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CHESTERTOWN, MD.
—o—
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☞The building 121 S. Charles St., being condemned by the Building Inspector, we have removed to 107 W. CAMDEN ST., in a new building where we are better prepared to serve our customers. Thanking our patrons for past favors and soliciting their future orders and consignments, We are respectfully,
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Free To All Dyspeptics, Rheumatics, Constipated or Nervous People.
We want you to know TIMO TABLETS are the best for your ailment. To convince you will send FREE TREATMENT. Write at once. Send no money.
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HIGH STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.
☞Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. nov. 29-tf.

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Having enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advance Dentistry in the most approved style.
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Office 115 Main street. With Dr. J. T. Twilley.

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E. E HENDRICKSON & CO.,
LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
30th & MARKET, PHILADELPHIA.
We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities for this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced
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FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
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131 DOCK STREET,
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E. T. COMEGYS,
WITH
Stewart Fruit Company,
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118 & 120 E. Pratt street.
COMMISSION FRUIT AND PRODUCE SHIPPERS AND JOBBERS.
Highest market prices. Returns same da
Fruits, Berries, Melons, Vegetables, Poultry Eggs, Live Stock, Furs, Hides, Country Produce Oysters, Grain, Hay, Marsh Grass.
Shippers are invited to visit our new store.
Largest Fruit and Produce House in Baltimore
Reference—National Bank of Commerce, Bradstreet or Dunn.
☞CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

James W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens
STEVENS BROS.,
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GRAIN FRUIT AND PRODUCE,
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206 S. CHARLES STREET,
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REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank.

Frank Wright & Co.
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants
226 Cor. Charles and Camden Sts.,
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Having removed to 305 South Charles St., in the centre of the jobbing trade, and having ample room on the first floor to handle Produce of every description, we respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors, and from shippers generally a trial, we guarantee top market prices and prompt returns.
Yours respectfully,
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GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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REFERENCE: Farmers' and Merchants' Na

J. F. Thompson.
NEW FRESH STOCK.
Full Line
CANDY,
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RAISINS,
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CURRANTS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
CITRON,
FIGS,
FIGS,
FIGS,
NUTS,
NUTS,
NUTS,
All kinds of
NUTS.
COCOANUTS
in shell,
COCOANUT
grated.
MINCE MEAT
PLUM PUDDING,
PLUM PUDDING,
CRANBERRIES.
All the above strictly new, fresh goods, and all at LOWEST prices for very best goods.
Respectfully,
J. F. THOM[illegible]

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

This Common Game Is of Great Antiquity and French Origin.

Blind man's buff is of French origin and of very great antiquity, having been introduced into England in the train of the Norman conquerors. Its French name, "Colin Maillard," was that of a brave warrior, the memory of whose exploits still lives in the chronicles of the middle ages.

In the year 999 Liege reckoned among its valiant chiefs one Jean Colin. He acquired the name Maillard from his chosen weapon being a mallet, wherewith in battle he used literally to crush his opponents.

In one of the feuds which were of perpetual recurrence in those times he encountered the Count de Touraine in a pitched battle, and, so runs the story, in the first onset Colin Maillard lost both his eyes.

He ordered his esquire to take him in the thickest of the fight, and, furiously brandishing his mallet, did such fearful execution that victory soon declared itself for him.

When Robert of France heard of these feats of arms he lavished favor and honors upon Colin, and so great was the fame of the exploit that it was commemorated in the pantomimic representation that formed part of the rude dramatic performance of the age. By degrees the children learned to act it for themselves, and it took the form of a familiar sport.

The blindfolded pursuer, as, with bandaged eyes and extended hands, he gropes for a victim to pounce upon, in some degree repeats the action of Colin Maillard, the tradition of which is also traceable in the name "blind man's buff."—London M. A. P.

HER ECONOMY.

She Wasn't Ashamed of It, but Didn't Like It Advertised.

