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FAIR PHARMACISTS A FAILURE.

There Is No Place for Them in the Drug Trade.

There are a hundred women pharmacists in New York city, but not one in business. They have charge of the dispensaries connected with convents, asylums, hospitals, homes, and charitable institutions. They are capable, skillful, and progressive, and their number is steadily increased by the fair solitaire that ornaments nearly every class graduated from the pharmaceutical schools and colleges, and yet there is not a woman in the drug business, nor a druggist in New York who would willingly make an opening for her in his store. And the reason? She would kill the business, unless chained to the prescription counter and kept out of sight.

Said a well known Broadway merchant: "I wouldn't give $5 a month to the best woman druggist you could produce; I wouldn't have her about if she agreed to work for nothing. I don't say that woman is unfitted for pharmacy; on the contrary, I know that she excels, her painstaking fidelity and acuteness fitting her for the nice discriminations required in the compounding and preparations of medicines, but she would be no good behind the counter. Men would not trust her nor women confide in her. A large percentage of the business comes from the people who want advice—advice that the doctors are not generally called upon to give. They want a remedy for headache, burns, bunions, chills, indigestion, prostration, nervousness; they come in, show their tongue, and describe their discomfort, and ask for a dose of something. Give it to them? To be sure we do—some light tonic or stimulant to quicken faith, which cures a great deal faster and better than drugs.

"Now, these people would not go to a lady druggist. Men would not trust to her judgment. They would argue wisely enough, that never having had a 'swelled head' of her own, she could not prescribe intelligently for the relief of that inconvenience. The man with the gripes would hardly go to her, and the pet of society could not be expected to confide the liberal amount of pates, ice cups, and liqueurs he had allowed himself the previous night.

"Man's innate refinement would restrain him from consulting a woman on the topics that are brought to the attention of a male druggist daily.

"Woman's distrust is proverbial. She judges the gender by her own limited knowledge, and has absolutely no confidence in feminine ability or judgment. Hence the poor success of professional women. You know as well as I do that New York has as many starving doctresses as it has dressmakers. They can't get hold. Men are not expected to call them in and women won't. There are a few exceptions, but they don't count, their practice being confined to charity patients and limited to babies and young children.

"The fair sex believes in men without questioning, and when it comes to a choice between a great woman and a gosling of a man behind the medicine counter the former would be passed every time. Let a woman once get relief, benefit, or assistance from a male druggist and nothing will shake her faith in him. She will consult him whenever she is indisposed, act on his advice and prize it above that of the family physician."

MISS GABRIELLE GREELEY.

Many Men Have Sought Her Hand in Marriage, but in Vain.

Among the people who occupied the platform at the unveiling of the Greeley Statue in New York was Gabrielle, the only surviving member of the great editor's family. For years she has lived the live of a recluse at Chappaqua. Many men have solicited her hand in marriage (for Gabrielle Greeley is, and has been a beautiful woman), but in vain. She has grown old very rapidly, however, and her face betrays her acquaintance with sorrow. Only an occasion such as that could have tempted her to leave the lonely retreat with which the name of the founder of the *Tribune* is so closely identified. Not many of the spectators recognized her as the daughter of the man, the perpetuation of whose memory in bronze was being celebrated that morning. Behind Mr. Depew, and almost out of the range of public observation, she sat motionless save for the movements of her lips, which betrayed the emotions aroused by the orator's eloquent tribute to the dead journalist's character and achievements. Her tears completed the story of these emotions. Old friends of the illustrious newspaper man shook hands with her as she withdrew to return to the place where she will spend the years that remain to her. That she has passed out of the public eye forever is altogether likely.

Conspicuously absent from the ceremonies, at which hers was perhaps the most conspicuous figure, was Mr. Nicholas Smith, whose marriage to her sister, now dead, brought with it so little happiness.

The Biggest Apple Tree.

The largest apple tree in New England, and probably in the world, is in the northwestern part of Cheshire, Conn., standing in Mr. Delos Hotchkiss's dooryard. Its age can be traced by a family tradition to 140 years at least, and it may be 20 to 25 years older. It is at the present time of symmetrical shape; the trunk is nearly round, without a scar or blemish on it; there are 8 large branches; 5 of them have been in the habit of bearing one year and the remaining 3 the next. Mr. Hotchkiss has gathered in 1 year from the 5 branches 85 bushels of fruit, and his predecessor had harvested a crop of 110 bushels from the same 5 branches. By careful measurement, the circumference of the trunk 1 foot above the ground, above all enlargements of the roots, is 13 feet 8 inches. The girth of the largest single limb is 6 feet 8 inches. The height of the tree has been carefully measured and found to be 60 feet, and the spread of the branches as the apples fall is 100 feet, or 6 rods. The fruit is rather small, sweet, and of moderate excellence.—[Boston Journal.

