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ON EARLY MOTHERHOOD.

A PAPER FROM THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED DE QUINCY MSS.

Women in Their Relation to the Human Mystery—A Beautiful Essay in Philosophy by the Poetic Author of "The Opium Eater"—The Happiest Period of a Woman's Life as Understood by a Deep Observer.

[The following article, reprinted from the London New Review, is one of the recently discovered De Quincy MSS. The paper shows De Quincy's style at a high mark, and will be read with delight for its deep thought and reverent poetry.]

The loveliest sight that a woman's eye opens upon in this world is her first born child, and the holiest sight upon which the eyes of God settle in Almighty sanction and perfect blessing is the love which soon kindles between the mother and her infant—mute and speechless on the one side, with no language but tears and kisses, and looks. Beautiful is the philosophy which arises out of that reflection or passion connected with the transition that has produced it. First comes the whole mighty drama of love, purified ever more and more, how often from grosser feelings, yet of necessity through its very elements oscillating between the finite of the infinite; the haughtiness of womanly pride, so dignified, yet not always free from the near contagion of error, the romance so ennobling, yet not always entirely reasonable; the tender dawn of opening sentiments pointing to an idea in all this which it neither can reach nor long sustain. Think of the great storm of agitation and fear and hope through which in her earliest days of womanhood every woman must naturally pass—fulfilling the law of her creator, yet a law which rests upon her mixed constitution animal, though indefinitely ascending to what is non animal; as a daughter of man frail and imperfect, yet also as a daughter of God, standing erect, with eyes to the heavens. Next, when the great vernal passover of sexual tenderness and romance has filled its purpose, we see rising as a phœnix from this great mystery of ennobled instincts another mystery much more profound, more affecting, more divine—not so much a rapture as a blissful repose of a Sabbath which swallows up the more perishing story of the first, forcing the vast heart of female nature through stages of ascent, forcing it to pursue the transfigurations of the Psyche from the aurelic conditions so glowing in its color, into the winged creature which mixes with the mystery of the dawn and ascends to the altar of the infinite heavens; rising by a ladder of light from that sympathy which God surveys with approbation, and even more so, as he beholds it self purifying under his Christianity to that sympathy which needs no purification, but is the holiest of things on this earth and that in which God most reveals himself through the nature of humanity.

Well it is for the glorification of human nature that through these changes the vast majority of women must forever pass; well also that by placing its sublime germs near to female youth God thus turns away by anticipation the divinest of disciples from the rapacious absorption of the grave. Time is found, how often! for those who are early summoned into rendering back their glorious privilege who have yet tasted in its first fruits the paradise of maternal love. And pertaining also to this part of the subject I will tell you a result of my own observations of no slight importance to women.

It is this: Nineteen times out of twenty I have remarked that the true paradise of a female life, in all ranks not too elevated for constant intercourse with the children, is by no means the years of courtship, nor the earliest period of marriage, but that sequestered chamber of her experience in which a mother is left alone through the day with the servants, perhaps in a distant part of the house, and (God be thanked) chiefly where there are no servants at all; she is attended by one sole companion, her little first born angel, as yet clinging to her robe, imperfectly able to walk, still more imperfect in its prattling and innocent thoughts clinging to her, haunting her wherever she goes as her shadow, catching from her eye the total inspiration of its little palpitating heart, and sending to hers a thrill of secret bliss as sure so often as its little fingers fasten on her own.

Left alone from morning to night with this one companion, or even with three still wearing the grace of infancy, buds of various stages upon the self same tree, a woman, if she has the great blessing of approaching such a luxury of paradise, is moving—too often not aware that she is moving—through the divinest section of her life. As evening sets in the husband, through all walks of life, from the highest professional down to that of common labor, returns home to bring her modes of conversation by such thoughts and interests as are more consonant with his extensive capacities of intellect. But by this time her child (or her children) will be reposing in the little couch, and in the morning, only as the sun ascends in power, she sees before her a long, long day of perfect pleasure in this society which evening will bring to her, but which is interwoven with every fiber of her sensibilities. This condition of noiseless, quiet love is that above all which God blesses and smiles upon.

Three of a Kind.

Horace Greeley once refused an increase of salary upon the ground that he did not think his paper could afford to pay it.