"Of course," said the pretty schoolteacher who had just returned from her long vacation trip to Europe—"of course foreign labels slapped all over a suit case may give it an interesting look, and they certainly indicate that one has been abroad, but I don't feel very proud of the record pasted on my bag. The trouble with it is that I had to economize frightfully while I was in Europe in order to have the trip at all, and I had to stop at the very cheapest hotels I could find. It seemed as if those Europeans were determined to conduct a large advertising campaign through the medium of my suit case, for I couldn't escape their labels.

"I tried in every possible way to prevent the porters from getting hold of my luggage long enough to take it out from under my eyes, but they would grab it up, run away with it to some secret place and come back proudly displaying another huge label stuck to it. In every case I noticed, with additional pain, that the cheaper the hotel was the larger the label it used. It happens that I have a few really swell acquaintances in New York, who know Europe like a book, and they'll take it all in at a glance. Of course I'm not ashamed of having economized, yet I don't exactly care to flaunt my poverty. I only wish the foreign hotels would allow us a choice in the matter."—New York Press.

War and Waur.

He was a gallant colonel of militia, but scarcely a good horseman. Owning even large and popular emporiums on even the best of Edinburgh's best streets does not of itself breed centaurs.

His mount was fresh to an extreme, and the silent figure of Sir Walter Scott, looking down upon the assembling troops from its marble pedestal, may well have expected to see an accident. That, too, was probably the thought of a small street urchin who loitered just out of reach of the prancing hoofs.

"Boy, get away!" exclaimed the ruffled rider testily. "Have you never seen a war horse?"

"Aye," came the answer, "but never a waur rider."—Dundee Advertiser.

In the Smoker.

"What's my state? Wash.—and the cleanest state in the whole Union."

"According to that," remarked the traveler from Pittsburg, "I hail from one fit only for pigs—or literary men."

"Wealthy sinners ought to settle in my state," was the contribution of the Bostonian.

The man from Nashville closed the conversation. "This is too smart a crowd for me," he said, "and yet my state can beat any nine others you fellows can pick out."—New York Times.

He Knew the Step.

A young constable arrived in a certain borough in Scotland and in the course of duty found it essential to apprehend a very old offender. Arrived at the police station, he ushered him into the cells with the comment, "Mind the step."

"Gae awa', man," said the prisoner, with contempt. "I kent the step afore ye was born."—Dundee Advertiser.

What She Was After.

"Of course," said the earl, "everybody will say that you married me for my title."

"Well," replied the beautiful heiress, "what do we care? I get it, don't I?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

At the Foreign Hotel.

Bessie—They charge an awful price for board here, don't they? Billy—Oh, it isn't for the board. That is cheap enough. But they charge an awful lot for the air and scenery.—Philadelphia

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.—Lincoln.

SHORN LAMBS.

Ways of the Men Who Lose Their All In Wall Street.

What becomes of the men who lose in Wall street. They are seldom heard of. The visitor to New York gets the notion that the gay crowd of men at the Waldorf—the "uptown 'street'"—comprises them all. But this crowd is altogether misrepresentative and has no true sign value, says a writer on Wall street in the New Broadway Magazine.

You can retain your equilibrium easily in watching them by remembering that Runner of New Britain is hiding somewhere, a fugitive from justice; that Jumper of Milwaukee is in prison; that there are many other men who went down hard with big crashes, and that for every one of the big men there are 10,000 little men whose losses are smaller, but not a whit less fatal.

You would find some of them tonight in New York, if you knew in what window to look, figuring anxiously and endlessly, looking over insurance papers to see if further loans are admissible.

Their wives are sewing; their daughters are studying stenography. You will find others hanging about hotel lobbies, and the moment you catch their eye or grip their hands you know that they are nervous, distraught, broke, restless—typical Wall street victims.

The others, professionals, parasites, satellites, winners, you will find in the cafes and hotel restaurants, making up a large part of the crowds at Sherry's and Delmonico's, Martin's and Rector's, the Waldorf, Manhattan, Astor, St. Regis and Holland House. Wall street by day demands the Great White Way at night. From the moment the market opens till its close the game is a fast and furious one of sharp trickery, clever dodging, raillery, bluffing, hypocrisy, lying.