The pleasantest things in this world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.—[Emerson.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

How Continents Would Change Were the Ocean to Dry Up.

At the depth of about 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice of the pole to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet wide were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water traveled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are 40 feet high and travel 50 miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamship. The distance from valley to valley is generally 15 times the height, hence a wave 5 feet high will extend over 75 feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be 17 tons for each square yard.

Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, 14 feet thick, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered from 6,564 feet the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plain on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas and Africa would be joined with Italy.

The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves. It has been found difficult to get the correct soundings of the Atlantic.

A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and a shot weighing 30 pounds carries down the line. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar a cup is dug out and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the sand in. When the ground is reached a shock is felt, as if an electric current had passed through the line.

CATTLE EXPORTS.

Average Value of Cattle and Horses Sent Abroad Last Year.

In an article on the cattle trade, the *Commercial Bulletin* gives some facts and figures of interest to our cattle breeders as showing the extent and direction of our live stock trade. The exports of cattle last year were 205,786, the average value being $80. Most of this export was in the regular course of food trade, but 170 went to Central and South America averaged $253 in value. The horses numbered 3,748, and the average value was $158. To Central and South America there went 149, with an individual value of $1,065, and 10 went to British Columbia at an average value of $1,080.

The sheep exported averaged $2 88 a head, but South America took 131 at prices varying from $75 to $145. Our Pan-American friends are liberal purchasers of our choicest animals, except Mexico, which sends us $6, $7, and $8 cattle and horses—her fiery mutangs over the border—and take back $50 horses, and cattle at $12 50. The custom house valuation of these imported animals is less for last year than in former years, and the number declines largely, the reason being that the present condition of American stock is high and steadily improving, and that our stock raisers are confident that the standard may not only be maintained, but advanced.

Duels in Italy.

Statistics have been published concerning the duels fought in Italy during the decade from 1879 to 1889. Of course the list is not complete, as many contests took place that were not duly reported. Nevertheless we have before us full details concerning 2,700 duels which took place in Italy at the period mentioned. Of this number 93 per cent were fought with swords or rapiers, 6 per cent with pistols, and one only with revolvers. Strange to say, no less than 3,901 wounds were inflicted, so that several combatants must have been wounded more than once, and occasionally both combatants were hurt. Of these wounds, 1,066 are estimated as serious, and 50 proved fatal. Thus less than 2 per cent of the combatants were killed. The danger of death is, therefore, not very serious; one man in fifty or sixty may be killed.

In analyzing the causes of these encounters, it is found that 30 per cent arose from political divergences of opinion and newspaper articles concerning the same; 8 per cent only of the duels were fought in consequence of some serious insult, but 10 per cent arose out of discussions on religious topics, and 19 per cent from quarrels over cards and other games. It is also a curious fact that the number of duels is five times greater in summer than in winter—a self evident proof that heat affects the temper—while in the Lenten season there are hardly any duels at all, which is, perhaps, an argument in favor of fasting. Out of 100 duellists it was ascertained that 30 were military men, 29 were journalists, 12 were barristers, 4 students, 3 professors, 3 engineers, and 3 members of parliament.—[Public Opinion.

The Prince of Wales is said to be a very good landlord at Sandringham. Although the Prince is not a teetotaller and does not seek to make his dependants such, there is no public house on the estate. The peasants' cottages are of a model kind, surrounded by pretty gardens.

Mr. Handsome—Oh, you know, mother, women can't keep a secret. His Mother—Yes they can my son. You have been industriously courting that Miss Highness for a year, and you don't know her real age yet.—[Good News.

DELICIOUS COCOA.

How It and Its Cousin, Chocolate, Are Prepared for Use.

The articles chocolate and cocoa are only two forms of the same substance. The tree twice in the year yields a crop of reddish spongy fruit, shaped somewhat like a cucumber, the ripe fruit being collected at the decline of the moon. The tree continues its yield for twenty or thirty years. Each fruit or pod contains from six to fifty beans—usually about twenty—and there are from ten to twenty pounds of such beans from each tree to each crop.

