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BOMB

own in Millington

OT CAUSE ANY MORE EXCITEMENT THAN THE LOW PRICES AT WHICH

MESSICK & CO.

Are Selling THEIR GENERAL STOCK OF MERCHANDISE.

FOR SEVEN YEARS OUR TRADE HAS CONSTANTLY INCREASED FROM YEAR TO YEAR, AND TO-DAY WE ENJOY THE CONFIDENCE AND PATRONAGE OF OUR GENERAL COMMUNITY.

Just at this Season of the Year we Have Made Sweeping Reductions in Our Line of

CLOTHING & SHOES

and a call will convince all that a dollar spent with us is well invested.
Respectfully, etc.,
MESSICK & CO.,
December 6, 1894. *MILLINGTON, MD.*

Millington's Cheapest & Best Store

L. C. CLARK,

DEALER IN

GENERAL LINE OF GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Coffees, Teas, Sugars,
Salted Meats, Poultry,
Confectionery,
Tobacco and Cigars.

The neighborhood of Millington should know a good thing when they see it, and a dollar invested at our store means a dollar well spent. Give me a call and be convinced.

Respectfully, etc.,
L. C. CLARK.
er 6, 1894.

GREAT EXCITEMENT

IN MILLINGTON

would follow if we advertised as some do in a "harum skarum" way, but the people would soon discover that misrepresentations are not the proper thing to draw the solid trade. Twelve years of uninterrupted success at Millington

Handling a GENERAL LINE OF MERCHANDISE,

CONSISTING OF

MEN'S CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES,

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES

OF ALL KINDS,

And an Extra Room for Furniture,

where is kept a supply of Household Goods unequaled in the county as far as regards prices

EXTRA—Sweeping Reductions during the month of December will be made in our line of Clothing, Dry Goods and Furniture. Call and be convinced of this one fact, for every dollar spent we give a full dollar's worth of reliable goods.
Respectfully, etc.,
HENRY S. COOK.
December 6, 1894. *MILLINGTON, MD*

G. W. CLARK,

Crumpton Wharf, on the Kent Side,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, NOTIONS,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

FLOUR, CONFECTIONERY, Etc.

at prices that defy competition, because we sell

ONLY FOR THE CASH,

consequently, no high prices are known at this establishment. We want to impress upon the people of this neighborhood that by dealing here they will save about 20 per cent. on their purchases.

EXTRA NOTICE.—We are now opening a splendid line of

Christmas Candies for the Holidays

and as they will be sold for the Cash only, that in itself is a guarantee that the prices will be Lower than those who do a credit business. Give me a call and I'll save you money.
Respectfull, etc.,
GEORGE W. CLARK,
Dec 13, 1894. *CRUMPTON, MD.*

DR. F. A. WALLS, MILLINGTON, KENT CO., MD.

DENTIST.

Twenty years of uninterrupted success in the practice of Dentistry. Teeth extracted without pain by local application. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction, and at prices that will compare with the leading city establishments. I cheerfully refer to the leading citizens of Millington and its immediate neighborhood.
Respectfully,
F. A. WALLS, D. D. S.,
Dec. 13, 1894. Millington, Maryland.

THE MOST RELIABLE STORE AT COLEMAN'S.

s this neigh are fully convinced that at COLEMAN'S GENERAL STORE, where is kept a full line of

ods, ries, Boots & Shoes,

y get full value received for every dollar spent. Low Prices in order to reduce our stock.

layed at Rock Bottom Prices,

an save them money.

ANDS of FLOUR.

s bag or barrel, at

DIGGING TUNNELS.

THE PRESSURE MEN BEAR WHILE WORKING UNDER WATER.

Peculiar Sensations and Sometimes Fatal Results—Tunneling Through a Water Hole Under the Hudson River—Interesting Talk With an Air Lock Worker.

Laboring on the firm earth, with "all out of doors" to breathe, perspiring and mayhap grumbling at one's hard luck, a person seldom, if ever, stops to think that men work day after day deep down in the water or the mud, with none but artificial light to guide their movements and only the air that is pumped to breathe.

