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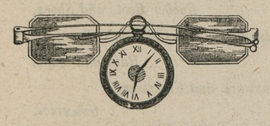

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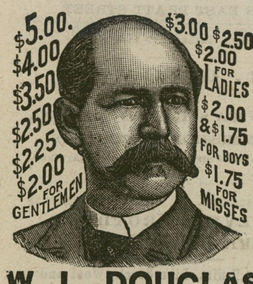

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PAGANINI'S FIRST LOVE.

BY ELISE POLKO.

A May day under Italy's brilliant cloudless sky has a magic the natives of northern climes can but faintly picture to themselves even in their dreams. The earth laughs, radiantly decked as she is with her brightest gems, while, like an ardent bridegroom, the sun enfolds her in his warm embrace, and the air is full of a nameless enchantment. Under such conditions, the human heart expands early, and human eyes wear a look as joyous and impassioned as the gaze of the sun. Seldom does one see a melancholy expression in the faces of the children of this land; but on this bright May day of 1793 there was sadness in the eyes of a boy sitting on the shore where beautiful Genoa rests on the Mediterranean sea. He was not more than 12 with a slender figure, clear cut, pale features, dark hair, and thick eye-lashes shading the most expressive dark eyes, which were one moment full of a proud light and the next were sad as death.

As he was musing, looking weary and unhappy, a clear, childish voice called his name, and a pretty girl about his own age threw her arms round his neck with the words: "Oh, you bad Nicolo! where have you been hiding all the afternoon? Everywhere have I been seeking you!" and she kissed him again and again before emptying into his lap her white apron full of roses, myrtle, and orange blossoms.

Nicolo put his arms around the young prattler, and stroking her thick, black locks, answered:

"I have slipped away from father, Gianetta, to dream a little in peace and quiet by the beautiful water; but you know well I love to be here."

"Your father is cruel!" she answered vehemently; "he will work you into the grave. My mother says Nicolo is not strong and hearty like other boys; his weary fiddle-playing and his hard-hearted father will kill him outright, and I know she is right."

"Do not believe it!" cried Nicolo; "I shall not die. I cannot die. I must first become a great man; and see? I am not weak; and he sprang to his feet, and seizing the girl suddenly in his arms, he held her suspended for some moments over the water. Gianetta did not wince, only sighing softly as he put her on her feet again. She looked at him shyly, and sat silently against him.

But, child-like, she soon recovered her spirits, and laughed and chatted about her flowers and her doves; and if she saw the shades of sadness gathering over Nicolo's face, her innocent kisses and the soft little hand stroking his hair soon chased away all clouds. So they sat happily together on the shores of the beautiful blue sea; and, with the sunlight falling on the two dark heads, they looked the perfect embodiment of the poet's ideal of love and spring.

When darkness fell, they wandered home with arms entwined around each other, through the stately streets of Genoa, till they reached two little neighbor-houses overgrown with vines. Gianetta's mother was anxiously looking out for her child, who rushed into the loving arms, and Nicolo, sighing, entered his father's door, and climbed up to his lonely attic under the roof. Then he opened the little casement set in the vines, and taking up an old violin, he kissed it passionately before beginning to play. Wonderful was the voice and strange was the song that little hand drew from the strings. It was an improvisation tender, triumphant, a musician's inspiration. As he played, the boy looked out of the open window, and smiled when a large spider (known as the Cross spider, being marked with a white cross on the back) appeared upon the sill.

