msa_sc3326_scm8210-0057 ©Maryland State Archives

FARMERS, ✦ LOOK ✦ HERE!

SOME PEOPLE WANT THE EARTH.

WE ONLY WANT TO FENCE IT

And would respectfully request all who need a fence to come and examine the merits of

The JONES Locked-Wire Fence,

Manufactured by the Jones National Fence Company, at Columbus, Ohio. This fence is stock-proof, and is a thing of beauty, adapted for Farm, Garden, Lawn and Yard.

HARNESS.

in all the different grades and styles.

Horse Goods in All Varieties.

Lap Robes and Horse Blankets in the most Beautiful Designs and Patterns. Repairing Done in the Best Manner.

Oils! Oil! All Kinds of Oils!

SMITH & CLEMENTS.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

A VERY COLD WINTER IS PREDICTED. THEREFORE KEEP COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY IN YOUR HOMES, OFFICES, STORES, SCHOOL HOUSES AND CHURCHES BY LOOKING OUT FOR

J. LLOYD McFEELY & Co.'S

STOVE ADVERTISEMENT,

And see that we can give you a fine assortment of HEATING and COOKING STOVES SEXTON'S "GRAND" FIRE-PLACE HEATER LEADS THE MARKET.

Have Your Old Fire-Place Heaters Repaired Early.

J. LLOYD McFEELY & CO.

Sept. 15, 1892. Adjoining the Old Bank

SHINGLES. Worked Flooring, Etc.

BUILDING LUMBER.

GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

414 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE.

WRITE US FOR PRICES.

Rupture

J. A. SHERMAN, HERNIA SPECIALIST, respectfully notifies the public, especially the many who have called in his New York office during his absence that he has returned from his European office, London, England, where his successful treatment and the marvelous cures resulting from it, received the approbation of the most eminent Surgeons of Europe.

His fame soon spread, crowding his London office with the victims of Hernia anxious for relief. Patients who had endured long years of suffering came to consult him from India, Russia, Germany, Belgium, France and other countries. The remarkable cures made in London of chronic cases of patients, who had been at the various hospitals and under the care of the most eminent English Surgeons without obtaining relief, consulted J. A. Sherman, and were at once relieved and eventually restored to a state of soundness through his method to the astonishment of the most eminent surgeons who had formerly treated them. In the case of Mr. Henry James, who had been a great sufferer for over 20 years, his wonderful and complete cure was certified to by that distinguished Surgeon and operator on rupture at Kings College Hospital, John Wood, F. R. S., F. R. C. S., F. R. C., also Dr. Edward Bellamy, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Surgeon to Charing Cross Hospital, etc., Sir Henry Thompson, Surgeon at University College, London, and others.

J. A. Sherman's extensive practice in the treatment of Hernia in its various forms with a success unparalleled in all previous ages, is of the highest value to those who are afflicted with rupture and hope to be once more sound. In J. A. Sherman's treatment there is no operation or restriction from labor, while there is relief from the torment and injury of wearing trusses and security from that terrible condition known as strangulated rupture, to which every victim of Hernia is daily subject. His Book of information and indispensable proofs is mailed to those who send 10 cents. His Book of Photographic likeness, showing the condition of patients before and after treatment and cure, is sent by express on receipt of 25 cents. Call on or address,

J. A. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist,

294 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 35 lbs per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 4 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

DR. THEEL 538 North Fourth St. below Green, Philadelphia, Pa. After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors, and family physicians have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Stricture, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, Want of Confidence, etc., then go and consult Dr. Theel, the only true advertising specialist, who studied Homœopathic, Allopathic and Eclectic systems of medicine. 6 years European Hospital and 26 years' practical experience. He does not guarantee, but he cures. Send 10 cts. in 3-ct. stamps for book "Truth," the only true medical book advertised, the friend of suffering humanity from any special disease. Hours, 9 to 3; evenings, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. evenings, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12. No detail, no false representation. The worst cases selected. For references see Wed. and Sat. Phila. Times.

