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MINING JOURNAL.

FROSTBURG, MD., NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

Thanksgiving.

Since the old globe again passes that point in its orbit sanctified as a holiday pause by the most christian of civilized people, the question arises in the mind given to reflection—for what are we thankful?

It is no trifling interrogatory. It embodies in its wide sweep the operations and issues of the multiform phases and diverse conditions of life. The chief magistrates of State and States generalize them under the formal rhetoric of official promulgation, but the true answer is found in the heart and experience of each human personality.

No two of these are alike. The unnumbered stars differ less in sidereal glory than do these millions of expressions of cosmopolite conviction. The President, Governor, each and all from the highest to the lowest estate are presumed to enjoy some cause, special to himself, of gratitude to the Giver of all good. To a few there is occasion for thankfulness in their enjoyment of popular preferment; to others of wealth, competence, and to many, too many, the bare, unsatisfactory fact that they are alive.

And in all these, high and low, rich and poor, there is a leaven of bitterness—some element of unhappiness, some condition of unrest. Power and money, with all their potencies and possibilities, are burdened with responsibilities, cares and fears, while to subjection and poverty the phantom of contentment is less delusive because the struggles of livelihood are more tangibly painful.

For what, then, have either or any to be thankful? Shall they be grateful that God gave them fear on the one hand and want on the other—in most instances both to each? Are these, whether causes or effects, blessings?

Shall we be glad—for an instance—we who nearly midway the cycle felt a pair of little arms slowly, slowly loose their pressure round our neck, and saw the tiny hands—the hands we used to kiss—fall white and pulseless in death, while the bright spirit that beatified a few brief years of life here sped away through the shining skies to the bourne of the sinless somewhere in the vast realms of unconjectured space?

For days and weeks every memory of this ruthless invasion of our affections went through the heart like a knife-thrust. Why was life made to her a burden too heavy to carry? Why were we mocked by the visitation of an angel whose only mission was to suffer, to plead vainly with eye and tone, and to cling to the life she could not keep?

It was hard to take up the burden she laid down, but it is good to think that one like her has been. It is delightful to think that the great unknown is more homelike since she has gone over there, and that whether her gentle spirit dwells on shore or sea she cannot be where God is not. It is sweet to think of her as one whom we shall henceforth long to meet again—one whom, when the time comes, we shall seek among the thronging populace of the disembodied to find—in the words of Tasso to his beloved Leonora—

The welcome of the one dear face.

To those, therefore, who have no children—those especially who have no parental interest in the far-away future—no child somewhere above the sky's immemorial blue—to such is not committed the highest significance and holiest enjoyment of thanksgiving.

Pointer to Paste in Democratic Hats.

A tracer which was sent out a day or two ago to run down the only man who holds on to the McKaig gubernatorial boom has brought up, it is believed, at the office of the Baltimore *Critic*.

Schonfarber's infatuation for McKaig may be set down as one of the idiosyncrasies of labor reform—a sentiment which, having eyes sees not, and ears hears not the actual facts in the case.

McKaig will never be governor for several reasons, but mainly because he cannot get the nomination for any office whereof the choice of his party is equivalent to an election.

Then, McKaig will be dead and long, long forgotten before the governorship ever falls west of Hagerstown. Allegany and Garrett are not in it for State honors, however much and long they may overpay their shares of taxes. The State was created for the Cheasapeake counties, a crowd which will never disown their heritage or abdicate their rule.

Frank Brown is showing signs of resurrection, but James Hodges is the best man the democrats can put up. He is one of the few men of the country who can make a speech or write a letter that does not contain a superfluous word.

The situation, therefore, stands about this way:

It may be Brown; it may be Hodges; it may be someone else—we are not sure. But it is certain it will not be McKaig.

A Double-Jointed Arcadia Ahead.

The Noble Order of North America, or that faction of its membership which are "Knights of Labor first and democrats afterward," are still industriously engaged in preparing new and rectifying old legislation for the winter of 1891—2.

It has a notion also to join hands with the Hayseed Alliance. If it can persuade the farmers to harvest wheat from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.—one hour for dinner—and attend picnic the balance of the day, the Noble Order will establish the scheme which proposes to loan small sums of government money to every fancy farmer who does not himself hold the plow.