The beans are usually about the size of large almonds; they are frequently called indifferently "beans," "seeds," "nuts," "berries," and "fruits," but their character will be better understood by regarding them as beans contained within a pod. They are generally picked out and dried for exportation. Besides the beans, the pulp contains a creamy and cordial juice; and, by steaming and pressing, the beans will yield one-third of their weight of a kind of butter, to which the richness of cocoa is due.

For preparing the beverage material, the beans are exported in their original state, to be converted into cocoa or chocolate by a manufacturing process. They are first roasted in slowly rotating ovens, then broken by machine into such a state that the husks may be separated from the kernels by a blast of air, and they are afterward treated and beaten and converted into a pulp by means of their own oil. The pulp, when ground between millstones till it assumes a consistency something like that of treacle, is in a state to receive any of the modifications that will fit it for the market.

While chocolate and cocoa contain an essential principle, theobromine, comparable to caffeine and theine—the alkaloids of coffee and tea—it is much less potent as a disturber of the nervous system; and chocolate and cocoa are proportionally more welcome as a beverage, besides possessing specially nutritive qualities that render them much more sustaining than tea.—[The Sanitarian.

Indian Boys.

Now that so much is being done at Hampton and Carlisle to educate and civilize children of savage races, there is all the more interest to be found in the story of the first attempt to educate an Indian of the Pacific slope. In "The Fur Hunters" Mr. Rose tells how the Hudson Bay Company secured for this purpose a son of a Kootanais chief and the son of a Spokane chief about the year 1820:

"These natives, notwithstanding their aversion to part with their children—and particularly so on this occasion, it being the first proposal that had ever been made to them by the whites for their children to leave their native country for education or any other purpose—had so much confidence that after a council or two had sat the chiefs not only complied with the request, but, as a more striking example of their willingness, agreed to let two of their own children avail themselves of the proffered boon, and without hesitation delivered them up to me.

"When the business was over, with all the ceremony attending it, the father of one of the boys got up an made a harangue:

"'You see,' said he to me, 'we have given you our children,' striking at the same time one hand on his left breast, and with the other pointing to the mother of the boy—'not our servants or our slaves, but our own children.

"'We have given you our hearts—our children are our hearts—but bring them back again to us before they become white men—we wish to see them once more Indians—and after that you can make them white men if you like. But let them not get sick nor die. If they get sick, we shall get sick; if they die, we shall die. Take them; they are now yours.'

"The chief then sat down, when all present broke out into lamentations, after which the chiefs rose, and put the boys' hands into mine, and we parted."

Social Laws for Girls.

You think the laws of society are severe. You do not believe that conventionality is a great sword held up, not to strike you, but to protect you, and you shrug your pretty shoulders and say, "I know I was doing nothing wrong, and I don't care what people say." Now, my dear, you must care what people say; the world is a great judgment court, and usually the innocent and the ignorant are protected by it, though occasionally some one, falling into the mire of scandal and gossip, is brought into the court all bedraggled and disfigured, and the judge, not being able to see the virtue that is underneath, decides against the victim, and all because she did not care what the world said. I wish you would think even of the most innocent things.

Sometimes I fear you think I am a little bit severe, but I have known so many girls who were so thoughtless, yet so good, and who only found protection in the sword of conventionality. It may hang over your head, as did that of Damocles, but it is as a warning. It will protect you from evil speaking, from the making of injudicious friends, and it will insure you much more pleasure than if all the world ran helter skelter and became like a wild Irish fair day.

Conventionality protects you, as does the best mother, frowning at and forbidding not only that which is, but also that which looks wrong.

They Want Wives.

The "superfluous woman" of which the newspapers are talking so much would do well to migrate to the French Canadian settlements in the Northwest Territories. There is a powerful dearth of women, aside from squaws, to be found among the settlers, and the young men are crying for wives. They are willing to put themselves in the hands of their friends providing these friends will send them a reasonable assortment of marriageable women from which they may select their choice. The priests have taken the matter in hand, advertised it in the French Canadian papers, and the first party of candidates for matrimony will leave for Calgury within a few weeks.

This is not a new idea by any means. In 1665-'66 the same agreeable scheme was carried into effect, and more than 300 girls were sent from France to Canada as prospective wives of the settlers. They were in charge of Mother Marie de l'Incarnatim, who referred to them in a letter as "mixed goods." Each girl will be required to furnish a certificate to the effect that she is free to marry. This provision is necessary in view of the fact that in the good old days a number of giddy damsels who were already married came over to the new country to try their luck again.

A GREAT PROJECT.

A River to Be Turned From Its Bed by Gold Seekers.