People who work in the open air would have only to work for a short time in a diver's suit, a caisson or an air lock, getting a taste of what it is like and how it feels, to be cured forever of grumbling at their lot and to thank their lucky stars that it has been ordained that they work on top of the earth. The work of a diver, his sensations while under water and his experiences have often been written about, but those of the air lock and caisson worker have not. While he does not face the danger of fouling pipes and lines, as does the diver, he stays down longer, gets warmer, and his great danger lies in the stagnation of blood and paralysis, resulting from the change of atmosphere.

Mr. R. C. Rapier of East Cambridge is an air lock worker and talks most interestingly. His work was mainly in the air locks used in building the great Hudson river tunnel. To a reporter he talked of some of the sensations, dangers and experiences. He said that, while a man working on the surface of the earth bears up an atmospheric pressure of 15 pounds to the inch, men in the locks bear a pressure of from 15 to 50 pounds of compressed air, according to the depth. The heaviest pressure ever worked under was borne by five divers on the Swedish coast—65 pounds. Four of these died five minutes after coming out.

While as a general thing the diver stands not nearly that amount of pressure and seldom stays down more than two hours, the men in the Hudson river tunnel stood a pressure of from 45 to 46½ pounds and worked in four hour shifts. Some men staid down 20 hours at a stretch, but did not work all the time, and Superintendent Haskins once staid down 24 hours. The sensations experienced are peculiar. When a man first steps in, there is a tingling in the ears and a pain in the head, and when he talks it is apparently through the nose. This is caused by the pressure, and the remedy is to hold the nose, close the mouth and blow against the ears. This relieves the pain and stops the sensation. When the pressure is all on, the worker feels all right and experiences no discomfort. Then there is a sort of exhilaration, and a man does more work in the lock than he could do outside.

Another peculiar thing about the action of the pressure is that a man may have liquor enough aboard when outside to just make him feel jolly, but when he steps into the lock he is as drunk as a lock. The danger lies in coming out of the pressure into the open air. It is then that a man is a[illegible] fer from stagnation of the bl[illegible]nd paralysis, caused by the chan[illegible] atmosphere. Besides this a man [illegible] be attacked in the head or stomach with severe pains. Three out of five cases where the head and stomach are attacked result fatally.

Another severe malady resulting from the change is what is called the bends. This is the air getting in between the flesh and the bone. It is extremely painful and so severe that a quart of whisky administered in half an hour would not intoxicate the patient. The stagnation and paralysis are the worst dangers and do the work quickly. Many men have been keeled over by these causes, and not a few die. Old timers at the business sometimes get caught. Mr. Rapier himself was twice attacked. The remedy for this paralysis is a quick return to the air lock. The effect of the pressure varies on animals, as is shown by the mules used in the Hudson river tunnel. Some of these beasts are kept at work down below for a year, and on being brought up are worth more than when they were taken down. Others that had only been in the works four months had to be killed.

The men as a general thing do not remain a great many years at the business, and a man should never work at it after he is 40 years of age. Cutting a hole and building a tunnel through water is an extremely difficult thing and by many was thought to be impossible. Still it was done in the case of the Hudson river tunnel, and the method, as told by Mr. Rapier, is very interesting. The work on the tunnel had progressed until a body of water was struck. How to tunnel through this hole of water was a puzzling question. It was done in this way. A so called balloon was constructed by making a netting of wire rope and covering this netting with canvas. The interior of the balloon was then filled with blue clay and salt hay. When filled, the balloon, 30 feet in diameter, weighed 140 tons. The hole of water was then located, and with the aid of a huge steam derrick the balloon was dropped into the hole. Then several scowloads of dirt were dumped down on to the balloon, and the whole thing was left to settle.

At the end of ten days the work of cutting through the balloon was begun. This was a very difficult job. An idea of what hard cutting it was may be gained from the fact that it took two months to dig through the 30 feet. The plates and brick were going in as the work progressed.—Boston Herald.

