JEFFERSON.

THE LADIES STORE. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Spring Opening!

Splendid Stocks Are Now in Full Readiness

WE desire to express our sincere thanks and gratitude for the liberal patronage received during our "White Goods Sale." It was, indeed, a success in every way, and we now direct your attention toward this, our Spring Opening Announcement. The store is filled with all the newest things for Women, Misses and Children's wear, FROM HEAD TO FOOT. Our stock, which is the largest on the Shore, contains all the new styles, fads and fabrics for this season's wear.

HERE'S A MESSAGE

We are exhibiting the daintiest SLIPPERS that ever held dainty feet.

Society demands much of the foot—it must be dressed to please the eye and suit the fashion. The society woman can find here Dress Boots, Dress Oxfords, Sandals and Street Oxfords. We show the most complete stock of Dress Footwear in town. There are many styles here not to be found in other stores.

We have the daintiest creations known to shoe builders, and we believe society women know it, for most of them come to us for their footwear.

SPRING EMBROIEERIES

Jefferson has a reputation for having the prettiest and daintiest Embroideries ever carried in town, and this season finds us with even a better and daintier lot than seasons past. To be convinced of the superiority of our line come in and see for yourself. From the Shirtwaist Embroideries with Insertion to match, to the All-over Embroideries with Edge and Insertion for the baby. Baby Irish is used in abundance this season, and you can find a goodly selection here.

SPRING WHITE GOODS.

Never before have we ever diplayed such a variety as this season. The sheer goods seems to be the thing. We have anything and everything that heart could wish for.

40-inch Victoria Lawn, at 12½ and 15c., are certainly winners.
40-inch Persian Lawn at 20c., are beauties.
45-inch Persian Lawn at 25c., nice and sheer for waist and suits.
48-inch Chiffonette at 65c., nothing prettier for a party dress or a graduation gown. Also the sheer Plaids are good in white, and we have a large variety to select from, with prices to suit all, from 15c to 35c a yard.

HARRY F. JEFFERSON,
THE LADIES' STORE,
Opposite Stam's Hall. Chestertown, Md.

"FIVE MONTHS BEFORE THE MAST."

This short description of a "semi-landlubberish" cruise on the Atlantic, I think may prove interesting to the readers, who have as yet, not acquired sufficient nautical knowledge to attempt to sail upon it.

My nautical experience had been limited; a few trips as part guest and hand on a river sloop. I had sailed small boats of the most diabolical kinds and with all sorts of rigs but I wanted to go still farther.

I decided to be real devilish and take a 15000 mile cruise on the Schoolship St. Mary's.

The St. Mary's is a full rigger of 740 tons, and was built in the Washington Navy Yard in 1854. She always attracts attention on account of her handsome appearance and great speed as a sailing vessel.

After three weeks cruising around Long Island Sound, we left New London, on the morning of June 19, 1902. We were towed, of course, past "The Race" until we were able to take care of ourselves. The day was damp and rainy and "loosing sail" was by no means an easy job for the sea was rolling in pretty hard. Luckily it cleared later in the evening.

The night was typical of those shores, the moon being well up and a good wholesail breeze which allowed us to round Nantucket without beating. Enjoying the picturesque beauty of the scene, we bounced along NE by E until morning found us off the Massachusetts coast.

The next day, we were struck by a rather strong gale from "off the starboard beam" and were soon "hove to," drifting wherever the wind and waves took us. A big sea was on, and we rolled and pitched heavily, but at the end of 48 hours, it calmed a little and we proceeded on our voyage to England.

While under sail the higher branches of steamship are taught. Continual training and many drills produce capability and efficiency. The rudiments are steadily acquired, and we soon learn to tie knots, manage canvas sheets, heave the lead, take the wheel, box the compass, navigate by the sun, moon and stars, understand dead reckoning, find latitude and longitude, and all the other secrets of the profession.

At the end of 21 days (July 10), about 8 P. M., we could dimly discern in the distance with the aid of the glass, the Scilly Island light. During the early morning the Lizard was sighted from the main royal yard. We headed now E by N and sailed along as comfortably as could be, passing those angry looking rocks, the Needles, on which the rollers banged and smashed and foamed in a most terrific manner.

We were forced to go through that treacherous piece of water known as the Solent, and as sailing ships very rarely go through at night, we did not want to take the risk. So we dropped anchor off the Cowes Yacht Club. The next morning we got a pilot and left for Southampton. Tugs and their tows, schooners loaded with various cargoes, and boats of every type were passing up and down the bay. A slight breeze blew fair while a strong ebb tide chopped up the bay and made the trip uncomfortable.

We reached our destination about noon and anchored abreast of Netley Abby. We were surprised to find the Chicago, Albany and Saratoga there. In a few days the Brooklyn came in bringing the body of Lord Pauncefort, the British Ambassador. She was escorted by a fleet of English torpedo boats, and it was a sight I shall never forget, all the forts ashore and every man-o-war in the harbor firing salutes.