Nerves are constantly tense; the brain must be clear and quick at every move. Successful lying uses up gray matter, and the flash and festivity of the Tenderloin at night are just unnatural enough to fit in and offer the kind of recreation desired.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The Reporter Seized It and Got His Real Start In Life.

All the city traveling public loves a strap hanger because it has a fellow feeling for him. This is why the story of how Frank Vanderlip, the banker, got his start has an almost universal appeal. It happened when Vanderlip was a reporter on a Chicago newspaper and writing financial news. The traction situation then, as now, was almost impossible. Charles T. Yerkes was traction dictator, and the stockholders and the public never had a word to say in the conduct of the roads. Nor could they get any definite idea of the financial condition of the properties.

The time for the annual meeting of the stockholders of the principal road came along. At all the meetings Mr. Yerkes had rattled off the reports in the usual undecipherable corporation way, and no one knew what was doing. So Vanderlip planned a coup. He bought a share of stock, which admitted him to the meeting. He had been a stenographer before he became a newspaper man. When Mr. Yerkes sailed into his breezy explanation of finances the young reporter took down everything he said. Mr. Yerkes used one striking phrase, and it was this:

"The passengers who have seats pay the operating expenses, but the strap hangers pay your dividends."

The next day the sentence topped Vanderlip's account of the meeting. It aroused a storm of discussion, for it laid bare some of the traction methods; also it got Vanderlip a raise in salary and a promotion.—Saturday Evening Post.

Nothing Like That In America.

"This was told me the other day," said a man, "by a friend who has just made the tour of Ireland. He was at the lakes of Killarney, and a jarvey driving one of those side seated cars was telling him of a visitor who was attempting to masquerade as an American, but had all the outward signs of being an Englishman.

"'You say, sorr,' said the jarvey, 'that you live in the United States. Were yez iver in Dubuque, Ia.?'

"'I was,' said the traveler. 'I was there for a fortnight.'

"'Off wid ye!' said the carman. 'Ye were niver there. Divil a fortnight do they have in America.'"—Indianapolis News.

Getting It Right.

It was on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking and one chanced to mention a Mr Jinks in her conversation.

"Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr Jenks."

"Oh, I sees," said the other woman complaisantly. "I sees that you puts de access on de pronoun."—Lippincott's.

A Bit of Sarcasm.

A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house and the voice of the mistress called out, "Leave an extra quart this morning, please!"—Argonaut.

Her Fourth.

Lawyer—As your husband died intestate, you will of course get a third. Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth. He was my third, you know.—Town and Country.

DOING EUROPE.

This Tourist Seemed to Have a Mania For Souvenirs.

I had met Jones before. In fact, meeting him had become a sort of habit. The first time I saw him he was hanging by his feet, an apoplectic, squirming mass, on the facade of Blarney castle, kissing the stone of eloquence. My camera caught him in the act. "Gad!" he sputtered when I told him that his feat was immortalized. "Is my face in it? Send me one, will you? That'll prove to the folks back in Zanesville that I did it."

I had run across him again in London, where all ways meet. I was sauntering around the Whitechapel ghetto, and through the window of an alley tavern I noticed two men drinking stout. One was a "bobby" in uniform. His eyes were bleared and his face purple. The profile of the other looked familiar. I walked in and beheld—Jones. The policeman, startled by my intrusion, brought himself together and wabbled out. Jones turned to me with a look of vast reproach.

"Glad to see you again, old man, but—why in the deuce couldn't you stay away a little longer? I'd have had it in half an hour more."

"Had what?"

"Why, his club. Lord, what a souvenir that would have made!"

Our ways parted again for awhile. I was riding a wheel over the crest of the Black forest near Titisee, pumping slowly to the top of the long, white road. A pine cone struck my handle bar, another knocked my hat off, and I looked up. An aerial voice emitted a Tyrolean halloo with much unction, and I saw a swaying speck silhouetted against a cloud. My instinct told me it was Jones.

"Hey, old man!" he yelled, trumpeting through his hand, "take my picture—quick. You're just in time. Can't hold on much longer. Camera's at foot of tree. Lost it halfway up."

His camera was smashed, so I used my own. "Were you expecting me?" I asked when he shinned down, with barked hands and frayed trousers.