Mr. Bliss, president of the Boston and Albany Railroad, has just declined an increase of his salary from $12,000 to $20,000, with the singular explanation that "I do not believe my services are worth any more than I am now receiving."

Mr. Powderly succeeded lately, with difficulty, in persuading the Knights of Labor to reduce his salary from $5,000 to $3,500.

There are a great many peculiar men in this world.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

John Dillon's father escaped from the Irish police in 1848, in the disguise of a priest, and on the way to New York was much bothered by a runaway couple who wanted to get married.

ALL ABOUT CATS.

A Plea for Cat Shows That Seems Reasonable and Just.

We have dog shows; why not cat shows? The cat has been domesticated quite as long as the dog and is in some respects a more remarkable animal, as the folk lore of many nations and the observations of modern savants testify. Although, too, owing to the nocturnal habits of the feline race, it is hard to prevent crossing, and there are, therefore, fewer distinct breeds of the domestic cat in a given country than of the domesticated dog, it would still be possible to compass much interesting variety in a cat exhibition. To say nothing of the best known type, the familiar tabby, which often reaches a noteworthy size, there is the admired Angoria, whose long silky hair is of a dusky white; the Siberian breed, whose hair is red; the Chartreuse, or Maltese, which is of a bluish gray tint, and the Spanish, or so called tortoise shell, whose hair displays a mixture of black, white, and yellow.

It is not, however, in color only that domesticated cats differ widely. There, for instance, is the gloved cat, of Nubia, the Chinese cat with ears turned down instead of up, the twisted tail cat of the Madagascar, the short, truncated tail of the Malay Archipelago, and the entirely tailless cat of the Isle of Man.

As regards the remoteness of the period at which the dog and the cat were domesticated it is true that remains of the former animal are found in the lake dwellings of central Europe. On the other hand, we read of the cat in Sanskrit writings older than the beginning of our era, and we find it pictured on Egyptian monuments of Pharaohic times. Moreover, the cat, being sacred to Isis, was often mummified, and some of the cat mummies date from 4,000 years ago. In our day cats are distinguished for attachment to localities rather than to persons, but it may be doubted whether this was so in ancient Egypt, where for ages they were treated with unvarying kindness and even with veneration.

In one particular feline intelligence surpasses anything exhibited by dogs. Repeated experiments have verified the almost incredible fact that cats conveyed in bags or baskets to distant places can find their way back to the point of departure. According to the well known naturalist, Mr. A. R. Wallace, this marvelous achievement is due to an extraordinary development of the sense of smell, which enables the cat to take note of the successive odors encountered on the way, and to follow them back in their proper inverse order. It is doubtful whether even this hypothesis will explain all the recorded examples of a cat's faculty for identifying localities traversed blindfolded.—[New York Ledger.

MIND READING AS A "TRICK."

Dr. Gatchell, of Ann Arbor, Performs the Feat That Killed Bishop.

Professor Charles E. Gatchell, of the homeopathic department of the Michigan University, pronounces mind reading a "fake," and was in Chicago last fall when P. Alexander Johnstone, the great mind reader, did his wonderful feats. Professor Gatchell studied the matter thoroughly, and finally concluded that he could do the same "trick," as he calls it, and all the other tricks which Johnstone did. He then posted $500 with a Chicago paper to be forfeited to charity if he failed, if Mr. Johnstone would do the same, but the latter gentleman did not see fit to accept the offer.

Professor Gatchell is not a believer in mind readers, and claims not to belong to that class, but whether he does the work by mind reading or by clever sleight of hand, the professor certainly performs the same work and accomplishes the same ends as Johnstone. Lately he gave a number of Johnstone's feats at the Psiupsilon House, Ann Arbor, all of them successfully.

He did Johnstone's great feat of driving a lively team on the dead run through a number of the streets over which the committee had previously driven. The first thing done was to decide on a word to be taken from Webster's Dictionary, and the committee decided on "mucilage." A team had been procured and driven over a route 13 blocks long, turning first one way and then the other, and complicating the route as much as possible, ending where they had started. The committee then blindfolded Prof. Gatchell with a heavy bandage, and then drawing a thick hood over his head and tying it close around his neck.