"Welcome, Silver Cross," whispered Nicolo, as he took up the creature and placed it on the bridge of his violin, where it remained motionless, as if overpowered by the rush of sound around it. The boy played until his arm sank exhausted, and his eyelids were heavy with sleep, and the dew day broke upon him. Then he laid down his beloved fiddle and took the spider to the window, where it disappeared amongst the vines. It was a whimsical companionship, that of the spider and the lonely boy. Night after night, at the first stroke of his bow it appeared, drawn by the magic, and only those who have experienced the same heart-lonliness can imagine the attractiveness this had for Nicolo, deprived when an infant of his gentle mother's love, and entirely dependent upon his strict, morose father. Boys of his own age either teased or avoided him; only Gianetta kissed and consoled him during the day, and the spider was the sole companion of his vigils, and no one knew the depths of love the boy felt for these two, so different beings, who alone seemed to care for him. It was a drawback that Gianetta neither liked nor could understand—his feeling for Silver Cross. "It is a witch," she would say, shuddering, and Nicolo never placed the spider on his violin when Gianetta was there; but if, on these occasion, he looked out the window, he would see it sitting motionless on one of the leaves. When he was tired of playing, Gianetta would coax him to tell her wonderful stories, and all the plans of what he would do when he had achieved greatness, were confided to the faithful little maiden, who would clasp his feverish hand in her own and gaze at him with clear, wondering eyes, which lighted up under his enthusiasm.

He would tell her of the great German tone-master, Mozart, who had composed a concerto in his sixth year, and had been a planet in the Heaven of Music, and tears would burst from his eyes as he cried: "Ah! I am but a miserable bungler compared to such as he," and all Gianetta's endearments would fail to console him.

One hot day Nicolo had been playing dreary exercises for hours under his father's supervision, till his arms ached, his head burned, and all strength and life seemed exhausted, when Gianetta's mother entered in haste with the news that the child was attacked by fever, and kept crying out for her play-fellow and his music.

Nicolo seized his violin and hastened to the girl's bedside; she looked at him long and earnestly, and then signed to him to play. "Yes," he cried, "I will play you a slumber song, then you will sleep and get well." She smiled faintly as the boy drew forth from the strings the most marvellous lullaby that had ever rocked mortal to sleep, and when he had ended Gianetta raised herself up and held out her arms to him. With a cry he hid his face on her breast and began to cry convulsively. "Thank you, my dearest," she whispered, "now I shall sleep sweetly, Nicolo; but you must not rest yet, you must shine upon earth. Go away from here to distant lands, but do not forget me," and laying her cheeks upon his bowed head, she breathed out her soul with a soft sigh.

All night long Nicolo watched by the side of his little sweetheart, and the next day he wandered about aimlessly, as if seeking her in their old meeting places. Late in the evening he returned to his dark, silent attic, from the open window of which he could plainly see into Gianetta's death-chamber.

Tapers were burning there, and the child lay on her bier, clothed in white and almost buried in flowers, only her calm, pale face was visible; beside her knelt a monk praying for the little soul which had so early left its beautiful earthly dwelling.

"Farewell, farewell, sweetheart," whispered the heart-broken boy, as the tears streamed from his eyes; "yes, I will go away—as far away as I can; no one cares for me here, lonely and unloved as I am," and he fell sobbing upon his knees. At that moment something touched his hand; he started and lifted his head, it was Silver Cross. "Ah! is it you my old companion?" he cried, as he gazed for a moment at the little animal; then he seized his violin. "One farewell to Gianetta." The strings began to sing in notes of pain and longing, which were borne across on the soft night to the girl in her last, long sleep; the dead lips seemed to smile, the odorous flowers trembled, and the praying monk unclasped her hands, while he dreamed wonderful dreams. When the morning arose in its splendor it saw a fainting boy lying on the narrow attic floor, his violin upon his breast, and to its strings clung a dead spider.

Was Giannetta's prophecy fulfilled? The boy was Nicolo Paganini.

To Please Men.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Almost every author known, and every scribbler who has dipped his pen in ink, some time or other has given vent to comments upon or descriptions of the women men like, and she is invariably pronounced to be unpopular with her own sen.

I used to read these wise and witty sayings and accept them as facts. I supposed of course that to be popular with men a woman must be hated by her own sex.

Over and over I have heard a dashing belle, surrounded by a crowd of admiring men, boast of her unpopularity with women.

"Girls never like me, and old ladies look on me with disapproval," I heard one say, with a proud air: "I am sure I don't know why."

Then the men all cried: "Oh, we know why. It is because we all find you so charming. Women never forgive another woman for that, you know. You can't be popular with both sexes."

Now no more fallacious and threadbare theory every existed.