THE CRUEL HEATHEN

DR. TALMAGE FINDS AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON IN THE ROMAN COLISEUM.

Condition of Rome When St. Paul Preached There—Emperor and People Alike Given Over to Lust and Cruelty—Christianity's Mighty Work.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 12.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning, after commenting on the Scriptures and giving out hymns in which the multitude of worshipers in the Brooklyn Tabernacle joined, discoursed from the text Romans i, 15, "I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also."

Rome! What a city it was when Paul visited it! What a city it is now! Rome! The place where Virgil sang and Horace satirized and Terence laughed and Catiline conspired and Ovid dramatized and Nero fiddled and Vespasian persecuted and Sulla legislated and Cicero thundered and Aurelius and Decius and Caligula and Julian and Hadrian and Constantine and Augustus reigned and Paul the apostle preached the gospel.

I am not much of a draftsman, but I have in my memorandum book a sketch which I made in the winter of 1889, when I went out to the gate through which Paul entered Rome and walked up the very street he walked up to see somewhat how the city must have looked to him as he came in on the gospel errand proposed in the text. Palaces on either side of the street through which the little missionary advanced. Piled up wickedness. Enthroned accursedness. Templed cruelties. Altars to sham deities. Glorified delusions. Pillared, arched, domed, turreted abominations. Wickedness of all sorts at a high premium and righteousness 99½ per cent off. And now he passes by the foundations of a building which is to be almost unparalleled for vastness. You can see by the walls, which have begun to rise, that here is to be something enough stupendous to astound the centuries. Aye, it is the Coliseum started.

THEIR MONUMENTS OF SHAME.

Of the theater at Ephesus where Paul fought with wild beasts, the temple of Diana, of the Parthenon, of pharaoh's palace at Memphis and of other great buildings the ruins of which I have seen it has been my privilege to address you, but a member of my family asked me recently why I had not spoken to you of the Coliseum at Rome, since its moral and religious lessons are so impressive.

Perhaps while in Rome the law of contrast wrought upon me. I had visited the Mamertine dungeon where Paul was incarcerated. I had measured the opening at the top of the dungeon through which Paul had been let down, and it was 23 inches by 26. The ceiling at its highest point was 7 feet from the floor, but at the sides of the room the ceiling was 5 feet 7 inches. The room at the widest was 15 feet. There was a seat of rock 2½ feet high. There was a shelf 4 feet high. The only furniture was a spider's web suspended from the roof, which I saw by the torchlight I carried. There was the subterraneous passage from the dungeon to the Roman forum, so that the prisoner could be taken directly from prison to trial.

The dungeon was built out of volcanic stone from the Albano mountains. Oh, it was a dismal and terrific place. You never saw coal hole so dark or so forbidding. The place was to me a nervous shock, for I remembered that was the best thing that the world would afford the most illustrious being, except one, that it ever saw, and that from that place Paul went out to die. From that spot I visited the Coliseum—one of the most astounding miracles of architecture that the world ever saw. Indeed I saw it morning noon and night, for it threw a spell on me from which I could not break away.

Although now a vast ruin, the Coliseum is so well preserved that we can stand in the center and recall all that it once was. It is in shape ellipsoidal, oval, oblong. It is at its greatest length 612 feet. After it had furnished seats for 87,000 people it had room for 15,000 more to stand, so that 100,000 people could sit and stand transfixed by its scenes of courage and martyrdom and brutality and horror.

Instead of our modern tickets of admission, they entered by ivory check, and a check dug up near Rome within a few years was marked, "Section 6, Lowest Tier, Seat No. 18." You understand that the building was not constructed for an audience to be addressed by human voice, although I tested it with some friends and could be heard across it, but it was made only for seeing and was circular, and at any point allowed full view of the spectacle.