Everything being ready, the Professor and committee jumped into the carriage. Professor Gatchell took the lines and drove the horses on a dead run, first turning one way and then the other, following the exact route taken by the committee. One of the committee asked if he could not drive a little slower, and he said: "Us mind readers all drive this way," and lashed the horses into a faster run. On arriving back at the office he went to the dictionary, turned, after a little hesitation, to the right page and, calling for a paper and pencil, wrote the word "mucilage" without hesitation. An overcoat was thrown over his head during this latter part of the test as an extra precaution. The committee then made another examination of the paraphernalia used, and the test ended, the Professor enjoying the discomfiture of the committee, who had expected a failure.

The Change in Woman's Dress.

The elaborately dressed woman, on the street especially, is destined to be a rarity. Flashy styles will be given over to the marked women who seek for attention—attention so far as the criticisms of their own sex and the sneers of the men are concerned. That the time is ripe for a material change in the fashions is conceded by all women of taste and intelligence. Styles have run to the extreme, until only a little distance remained to the point of the exceedingly ridiculous. The strain on the purse has been severely felt. Changes, and of a radical nature, became so frequent that even the wealthiest found difficulty in keeping pace with them. The reaction which has set in is both timely and healthy. Women on every hand are welcoming the dawn of the simple in dress, while man will have extended to him the honor he has always esteemed the greatest could be conferred upon him—to walk the street with a woman in neat, but simple attire.—[Ladies' [illegible]

A Bad Set Back.

Eastern Man (in Kansas)—You wrote to me that Dugoutville was to be the county seat; but I see that Sodroofville has got it. How did that happen?

Dugoutville Man (sadly)—We ran out of ammunition.—[New York Weekly.

FOUR MILES A MINUTE.

GREAT SPEED FOR A NEW MAIL SERVICE.

A Plan to Use Pneumatic Tubes Instead of Railroads—A Great Scheme for Connecting New York and Philadelphia.

There is a project under way to reduce the mail service between New York and Philadelphia to 25 minutes. A double pneumatic tube line is to be built between these two cities, through which mail matter will be shot at the rate of four miles a minute. This is by no means a new idea. There is now under Broadway, not far from the postoffice a stonec, of a pneumatic tube laid many years ago, that was to be the beginning of a complete system of rapid delivery extending throughout the city. Several essential details in the system were lacking, however, and the work was practically abandoned. Mr. S. F. Leake, of Philadelphia, now claims that he has solved the difficulties that have proved fatal to other systems of pneumatic tubes, and he proposes to organize a company with a stock capital of $10,000,000 to build a line in accordance with his patents between New York and Philadelphia. In order to test the practicability of Mr. Leake's patents a double pneumatic tube line will shortly be laid between Jersey City and Newark, on the route which has been selected for the through line. This line will be fully equipped, and the business possibilities of the enterprise can be approximately guaged by the number of letters, newspapers, and small packages transmitted between the two points.

Mr. Leake says that these pneumatic tubes for mail matter are but the beginning of a great reform in rapid transit, and if they prove to be successful the time will come when passenger cars can be run through monster tubes by the same system.

The laying of pneumatic tubes between Philadelphia and New York seems now to be assured. A number of Philadelphians are interested in the project, and among them are Joseph Trainer, James Sweeny, John Bradley, and Felix Bradley. It was originally intended to sell shares in this company at 25 cents apiece, in order to make it popular. This idea was abandoned and recently it was estimated that there was enough business between New York and Philadelphia of a kind that could be handled by the tubes to declare a dividend of 25 per cent upon a capital stock of $10,000,000.

The tubes through which the carriers will be sent are to be two feet in diameter and made of copper. They will be laid underground in nearly a direct line between the two cities. The carriers will be whirled along at a velocity of about four miles a minute. This means that a letter can be sent to Philadelphia and an answer received within an hour. Then all moneys and bonds can be sent from one city to the other almost a day later than with the present express facilities. Such a system might in many cases prevent business failures, as it would be possible for New York banks to send cash to Philadelphia or receive it from there within an hour of the demand. It will almost be possible for a man to give a banquet at some station along the line and have his spread furnished hot by a New York or Philadelphia caterer.

Several engineers who were asked about the practicability of this system told a reporter that if Mr. Leake's patents accomplished what the inventor promised the operation of the tubes would undoubtedly be a success. If the short line between Jersey City and Newark works successfully the promoters of the scheme will immediately begin laying the pipes between New York and Philadelphia.

