IS IT ANY WONDER

THAT OUR

FALL AND WINTER

LINE OF

CLOTHING

AND

Gent's Furnishings

Are attracting so much attention and winning such popular favor among all those who have chanced to see the display. It is peculiar with so many houses to say, at the beginning of each season, that their stock is larger and better, and their prices lower than ever before, &c., without offering one particle of reason for the wonderful change they have effected.

The very first week that we presented Ourselves to this Clothing Public, we told you of an advantage we were to enjoy over our Competitors, and, when we say that we are showing the Largest and Finest Line of

MEN'S, BOYS' and

CLOTHING

CHILDREN'S

on the Shore at astonishing Low Prices, it is not a half-hearted attempt to follow a Trade Custom, but a supply of the very Best Clothing, selling at prices possible only under the very successful circumstances that we have heretofore referred you to in our previous advertisement. Now our stock, in its various lines is about complete. We find salesmanship not a necessity, as our goods are selling on merits with Low Prices doing all the talk for us. Even our **$4.50** Men's Wool Suit fits perfect, is made up right and will wear well.

Trowsers and Overcoats

Separate Trowsers in numerous patterns and various prices. Overcoats: Just now we are making a leader of a Young Man's Covert Cloth Top Coat that is full Satin Lined. We propose to make ourselves leaders in

Hats, Caps and Neckwear

And just now we are showing as pretty line of UNDERWEAR as you would wish to see. We sell a regular 50c. MERINO SHIRT for **39c** You ought to see it. Another big lot of

Trunks * and * Telescopes

just received. The prices on these are already established so its no use to mention them. You will do yourself injustice to buy before first seeing our goods and hearing our prices. We will save you money. Trusting we may have a liberal portion of your trade, we are,

Yours to serve,

FRIEDMAN & CO.,

Opposite Stam's Hall. **Establishers of Low Prices**

The Mammoth Cave!

Our Junior Gives the News Readers an Account of His Visit to the Greatest Cave in the World—A Witty Guide—A Grotesque Company—Singing in the Auditorium.

One of the greatest natural curiosities in the world is the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. We had studied about its hugeness in the Geography and had heard persons tell of its grandeur, and when an opportunity was offered for the writer to explore its caverns we heartily joined the company. It was during our recent visit to the Nashville Exposition that a pleasant company of a dozen or more, under the chaperonage of Presiding Elder Corkran and his estimable wife, took this side trip of one hundred miles. We arrived at the cave at 6.30 p. m. and were informed that William, our guide, would be ready to accompany our party in one hour. This gave us time to make some investigations of our surroundings.

The hotel at the cave is a curiosity in itself as far as architecture goes. The original cabin, built by the miners in 1812, still stands and is used as a washhouse. Next came another log house with a wide hall between two large rooms. As visitors multiplied these cabins increased untill today there stand eleven log cabins in a row, with a chimney between each, and all weatherboarded and connected, the halls and rooms remaining unchanged. Besides these cabins there is a frame hotel with verandas, ball room, offices, etc. The hotel register shows an aggregate of from 4,000 to 6,000 visitors a year. Many guests, we were told, come from Europe and other foreign countries, the majority coming from the South. The region about the cave is covered with woods and shrubbery and is said to abound in quail and grouse.

At 8 p. m. the party is ready. We are joined by three tourists from Dublin, Ireland, two of whom were Catholic priests, and three more congenial or more sociable gentlemen would be difficult to find. Yes, we are ready, and such a comical group never appeared before the public. But it was night and the exploration required the peculiar dressing. Our ladies wore *bloomers* with close fitting caps or gymnasium suits and it was the general verdict that they presented a very "striking" picture, very *striking* indeed when they were reminded to hold up their skirts. The men wore blue jeans with stripes, stars, figures, etc. We cannot say what the different figures were for unless they were for the purpose of distinguishing one from the other for "all whites look alike to me" in those suits unless it was ex-Treasurer Adkins, of Delaware, who weighed about 200. Each one of the party carried a lamp filled with lard oil which swings from four wires twisted into a handle. We held fast to our little lights too, I assure you, when we went into the cave! Our guide carried a flask of oil, a basket containing an assortment of chemicals for illuminating, etc., and at his command we start for the bowels of the earth.

The entrance to Mammoth Cave is reached by a rugged stone path, worse than the roughest streets of Baltimore, down a wild ravine about 300 yards from the hotel. As we stand for a moment and view the entrance by the rays of the moon as they shine through the trees we are filled with awe, for it seems like some animate being with mouth wide extended ready to engulf us. Its mouth or vestibule is fringed with tulip trees and grape vines, maples, ferns and green mosses and through this gate-way we enter the under ground palace. The fingers of a rippling rill pried the rocks apart, perhaps ages ago, and when the roof fell in, the chasm that we see remained. The arch has a span of 70 feet, and another winding flight of stone steps conducts us around into a roomy ante-chamber under the massive rocks. The passage-way suddenly grows very narrow, at a point about 300 feet within, and here there is an iron gate made of rude bars. This was built as a safeguard against spoliation and the escape of fugitives from justice. Our guide had a key and we were very careful to see that he placed it where it would not be lost.