REFINEMENTS OF CRUELTY.

The arena in the center in olden times was strewn with pounded stone or sand, so as not to be too slippery with human blood, for if it were too slippery it would spoil the fun. The sand flashed here and there with sparkles of silver and gold, and Nero added cinnabar and Caligula added chrysocolla. The sides of the arena were composed of smooth marble 11 feet high, so that the wild beasts of the arena could not climb up into the audience. On the top of these sides of smooth marble was a metal railing, having wooden rollers, which easily revolved, so that if a panther should leap high enough to scale the wall and with his paw touch any one of those rollers it would revolve and drop him back again into the arena.

Back of this marble wall surrounding the arena was a level platform of stone, adorned with statues of gods and goddesses and the artistic effigies of monarchs and conquerors. Here were movable seats for the emperor and the imperial swine and swinesses with which he surrounded himself. Before the place where the emperor sat the gladiators would walk immediately after entering the arena, crying: "Hail, Cæsar! Those about to die salute thee."

The different ranks of spectators were divided by partitions studded with mosaics of emerald and beryl and ruby and diamond. Great masts of wood arose from all sides of the building, from which festoons of flowers were suspended, crossing the building, or in time of rain awnings of silk were suspended, the Coliseum having no roof. The outside wall was incrusted with marble and had four ranges, and the three lower ranges had 80 columns each and arches after arches, and on each arch an exquisite statue of a god or a hero.

Into 180 feet of altitude soared the Coliseum. It glittered and flashed and shone with whole sunrises and sunsets of dazzlement. After the audience had assembled aromatic liquids oozed from tubes distilled from pipes and rained gently on the multitudes and filled the air with odors of hyacinth and heliotrope and frankincense and balsam and myrrh and saffron, so that Lucan, the poet, says of it:

At once ten thousand saffron currents flow
And rain their odors on the crowd below.

ORGANIZED MURDER AND TORTURE.

But where was the sport to come from? Well, I went into the cellars opening off from the arena, and I saw the places where they kept the hyenas and lions and panthers and wild boars and beastly violences of all sorts without food or water until made fierce enough for the arena, and I saw the underground rooms where the gladiators were accustomed to wait until the clapping of the people outside demanded that they come forth armed—to murder or be murdered. All the arrangements were complete, as enough of the cellars and galleries still remain to indicate. What fun they must have had turning lions without food or drink upon an unarmed disciple of Jesus Christ!

At the dedication of this Coliseum 9,000 wild beasts and 10,000 immortal men were slain, so that the blood of men and beast was not a brook, but a river; not a pool, but a lake. Having been in that way dedicated, be not surprised when I tell you that Emperor Probus on one occasion threw into that arena of the Coliseum 1,000 stags, 1,000 boars and 1,000 ostriches. What fun it must have been—the sound of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and the groans of dying men while in the gallery the wives and children of those down under the lion's paw wrung their hands and shrieked out in widowhood and orphanage, while 100,000 people clapped their hands, and there was a "Ha! ha!" wide as Rome and deep as perdition!

The corpses of that arena were put on a cart or dragged by a hook out through what was called the Gate of Death. What an excitement it must have been when two combatants entered the arena, the one with sword and shield and the other with net and spear. The swordsman strikes at the man with the net and spear. He dodges the sword and then flings the net over the head of the swordsman and jerks him to the floor of the arena, and the man who flung the net puts his foot on the neck of the fallen swordsman, and spear in hand looks up to the galleries, as much as to say, "Shall I let him up, or shall I plunge this spear into his body until he is dead?"

The audience had two signs, either of which they might give. If they waved their flags, it meant spare the fallen contestant. If they turned their thumbs down, it meant slay him. Occasionally the audience would wave their flags, and the fallen would be let up, but that was too tame sport for most occasions, and generally the thumbs from the galleries were turned down, and with that sign would be heard the accompanying shout of "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!"

CRUELTY ADDED TO CRUELTY.