It is a beautiful system which the two will present—for the benefit of those who are too smart to work and too cute to thieve.

Both are smarting under the advantages enjoyed by the industrious and economical, and both have concluded that there must be more idleness and less money-making.

Hence, the platform, as already read in some of the joint class-meetings and mutual love-feasts is a medley of reform which shames Bellamy's scheme out of sight. It covers with denunciation all the evils that have obtained since the birth of Adam, and invests with eulogy all the political blessings that are to lead up to and culminate in the death of the devil.

Intricacies of the Census.

New York has taken a police census and adds 13 *per cent.* to the federal count.

Baltimore has done the same and adds 5 *per cent.*

Cumberland had 12,000 in July, but a spider has been found in the city dumpling. At least, it has somehow leaked out that the census office report will show a smaller figure.

But the strangest of all the bewildering features of the great count is centered in the following statement of the Lonaconing *Review*:

In 1880 Lonaconing had a little over 6,000 people. Ten years have elapsed and we are reported with 4,000, more or less. This report is hard to digest when it is known that in the last ten years nearly 300 houses have been erected, and our natural increase is one a day.

That is the very first time the JOURNAL ever heard of Lonaconing having "6,000 people."

But granted. Then the natural increase of 3,652 would run the figure up to 9,652.

In which case Frostburg ought to have somewhere over 10,000.

But as a fact, unless Mr. Porter improves materially upon Dr. Perkins' report, Frostburg will get along better without any rating at all than one notoriously too small.

Will Not Three Suffice?

It was unofficially stated Monday that the Washington and Cumberland railroad company, which had leased the canal bed on which to build a road from Cumberland to Georgetown, will shortly begin the survey of a new route, and will push the construction of the road as fast as possible as soon as the line is located.—Cumberland *News*.

To this nobody can object.

If West Virginia must have an outlet through Maryland and has the money to pay her way, there are few who will deny her the privilege.

Indeed, many, otherwise opposed to to her competition with our chief product, will lend a helping hand.

But what, with two railroads and a restored waterway already reaching far to the eastward, West Virginia wants with another road, is not clear at this writing.

"Competition is the life of trade," it is said, but too much competition, like overfeeding of good things, is sometimes the death of business.

Alarm in Cumberland.

Mr. McKaig, it is believed, will pass a bill next Congress repealing the duty on tin plate. Any legislation that tends to increase the cost of the miner's pie or the trap-boy's buttermilk will always catch McKaig with a warwhoop on.—Frostburg JOURNAL.

This is bad news for the republicans. By all means let us know what McKaig is going to do with the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments to the Constitution.—Cumberland *News*.

In the beautiful language of that immortal French philosopher from Cork, Titus A. Brick, we reply—

Nous verrons, be dad!

Great Revival in Cumberland.

According to the democratic gospel, as preached by Col. Philip W. Avirett, Gov. Hill's ten minute exhortation in Cumberland whirled nearly 900 repub licans into the democratic ranks.

This achievement comes within an ace of being a miracle.

Anyhow no such thing has happened in Israel since the Day of Pentecost.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Married.

To the MINING JOURNAL.

At the home of the bride's parents Thanksgiving eve, the 27th., a very pretty marriage ceremony took place. At half-past 7 o'clock the contracting parties, Mr. L. Clark Madore, of Cumberland, and Miss Lavinia P. Heintz, of this city, were made husband and wife. Rev. C. A. Britt, the bride's pastor, performed the ceremony and Nicholas Hocking presided at the organ. A goodly number of invited guests were present to witness the marriage, and a few minutes after the words had been pronounced which made the two one, part of the company, led by Mr. and Mrs. Madore, filed into the dining-room to partake of the refreshments served in honor of the occasion, which were as delicious and bountiful as an epicure could desire. Supper being ended, the social joys of the evening followed, after which the bride and groom left for Cumberland, where they intend to live.

Our best wishes accompany them, and as they have embarked on the sea of matrimony in a boat just wide enough for two, may they have just breeze enough to make the voyage pleasant. *

GENERAL ITEMS.