Ponies of the Potomac.

There is a little island about 50 miles from the mouth of the Potomac, across Chesapeake Bay, called Chincoteague, says Representative Brown, of Virginia. This island is inhabited by a strange race of people and a race of the greatest ponies in the world. The people of the island fish and grow oysters, and are a hardy, primitive race, who fear God and attend strictly to their business. Hundreds of these wonderful ponies roam the island, living in the summer on the rank coarse grass. In the winter they subsist on seaweed, and in the spring are mere frames in consequence of the diet.

These ponies are unlike any ponies in the world. They are about 12 to 13½ hands high, nearly all sorrels or bays, and are fine bodied and neatly limbed. They have the head and eyes of the Arabian, and the supposition is that originally the stock came from some thoroughbreds that swam ashore from some wrecked vessel. What is more remarkable about them is that they trot and pace fast, and are possessed of remarkable endurance. In the spring you can purchase a good pony for $25 and upward. The colts are not gelded, and stallions predominate. When the weather is bad and the waves inundate the island, scores of the little fellows are swept into the water and are lost.

Leper Marriages.

Marriages between lepers are allowed in the island near Maracaibo, which serves as the leper colony of Venezuela. State sanction for these marriages was given after much discussion many years ago, in the belief that there could be no offspring from such unions. For a long time this theory remained uncontradicted by experience, but in the last 14 or 15 years it appears that there have been two births among the lepers. Neither child has shown any symptom of the dreadful malady of the parents, and recently, according to the United States consul at Venezuela, one of these children having lived to the age of 14 in the leper island, has been allowed to leave and to enter society on the certificate of a competent board of inspectors that he is perfectly healthy.

A Pen Picture of Blaine.

Mr. Blaine's face is heavily seamed, and he has of late allowed his beard to grow in rather a bushy fashion. It is not so trim and close clipped as in earlier days, and there is a slight stoop in the statesman's shoulders. His eyes are full of expression and life, however, and they belie the somewhat aged look which has of late come over him. It is noted by men who know him well that the secretary has of late years lost something of the directness and briskness of speech which once characterized him. He is not only very slow and deliberate in diction, but he has adopted a manner which might be described in a general way of being indicative of gentle thoughtfulness.

EUROPE'S RICHEST MAN.

Heir of the Cæsars and His Simple Ways of Life.

The Emperor of Austria is much less talked of nowadays than the young kaiser of Northern Germanland, but he is one of the most noticeable figures in the great panorama of European royalty.

He is often said to be the richest man in Europe, and certainly the Hapsburg family is one of the wealthiest, as well as one of the oldest, in the world.

In charity he is munificent. Only recently he gave a sum equal to $500,000 from his private purse for the relief of the sufferers from the floods in his country.

His many trials have made him a quiet, reserved, intensely laborious, manly man. He has a tender heart, and dreads the infliction of the least pain on any of his subjects.

The emperor is strongly opposed to capital punishment. He was called upon the other day to sign a death warrant, and began signing his name, but a tear falling on the ink blotted the letters, and he turned to the minister in attendance, saying: "See, my tears obliterate my name. I can not sign it." And he tore it up.

When he went to meet Emperor William at Rohnstock a while ago he was the observed of all observers. Dressed in a splendid Prussian uniform he looked a grand seigneur in the highest sense of the term.

The two emperors are very fond of all modern inventions, and have filled their palaces with electric lights, telephones, and other inventions.

While they were at Rohnstock they were enabled to listen through the telephone, especially installed for them, to the opera of "Carmen," performed on the stage of the Berlin Opera House, 275 miles away.

Rohnstock, the scene of this meeting, stands on the confines of the province which Prussian Frederick the Great stole from Austrian Maria Theresa. But neither of the emperors appear to have been at all distressed by any remembrance of this historic wrong.

The Emperor of Austria lives very simply in his grand old palace of the Hofburg, in Vienna. At ceremonials he can be very grand, but he is happiest when seated at his work table in his private study, with one of the long Virginia cigars, of which both he and King Humbert of Italy are very fond.

He is extremely sober in meat and drink, laborious in everything pertaining to state affairs, and sincerely ambitious of political eminence for his country.