Yet it was far from being a monotone of sport, for there was a change of programme in that wondrous Coliseum. Under a strange and powerful machinery, beyond anything of modern invention, the floor of the arena would begin to rock and roll and then give away, and there would appear a lake of bright water, and on its banks trees would spring up rustling with foliage, and tigers appeared among the jungles, and armed men would come forth, and there would be a tiger hunt. Then on the lake in the Coliseum armed ships would float, and there would be a sea fight. What fun! What lots of fun! When pestilence came, in order to appease the gods, in this Coliseum a sacrifice would be made, and the people would throng that great amphitheater, shouting, "The Christians to the wild beasts!" and there would be a crackling of human bones in the jaws of leonine ferocity.

But all this was to be stopped. By the outraged sense of public decency? No. There is only one thing that has ever stopped cruelty and sin, and that is Christianity, and it was Christianity, whether you like its form or not, that stopped this massacre of centuries. One day while in the Coliseum a Roman victory was being celebrated, and 100,000 enraptured spectators were looking down upon two gladiators in the arena stabbing and slicing each other to death, an Asiatic monk of the name of Telemachus was so overcome by the cruelty that he leaped from the gallery into the arena and ran in between the two swordsmen and pushed first one back and then the other back and broke up the contest.

Of course the audience was affronted at having their sport stopped, and they hurled stones at the head of Telemachus until he fell dead in the arena. But when the day was passed, and the passions of the people had cooled off, they deplored the martyrdom of the brave and Christian Telemachus, and as a result of the overdone cruelty the human sacrifices of the Coliseum were forever abolished.

THE SAME SPIRIT STILL MANIFESTED.

What a good thing, say you, that such cruelties have ceased. My friends, the same spirit of ruinous amusements and of moral sacrifice is abroad in the world today, although it takes other shapes. Last summer in our southwest there occurred a scene of pugilism on which all Christendom looked down, for I saw the papers on the other side of the Atlantic ocean giving whole columns of it. Will some one tell me in what respect that brutality of last summer was superior to the brutality of the Roman Coliseum? In some respects it was worse by so much as the 19th century pretends to be more merciful and more decent than the 5th century.

That pugilism is winning admiration in this country is positively proved by the fact that years ago such collision was reported in a half dozen lines of newspaper, if reported at all, and now it takes the whole side of a newspaper to tell what transpired between the first blood drawn by one loafer and the throwing up of the sponge by the other loafer, and it is not the newspaper's fault, for the newspapers give only what the people want, and when newspapers put carrion on your table it is because you prefer carrion.

The same spirit of brutality is seen today in many an ecclesiastical court when a minister is put on trial. Look at the countenances of the prosecuting ministers, and not in all cases, but in many cases, you will find nothing but diabolism inspires them. They let out on one poor minister who cannot defend himself the lion of ecclesiasticism, and the tiger of bigotry, and the wild boar of jealousy, and if they can get the offending minister flat on . is back some one puts his feet on the neck of the overthrown gospelizer and looks up, spear in hand, to see whether the galleries and ecclesiastics would have him let up or slain. And, lo! many of the thumbs are down.

ABUSED IN LIFE; HONORED IN DEATH.

In the worldly realms look at the brutalities of the presidential election eight years ago. Read the biographies of Daniel Webster and Alexander H. Stephens and Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner and Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar and James G. Blaine, and, if the story of defamation and calumny and scandalization and diatribe and scurrility and lampoon and billingsgate and damnable perfidy be accurately recorded, tell me in what respects our political arena and the howling and blaspheming galleries that again and again look down upon it are better than the Roman Coliseum.

When I read a few days ago that the supreme court of the United States had appropriately adjourned to pay honors to the two last distinguished men mentioned, and American journalism north, south, east and west went into lamentations over their departure and said all complimentary things in regard to them, I asked: "When did the nation lie about these men? Was it when during their life it gave them malediction or now since their death when bestowing upon them beatification?"