How He Got Blind.

Tramp—Please help the blind.
Passerby—How did you become blind?
Tramp—Looking for work, sir.—Dallas Times-Herald.

A High Calling.

Judge Sulzberger spoke a truth which is too often forgotten when he said, in a speech at the high school, that "there is not a teacher in the land that has a higher function than has the lowest teacher in the lowest class of the primary school. They have souls before them, and the faculties of those active, restless souls have all to be called forth." In these few fitting words are embraced the whole scope and possibilities of education, and they make the primary teacher's calling in point of dignity and responsibility the peer of any vocation that concerns mankind.—Philadelphia Record.

Color and Warmth.

The color of one's clothing has considerable to do with one's comfort in summer or winter. When exposed to the sunlight, white, it is said, receives 100 degrees F.; pale straw color, 102; dark yellow, 140; light green, 155; dark green, 168; turkey red, 165; blue, 198, and black, 208. Assuming that this table is correct, the person who dresses in light colors during the summer has about double the protection from the heat that the man or woman in black has.—Lancaster Homeopathic Envoy.

Borgne, the name of a Louisiana lake, is a French word meaning "[illegible]nd of one eye." The name was appl[illegible] to the lake because of a wonderful [illegible]er said to have been seen in its w[illegible]

Were it not for the m[illegible]ks th[illegible] to [illegible]r

BERNHARDT AND SARDOU.

The Quarrel and Reconciliation of the Dramatist and Actress.

Speaking of Sardou and Bernhardt, the following story concerning the great French actress and the equally renowned playwright is vouched for by the correspondent of The Courrier des Etats-Unis:

The two who have achieved the greatest triumph in "Gismonda," M. Victorien Sardou and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, were at swords' points in the beginning. This dislike dated from "Daniel Rochet," which Sardou gave to the Comedie Francaise after his nomination to the French academy. Sarah Bernhardt expected that Sardou would select her to create the role of heroine in the play, but he chose Mlle. Bertet instead; hence the anger of Mme. Bernhardt. When the actress and the author met, the former passed on the other side; the latter pulled his hat down over his eyes. Each murmured something not at all complimentary to the other.

Then Sarah Bernhardt left the Comedie Francaise, went to America, where she made her first triumphal tour, and returned to France. Upon her arrival in Paris she entered into negotiations with Raymond Deslande, manager of the Vaudeville. She asked nothing better than to play there. But what should she play? She did not wish to return to classical roles. She wanted an entirely new play, which should bring out all her qualities.

"There is only one man who can write the play you want," said Deslande. "That man is Sardou."

"Sardou!" cried the actress. "Such a disposition, incapable of doing justice to an artist. Moreover, irritable, brutal, a man who runs up against everybody, who"—

"Very well," replied Deslande, "let us say no more about it." He went to see Sardou and told him that he must have a play for Sarah Bernhardt.

"Sarah!" exclaimed the writer. "Sarah! Such a disposition! Crabbed, disagreeable, quarreling with everybody, who"—

"Very well, very well, it is quite understood."

And three months after Sardou read "Fedora" to Sarah, who, radiant, threw herself on the author's neck in the presence of Deslande.

"Ah! Deslande," said Sardou, "what did I tell you? How gentle she is! How sweet! How adorable!"

"And he!" rejoined Bernhardt. "How amiable he is! How he appreciates real talent, and how obliging! Embrace me, Raymond!"

CAT ELECTRICITY.

Those Who Rely on It For Curative Purposes Can Get It In Other Ways.

The London Lancet says:

The electrical effect produced by rubbing a cat's back is of course well known. It is also well known that this is frictional electricity, or, perhaps more correctly, the electricity of contact; that it is a surface effect produced by the rubbing; that it does not point to pre-existing electricity stored in the body of the animal, and that the person who, having concluded a massage, sinks into a chair declaring that his exhaustion is consequent on the loss of "the living galvanism" which he has imparted to the patient is a charlatan.