Soon after passing this iron door we notice myriads of bats clinging to the ceiling and walls and learn that they live in the cave from year to year. Some one inquired "what do they live on" and we discovered that our guide, William, was full of dry wit, for he answered "on the wall." This answer made us more cautious, but our inquisitive nature got the better of us as will be seen further on. For perhaps 50 yards, after leaving the Iron Gate, the way lies under a low ceiling, and is walled in by fragments of rock piled up by the miners. Beyond the Narrows, as this passage is called, and where the way grows wider, there is a well-marked cart-road, and the foot prints of the oxen are still evident. The carts were brought in pieces and put together while the oxen had to be driven in singly. Wooden pipes are laid in the floor and are in excellent preservation. The old vats built of oak and used in working the "petre dirt" are still in existence, partly full of nitrous earth. The area around us is rugged with heaps of rubbish and stone which had been left by the miners of 1812.

The atmosphere of the cave is pure; no motes nor dust floats in it and it is delightfully pleasant to travel through it. The thermometer never varies more than one degree between summer and winter, the mercury registering 52°. A person may walk ten miles in the cave and not feel as much fatigued as though he had walked five miles outside so cool and refreshing is the atmosphere. The portion of the cave traveled by us was perfectly dry.

After passing through the Rotunda which is about a 70 foot span we came to the Methodist Church, about eighy tfeet in diameter and forty feet high, and here the miners used to hear the Gospel preached by itinerant ministers. The logs that served for benches are still in position. "Why do you call this the Methodist Church, William?" inquired Brother Tyler. "Because it is too dry for a Baptist," promptly replied the guide. New objects of interest meet us on every side, yawning precipices, hanging rocks, projecting crags, etc. Singular effects are produced by the devices of the guide. At certain spots wonderful shadow profiles are cast by the projecting butresses. One of the best is styled the bust of Martha Washington, made by two angles of rock and shown by light of magnesium. What we beheld seemed to be a sculptured mass of Parian marble rather than a mass of white light amid the rocks. A whole menagerie is to be seen on the ceiling of creamy limestone. The ant-eater, the giants tossing the baby, the black bear, Barnum's fat baby, monkeys, etc. One of the most remarkable landmarks in the cave is the large rock called the Giant's Coffin, it being forty feet long, twenty wide and eight feet deep! This immense stone is a perfect imitation of a coffin and one almost feels in the silence of the cave while looking at it that he is in the midst of death. Near this big rock we find more than 300 crude piles of stone in the shape of monuments have been thrown up in honor of various States, institutions, etc. Maryland was there and we added another stone to the pile. Delaware was not to be found, but a pile of stone was soon gathered and a banner hung thereon by Bro. Chas. Stengle and Miss Adkins, the pretty little Delawarean. We next come to several stone cabins which were built by 14 consumptives, who, in hopes that the even temperature would prolong their lives, took up their abode here, but only lived five months.

But we must hasten to the Star Chamber ere we close this article. Our stout friend, Mr. Adkins, has already given out and has seated himself among the rocks with his little lamp to await our return. As we journey to the Star Chamber we strike up a song and the music of the twenty voices echo through the long corridors. A strangely beautiful transformation scene is exhibited in the Star Chamber, a hall from 200 to 500 feet long (according to the place you measure from), about 70 feet wide at the floor and narrowing to 40 at the ceiling, which is 60 feet above our heads. The light gray walls are in strong contrast to the lofty ceiling coated with black gypsum; and this, again, studded with thousands of white posts. The guide bids us seat ourselves on a log bench by the wall, and then collecting our lamps, vanishes behind a jutting rock; then by adroit manipulations, he throws shadows, flitting like clouds athwart the starry vault. The effect is extremely fine, and the illusion is complete. The ceiling seems to have been lifted to an immense distance, and one can easily persuade himself that by some magic the roof is mooved, and that he looks up from a deep canon into the real heavens.

"Good night," says the guide, "I will see you again in the morning!"

With this abrupt leave-taking he plunges into a gorge, and we are in utter darkness. Even the blackest midnight in the upper world has from some quarter a few scattered rays; but here the gloom is without a gleam. In the absolute silence that ensues one can hear his heart beat. The painful suspense is at length broken by one of those outbursts of laughter that come when least expected; and then we ask each other the meaning of this sudden desertion. But, while thus questioning each other, we see in the remote distance a faint glimmer, like the first streak of dawn. The light increases in volume till it tinges the tips of the rocks, like the tops of hills far away. The horizon is bathed in rosy hues, and we are prepared to see the sun rise, when all at once the guide make his appearance swinging his cluster of lamps, and asking us how we like the performance.