The same spirit of cruelty that you deplore in the Roman Coliseum is seen in the sharp appetite the world seems to have for the downfall of good men, and in the divorce of those whose marital life was thought accordant, and in the absconding of a bank cashier. Oh, my friends, the world wants more of the spirit of "Let him up" and less of the spirit of "Thumbs down!" There are hundreds of men in the prisons of America who ought to be discharged, because they were the victims of circumstances or have suffered enough.

There are in all professions and occupations men who are domineered over by others, and whose whole life is a struggle with monstrous opposition, and circumstances have their heel upon the throbbing and broken hearts. For God's sake, let them up! Away with the spirit of "Thumbs down!" What the world wants is 1,000 men like Telemachus to leap out of the gallery into the arena, whether he be a Roman Catholic monk, or a Methodist steward, or a Presbyterian elder, and go in between the contestants. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!"

TRAIN THE CHILDREN RIGHT.

One-half the world is down and the other half is up, and the half that is up has its heel on the half that is down. If you, as a boss workman, or as a contractor, or as a bishop, or as a state or national official, or as a potent factor in social life, or in any way are oppressing any one, know that the same devil that possessed the Roman Coliseum oppresses you. The Diocletians are not all dead. The cellars leading into the arena of life's struggle are not all emptied of their tigers. The vivisection by young doctors of dogs and cats and birds most of the time adds nothing to human discovery, but is only a continuation of Vespasian's Coliseum.

The cruelties of the world generally begin in nurseries, and in home circles, and in day schools. The child that transfixes a fly with a pin, or the low feeling that sets two dogs into combat, or that bullies a weak or crippled playmate, or the indifference that starves a canary bird, needs only to be developed in order to make a first class Nero or a full armed Apollyon. It would be a good sentence to be written on the top line of a child's book, and a fit inscription to be embroidered in the armchair of the sitting room, and an appropriate motto for judge and jury and district attorney and sheriff to look at in the courthouse, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!"

And so the ruins of that Coliseum preach to me. Indeed the most impressive things on earth are ruins. The four greatest structures ever built are in ruins. The Parthenon in ruins, the temple of Diana in ruins, the temple of Jerusalem in ruins, the Coliseum in ruins. Indeed the earth itself will yet be a pile of ruins, the mountains in ruins, the seas in ruins, the cities in ruins, the the hemispheres in ruins. Yea, further than that, all up and down the heavens are worlds burned up, worlds wrecked, worlds extinct, worlds abandoned. Worlds on worlds in ruins!

But I am glad to say it is the same old heaven, and in all that world there is not one ruin and never will be a ruin. Not one of the pearly gates will ever become unhinged. Not one of the amethystine towers will ever fall. Not one of the mansions will ever decay. Not one of the chariots will ever be unwheeled. Not one of the thrones will ever rock down. Oh, make sure of heaven, for it is an everlasting heaven. Through Christ the Lord get ready for residence in the eternal palaces.

NIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

The last evening before leaving Rome for Brindisi and Athens and Egypt and Palestine I went alone to the Coliseum. There was not a living soul in all the immense area. Even those accustomed to sell curios at the four entrances of the building had gone away. The place was so overwhelmingly silent I could hear my own heart beat with the emotions aroused by the place and hour. I paced the arena. I walked down into the dens where the hyenas were once kept. I ascended to the place where the emperor used to sit. I climbed up on the galleries from which the mighty throngs of people had gazed in enchantment.

To break the silence I shouted, and that seemed to awaken the echoes, echo upon echo. And those awakened echoes seemed to address me, saying: "Men die, but their work lives on. Gaudentius, the architect who planned this structure; the 60,000 enslaved Jews brought by Titus from Jerusalem and who toiled on these walls, the gladiators who fought in this arena, the emperors and empresses who had place on yonder platform, the millions who during centuries sat and rose in these galleries, have passed away, but enough of the Coliseum stands to tell the story of cruelty and pomp and power—500 years of bloodshed."