It is to be remembered that friction between any dissimilar substances always produces electricity, and in illustration of this the electrical effect sometimes produced in a dry atmosphere when the hair is combed on the body quickly divested of a flannel jersey may be instanced, or the classic experiment of rubbing a stick of sealing wax on a rabbit's fur may be called to mind. Those who are accustomed to rely on the curative effect of stroking a cat's back may find consolation in the last named experiment, inasmuch as it teaches them that when their "feline favorite" is no more health and strength may still be secured by gentle friction on its skin.

Apart, however, from questions of electro-physiology, it is instructive to learn that the presence of white in the color of a cat, unless the animal be whole colored, is a sign of weakness.

FOR HIS BRAVERY.

How Edward, Prince of Wales, Won the Title of Black Prince.

In the summer of the year 1346 Edward III crossed the English channel with 30,000 men to invade France. At Crecy, not far from the Seine, he was met on the 26th of August by King Philip with 130,000.

While the French were coming on in great disorder there was a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied by a terrible storm, after which the sun came out brightly, shining directly in the faces of the French, but on the backs of the English.

The first charge was made by 15,000 Genoese bowmen, who came forward with a shout, as though to scare the English. The latter, who had been ordered to lie flat on the earth, now arose, stepped forward a pace and let go their arrows so fast that they seemed like blinding snow.

The Genoese fled, and the French king ordered them to be cut down, so that they would not hinder the rest of the army.

In the meantime Edward, the prince of Wales, who was in command of one division, was surrounded by French knights, who, recognizing his rank, determined to capture or kill him. A message was sent to the king telling him that the prince was hard pressed.

"Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" he asked.

"No, sire," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the king, "return to them that sent you and tell them to send no more to me as long as my son is alive. I command them to suffer the child to win his spurs, for this day should be his."

The young prince was indeed in great danger. At one time he was unhorsed and struck to the ground, but one of his Welsh knights, who carried the great dragon standard, threw it over him as he lay and stood upon it till the enemy was forced back.

Soon the tide of battle had turned for the English. Edward came down from a high hill overlooking the field and took his son in his arms and kissed him.

"You are my true son," he said. "Right royally have you acquitted yourself and shown yourself to be a sovereign."

Young Edward on this occasion wore a suit of black armor, which so contrasted with his crimson and gold surcoat and the brilliantly fair complexion of his round, boyish face that he was called from that time the Black Prince.—Boston Herald.

Lying Low.

Schoolmate—Why do you never touch your piano?

Miss Thumper—We're buying it on installments.

"What difference does that make?"

"I'm afraid if paw should hear me play he'd stop paying."—Good News.

In the battle of Marengo 58,000 men participated, and of that number 13,000 were killed or wounded, about 22 per cent. Napoleon thought Marengo his greatest victory. He always kept throughout life the uniform he wore on that day.

The climatic limit to the cultivation of wheat is not so much the cold of winter as the heat of summer. It will not mature in a climate where the summer temperature is below 60.

The Chippewa river was named from the Indian tribe. The Indian designation was Mayawaken, "The Mysterious Stream."

JAPANESE HAIRDRESSING.

The Sweet Little Woman Has Peculiar Ideas About Cleanliness.

The Japanese toilet is robbed of one of its finishing touches by the fact that no Japanese woman, gentle or simple, however fond she may be of looking into the sun shaped gun metal disk, supported on an artist's easel, which serves her for a looking glass, ever thinks of doing her own hair. The hair, after having all the last week's fat (the Japanese are exasperatingly clean in their persons) scoured out of it, is pomaded up afresh with the unctuous and not very olfactory pleasant compound, castory oily, and worked into a most elaborate coiffure, more like a huge glossy black butterfly than anything else. As it is only dressed once or twice a week, it is never taken down except by the barber.

But it is easy to sleep with your hair up when your pillow is merely a little wooden door scraper, with a hollow cut in it to fit the neck, and a drawer in its base to hold the ornamental hairpins.