A few years' close acquaintance with humanity taught me the utter untruth of this prevalent idea.

I know women—a number of them—who are adored by men and worshiped by their own sex; women whose conquests and triumphs seem to be regarded by their girl companions and their maturer friends as a matter of course.

I also know other women, in a greater number, who are greatly sought after by the sterner sex, admired and praised, while their lady acquaintances find them disagreeable and unloveable in the extreme. I have studied these women with great care, and I find them invariably selfish, cruel and thoughtless toward their own sex. All their sweet arts are saved for men, but you will never find a man who believes such a woman can be disagreeable to her own sex. He will take sides with her against the sweetest and best women of his acquaintance, and he will accuse them of jealousy and envy and tell the handsome belle that she must not expect to be popular with both sexes—that the thing is impossible.

Yet he has only to look about him a bit to find that it is not impossible. As I said before, it is quite common to find a woman adored by both sexes. But when a man comes across a case of this kind he attributes it to some subtle charm—some occult spell which the woman possesses.

I have observed that this subtle spell is usually thoughtfulness and unselfishness and tact. This sounds trite maybe, but it is true. The woman who talks of others' conquests will be immensely popular with her own sex, no matter how much she is admired by men.

The girl who sits down and tells her lady friends of the compliments men paid her; of the proposals she has had; of the admiration she has received to the neglect of others, and then straightway expresses pity for their dull lives, or passes some disagreeable comment upon their personal appearance—that girl will be hated and disliked very naturally.

Yet her male admirers will construe her unpopularity with her lady acquaintances to jealousy, and you cannot convince them of their error.

One of the most fascinating women I ever knew, before whom men fell like blades of grass before the scythe, possessed remarkable tact with her own sex. She invariably related to her lady friends the sweet things she had heard said of them since the last meeting, and the admiration which certain gentlemen had expressed for them. She praised their costumes and showed them a thousand delicate attentions, and it was not at all to be wondered at that women understood and forgave her conquests of men.

"Were I a man I should love her," they often used to say.

Men spoke of her "subtile power" over her own sex.

That subtle power was thoughtfulness and tact.

Hadn't Thought of It in That Light.

A lady who has recently returned from traveling in Europe tells of a wise man whom she met, who seems to have been a cousin of the famous wise men of Gotham who put a fence around a bush to keep in the nightingale who was singing there.

She was going northward to visit North Cape and to see the midnight sun. On the steamer she made the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman who said that he was traveling simply for pleasure and the improvement of his mind and who seemed to be a person of much learning. She was especially struck with his knowledge of astronomy, and they talked on this subject a good deal.

"You must have given a great deal of attention to the study of the stars," she said to him one day.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have been interested in the subject for years, and I have made it one of my chief occupations as well as pleasures. It is really because of my love for astronomy that I decided to take this trip."

"How was that?" she asked.

"It occurred to me," he said, "that so far north as we are going the constellations must be seen to greater advantage than they are farther south. The air is clearer, and the northern stars of course can be seen much better."

"But, my dear sir," she said, somewhat astonished, "I do not see how you expect to study the stars to advantage by daylight, and what we are going to see is the sun at the time when it does not set at all."

An expression of astonishment and dismay came over the face of the wise man.

"I don't see how I can have been so stupid," he exclaimed, "but really I never thought of that until this moment!"—Youth's Companion.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

"Here's the house, from dome to base,
Standing in a sunny place;
Rooms there are a half a score;
Tiled or polished is each floor;
Everything contrived to please—
Perfect, as you see, for ease."
"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Here are parlors, sitting rooms,
Scented by sweet jasmine blooms;
Halls there are, and chambers, too,
Elegant and furnished new;
Storeroom with its ample store,
Kitchen, pantry and, what's more"—
"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Here's the servant's brief brigade—
Irish cook and serving maid,
Housekeeper—I think that's all
Save the chore boy, close on call;
Not a servant on the place
With a sour, unfriendly face."
"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"I'm the master; look me o'er;
And, besides, I've gold galore;
Business with the Bryson bank,
Where my credits are not blank—
Takes a deal, 'twixt you and I,
For the house and our supply."
"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Now see here, my eager friend,
That insistent quiz should end;
What has not yet come about
May before the year is out.
Still my heart feels no distress,
And I'll live without, unless
Cupid sends a mistress."