One day, we challenged our rival compatriots, to a cutter race. The start was at the stern of the St. Mary's and the course was a two mile run around the Brooklyn. Both crews were stripping to the waist when the preparatory signal was given. The starting gun was fired and our cutter stood across the line a quarter length ahead. After three quick short strokes, we settled down to our usual racing cadence. There was a little wind off our quarter, and the run down to the Brooklyn was as pretty a scene as was ever witnessed on those waters. We broke wind for our opponents, but notwithstading we steadily drew away from them. As we rounded the outer mark, the crew of the Brooklyn greeted us with round after round of applause.

The road home was rough and the boats began a lively dance over the big waves. Over the bows of each cutter the spray flew in sheets. We gradully widened the gap, and despite their attempts to overtake us, swept over the finish line amid loud cheers from our ship, just two minutes ahead of them.

After three weeks of sight seeing and good times in Southhampton, all hands were piped on deck to "up anchor."

At just 8 A. M., July 31, we cleared the Netley Abbey pier and shaped our course for Havre, France, with a light S W breeze filling our canvas. With a slight list to port, we began cutting down the 120 miles of deep water between us and our destination. Roughed by the light air, the beautiful waters of the bay spread before us like a silver sheet dotted here and there by rowboats. Two or three yachts were out for a spin and their white sails looked like snow against the green background, while quite near the Portsmouth side lay the famous Victory gently straining her cable.

The wind held true and gradually got stronger so we had good reasons for believing it would last till we reached port; and it did.

With our lee ports under water and in a smother of foam, we rounded Cape Le Heve, at 7.35, an average of ten miles an hour. We again signaled for a pilot and twenty minutes later were in tow furling sails as neatly and quickly as possible. We passed through the locks and "Bassins", and were soon tied up to a dock near the center of the city.

It was but a few minutes and we were enjoying a good supper which reminded us not a little of home.

An invitation from the Paris Y. M. C. A. to come up for a while, came as a very pleasant surprise, and after a little packing of luggage and several good old English "cusses," we got off. Notwithstanding the guides and interpreters we enjoyed ourselves hugely.

We left Paris August 9th, and spent the next two weeks in Havre. After waiting for a fair wind, we sailed finally on the 23d, for Madiera. Here we were taught to use the sextant.

This, an exceedingly simply way to find the latitude, is always a source of wonder to the uninitiated. We get our "guns" just before noon and hunted around for a place to get a good clear view. We take a few preliminary sights so as to get the instrument in tune, and after getting the range, wait for the sun to reach its highest altitude. Just as this happens, we snap him and go below to work the sight thus obtained. This noon observation is for determining the latitude only; the sights for finding the longitude are taken generally at 8 P. M.

The sextant has done more to forbid mutinies than all the Acts of Congress ever passed for the regulation of seamen. It is more powerful for the purpose of discipline than a Smith & Wesson. Many a brutal set of officers would have gone over the side if any man forward of the mast had known how to use it.

We had strong head wind all the time and on September 1st we were only off the Portuguese cost, so we put into Lisbon to wait for more favorable weather. We passed Cape Roca at just 5.30; the wind now came more out of the north, and we were obliged to take a pull on the sheets. Veering, it blew somewhat harder and we sailed along up the river, dropping anchor as the sun set red and seemingly magnified behind the murky shore.

During our stay we saw the bullfight, which for fourteen years has been a bloodless one. An exhibition of horsemanship preceded the fight, and then the bull entered the arena, his horns sheathed according to the present usuage, in leather. Attendants teased the creature to the point of infuriation by flinging their scarlet capes in the way of him. Horsemen took up the next stage of the game and deftly surprised the raging bull by touches with their darts just as he was about to strike. The duel between the matador and the bull came next and then the reckless escapades of the attendants brought the performance to an end.

We left Lisbon September 10th in tow of the tug Capitania. The little breeze we got was dead ahead, so we did not lose sight of land until the day following. In the early morning of the 15th, land was sighted. The beautiful bright green peaks of Porto Santo (one of the Madiera islands) were dotted along the horizon and slowly appeared to be growing from the depths of the ocean. That sail would have made a yachtsman go into ecstasies of delight, for what kind of a yachtsman, however dead to any impulse, could have failed to awaken at that scene! The water a deep blue and the sky a still deeper shade. After sailing thus a few hours we passed the island and were soon under the steep shores of Madiera. Here the wind left us, and we very slowly drifted toward the harbor of Funchal. We dropped both anchors at 4 next morning, and after breakfast, proceeded to get the ship in trim to receive visitors.