The true Japanese woman, whether she is rich or poor, uses a paper pocket handkerchief carried in one of her long hanging sleeves, with her tiny kiseru (pipe) and silk tobacco pouch, and another pouch containing a tiny comb, mirror and pigment for coloring the lips. She wears tabi white linen socks with a divided great toe, through which she inserts the strap of a delicate straw sandal or a high kiri wood clog, according to the dryness of the weather, either of them discarded the instant she enters a building, and her parasol will be of the national Japanese shape, whether it be of oiled paper or delicately embroidered silk, though to be sure the Sairey Gamp umbrella is about the first contamination from the west which her costume is likely to suffer.

But I must not say any more about the dress of O-Hane San, the sweet little woman whose whole lifelong lesson, to quote the "Onna Daigaku" (greater learning for women), is obedience. She never loses her temper, never uses a coarse or irritating word, and is always piquant and gracious and smiling, though she will die for her husband or her children or endure pollution for her parents' gain with marble courage.—London Graphic.

JUDAISM AND HYGIENE.

The Mosaic Law Has Given the Hebrew Race Vigor and Hardihood.

It is indeed not a little singular that Christianity, in taking from Judaism its highest spiritual conception, should so have slighted the wonderful body of hygienic science which the Mosaic law embodies. The explanation, however, probably is that Christianity undertook to deal with the matters supernatural, while Judaism, whether ancient or modern, is concerned only with mundane affairs. As Lucien Wolf admits, Judaism is really a sort of positivism. Its aim is the attainment of happiness in this world, whereas Christianity is chiefly concerned about happiness in the world to come. But precisely because Judaism agrees with Herbert Spencer, in relegating supernatural speculation to the realm of the unknowable, the intensity of its worldly philosophy is the greater.

The wisdom and energy of the Jews, in fact, have been centered for years upon the re-enforcement and protection of all their natural forces. And thus it is that they anticipated the riper results of sanitary science, while still the hanging gardens of Babylon were a world's wonder, and while, from the temple of Belus, Chaldean priests charted the heavens and calculated the occultations of the stars. This Mosaic law, so despised of the gentiles, has given to the Hebrew race that vigor and hardihood which have brought it safely again and again through persecutions that must have rooted out weaker people, and today, when the foremost savants of the nineteenth century are painfully searching out the genesis of disease and laboriously devising remedies, the immunity of the Jews in the midst of pestilence once more indicates the reason of their survival and emphasizes the triumph of their sanitary system.

No other race has been willing to accept such a discipline, and no other race, therefore, exhibits similar vitality and exemption from epidemic diseases. Modern teachers of hygiene insist always upon the observance of system in these matters, and they have reason, for the Hebrew race is a pregnant example of the power of hygienic and dietary laws, applied with unremitting vigor from generation to generation.—Minneapolis Times.

Business Competition.

Billboard competition runs pretty high nowadays in the metropolis. An owner of some down town property was awakened by the loud ringing of his doorbell recently in Harlem.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed. "Is the house on fire?"

"Somebody's dead," said his wife. In the meantime a servant was returning from answering the bell.

"Please, sir, there's two gents down stairs as wishes to see you," said the girl.

"See me? Why, it's 3 o'clock in the morning."

"Important business, they says, sir."

"Well, I should think it would be, waking a man up this time o' night. I'll have to go down, I suppose."

He quickly threw on some clothing and went below. Two "gents" awaited him in the hall.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for knocking you up at this hour, but I want to make you a proposition for billboards around the corner of your place on Blank street while you are rebuilding. Name your figures, including two theater tickets every night of the season."

"And, sir," began the other "gent," "my company would like to make you a proposition for the use of the walls that may remain standing after the fire."

"Fire! Fire! What are you talking about?" The old man was completely nonplused.

"Why, your place caught fire about two hours ago," said the first "gent."

"And is gutted by this time," added the second "gent."

"Of course you'll give me the refusal for billboards. Remember the two theater tickets!" yelled the first "gent" as the old man bolted for the stairs.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

McCosh and Gladstone.