—Edward Vincent in Good Housekeeping.

The Civilization of Europe.

I see that Professor Petrie in his latest work advances the theory that Europe is not indebted to Egypt for its civilization. The discovery has been rather late coming on the part of the archæologist. I have long maintained that Egypt borrowed fully as much of her civilization from Europe as did Europe from Egypt. European civilization was really an independent growth. Egypt and Babylonia borrowed fully as much as they loaned. This European civilization acquired acts independently, just as India did.

More than 1,500 years before the dawn of the Christian era civilization had made considerable progress in Greece and Lybia. A century later witnessed great proficiency in the arts. Moreover, this civilization was not confined to a corner of Europe, but stretched from the Mediterranean to the frozen north. Egypt and Babylonia did not civilize Greece and Italy. Greece and Italy did not civilize the rest of Europe. They only ranked for a time as the farthest advanced in civilization. It was an indigenous development. At last the archæologists are stumbling onto this fact, long patent to the careful student, and the knowledge appears to surprise them wonderfully.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Bringing Out Receptions.

The fashion of bringing out a girl by means of an evening reception instead of an afternoon tea seems to be gaining ground. It has the merit of being more distinctive at all events, as there are not many houses in New York that could stand the crush of an evening affair if the invitations were as general as those for a tea.

Where a tea is given for the purpose of introducing a debutante to society, it is becoming an unwritten law that those of her friends who have been invited to receive with her should remain afterward either to dinner or (as was done very successfully in the case of one young lady lately) for a sit down supper, a number of young men being asked to stay after the reception in informal fashion.

The dress of those who "assist" should not be too elaborate, as it is the debutante that should be the cynosure of all eyes. It is in better taste, therefore, for her friends to consider this and to wear less conspicuous gowns themselves.—New York Letter.

The Bergamot Tree.

There is but one spot in the world where the bergamot tree can be cultivated with profit—a fact of some importance, since its essence is indispensable in the manufacture of numerous perfumes and medical preparations. The spot referred to is Reggio, in Calabria, that extremity of the Italian peninsula which is familiarly known as "the toe of the boot." Mr. Kerrich suggests that there is a good chance here for enterprising capitalists of getting a highly profitable monopoly of the bergamot tree by buying up from the producers all that they extract. At present the Reggio bergamot suffers both in quality and reputation through the frauds of small traders, who, it is said, mix it with ten parts of adulterating matter.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Place for Ducks.

"The client of a friend of mine who came from the land of St. Patrick erected in the Twenty-fourth ward of New York city a structure with pilasters of lath for the facade and with rusty tin for the roof, with a cellar below for fowl—chickens in this case," says General Horace Porter. "Mr. Muldoon went to the commissioner of public works with this statement: 'Me name is Muldoon, of the Twenty-fourth ward. I control forty votes. I keep chickens in the cellar, and there is water in it. I want it cleared out, or I shall throw me forty votes against your par-r-ty.' Muldoon was advised to go to the fire department. He went there, and he said: 'Me name is Muldoon. I control forty votes. I want the water pumped out or I'll cast them forty votes for a naygur.' The fire commissioners said they would be glad to pump out the water, but Muldoon had better see the mayor.

"The mayor, who was Mr. Grace, received him with that bland air which he always wore when he did not intend to give any attention to a complainant. Muldoon repeated his story, saying, 'If you don't get the water out, I'll give my forty votes to a haythen Chinee.' The mayor sent Muldoon to the board of aldermen, where Muldoon's friend, McGuffin, a countryman of his and a member of the board, engraved on the tablet of Muldoon's memory the intellectual remark, 'I was jist thinkin the party would stand it much longer if you could be induced to keep ducks.'"—New York World.

He Built One of the Pyramids.