His great sorrows have left deep marks upon his face, but in court dress he is still a dazzling figure.

As a sportsman he is still able to hold his own with the youngest member of his court.—[Pittsburg Press.

About This Time His Patience Gave Out.

A rosy cheeked young Irishman came sauntering down the street. He was dressed in his best and was evidently out for a holiday. Just before he reached the corner he met three rosy cheeked girls. They, too, were dressed in their best and were evidently bent on enjoying themselves.

"Hello, Jim!" said the three girls, all together.

"Hello, girls!" replied the young fellow cordially, "I am glad to see you, Mary. How are you, Sarah? You're looking better, Maggie." And he shook hands warmly all round.

After they had conversed for some minutes about the affairs of sundry aunts and cousins Maggie, with a sly wink at her female companions, remarked:

"An' wern't we just goin' into the saloon on the corner to have cream! Won't you come with us, Jim?"

"Well, I don't mind," replied Jim in a good natured tone, "though it's gittin' a little cold for cream." Jim's rosy cheeks became slightly rosier, probably at the thought of the ease with which Maggie had inveigled him into treating. They went in and Jim ordered "cream," the members of the party selecting flavors to their taste. All went well until Maggie took a sip of the water that was served with the cream.

"This water's warm," said she, and then, with another wink at her female companions, "soda would go nice with cream."

"Yes, let's have soda," said Jim. "Waiter, bring soda." He had plainly made up his mind that now he was in the toils he would not falter.

When they had about finished their "cream," but had not yet made much of an inroad on the soda, Maggie winked at the other two girls again, and gave utterance to a gleeful giggle that she was unable to suppress, as she remarked:

"I always like to eat cake with soda."

"Yes, let's have cake," said Jim. "Waiter, bring us cake." Jim's face had now begun to glow with an unusual ruddiness, but his manner remained as cheerful as ever. His determination not to falter still remained unbroken.

At last they had finished. Jim paid the bill and they emerged from the store. Jim had promised to go with them to take part in a housewarming at the home of some relative, and the prospect of approaching fun rather cheered him up and made him feel somewhat repaid for the expense to which he had been put. But his good humor and his stoicism both received a fatal blow at last when Maggie coyly remarked:

"There's a horse car that runs right past the door. I'm awfully tired walkin'." His rosy cheeks grew fiery now and the slightest shadow of indignation spread itself over his features.

"An' so you're tired walkin', Maggie?" he asked.

"Yes," said Maggie, "I am."

"Then, Maggie," said he, "you kin run."—[New York Tribune.

Tanning by Electricity.

M. Muntz, Professor at the Institute Agronomique, has recently published a highly favorable report on the Worms and Bale process of tanning by electricity. All the hides so tanned had, says M. Muntz, the appearance of hides tanned by the ordinary process. Tests with acetic acid showed that the hides were thoroughly well tanned after a maximum of four days in the vats. Further chemical tests showed that the tannin was as well combined with the leather as in the ordinary method. We may mention in this connection that a large firm of tanners in Paris are sending out with every consignment of hides a certain proportion of electrically tanned ones, intimating that any of the electrically tanned skins which are not found up to the mark will be immediately exchanged for some tanned by the ordinary process. No electrically tanned skins have as yet been returned.

ALL ABOUT FISH.

PAPA FISHES THAT TAKE CARE OF THEIR LARGE FAMILIES.

Professor Theodore Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, Tells of Them—The Ways of the Catfish and Sunfish—Fishes That Bring Forth Their Young Alive.

"It is generally supposed that fishes take no care whatever of their young, leaving them entirely to the attention of nature," said Professor Theodore Gill of the Smithsonian. "But the fact is very much otherwise with many species. The most remarkable point, however, regarding certain kinds of finny creatures in their parental relations is that males do the care taking, and not the females. Very interesting discoveries have been recently made with regard to the habits of nest building fishes, the catfish among others.