The late President McCosh used to tell the following story about the days when he was one of the active champions of the free church movement in Scotland: "Often I would be forbidden to set foot in a town, such was the hostility. In one place, after trying in vain to get a hall or a vacant lot on which to preach, I sat on my horse by the roadside and delivered my sermon to the crowd, calling on all good Christians to come out and be separate from the oppressive state church, and asking those who might be so moved to remain. A decent man and his wife stopped and said: 'We desire to go with you, but we are in service, and or master threatens to turn us off if we have anything to do with the movement.' 'And who is your master?' 'Sir John Gladstone, who lives yonder.' 'I shall call up and see him tonight.' I went, and while walking through the grounds I met a noble looking young man reading a book and deeply absorbed in thought. Asking his name, I was told that it was Sir John's son, William Gladstone, a rising young man and a graduate of Oxford. I saw his father and carried my point with him, and his two servants were the nucleus of a flourishing congregation which was gathered in that place."

THE PROCLAMATION.

WORKING UP SENTIMENTS APPROPRIATE TO THANKSGIVING.

A Rough Draft Goes the Rounds and Picks Up Additions In Inks of All Colors—Finally Engrossed on Cream Colored, Gilt Edged Paper and Signed.

The concoction of that time honored document, the Thanksgiving proclamation, which sails forth annually as the impromptu expression of the national executive's religious gratitude, is the terror of the state department. Every year it is called upon to produce something new in that line, and its efforts to say the same thing in a different way, to avoid if possible verbatim copying of last year's letter, is one of the venerable jokes of the diplomatic greenroom.

About the first or second week of November, everybody knowing that the day falls on the last Thursday of that month, the chief clerk or some assistant secretary suggests that it is time to think about the "proclamation."

The chief clerk accordingly runs down the list of drafting clerks, ascertains which of Uncle Sam's servants is at the time basking in innocuous desuetude and dispatches to the delinquent by messenger an order to get up a draft for the proclamation.

This rouses the clerk from his lethargy. He rises to the situation with alacrity. His first inspiration is to turn out a paper different from its predecessors. The second arrests the divine afflatus. What on earth can he say that has not been said?

He writes the word "whereas" and pauses. In despair, at length, he turns for help to the classics—that is, he consults what Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore have said in past years and makes that a groundwork for a draft. This embryo proclamation is then sent, through the chief clerk, to the assistant secretaries.

The first touch up the document receives is the insertion of a lot of capital H's for deification, which the clerk has forgotten in the throes of composition. Then an assistant secretary, finding it remiss in pious fervor, proceeds to insert piety with red ink marginal notes.

Thus the word prayer is followed by "songs of praise," and "tribute of gratitude" is bracketed after worship. So long, so faithfully has this servant of the people discharged this self appointed task that he is known in office parlance as the "divine invocator."

Thus revised the draft proceeds to some other grand mogul of the diplomatic greenroom, who finds that now that the Deity has been duly attended to something complimentary is due the nation at large. So carets, in blue pencil, insert "our prosperity and greatness," the "labors of our people" or "our marts of trade and traffic."

This tricolor draft is now handed around again and encounters an official in a new vein. His lunch did not agree with him. He is in a penitent mood. Seizing a pencil, he adds "that we have not been visited with swift punishment for our shortcomings."

Another handles the document and finds that it is too general, fails to identify the year, so he brings in a few master strokes in purple indelible pothooks alluding to the "deadly march of pestilence," "afflictive dispensation" and "fury of the elements."

The document now seems to meet the requirements. It is sent to an engrossing clerk, who proceeds to "fecit secundum artem," like a drug clerk making up a prescription. There are rules to be observed, rules as inviolable as those governing the Bank of England. A certain cream colored gilt edged paper is used. An elaborately ornamental title is flourished half way down the page in old German capital script announcing "A Proclamation by the President of the United States." The original whereas has met with many vicissitudes during the travels of the draft.