Country Roads.

Good roads are a prime necessity to every community. Without them any region of this country would lapse into a wilderness and return to the conditions of barbarism. With them, the same region is furnished with the facilities of progress, and nothing can turn back the tide of prosperity which inevitably flows over good highways to those who dwell beside them.

Country roads, indeed, are the small veins and capillaries of trade and transportation, just as railroad and steamship lines are their arteries. It must be apparent, therefore, that when the small by-ways are clogged or in bad condition, there will be congestion in the circulation as truly as when the larger ducts or canals break down. In a word, the country road and the railway are natural and necessary complements of each other.

We almost stand aghast when we contemplate the material development of this country during the past fifty years. No doubt several elements have been united in this vast and varied result. Fertility of land and multiplicity of resources, the native energy of the people, as well as great inventive skill have each contributed their share to the upbuilding of the nation. But the fact remains that none of these could have been made effective without the railroad. More than all else it has made America what it is to day. Trunk lines across the continent, supplemented by lateral branches have opened wheat-field, cornfield and cotton plantation to the markets of the world. The railroad has made Yankee energy fruitful, and has given employment to the skill of inventors as nothing else could. It has annihilated space, and has made the people of distant commonwealths neighbors, and added immensely to the corporate and individual wealth of our country.

But is it not equally true that what the railways have done on so vast a scale the net work of country roads might also do, if only they were improved and made passable to vehicles? Iron roads are efficient because they make rapid transit possible, and because heavy loads can be drawn over them at a small expenditure of energy. The same principle applies to the country roads, and when the farms of Maryland shall be brought adjacent to wharves, depots and market towns by means of dry macadamized roads, it will be seen that the value of land is enhanced, that the profits of agriculture are increased, and that peace and prosperity havecome to the farm as they has already come to the iron-mill and shoe-factory. It is simply and solely a matter of transportation.

The question of building and maintaining country roads is one of serious importance. Upon its correct solution hangs the future prosperity of Maryland, and, more particularly the development of every farm in the commonwealth. The need of the hour is good roads, and how to provide them is being asked from Garrett county to the ocean shore.

There are evidently two ways by which a road system might be established and maintained. It might be made a private enterprise, similar to the railroad and conducted by a system of tolls; or it might be under State control, and carried on in a manner similar to the public school system. One of them, certainly, is much preferable to the other.

Toll roads have been tried in Maryland as well as in other States, under varying conditions, through many years and they have never given satisfaction. For obvious reasons the toll road is a failure, and the sooner the last one is legislated out of existence in the Terrapin State the better for those who must use them. They are simply a means of covert robbery, and have been from the beginning.

In the control of public highways by the State two important considerations present themselves. Shall the State assume charge of the highways, construct and maintain them out of a special fund, like the school fund; or shall the care of the roads be given into the hands of local boards or commissions? In brief, shall Maryland manage its roads or shall some thousand and one small districts do so? This is the serious problem of road improvement, and quite naturally both alternatives have ardent advocates.

But road management in Maryland is already local, in that it is vested in the county commissioners. To subdivide it and place it lower down, would necessitate township governments in the various districts. And so far as we can see it would end in complicating and aggravating all evils which now exist.

State control, on the other hand, with a reliable engineer at the head of the commission, could establish a road system, construct highways upon improved plans, straighten them, grade them, drain them and maintain them with something like intelligence. The great objection urged against such management is the tendency to political corruption. But that prevails in the local management as it now exists, and, certainly, it would not prove more disastrous to a general road system than it does to the conduct of schools. And no one would think of changing that from state to township control.—Maryland *Farmer*.

Wanted An Architect.

Up to a period that may be dated back say, half a score of years, an uglier aggregation of bricks and mortar than the town of Cumberland did not exist in the State of Maryland. The exceptions were our churches, our public buildings, and a very few private buildings, of which we were justly proud.

The average citizen ran up four walls, clapped on a roof, stuck his front steps half way out upon the narrow side-walk, so that the belated traveller might conveniently fall over them and break his shins in the darkness, after which the average citizen congratulated himself that at last he "had a home."