The British museum, the great European storehouse of things out of the ordinary, has hundreds of Egyptian mummies of all dynasties carefully stowed away within its walls. Some of these are comparatively recent efforts at embalming, and others date back to the "wide revolving shades of centuries past." The oldest of the entire collection is the mummy of Mykerinos. He was a king in Egypt in what is known to history as the "fourth dynasty," and wore his golden tiara and sat on the throne of thrones 4,000 years before the wise men followed the star of fate till it stopped over that lowly hovel in Bethlehem where the infant Jesus lay.

Mykerinos was the builder of the third pyramid at Ghizeh, where his headless mummy was discovered in the year 1836. The stone coffin in which he was being transported to England was lost at sea and lay at the bottom of the ocean for two years before being recovered. It is seldom that a man's bones are subjected to vicissitudes, especially 5,000 or 6,000 years after his death.—St. Louis Republic.

He Knew Congressmen.

One of the late Leopold Morse's hobbies was the rehabilitation of the American navy, and his plan of proceeding was thoroughly characteristic. He insisted on the government giving out all its shipbuilding to contractors instead of attempting to do any in its own yards. "Spread de vork ofer de whole coast," he would say in his Bavarian dialect, "and you vill haf efery congressman from a seapoard district voting for your abbrobriations pecause part of 'em vill go to his own beople. In dat vay you git a fullkrown nafy in apout t'ree years."—Kate Field's Washington.

EASILY MADE HAPPY.

How a Rich Man Learned Some Philosophy on a Rainy Day.

A rich gentleman of my acquaintance got caught in the rain the other day while out for a walk on upper Broadway. He is not only rich, but eccentric, in that he rarely rides and that he walks a great deal. The rain that for a long time fell gently increased in quantity and was caught up by the rising wind and shot into faces and doorways, where people hopefully huddled for the time, and beat upon the awnings and signs as if in mad desire to crush them and get at the hearts of those who had sought temporary shelter there.

The gentleman, although protected by a stout umbrella, was finally driven to one of these awnings, whence he peered up and down for any stray cab that might come that way.

By this process he saw a man coming down the street, dodging from awning to awning and doorway to doorway. There were hundreds of people going and coming, pushing or pulling umbrellas, or who, enveloped from head to heels in waterproofs, went edging along with one ear turned down to windward, as if to split the storm. But this particular man commanded his attention because he had no umbrella and no waterproof and although the day was cold not even an overcoat. He ran awhile, then paused in some friendly shelter to repeat the run to the next, finally bringing up under the same awning with my friend.

Like most rich men of the world my friend is suspicious of his kind unless they come properly introduced. But he looked at this specimen of humanity and saw at a glance that it was a very wet specimen, plainly and lightly clad, but with a frank, manly, German countenance. Not having been addressed by it, he felt still more interested.

"Bad day for you," he said pleasantly.

"Yes, for anybody," replied the man, folding his arms across his water soaked bosom.

"Got far to go?"

"Right good bit," said the specimen.

"You'd better take a street car. Here comes one going right down Broadway."

"No; I'm going over on the other side and then down the Bowery."

"Well, that is a 'good bit,' but you can get a car over there," remarked my friend.

The specimen laughed. "A street car is too rich for my blood today," said he. "Oh, I've got the money," he added, seeing the cynical look that came into the gentleman's face, "but I want that for something else. That's the reason I'm footing it. I'll get wet, but when I get down to the place I can get dried out for a glass of beer."

The perfect confidence of the specimen in his programme elicited the echo:

"For a glass of beer?"

"Oh, yes! You see, I don't stop at an expensive hotel. It's the Palmer House, down in Chatham square, and——"

"Chatham square? Why, that's miles from here!"

"I know that well enough, but I'll get there in an hour or two," was the cheerful reply. "When I do I'll buy a glass of beer, and they will let me dry out before the big stove. I can't get much wetter. If I took a street car, you see, I'd have no beer and no place to dry." He laughed again.

"You don't seem to mind it much."

"Mind it! What's the use? I'll be fixed all right in a day or two. And as for a little water—fauh!" The specimen shook himself like a young spaniel. "Well, I must be running or I'll get cold," said he, and he started off without more preliminary.