Restored to its proper dignity, the chief difficulty now is to disentangle the many colored insertions which crawl like caterpillars all over the sheet. By standing on his head, squinting on the bias or thumping his guessing bump to its utmost the engrossing clerk at last turns out a highly respectable and decorous looking document.

He submits it to the chief clerk. Meanwhile he waits in nervous suspense lest it be returned with a request for another copy or be disfigured by the insertion of more colored caterpillars.

If the engrossed copy is approved, it is taken to the White House. The executive may or may not read it. It's pretty safe to say he does not, but he never fails to sign it. With the president's signature it returns to the state department.

A lithograph copy is struck off and sent abroad to our ministers and consuls.

The original is filed in the "Book of Credence," a somber, venerable volume exhaling an old time aroma from its yellow time stained pages, which preserves from the foundation of our glorious republic the proclamations of all our executives in exquisite script, for the typewriter, that cruel electrocutor of the epistolary art, has yet to desecrate the precious files of the state archives.

Before seeking its mausoleum, however, a typewritten copy of the Thanksgiving proclamation is given out to the press, and the millions of readers think what a very pious, God fearing man is the president.—New York World.

Economical.

The Boston Transcript has heard of an economical man. He is a locksmith, and needing a sign he went to a sign painter and got an estimate for lettering. Then he nailed two locks to a board and asked the painter to paint after them the word "mith." The Philadelphia Ledger suggests, however, that it would have been cheaper to have used only one lock and paid the painter for all "s."

Anxious to Hit It Again.

Many years ago, when the Democratic party had been badly beaten on certain issues in New York, there was a conference of leaders, one of whom was the late Samuel J. Tilden.

A proposition was offered by one of the conferees that the party continue on the same lines of policy, trusting to the better education of public opinion the next time.

When Mr. Tilden's views were requested, he said:

"On a Certain Occasion an Indiscreet Man placed himself beneath a descending Pile driver. Of course he was Crushed to a Jelly, but a Spark of Life Remained. The Doctors, by Dint of Bandages, Splinters, Plaster of Paris Molds, and Other Appliances of the Healing Art, Restored his Body to a Semblance of Human Shape. The Patient then lay for Several Days in a Stupor. Finally one Morning he opened his Eyes, looked languidly around and said in a Feeble Voice to the Attendant: 'Where is It? Let Me Hit It Again!'"—Washington Post.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily)—Bring me some lunch.

Restaurant Waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir!

Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.—Chicago Record.

The battle of the Moat was a conflict before Medina between Mohammed and Abu Sofian. It was so called because most of the fighting was done in the moat that Mohammed had dug to protect the city from the besiegers.

DO YOU EVER VISIT BETTE[illegible]

The "Hotel Wilmer"

is the place for you to stop. Elegant Suppers 35c. while you wait for the boat. A comfortable home for families as well as for single ladies and gentlemen. The Table is always supplied with fish, crabs, fruit in season, and the best of everything the market affords. Make no mistake, and inquire for "Hotel Wilmer." Boarders by the week at moderate prices. Send for circulars and terms. Resp'y, etc.,
MRS. SARAH W. WILMER.
Dec. 13, 1894. Betterton, Kent Co., Md.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One Dollar.

Wm. T. Stanley

STILL POND, MD.

Travelingmen and Salesmen visiting Still Pond will find my table supplied with first-class eatables at moderate prices. Should you desire meals at short notice, I am prepared to serve you. Give me a call. Boarders taken at reasonable prices.

Respectfully, etc.,
WM. T. STANLEY,
Dec. 13, 1894. Still Pond, Md.

HOWARD & TURNER,

Cash Store

TO REDUCE STOCK!