But he hadn't you know. In the complete understanding of the word he did not have even a house. He only possessed a habitation, a place of abode. The snarling savage has a habitation in his cave, and the red Indian when not engaged in gunning for the white settler abides in his tepee.

Yet printed plans and diagrams of cheap and comfortable houses, uniting artistic beauty and convenience in the best manner of home architecture, everywhere abounded.

These plans were to be found in our builders' offices, on the counters of the book dealer, within innumerable magazines and specifications, from the cost of digging the cellar to the price of grate and mantel in the completed edifice.

Nevertheless the average citizen went on running up burnt clay in courses and layers, and in comparison to which the jolly old bake ovens of our grandfathers days are piles of architecural elegance.

Cumberland has scarcely made a step beyond the terraced dwelling of the Zuni. If you think differently visit some town in which the modern idea of building prevails. Go to Hagerstown, for instance, and see in that thriving city fresh conceptions of home building, as far removed from the dead, disheartening monotony of our common style, as Aladin's palace from a Mexican adobe. Even the new born village of Ellerslie can give us an object lesson in frame cottage work.

We make a moderate estimate in computing that one hundred houses will be added to the number of our habitations in '91. These will embrace every class, and—we were about to add—style. There are great doubts about the style. Style is to be avoided because it is costly, and therefore let us build on the old line. This fear of stylishness is a financial error. The house beautiful need not be any more costly than the ordinary brick or frame abomination whose model is a soap box.

A word of warning to our builders, contractors and landlords. He who would have his choice of tenants must, in the future, see that what he builds be tasteful, as well as comfortable. Remember that it is the wife who selects the rented house, and its neat or attractive appearance will always turn the scale in favor of such a building.

One word more of advice respectfully offered Build for the future. Such items as drainage, ventilation, plumbing and convenience of interior arrangements, perfected in the beginning, is money in your purse, health, happiness, and home comfort to the tenant, a guarantee of preference over houses deficient in any of these respects, and an investment which you will never regret.

Two Irishmen in Chicago passed the foundation walls of a new block of buildings in course of erection. Three weeks afterward they passed the same block, and were surprised to find it under roof, and the glaziers at work upon the windows.

"Look there, Pat!" exclaimed one of the twain, "they are putting in the lights."

"Ah, be gob," was the response, "tomorrow they'll be puttin' in the livers."

Our builders will not be called upon to use the expedition necessary in Chicago. They can an least spare the time to plan wisely in order to build well.—Cumberland *News*.

The Coal Trade.

The New York Engineering and Mining *Journal* states the situation thus:

It has been confidently asserted that the recent panicky disposition among the Wall street operators would have no perceptible effect on the soft coal trade. True, it may have had no direct effect, but it is now just as confidently asserted that indirectly the recent financial upheavals will have a decided effect, though it may be indirect. The president of one of the largest bituminous coal companies expressed himself on this question in very decided terms. "The recent financial troubles," said he, "will in all probability prove of great benefit to us. Some twenty thousand men or so in the Clearfield region have been quiescent of late on the understanding that at the beginning of the new ten *per cent.* higher scale would go into operation, or there would be a big strike. It is generally conceded that the recent financial flurry has indefinitely postponed this determination. The men and their leaders realize that railroads are built in Wall street, and that it will be some time before money will be free enough to permit much new construction, and that the demand for soft coal will therefore be temporarily checked. "In this case the mine owners would be strengthened if the men struck work."

The demand for consumption is unabated, and that portion of the supply in this market which depends on the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio lines, and Baltimore and Philadelphia vessels, is certainly short. The consequence is a decided "bearish" tendency. No new orders of importance have been accepted during the week, and fancy prices must be bid for small supplies outside of contracts.

And the Mining *Record* of same city reports as follows:

There is little new about bituminous coal. Vessel freights eastward are exceedingly low, big vessels being chartered for as low as 70 cents a ton to Boston. These boats, which carry ice south and coal north and east are scattering, however, and in a week or ten days shippers expect to find some trouble in getting vessels. This will undoubtedly advance the freight on bituminous, and the price of that article will take a small leap in New England.

Burglary.