The latest great engineering project of interest is that of Major Frank McLaughlin, of Orrville, Cal. The project is no less than the turning of the turbulent Feather River, that runs between a series of the gigantic Sierras, out of its natural course by means of a great tunnel and some slight natural aid in the way of a deep bend. It is said that the sum of $2,000,000 has been pledged in London for the preliminary work.

A San Francisco paper says: "The immense cost of this turning of the Feather River from its bed was figured out without fright by the projectors because of the success of previous enterprises of this kind. In 1857, when the famous Cape Claim of California was worked, the expenses of fluming and laying dry the river bed amounted to $176,985, but in the very first summer over $1,000,000 in gold was taken out. In one single day, in fact, 142 pounds of pure gold were mined.

After Gettysburg.

On the night after the last day's fighting at Gettysburg General Imboden was summoned by General Lee. When he reached the place indicated, he saw by the light of a flickering candle General Lee and General A. P. Hill seated in a tent on camp stools, with a map spread upon their knees. After an exchange of salutations, General Lee directed Imboden to go back to headquarters and await him there. General Imboden's account of the subsequent interview with the Confederate leader, and of the retreat of the next night, as given in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," furnishes a terribly vivid picture of the horrors of war.

General Lee did not make his appearance till 1 o'clock in the morning. There was not even a sentinel on duty at his tent, and no one of his staff was awake. As he approached and saw us lying on the grass, under a tree, he spoke, reined in his jaded horse, and essayed to dismount.

The effort betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I hurriedly rose and stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached his side he succeeded in alighting, and threw his arm across the saddle to rest. The moon shone full upon his massive features, and revealed an expression of sadness that I had never seen before upon his face.

Awed by his appearance, I waited for him to speak until the silence became embarrassing, when, to break it and change the silent current of his thoughts, I ventured to remark, in allusion to his great fatigue, "General, this has been a hard day for you."

He looked up and replied mournfully, "Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us," and immediately relapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude.

Being unwilling to intrude again upon his reflections, I said no more. After perhaps a minute or two he suddenly straightened up to his full height, and turning to me with more excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division did today in that charge upon the enemy; and if they had been supported as they were to have been, we should have held the position, and the day would have been ours."

After a moment's pause he added, in a loud voice, in a tone almost of agony, "Too bad! Too bad! Oh, too bad!"

After dark the next evening General Imboden set out for the head of the retreating column. His orders were peremptory that there should be no halt for any cause whatever. He had seen the stuff rang of the commanding general; he was now to witness the agonies of the soldiers.

For four hours he hurried forward on his way to the front, and in all that time was never out of hearing of the groans and cries of the wounded and dying.

Many of the wounded in the wagons had been without food for 36 hours. Their torn and bloody clothing, matted and hardened, was rasping the tender, inflamed, and still oozing wounds. Few of the wagons had even a layer of straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky, and the jolting was enough to kill strong men, if long exposed to it.

From nearly every wagon as the teams trotted on, urged by whip and shout, cames such cries and shrieks as these:

"Oh God, why can't I die?"

"My God, will no one have mercy and kill me?"

"Stop! Oh, for God's sake stop just for one minute! Take me out and leave me to die on the roadside!"

"I am dying! I am dying! My poor wife, my dear children, what will become of you?"

No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. On! on! They must move on. The storm continued, and the darkness was appalling.

"During this one night," says General Imboden, "I realized more of the horrors of war than in all the preceding two years."

Mortar Balls.

There is no hod carrying in Japan, writes a correspondent from Tokio. The natives have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to an onlooker.

Three men were repairing the roof of a one story building the other day by resetting the heavy black tiles in mortar.

The mortar was mixed in a pile on the street. One man made this up into balls of about six pounds' weight, which he tossed up to a man who stood on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly caught the ball, and tossed it up to the man who stood on the roof. This was playing ball to good purpose.

Without Pause.

A good story is told of a famous college president—a clergyman—who, addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year, said, in conclusion: "It is a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest Freshman Class in its history." And then, without any pause, he turned to the Scripture lesson for the day, the third psalm, and began reading in a voice of thunder, "Lord, how they are increased that trouble me!"

Rev. Dr. Meredith, who, next to Dr. Talmage, preaches to the largest audiences in Brooklyn, was a sailor boy. It was in that capacity that he first arrived in San Francisco, where he remained some time, and then went to Boston to study for the ministry.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

—MY—
CLOTHING STORE
IS CROWDED WITH
New Fall Goods
JUST PURCHASED.
IN MY
Tailoring Department
I have the finest selection of
Imported and Domestic Suitings
AND
PANTALOON PATTERNS
EVER displayed in this section, and my cutter, Mr. Hiller, can give you the boss fit.
JOE BEAR,
Leading Clothier and Merchant Tailor,
Sept 13 Next door to the Bank.