And to show our Varied and Superior Assortment

IN THE BOOT AND SHOE LINE,

We are now allowing 10 per cent. discount on every Boot, Shoe, Rubber and Arctic in our store. A few prices:

$3.00	Boot less ten per cent.	$2.70
2.50	" " "	2.25
2.00	" " "	1.80
1.75	" " "	1.58
	A Few Boots for One Dollar.	
$4.00	Men's Dress Shoes, less ten per cent.	$3.60
3.00	" " " " "	2.70
2.50	" " " " "	2.25
2.25	" " " " "	2.03
1.90	" " " " "	1.71
1.50	" " " " "	1.35
1.25	" " " " "	1.12
1.50	" Heavy Shoes " "	1.35
1.00	" " " " "	.90

Boys' School Shoes, all less ten per cent.
Ladies' and Misses' Shoes, less ten per cent.
Children's Shoes from 40c. to $1.30 less ten per cent.

You will find it wise to examine our stock if you do not buy.

HOWARD TURNER, Betterton, Md.

A Prosperous New Year to You!

—WE QUOTE—

Orange Grove Flour at $3.35 per barrel.
Little Beauty Flour at $3.25 per barrel.
Best in the World, at $3.35 per barrel.

——ALSO——

Patapsco Superlative, Snow Flake and Mapleton.

Flour at $2.35 per Barrel.

Turner & Son,

Dec. 27, 1894. BETTERTON, MD.

MEDFORD T. PORTER, STILL POND,

The RELIABLE BLACKSMI[illegible]

OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD.

Our prices for all kinds of BLACKSMITH WORK, Wagon Building and Horse Shoeing, [illegible] pare with any in the county, and to those who desire work of this kind done, we will convince t[illegible] our prices are in keeping with the hard times. Give me a call and be convinced that I advertise o[illegible] I can do.

Horse-Shoeing 75 Cents for the Cash.

Respectfully,
MEDFORD T. PORTE[illegible]
Dec. 13, 1894. STILL POND, [illegible]

AT THE OLD STAND!

G. W. COVINGTON

offers the Greatest Inducements to CASH Buyers.

Dry Goods, Hosiery, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Nails, Stoves, Glass and China will be closed out at immense Bargains.

A New Stock of Christmas Confectionery, Nuts, Fruits, Crackers, Cakes, Tobacco, Ci[illegible] Toilet and Laundry Soaps, Whips, Horse and Poultry Powders, Pure Drugs, Perfumeries, Flavoring Extracts, Spices, Oils, Paints and Stationery.

A GRAND CIGAR 25 CENTS A BOX. *TOBACCO 25 CENTS A PO[illegible]*

WM. PARR, STILL POND, MD.

IMMEDIATELY UNDER THE TOWN HALL, DEALER IN

HARNESS, HARDWARE, TINWARE, AGATEWARE AND C[illegible]

We have just received a good supply of Table and Pocket Cutlery, and at prices that d[illegible] tion. Our Harness will be sold at prices that will astonish and surprise all who call upon us. Agate and Tinware go far beneath price of those who ask fancy prices. Don't be misled by w[illegible] tisements, but come right here to one of the most reliable stores in the county, where misrepr[illegible] are never made. A call will convince all that we are reliable advertisers of facts. Also agent at St[illegible] for "Styron Poultry and Garden Fence," and number among my customers some of the leading [illegible] this neighborhood. Cigars and Tobacco of the best brands. Respectfully, etc.,
Dec. 13, 1894. WM. PARR, Still Pond, M[illegible]

MELITOTA TO THE FRO[illegible]

M. M. RASIN,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandi[illegible]

is determined, during the month of December, to make sweeping reductions in [illegible] line of goods in order to reduce the stock. No store in the county carries a m[illegible] line of goods, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, S[illegible]

AND GENERAL NOTION[illegible]

EXTRA.—Being an advertiser of facts, I do not propose to misrepre[illegible] article in my store, and those who favor me with their patronage will be full[illegible] that a dollar's worth of goods from this store will equal $1.25 elsewhere.

CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR BY THE BARREL OR S[illegible]

AND AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH ALL.

Give me a call and be convinced. *Resp'y, etc.,*
M. M. RASI[illegible]
Dec. 13, 1894. *MELI[illegible]*