By ten o'clock, we were surrounded by the usual boatloads of chattering Portuguese, trying to sell all kinds of wicker chairs and baskets, parrots, fruit, embroidery, etc., and other boats with men naked to the waist, diving for money and pieces of soap thrown into the water by the crew. Our first day ashore, the writer walked nearly to the top of one of the high mountains to Mount Church. The correct thing to do is to come down in a basket sled. The road is paved with cobbles worn smooth by many generations of sledders and is so steep that the sleds go down at a tremendous pace.

We stayed at Funchal until the 24th, then a wild cheer broke out and pandemonium reigned when the boatswain's mates piped, "All hands! Up anchor for home!"

The Schoolship Saratoga, which was in the harbor when we got in, left for Philadelphia a few minutes before we left for New York. We had planned a 4000 mile race the day before, and the navigators had decided to go by almost the same route. We bore off on a southerly course to catch the trades but got three gales instead.

It was splendid weather and both crews looked forward to a pleasant and quick run up the coast, but we had not been out mary days before it looked as though we were in for one of the worst voyages the old "Mary's" had seen in all the 45 years she had been afloat. Bad weather, high head winds, and heavy seas, seemed to follow us. We lost the "Toga" on the 29th., and did not pick her up again until Oct. 19th. In a few days she was right astern and ran up a signal. We predicted all sorts of accidents that might have befallen her, she may need water, a surgeon, she may be on fire. We took in all sail and waited for her. She wanted our latitude and longitude so after giving them to her, we set sail and were soon overhauling her.

We often risked carrying sail to the last point of safety whenever a squall came, and it sometimes seemed as if something must surely be carried away. But then these were good opportunities to gain on the Saratoga in those otherwise calm latitudes.

The wind shifted that day, and in the afternoon we "wore ship." An hour after the Togo followed suit. The wind and sea now increased in violence and in a few hours we found ourselves in the midst of a howling gale.

We clued up the royals, topgallantsails, topsails, and courses. It was necessary to set a few small sails to steady her; so we were soon at work breaking out the main trysail, storm fore staysail, and storm mizzen. She was now rolling even heaver than when we were off the "Grand Banks" going over.

Messchests coppers, and gratings were sliding all over the gun deck and everything had to be lashed to stanchions.

On the 24th she began to ship water. The gundeck had several inches of water on it and a sea was coming in the half-ports. An oil bag was hung from the weather cathead to quell the waves and all boats were made ready to "abandon ship." During the night, she became unmanageable and all hands worked like trojans to keep her on her course.

There was always danger of collision and it was this we dreaded most. During the long hours of the night, a close lookout was kept but nothing appeared to alarm us.

The wind continued to increase and the barameter fell. A sudden puff caught us at 7 bells in the mid-watch, wrenching loose the main-sheet, causing the mainsail to flap like a peal of thunder, and we expected to see it torn to shreds every minute.

On the 29th, the wind still blowing

(Continued on page 5.)

F. H. HARPER & SON, STILL POND, MD.

DRY GOODS SPECIALS!

For Early Spring Buyers.

The Prices Named in This Column Make it Expensive for You to Buy Elsewhere.

Fine 50c French Flannel Waistings, in all the new shades, per yard	35c
Rich Line Fancy Waistings at	25,29c
36-inch All-Wool Suitings, per yard	39c
Rich line All-Wool Serges, Henriettas, Batiste, Mohairs and Panama Suitings at	50c
The regular $1.00 Mohairs and Serges at	80c
The Best $1.00 All-Wool Voiles at	85c
Fine $1.25 Henrietta, 50 inches wide, per yard	$1.00

RICH LINE OF

Fancy White Waistings,

Silk Ginghams, Etc.,

Highly Mercerized, with a soft, silky finish, in the newest fashionable designs.
Prices ranging from.....15, 20, 25, 29, 35 to 49c per yard

Fine Table Linens.

Good Bleached Cotton Damask at	25c
Fine Cream Linen Damask, per yard	50c
Full Bleached All-Linen Damask	50c
65c Mercerized Table Damask	50c
Regular $1.00 Extra Fine Bleached Linen Damask.	89c
Fine Large Table Napkins per doz..98c, $1.25, 1.50 to 2.0	

Big Value in Towels.

This LARGE 15c Towel	10c
Large 20c Huck Towels	15c
40c Hemstitched Towels	25c
Regular 50c Hemstitched Towels	39c
Rich assortment of Hemstitched Towels	50c to 98c

LACE DEPARTMENT.

Appliques and All-Overs of the Most popular styles..... 25c to $1.00

Valenciennes, Torchons and Fancy Cotton Laces, ranging in width from ½ to 6 inches, 1c to 25c yd

Our lines of EMBROIDERIES and INSERTIONS, in Cambric, Nainsook and Swiss defy competition.

A visit to these departments will convince you that our different lines are fully up-to-date in every respect.

F. H. HARPER & SON,
STILL POND, MD.

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