old reliable, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the unfailing cure for all affections of the throat and chest.

LADIES

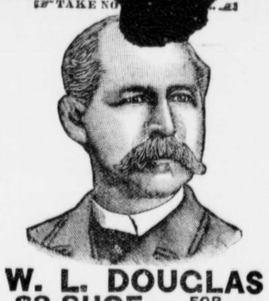
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia.

IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by buying the W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe. Thousands will testify.

TAKE NO [illegible]



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

$4 and **$5 Hand-sewed**, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $5 to $12.

$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

$2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and **$2.00 Workingmen's** Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

Boys' $2.00 and **Youths' $1.75 School Shoes** are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at the prices.

Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed, $2.50, $2.00 and **$1.75** Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3.00 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe; look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by WESTCOTT & DODD.

Cures Others

Will cure You, is a true statement of the action of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, when taken for diseases originating in impure blood; but, while this assertion is true of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, as thousands can attest, it cannot be truthfully applied to other preparations, which unprincipled dealers will recommend, and try to impose upon you, as "just as good as Ayer's." Take **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla and **Ayer's** only, if you need a blood-purifier and would be benefited permanently. This medicine, for nearly fifty years, has enjoyed a reputation, and made a record for cures, that has never been equaled by other preparations. AYER'S Sarsaparilla eradicates the taint of hereditary scrofula and other blood diseases from the system, and it has, deservedly, the confidence of the people.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I cannot forbear to express my joy at the relief I have obtained from the use of AYER'S Sarsaparilla. I was afflicted with kidney troubles for about six months, suffering greatly with pains in the small of my back. In addition to this, my body was covered with pimply eruptions. The remedies prescribed failed to help me. I then began to take AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and, in a short time, the pains ceased and the pimples disappeared. I advise every young man or woman, in case of sickness resulting from impure blood, no matter how long standing the case may be, to take AYER'S Sarsaparilla."—H. L. Jarmann, 33 William st., New York City.

Will Cure You

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

Oil Clothing

is warranted the Best in the World!

Is more WATERPROOF,

Is STRONGER, and

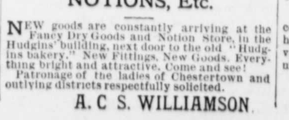
will WEAR LONGER

than any other goods manufactured.

Ask for the "FISH BRAND." Take no other.

L. C. ZIRCKEL & BRO., Sole Agents, Baltimore, Md.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful when all remedies FAIL. Ills. book & proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Female weakness, Rheumatism and Pain. 50c. & $1.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15c. at Druggists.

VIGOR OF MEN

EASILY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY RESTORED.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. $1.00 per box; 6 boxes for $5.00. Written guarantee to cure with every six boxes. 3000 references. Send stamp for book, explanations and proofs, sealed. Address

PENN CITY MEDICAL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From Mrs. N. J. Hayes, of Balleville, Kan.: "When I began your treatment 3 mos. ago I was so exhausted by sickness that I could not do any work. The accompanying fig. Weight 245 lbs. 195 lbs 50 lbs were show the result of 3 months' treatment. Bust..... 46 in. 37 in. 11 in. Waist..... 46 in. 39 in. 11 in. Hips..... 57 in. 46 in. 9 in. My friends are surprised. Will cheerfully reply to inquiries with stamp inclosed." Before. After. Lost. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Marshing. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

DR. J. H. McLEAN'S

STRENGTHENING CORDIAL

AND BLOOD PURIFIER.

An Invigorating Tonic for strengthening the weak, purifying the blood, clearing the complexion and imparting the rosy bloom of health to the cheek. Pleasant to the taste and a favorite with ladies. $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Almanac for 1893 with Storm Calendar and Weather Forecasts by Rev. Irl R. Hicks will be ready Sept. 1, 1892. Furnished free to all dealers who sell our medicines. Ask your druggist for one or send a two-cent stamp to

The Dr. J. H. McLean Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo

MRS. A. C. S. WILLIAMSON

—DEALER IN—

Fancy Dry Goods

NOTIONS, Etc.

NEW goods are constantly arriving at the Fancy Dry Goods and Notion Store, in the Hudgins' building, next door to the old "Hudgins bakery," New Fittings, New Goods. Everything bright and attractive. Come and see!

Patronage of the ladies of Chestertown and outlying districts respectfully solicited.

A. C. S. WILLIAMSON

Chester Compound

NO. 1

Ammo. Super Phosphate

M. P. Brand

DISSOLVED

SOUTH CAROLINA

FOR SALE BY

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

COAL AND WOOD

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember, we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.

Office on Cannon street, near Princess.

J. T TWILLEY.

July 21, 1890—tf

J. HERMAN IRELAND'S

Insurance Agency,

Kennedyville, Maryland.

Fire! Lightinng! Life!

INSURE YOUR HOMES!

INSURE YOUR STOCK!

INSURE YOUR LIVES!

I represent only first-class companies. My rates are low and all losses promptly paid. To all persons desiring insurance I ask them to write or call and see me.

J. H. IRELAND,

Kennedyville, Maryland

A. LEVINE,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

A fine line of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, Eyeglasses, etc., always on hand.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS

a specialty, and entire satisfaction guaranteed.

Having opened a Jewerly Store in Still Pond, adjoining the store of Geo. W. Harper, Esq., I am prepared to do all kinds of work in the above line, and ask a generous public to give me a call

All parties having Watches repaired by me that do not give entire satisfaction, are specially requested to bring them back and let me fix them.

a12. A. LEVINE, Still Pond, Md.

FREE, FREE, FREE

SCISSORS SHARPENED

FREE OF CHARGE!

By Electricity!

Bring Along Your Dull Scissors.

WM. S. McDONNELL,

July 14, 1892. Chestertown, Md.

FRAME HOTEL.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE

will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES

contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU,

Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

On and after Monday, October 10, 1892, the Steamer

EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown at 8 A. M. every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Queenstown, Kent Island, and intermediate landings.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St., at 11 A. M., TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY for the above named landings.

STEAMER GRATITUDE.

will leave Centreville at 8 A. M. every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, stopping at Bogle's, Jackson's Creek and Rock Hall.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7 Light St., at 11 A. M. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for the above landings.

STEAMER CORSICA

Will leave Crumpton at 12 o'clock midday TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Buckingham, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and intermediate landings.

Will leave Chestertown at 5 P. M. TUESDAY and THURSDAY and 3 P. M. SATURDAY. Returning will leave Pier 7 Light St. wharf at midnight MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for the above named landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, Pres't.

TOLCHESTER LINE

On and after Saturday, Sept. 10,

THE STEAMER EMMA GILES

Will leave Tolchester Beach every Saturday at 9.00 A. M. and 4.30 P. M. for Baltimore.

Will leave Baltimore at 7.00 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

This route gives the people of Kent county 3½ hours in the city to transact business and return the same day.

TOLCHESTER COMPANY.

P. S.—Steamer Louise makes her last daily trip September 6th.

Baltimore & Delaware B