"If you will go out any time during the month of August in this latitude, you will see in the streams and ponds catfish of the common sort, each one accompanied by a swarm of small fry. In each case the old one is a male and he is engaged in taking care of his offspring. If an intruder comes near he will dash at him and drive him away. It has been known for a long while that catfishes had this way of guarding their young, but only lately has it been ascertained that it was the papa fish which did the care taking. Some time back there was a pair of catfishes in one of the aquaria at the building of the fish commission. At spawning time eggs were laid, and one of the parents kept watch over them, not permitting the other to come near. The young were duly hatched and thrived, being cared for in this way until they were big enough to look out for themselves. Then the fish which had stood guard was taken out and dissected, the result being that it was found to be the male.

"In their native pools and brooks you will find large broods of young catfish as big as three-fourths of an inch in length remaining together in flocks, each flock accompanied by the male. Sometimes the latter will swim slowly along in the center of the flock and at other times alongside. In laying their eggs the parent catfishes select a spot where the water is quiet, if possible protected by aquatic plants, and there they make a nest, perhaps 8 inches by 6, inclosing the spawn. This nest has a soft outer envelope and over it the male hovers, forcing fresh water through the mass by rapid vibrations of its fins until after about a week they are hatched.

"Sometimes the male catfish takes care of its young in a still more peculiar manner. There is a kind found in the sea the eggs laid by which are as big as a small bullet. These eggs are found in the mouths of the males, which do this to protect them. After the eggs are laid the papa catfish takes them into his mouth and keeps them there until they are all hatched, when they go out and take care of themselves.

"But this method is not confined to the catfishes. There are found in Africa and South America species which resemble the sunfish of our own streams. These 'cichlids,' as they are called, are also plentiful in Texas and Palestine. They are often found with their cheeks fairly bulging with young. In the sea of Galilee the cichlids are so numerous that the miraculous catch of fish when St. Peter fished there might be repeated any day, it being the manner of these fishes to move about on top of the water in solid masses, covering many square yards and making a noise like that of rain pouring.

"The common sunfish also takes care of its eggs as do other species of its family which are peculiar to North America, such as the black bass, rock bass, and crappie. In the spring a pair of these fishes will come near shore, and carefully clear away a circular spot a foot or two in diameter, removing all the weeds and stones. In this clearing the female lays her eggs, and the male immediately takes charge, hovering over the nest and driving away all intruders. This continues until the baby fishes are hatched and able to take care of themselves.

"The pipe fishes, which are found in every sea, save where it is very cold, also take care of their young, and in a very curious manner. The new laid eggs are taken charge of by the male, which has a sort of fold on each side of its body. Beneath these flaps he keeps the eggs until the young are hatched and sufficiently grown to take care of themselves. In the group which includes the sea horse the male has a pouch under its tail, wherein it retains the eggs until the little fish have been hatched for a day or two, at the end of which time they make their way out and do their own foraging.

"In the case of all these species of fishes which take care of their young a curious adaptation of natural law to circumstances is found. Those which take the greatest pains in sheltering their offspring have the fewest eggs, perhaps less than one hundred at a lay. On the other hand, other sorts of fishes which pay not the slightest attention to their young produce hundreds of thousands and even millions at a single lay. The extreme in the other direction is found in the gigantic ray known as the 'devil fish' of southern waters, which grows to be 20 feet in width. It bears but a single young one at a birth, the mother retaining it inside her body until it has grown to be four feet broad. The youthful devil fish, coming into the world so big, is in little danger from any enemy, and one at a birth is enough to keep up the stock. There are very many kinds of fishes which are called 'viviparous' because they bring forth their young alive. Three-fourths of the sharks are of that nature."

National Greetings.

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.

"Be under the guard of God." That's the Ottoman's.

"How do you do?" That's English and American.

"How do you carry yourself!" That's French.

"May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.

"Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.

"How do you find yourself? That's German.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"Go with God, senor!" That's Spanish.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"How do you fare?" That's Dutch.

"How can you?" That's Swedish.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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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,
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Sept 6

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Many Hundreds Do

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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 Roys' 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

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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 oiher house in all Maryland. We pay no middle prices, buying direct from the manufacturers, thereby saving the middleman's profit to our patrons.

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Dunlap's Justly Celebrated Extra Quality New York

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BURT'S AND LILLY BRACKETT & CO.'S

Fine Shoes for Men,

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BURT'S FINE SHOES FOR LADIES.

The best line of UMBRELLAS ever shown in Cumberland.

Edwards' Greatest One-Price Shoe, Hat and Trunk

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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.