"No, not exactly. Look here—biggest pine cone in Germany, from the tallest tree on top of the highest hill in the Schwarzwald. There's something worth while!"

I admitted it, and we stood surveying the panorama of mounded hills and deep cut gorges full of the sound of falling water.

"Lovely!" I murmured.

"What? Oh, yes, I s'pose it is. But say—I wonder if I couldn't find a bigger cone somewhere in these parts. Let's move on."—Wilfred H. Alburn in Outing Magazine.

Free Lunch For a Lion.

He was selling suspenders on the street, but he declared that in his palmy days he had been Professor Piccolomini, the lion tamer.

"What made you give it up?" he was asked.

"Well, you see it was this way. Once I was engaged to tame a lion called Frederick Barbarossa, who was certainly a wild proposition.

"But I was equal to the task. By slow and gradual steps I taught Frederick good manners. I used to walk into his cage, snap a whip, make him do stunts and all that sort of thing. Everything went along beautifully. But I got into trouble when I tried to teach Frederick to eat out of my hand."

"How?"

"Why, he ate three fingers out of my hand, confound him! Have a pair of suspenders? They work without hitching. Twenty-five cents."—New York Times.

A Boomerang.

A very rich, very economical and very parsimonious young squire was making preparations for a tenants' ball some years ago and at his wine merchant's discovered a cheap brand of champagne. "This," he said, "is a good brand of champagne. It is quite good enough for those people who will come to my tenants' ball. They couldn't tell the difference, anyway." Accordingly he ordered a dozen cases of the cheap wine. A day or two before the event, picking up his newspaper, he noticed that his wine merchant had a half page advertisement. He ran his eye over it and saw in big black letters the paragraph, "Try our celebrated champagne at 38 shillings a dozen, as ordered by Gobsa Gold, Esq., for his forthcoming tenants' ball."—Illustrated Bits.

Business Hours In Honolulu.

Business manners in Honolulu lack the strain and flurry of the mainland city. The hard, white, anxious Chicago face no man wears here. The dodging and hurrying to go around the man in front are never seen. The accent of life is on men, not money or machines. There is not much doing before 10 o'clock, and at 4 the safes are locked, the desks are shut, and the men who do things are off for a ride or a swim or a game of tennis. Here a man does his business.—Chicago News.

Another View.

Mrs. Tourist—I'm afraid that the monkey wouldn't please my husband. Vender—But madam will find it easier to find another husband than to get a monkey like that for 3 piasters!—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Le Rire.

It Regrinds.

"The mill will never grind again with water that is past," remarked the mournful citizen.

"That's where a joke mill has the bulge on a water mill," cackled the cheerful press humorist.—Pittsburg Post

The big responsibilities of married life are little ones.—Bohemian.

ARLINGTON L. SPARKS. | ARLINGTON L. SPARKS

MAXIMUM QUALITY MINIMUM PRICE

A. L. Sparks' Fall Opening

A Splendid Stock
—OF—
DRESS GOOD

When the quality can be thouroughly depended upon and the price is entirely moderate, the buying proposition becomes a very simple matter.

Here we offer you the very best that is possible to buy; show an extremely large assortment, including all the new and popular shades and the range of prices makes it possible for everyone to find something here exactly as wanted.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

The price of silks has advanced very materially, but we are still offering our guaranteed 36-inch black taffett $100 per yard.

Over twelve hundred yards sold in the preceding twelve months without a dissatisfied customer.

DOMESTIC DOMESTIC

We are selling staple muslin at wholesale prices. Our purchases before the advance enable us to do this

Millinery Millinery

The rich and refined in millinery has full and eloquent expression in this department of our store.

Efforts intelligently directed are productive of results beyond precedent in the all-important questions of style, elegance and quality.

Your attention is directed to our extremely low prices.

CLOAKS CLOAKS

This department has stood the test of a careful buying public for years, and is now complete with an array of stylish and up-to-date garments not often seen except in a city store.

Our well-known low prices are a large factor in the successful business done in this department.

Come and see us, we can show you our stock much better than we can tell your about it.

Arlington L. Sparks,
Chestertown, Md.

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