"Hold on there!" shouted the astonished gentleman. "Come back here a moment." The specimen came slowly back, but he shivered in spite of his air of indifference.

"How much money have you got?"

"Fifteen cents if I walk—ten cents if I ride," the specimen replied rather shamefacedly.

"Well, here; you ride." He put a half dollar into the specimen's hand.

The specimen looked at it a moment like a flash, and catching the giver's hand before it could be withdrawn mutely pressed it to his lips. There had been nothing cringing or sycophantic or whining. There was nothing of the sort now. It was a grateful, impulsive exhibition of genuine gratitude for just one instant: then with frank and glistening eyes he said:

"Ride? And I'll eat too—and sleep in a bed! I'm the happiest man in New York!"

And the specimen dashed down the street through the pelting rain, cut into Thirty-fifth street and disappeared toward the east side. And the rich gentleman looked up at the cloud riven sky, shook the folds out of his silk umbrella and started buoyantly down Broadway, saying softly, "The happiest man in New York!"—New York Herald.

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But they're better in every way. In size, for instance, and dose. They're the smallest and the easiest to take; only one little Pellet is needed for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They cleanse and regulate the system thoroughly—but it's done easily and naturally. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for value received.

Something else, that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for *him*, but it can't be, for *you*.

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WE begin little sooner this year with Our Reduction Sales, as We are Determined to GET RID of OUR ENTIRE WINTER STOCK.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

For MEN, BOYS and CHILDREN at PRICES YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF. They Must Go. We Don't Want to Carry any Winter Stock Over. Come and See for Yourself.

Respectfully,

A. FRIEDMAN & CO.,

Opposite Stam's Hall. Chestertown, Md.

FURNITURE Bargains!

☞AT ALL TIMES.☜

EDWARD A. HARTMAN
NATHAN DUNBRACCO.

Hartman & Dunbracco

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Furniture!

222 WEST BALTIMORE STREET

NEAR HOWARD ST. BALTIMORE, MD.

☞Full line of Furniture at Reduced Rates.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary. Address, OGDEN F. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "*Shiloh's Vitalizer "SAVED MY LIFE, I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used.*" For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. INJECTOR

Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

FOR SALE BY C. F. STAM.

ORGANIZED 1845

STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE Co.

Worcester, Mass.

EDW. L. GERNAND
GEN'L AGENT
Cor. Calvert & Fayette Sts.
BALTO., MD.

Responsible Agents Wanted.

Aug. 22, 1892—6m.

WE EXAMINE EYES FREE!

OCULISTS' ORDERS FILLED.

YOU THINK YOUR EYES ARE GOOD!

If you have them examined you will probably find that there is something wrong with them, and that glasses will be a great help to you.

We use Imitable "DIA MANTA" lenses, which are made only by us, and recommended by leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.

Solid Gold Spectacles	$3.00	usual price	$5.00
Steel Spectacles	.50	usual price	1.00
Artificial Eyes inserted	4.00	usual price	10.00

M. ZINEMAN & BRO. OPTICIANS. 130 S. Ninth St. PHILADELPHIA. Between Chestnut and Walnut Streets.

FARMERS PREPARE FOR 1893.

BUY ONLY THE BEST!

Studebaker's Steel Skein Farm Wagons and Road Carts, strictly first-class. All sizes in Stock. Hay Presses, Hay and Straw Cutters, Corn Shellers, Corn and Cob Mills, Unsurpassed Bissell Chilled Plows, Fredericksburg Farmer's Friend Plows and Castings, Apiary or Bee Hive Supplies, Wind Mills, Cucumber Pumps, Lever Spring Tooth Harrows, Draper Spading and Disc Harrows, Etc., Etc. Every Implement Guaranteed. Most Complete Stock of Implements in the South. Write for New World's Fair Catalogue.

BALTIMORE FARM IMPLEMENT CO., No. 209 S. Charles St. Baltimore, Md.

WM. S. CULP,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Coal and Wood

—ALSO—

LIME AND BALED HAY,

COAL ALL SIZES.