Purity-Strength-Wholesomeness
Parrish Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.
THE purest, strongest and most perfect Cream of Tartar Baking Powder made. Each can guaranteed to contain full net weight of powder and to be absolutely the best.
Sold by all first-class grocers.
PARRISH BAKING POWDER CO.
April 5—1y Baltimore, Md.

JOHN CHAMBERS,
—DEALER IN—
STAPLE AND FANCY
GROCERIES,
Flour, Feed and Provisions.
Queensware, Woodware, Tinware.
Canned and Fresh
Oysters
A SPECIALTY.
Main Street, - - FROSTBURG, MD.
March 29

THE
"CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN"
Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

ORGANS OF INTRINSIC VALUE AND STERLING MERIT.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for their volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs in the world for Homes, Schools, Churches, Lodges and Societies.

Catalogues on application, FREE.

Chicago Cottage Organ Co.
223 WABASH AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Oct 11

"Seeing is Believing."

And the best lamp ever invented, has come down of old, a "wonderful lamp!" A lamp absolutely non-explosive and unexhaustible, which gives a clear, soft, brilliant white light of 80 *candle power!* Purer and brighter than gas light, safer than electric light, more cheerful than either! That lamp is

"The Rochester."

And with it there is no smoke, no smell, no *odor whatever*, no flickering, no sweating; no climbing up of the flame, no "tantrums" nor annoyance of any kind and it never needs trimming. Its founts (oil reservoirs) being tough rolled seamless brass, with central draft, it is absolutely unbreakable, and as safe as a tallow candle.

Only five years old, and *over a million and a half in use*. It must be a GOOD lamp to make such a telling success. Indeed it is, for lamps may come and lamps may go, but the "Rochester" shines on forever! We make over 2,000 artistic varieties, Hanging and Table Lamps, Banquet, Study, Vase and Hand Lamps,—every kind, in Bronze, Parcelain, Brass, Nickel and Black Wrought Iron.

Ask the lamp dealer for it. Look for the trade-mark stamp, "THE ROCHESTER." If he hasn't the genuine Rochester and the style you want, or if no lamp store is near, send to us for our illustrated catalogue (and reduced price-list), and we will box and send you any lamp safely by express, right to your door.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO.
42 Park Place, New York.
The Largest Wholesale Lamp Store in the World.

Press the Button, It Opens and Lights.

The Magic Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp. No toy nor plaything but a real genuine lamp in nickel case, size of pocket match safe. Burns one hour; quickly refilled. One live agent wanted in every town. Sample with 100 extra lights sent prepaid for $1. If not satisfactory we will tell you how to make $100 a week with it. Sold by all Department and Jewelry Stores. Lamp Co., 87 Barclay Street, New York.

Aug 2—4m

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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,
FROSTBURG, MD.,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS HOUSE
Sept 6

DO YOU?
Many Hundreds Do
PATRONIZE
EDWARDS'
GREAT ONE-PRICE SHOE, HAT & TRUNK STORE.

EDWARDS sells Ladies' good Dress Shoes from one dollar up.
Edwards sells Men's good Dress Shoes from one dollar up.
Edwards sells Boys' good Shoes from fifty cents up.
Edwards sells Boys' firstclass Counter Caps for twenty-five cents sold elsewhere at fifty cents.
Edwards sells the Best and Cheapest Trunks and Satchels—the best assortment and largest stock.
Edwards originates styles and prices; others imitate.
Our patrons are greatly pleased with
Our Low One-Price System
Every article marked in plain figures at the lowest prices.

It is hereby publicly announced that our prices are lower, our lower, our goods better, our assortment more varied and our stock larger than that of any other house in all Maryland. We pay no middle prices, buying direct from the manufacturers, thereby saving the middleman's profit to our patrons.

SOLE AGENT FOR
Dunlap's Justly Celebrated Extra Quality New York
HATS,
BURT'S AND LILLY BRACKETT & CO.'S
Fine Shoes for Men,
—AND—
BURT'S FINE SHOES FOR LADIES.
The best line of UMBRELLAS ever shown in Cumberland.
Edwards' Greatest One-Price Shoe, Hat and Trunk STORE IN ALL MARYLAND.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
I cordially invite all my friends and former patrons to call and see me at EDWARDS' GREAT STORE. I will give you good bargains.
Nov 15 C. W. BRENGLE.