In San Francisco the parsonage of Howard streeet Methodist church occupied by Rev. Dr. S. V. Leech and family was on Sunday night, November 16, ransacked and robbed by burglars. Dr. Leech, on returning from church at 8 o'clock with his family, found the gas lit throughout the house. A pane o glass had been broken in the kitchen over the window lock. Contents of bureaus and wardrobes in five rear bedrooms had been thrown over the floor, and the thieves, who were then in the front rooms of Dr. and Mrs. Leech, slipped down the front stair and escaped. Miss Lilian Leech lost a gold watch, a diamond ring and three others, and four breast-pins, including a valuable garnet brooch. Walter F. Leech lost his watch, and Dr. Leech some razors. When the Dr. left the house to fetch a policeman, a crowd of a half-dozen men on the opposite side of the street dispersed suddenly. Dr. Leech went to San Francisco recently from Albany, N. Y. He is a brother of Rev. Dr. G. V. Leech, of Frostburg.

Canal News.

By to-day the bond of $600,000 required of the trustees of the bondholders of 1844 probably has been filled, and the property handed over to them for restoration.

A gentleman well versed in construction and engineering, and who has made a recent trip over the canal, said that he was surprised to find such a valuable property. Properly managed, he said, the canal could be repaired and operated without being a burden to anybody.

A Word of Wisdom.

Nothing more commends a town to the average traveling public than well-kept hotels.—Charlestown (W. Va.) *Free Press*.

No Two Skeletons Alike.

All happy families resemble one another, but every unhappy family is unhappy after its own fashion.—*Tolstoi*.

Business Locals.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.—The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded, Price 25 cents per box. For sale by R. G. Colborn.

Every Home Should Have It.—It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a physician always at hand. It kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cents. There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them. Pan Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Price 25 cents. At R. G. Colborn's Drug Store.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Executors' Notice.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Allegany county, Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

Thomas G. McCulloh,

Late of Allegany county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof duly authenticated to the subscribers ON or BEFORE the

16TH DAY OF MAY, 1891.

They may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 11th day of November, 1890.

ERNEST McCULLOH,
CLAYTON PURNELL,
Nov 15—3t Executors.

Agents Wanted
—FOR—

DR. TALMAGE'S new book, covering his life's work and great trip "to, through and from the Christ-Land," entitled

FROM MANGER TO THRONE,

Embracing a new **Life of Christ** and a **Story of Palestine and Its People**, illustrated with over 400 wonderful engravings of scenery in the Holy Land, copies of old masters, and famous pictures from the land and times of the Saviour, also a grand picture of Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion in 12 colors and 10 feet in length. This is Dr. Talmage's life-work and his greatest book. Orders are now pouring in from all parts of the civilized world. You will never have another like it. 1,000,000 copies will be sold the first year. Agents should drop all else and secure territory. Such chances come only once in a lifetime. Exclusive territory given—full protection. The most remarkable and wonderful of all books about the land, times and people of the Bible. Go to work NOW and you will make hundreds of dollars. Territory going with a rush; act now; no capital needed. Name territory you want, and write at once for particulars to

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Nov 15] Agent for Frostburg and vicinity.

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Designated United States Depository.

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On hand and for sale:

Cumberland City Water Refunding 4 *per cent.* Bonds.
Cumberland City Consolidated Debt 5 *per cent.* Bonds.
Frostburg (Md.) 4½ *per cent.* Water Bonds, and other investment securities.

Price and other information given on application.
D. ANNAN,
Aug 9—tf Cashier.

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IT can be honestly said of PARKER'S (the Druggist) stock that it takes well in both senses of the term. The Drugs take well and help the taker, and the

TOILET REQUISITES

take the palm over all other preparations for

PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.

When you want Drugs, Toilet Articles, or Perfumeries, call on A. F. PARKER, the Prescription Druggist,
Aug 9 Main St., Frostburg, Md.

FOR SALE.

FIVE 6 *per cent.* BONDS of the Frostburg Water Company, par value $200 each, with four months accrued interest. A first-class investment. Apply at the
MINING JOURNAL OFFICE.
Nov 15 Frostburg, Md.