WOOD SAWED and SPLIT for cooking and kindling, delivered at short notice.

☞Yard and office at railroad.

Orders left at CHARLES S. SMITH'S Cigar and Tobacco Store will Receive Prompt Attention.

Coal and Wood.

ORDERS IN ANY QUANTITIES LEFT AT D. A. BACCHUS' GROCERY STORE, OR AT

J. D. BACCHUS' YARD

will receive prompt attention at Prices Guaranteed to be as LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Building and Whitewash Lime,

Cement and Plastering Hair.

☞AT CITY PRICES.☜

☞Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

Diivered at any station on the Baltimore and Delaware Bay Railroad at Low Figures.

Come and see us before buying.

m17. J. D. BACCHUS.

COAL and WOOD!

OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell Coal at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember we sell

The Lea Coal

WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.

Probably it will be to your advantage to get our rices and examine our stock before you purchase.

2240 Pounds for One Ton.

Office on Cannon St., near Princess.

J. T. TWILLEY.

July 17, 1890—tf

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GOOD CASH PRICES

—PAID FOR—

LOGS { HICKORY and OAK.

Also White Oak Blocks 9 to 14 inches in diameter and 30 inches long.

CHAS. SCOTT & CO. Keystone Wheel Works, Canal St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHITE BLANKETS—$1.00 per pair, up.

J. H. SIMPERS.

HATS AND CAPS—new styles, low prices.

J. H. SIMPERS.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

MONDAY OCT. 10, 1892.

Steamer EMMA A. FORD

Will leave Chestertown at 8 A. M. every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Queenstown, Kent Islands and intermediate landings.

RETURNING will leave Pier 7, Light Street, at 11 A. M. TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY for the above named landings.

Steamer GRATITUDE

Will leave Centreville at 8 A. M. every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY stopping at Bogle's Jackson's Creek and Rock Hall.

RETURNING will leave pier 7, Light Street, at 11 A. M. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for the above named landings.

Oct. 8, 1892. GEORGE WARFIELD, PRESIDENT.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Phila., Wilmington & Baltimore R. R.

DELAWARE DIVISION

On and after January 26, 1893, trains will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD.

	EXP. P. M.	PASS A. M.	EXP. A. M.	PASS P. M.	MAIL P. M.	MAIL P. M.
Philadelphia	‖11.16	§7.25	§10.33	§2.02	§3.53	§5.56
Baltimore	6.45	6.30	8.50	12.20	3.00	5.27
Wilmington	12.01	8.15	11.18	2.50	4.37	6.40
Farnhurst		‖8.24		‖2.57		
New Castle		8.29		3.01		7.02
State Road		‖8.36		‖3.07		‖7.07
Bear		‖8.41		‖3.12		‖7.12
Porter		8.50			‖4.58	7.17
Kirkwood		8.54	h11.42	‖3.21		‖7.22
Mt. Pleasant		9.03		‖3.29		‖7.30
Armstrong		‖9.05				
Middletown	12.44	9.11	11.58	3.37	5.22	7.59
Townsend		9.20		‖3.45	5.30	7.48
Blackbird		‖9.25		‖3.49		‖7.52
Green Spring		‖9.31		‖3.55		
Clayton	1.02	9.37	12.15	3.59	5.43	8.03
Smyrna...Lv.		9.27	12.05	3.50	5.33	7.53
Brenford		‖9.42		‖4.04		
Coswold		‖9.46		‖4.10		‖8.13
Dupont				‖4.13		
Dover	1.20	9.59	12.31	4.19	6.00	8.22
Wyoming	a1.27	10.06	‖12.37	4.26		8.30
Woodside		‖10.13		‖4.33		
Viola		‖10.17		‖4.37		
Felton	a1.04	10.22	‖12.48	4.41	6.18	
Harrington	a1.50	10.35	1.02	4.50	6.30	
Farmington		‖10.42	h1.09		‖6.38	
Greenwood		‖10.51	h1.16		‖6.46	
Bridgeville	a2.14	11.00	‖1.24