Then, as I stood there, there came to me another burst of echoes, which seemed throbbing with the prayers and songs and groans of Christians who had expired in that arena, and they seemed to say, "How much it cost to serve God in ages past, and how thankful modern centuries ought to be that the persecution which reddened the sands of this amphitheater have been abolished."

And then I questioned the echoes, saying, "Where is Emperor Titus, who sat here?" The answer came, "Gone to judgment." "Where is Emperor Trajan, who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where is Emperor Maximinus, who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where are all the multitudes who clapped and shouted and waved flags to let the vanquished up, or to have them slain put thumbs down?" The echoes answered, "Gone to judgment." I inquired, "All?" And they answered, "All."

And I looked up to the sky above the ruins, and it was full of clouds scurrying swiftly past, and those clouds seemed as though they had faces, and some of the faces smiled, and some of them frowned, and they seemed to have wings, and some of the wings were moongilt and the others thunder charged, and the voices of those clouds overpowered the echoes beneath. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

And as I stood looking up along the walls of the Coliseum they rose higher and higher, higher and higher, until the amphitheater seemed to be filled with all the nations of the past, and all the nations of the present, and all the nations of the future, those who went down under the paws of wild beasts, and those who sat waving flags to let up the conquered, and those who held thumbs down to command their assassination, and small and great, and emperor and slave, and pastor and people, and righteous and wicked, the amphitheater seeming to rise to indefinite heights on all sides of me, and in the center of that amphitheater, instead of the arena of combatants, a great throne stood, rising higher and higher, higher and higher, and on it sat the Christ for whom the martyrs died and against whom the Diocletians plotted their persecutions, and waving one hand toward the piled up splendors to the right of him he cried, "Come, ye blessed," and waving the other hand toward the piled up glooms on the left of him he cried, "Depart, ye cursed."

And so the Coliseum of Rome that evening of 1889 seemed enlarged into the amphitheater of the last judgment, and I passed from under the arch of that mighty structure, mighty even in its ruins, praying to Almighty God, through Jesus Christ, for mercy in that day for which all other days were made, and that as I expected mercy from God I might exercise mercy toward others and have more and more of the spirit of "Let him up" and less and less of the spirit of "Thumbs down!"

We may not all be able to do a sum in higher mathematics, but there is a sum in the first rule of gospel arithmetic which we all may do. It is a sum in simple addition: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

Three days is a very short time in which to cure a bad case of rheumatism; but it can be done, if the proper treatment is adopted, as will be seen by the following from James Lambert, of New Brunswick, Ills.: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism in the hips and legs, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cured me in three days. I am all right to-day; and would insist on every one who is afflicted with that terrible disease to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm and get well at once." 50 cent bottles for sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.: J. P. Ireland, Galena Md.: Dr. N. Comegys, Millington, Md.

AYER'S Cherry Pecto

Has no equal for the prompt and speedy cure of Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Loss of Preacher's Sore Throat, Bronchitis, La Grippe, and derangements of the throat lungs. The best-known cough in the world, it is recommended eminent physicians, and is the ite preparation with singers, preachers, and teachers. It so the inflamed membrane, loosen phlegm, stops coughing, and in repose.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

taken for consumption, in its early stages, checks further progress of the disease, and even in the later stages, it eases the distressing cough and promotes refreshing sleep. It is agreeable to the taste, needs but small doses, and does not interfere with digestion or any of the regular organic functions. As an emergency medicine, every household should be provided with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Having used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, I can confidently recommend it for all the complaints it is claimed to cure. Its sale is increasing yearly with me, and my customers think this preparation has no equal as a cough-cure." —S. W. Parent, Queensbury, N. B.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Bright Agents Wanted Quick to Sell

CRAWFORD'S BLAINE, —LIFE OF—

Written by Mr. Blaine's most intimate literary friend.