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FRAMED ETCHINGS & ENGRAVINGS, Calendars, Christmas Cards, Cut Glass and China Novelties, Toys, Games, Gift Books, Gold Pens, Metal and Plush Manicure and Dressing Sets, fine Leather Goods, Walking Sticks and Pocket Books.

JNO. A. FULTON & CO.,
Bookstore opposite postoffice,
Nov 15 Cumberland, Md.

A NEW BEGINNER
YET
AN OLD HAND
AT THE BUSINESS OF

COMPOUNDING AND DISPENSING MEDICINES solicits your attention and patronage.

Having lately purchased the stock formerly owned by Levi B. Porter, I will in the future conduct the business at the same stand, one door west of Moat's Opera House.

I am not the only competent man in this locality, but I am one of them, and therefore will insure accuracy in compounding prescriptions, and in all instances possible will compound them of medicines of my own make. I will also carry a complete line of Druggist's Sundries such as are usually found in a first class store. Encourage me by your frequent calls and receive the deepest thanks and undivided attention of

Yours resdectfully,

DAN. KRAPF,

Nov 8] CHEMIST AND PHARMACIST.

STILL THE POPULAR STORE.

NEW GOODS AND NEW STYLES THROUGHOUT **FOR FALL.**

DON'T BE TARDY, THE BEST WILL BE PICKED FIRST.

WE have only to repeat our often made promises. Ours is not a cheap bargain store, but we guarantee all goods sold, and money is cheerfully refunded when goods are not as represented or are unsatisfactory. We do our best to please you, and if we don't strike you right the first time we will try, try again, and we wont be surly about it either. This is emphatically the People's Store. They like our methods, and so long as we please them we will continue to be Frostburg's leading dealers in Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. We know that, and it accounts for M. Rodda & Co.'s endless endeavor to get your trade.

M. RODDA & CO.
THE SHOE MEN.
Nov 15

Squeezed to Death!

We are Getting in our New

FALL GOODS,

And already the pressure upon us is so great that we are barely able to give complete satisfaction to all customers.

WHY?

In order to place at least

$40,000

worth of standard goods in the homes of this community during the next four months we have put a razor-edge on our axe and made a cut into current prices that will raise a howl among our competitors.

What few figures have not been annihilated are beaten out of all shape.

Nothing like it ever dreamed of in the wildest imagination.

Not a solitary article spared.

The price of everything cut to pieces.

Don't miss a single bargain in our royal bill of fare,
For ev'ry figure represents a bargain rich and rare.

B. STERN & CO.
MAIN STREET,
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WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE
Sept 6

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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WE have the Largest Stock, Best Facilities, Lowest Prices, and GUARANTEE all goods to be as represented.

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Large quantities of new and attractive Wall Paper just received at surprisingly low prices.

Toilet Articles in endless variety to suit the most fastidious tastes.

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☞All medicines are prepared by the *only thoroughly competent Druggist in town who is a Graduate in Pharmacy.*

We have pleasant surprises for all who enter our store and learn our prices.

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Aug 2

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Please the People.
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Teeth extracted for.....25 cents
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I RESPECTFULLY inform you that I am now at Edwards' Great Shoe, Hat and Trunk Store, and hereby extend you a cordial invitation to call and see me. I will guarantee to give a better bargain than you can get anywhere else. Mr. Edwards certainly carries the Largest and Best Stock of Shoes, Hats and Trunks that it has ever been my pleasure from which to sell.

Respectfully,
Oct 25 CHARLES W. BRENGLE.

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BEST WINES and LIQUORS, BROWN STOUT, ENGLISH ALE and IMPORTED and EXPORT BEER for

Family and Medicinal Uses.

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I will be glad to see all my old friends and new ones as well. Courteous attention extended to all.

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FINE CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND.
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ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

THE most direct and cheapest route for STEERAGE PASSENGERS from the South and West wishing to visit their native country.

The most convenient line for parties wishing to send for relatives and friends left behind in the old country.

Steamship **Nova Scotian**, Capt. R. HUGHES
" **Peruvian**...Capt. J. G. STEPHEN
" **Siberian**.....Capt. R. P. MOORE
" **Caspian**...Capt. A. McDOUGALL

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