THE OFFICIAL EDITION.

The only work endorsed by Vice-Pres. Morton, All'y Gen. Miller, Private Sec. Halford, Sec. Foster, and a host of others of Mr. Blaine's Colleagues, Cabinet Officers, Senators, etc.; hence will out-sell any and all others five to one. Demand is simply immense. Send 30 cents for outfit and save time. Don't waste time on cheap-John catch-penny books. Get the official work and best terms by writing quickly to

HUBBARD PUB. CO., f9-4t. 406 Race St., Phila., Pa.

CLOVER SEED.

Lowest Prices. All grades. Sample free.

THE WHITNEY-NOYES SEED CO., BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

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

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, ALLAYS PAIN and Inflammation, HEALS THE SORES. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

CATARRH THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, 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. 15cts. at Druggists.

$30.00 PER WEEK AND EXPENSES to men and women. Agents to sell the Cady Carpet Stretcher. Sells on sight. Address CADY M'F'G CO., Auburn, New York.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

BEAUTY HEALTH AND FRESHNESS

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

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

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, ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

EVERYBODY is talking about DUGAN'S STEAMED OYSTERS at the Rockwell House, Monday and Friday evenings of each week.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the TRANSCRIPT one dollar per year.

AYER'S Cherry Pecto

Has no equal for the prompt and speedy cure of Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, Loss of Preacher's Sore Throat, Bronchitis, La Grippe, and derangements of the throat lungs. The best-known cough in the world, it is recommended eminent physicians, and is the ite preparation with singers, preachers, and teachers. It so the inflamed membrane, loosen phlegm, stops coughing, and in repose.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

taken for consumption, in its early stages, checks further progress of the disease, and even in the later stages, it eases the distressing cough and promotes refreshing sleep. It is agreeable to the taste, needs but small doses, and does not interfere with digestion or any of the regular organic functions. As an emergency medicine, every household should be provided with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Having used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for many years, I can confidently recommend it for all the complaints it is claimed to cure. Its sale is increasing yearly with me, and my customers think this preparation has no equal as a cough-cure." —S. W. Parent, Queensbury, N. B.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5

Prompt to act, sure to cure

NOT RIP.

Best Calf Shoe in the world for the price. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold everywhere. Everybody should wear them. It is a duty you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised above, as thousands can testify.

Take No Substitute.

Beware of fraud. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy.

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

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR

is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. The labor is light and pleasant, and you run no risk whatever. We fit you out complete, so that you can give the business a trial without expense to yourself. For those willing to do a little work, this is the grandest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income.—our business will not interfere at all. You will be amazed on the start at the rapidity and ease by which you amass dollar upon dollar, day in and day out. Even beginners are successful from the first hour. Any one can run the business—none fail. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business which we offer. No capital risked. Women are grand workers; newadays they make as much as men. They should try this business, as it is so well adapted to them. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, Portland, Me.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1893.

PARTIAL PROSPECTUS.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

will contribute the first serial to appear in a magazine from her pen for many years, entitled "The One I Knew the Best of All."

H. C. BUNNER

will furnish a series of six sketches entitled "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane." Illustrated.

ROBERT GRANT

will relate the further experiences of Fred. and Josephine in "A Sequel to the Reflections of a Married Man." Illustrated.

HAROLD FREDERIC

will contribute a political novel of great power, entitled The Copperhead.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JERRY."

Miss S. B. ELLIOTT, the author of "Jerry," will write a realistic story of life among the Tennessee mountaineers, "The Durket Sperret."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

Some Unpublished letters of Carlyle to Edward Irving and others, dealing with a part of Carlyle's life far different from that brought out in the recent literature of Carlyle reminiscences Recollections of Lincoln and Sumner. By the late Marquis de Chambourn. Both articles are full of new matter. An Artist in Japan. By Robert Blum, who has just returned from a residence of two years in that country. Abundantly illustrated by the author. Historic Moments, which have been a feature of the magazine during 1892, will be continued by some particularly striking papers, among them several by the great war correspondents. William H. Russell, Archibald Forbes, and others.

MEN'S OCCUPATIONS.

A series of articles on the life work of men in many callings—the chief ways (exclusive of professions) in which men earn their livelihood.

THE WORLD'S FAIR IN CHICAGO.

A series will be published later in the year giving the impressions made by the exhibition upon different observers of note, both American and foreign; and many of these observers will be also artists who will illustrate their own articles.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Further contributions to the POOR IN GREAT CITIES. Mrs. Burnett's illustrated paper on the London plan for HOME AID TO INVALID CHILDREN, etc. Of special interest also will be Professor Heilprin's authoritative account of the PEARY RELIEF EXPEDITION (illustrated), a very interesting article by Octave Uzanne on the exhibition of WOMAN'S ART now going on in Paris, and articles upon artistic subjects, accounts of travels, etc., etc.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

of the year will represent the work not only of the well-known illustrators, but many drawings will also appear by artists who are best known as painters.

TERMS: $3.00 a Year; 25c. a Number.

SPECIAL OFFER. The numbers for 1892 and a subscription for 1893 ..... $4.50

The same, with back numbers, bound in cloth 6.00

Now is the time to Subscribe.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 743 Broadway, New York.

"In no way can Americans so effectively inform themselves on the subjects that claim public attention from one month to another as by reading the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW."

IN THE NORTH AMERIAN REVIEW

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND

THE RIGHT TOPICS, BY THE RIGHT MEN, AT THE RIGHT TIME.

THE TOPICS are always those which are up, permost in the public mind—in morals, politics, science, literature, business, finance, industrial economy, social and municipal affairs, etc.—in short, all subjects on which Americans require and desire to be informed. No magazine follows so closely from month to month the course of public interest. All subjects are treated of impartially on both sides.

THE CONTRIBUTORS to the REVIEW are the men and women to whom the world looks for the most authoritative statements on the subjects of the day. No other periodical can point to such a succession of distinguished writers. The list is a roll of the people who are making the history, controlling the affairs, and leading the opinion of the age, such as Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England; Mr. Blaine; Signor Crispi, Ex-Prime Minister of Italy; Baron Hirsch; H. R. H., the Count of Paris Cardinal Gibbons Bishops Potter, Doane, Maillalieu, Foss, etc., etc.

THE TIME when these subjects are treated of by these contributors is the very time when the subjects are in the public mind—not a month or two after people have ceased to think of them. The promptness with which the REVIEW furnishes its readers with the most authoritative information upon the topics of the day is one of its most valuable features.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $5.00 A YEAR.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

...will leave Baltimore at 10 ... A. M., TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY for the above named landings.

STEAMER B. S. FORD

Will leave Chestertown at 8 A. M. TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Centreville, Jackson Creek and Rock Hall.

RETURNING, leave Baltimore at 10 A. M. Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the same landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, PRES'T.

Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

TIME-TABLE.

To Take Effect Dec. 19th, 1892

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 1. Daily except Sundays.	No. 3. Thursdays only.
Read Downwards.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 30	1 00
" Worton	6 45	1 15
" Lynch's	6 51	1 25
" Still Pond	6 57	1 35
" Kennedyville	7 10	1 50
" Black's	7 23	2 05
" Lambson's	7 36	2 17
" Massey's	7 50	2 29
" Delaney's	8 04	2 39
" Bingham's	8 13	2 48
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 00

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily except Sundays.	No. 4. Thursdays only.
Read Upwards.	P. M.	P. M
Arrive Chestertown	12 05	7 37
Leave Worton	11 59	7 24
" Lynch's	11 44	7 18
" Still Pond	11 38	7 12
" Kennedyville	11 25	6 57
" Black's	11