We next come to the Gothic Chapel. There pillars are so grouped as to form two Gothic arches, and before this unique altar once stood a runaway bride who had promised an anxious mother that she would "never marry any man on the face of the earth." Several in our party expressed a *willingness* to try the experiment and Bro. Corkran promised to tie the knot but William could not furnish a license so Miss M. —— said she would wait. We see the bottomless pit that is said to be 200 feet deep, which William reported as having been 202 feet before a man was pulled out! We next pass by a perfect imitation of an elephant's head, but his trunk had been broken off. Upon inquiry as to what became of his trunk William remarked that he had *checked* it before coming in the cave!

Upon arriving at Shelby's dome we rest awhile, and while sitting upon the rocks admiring the 60 foot ceiling and the deep precipices about us, we sing "Rocks and Storms we'll fear no more, etc.," and every one is more thoroughly convinced that there is a God. Our foreign friends sing their national songs and join us in all our hymns. We again take up our walk and pass many other wonderful formations and enjoy many sweet songs at other points but we must close this article for want of space.

We reach the hotel at 12.30 midnight after walking seven miles! This is known as the short route and costs $1.50, the long route being fourteen miles long and shows the Echo river, costing $2. The cave is 150 miles in extent and is owned by a company. The cost to this company is not over $10 a year. This cave is larger than Luray, but in beautiful rock formations, water falls, cascades, etc., it cannot compare with the Virginia wonder. Luray is lighted with electricity also while the Mammoth is darker than a dungeon. It was discovered by a hunter who was pursuing a wounded bear in 1799. F. G. U.

BETTERTON BRIEFS.

It is growing very dull in and around Betterton, as most of our summer guests have departed. The Sassafras doesn't continue to make round trips daily and this is also the last week of the day boat.

We are sorry to state that Mrs. Crounhart is not improving at this writing.

Mrs. James F. Brice is visiting her son in Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Brice is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

The members of Betterton school are contemplating making a trip to Grove Point for the purpose of searching for chestnuts. They anticipate a fine time.

Messrs. Jack Owens, Rhoten Crew and Clarence Leigh are home after a summer's absence. We welcome our boys. POCAHONTAS.

DIED.

Near Cecilton, October 7th, 1897, HARVEY BARRY BLACKWAY, aged 4 years, 7 months and 23 days. The Angel of Death came and took our little one away. We know the Saviour has but taken another to his fold. But we know our loved one is happy, singing around the throne, so we must try and be patient and say Thy will be done.

ONE WHO LOVED HIM.

WE are receiving NEW FURINITURE daily. Call and see us opposite the Voshell House. PERCY T. McFEELY.

Remember the Days!
Remember the Place!
Remember the Merchant!

IT'S C. S. SMITH

Chestertown's ONLY CASH Merchant, consequently he can Give You More for Your Money Than Any Other Merchant in the County.

6c.	Pure COSM-BUTTERMILK Soap	6c
2½c	Olene Soap, one Pound Bars	2½c
5c	For One Cake Pure Castile Soap, and One Bottle of Vasaline.	5c

LADIES, You are Specially invited to come to our Store

Next Tuesday, Oct. 19, and Friday, Oct. 22.

These days will be

SOUVENIR DAYS,

Buy 25 cents worth of ANYTHING and you will receive FREE an extremely useful piece of Kitchen Furniture. If you don't know what a Souvenir is, come ask us.

5c Package.	ROLLED OATS.	Package 5c
10c	Quart Jar Ice-cream Table Syrup.	10c
14c	Cake Baking Chocolate	14c
5c.	3lb. Can of Baked Beans	5c

BUTTER MAKERS, ATTENTION!

This week we offer you White Parchment Paper at 25 cents a pound. This paper is worth 40c. at wholesale. Come and get it quick.

FISH! FISH! FISH!

5c	By mistake a Philadelphia Grocer sent us Three Cases, 10c Cans Sardines in Mustard. We have orders to SELL THEM. The price will be 5c.	5c
5c.	3 Small Mackerel & 1 large fat mackerel	5c
5c.	Half-Dozen Smoked Salt Herring	5c
	Kingan or Lamb's Reliable Hams -	11c
	Picnic and all Small Hams - -	8c
	Dry Salt Meat - - -	24c
	Chip Beef (we've got the Patent Cutter)	24o
	Country Lard - -	6c

5c	Zinc Washboards	5c
9c	Five Pounds Washing Soda, 1 Bar Olene Soap and 1 Bottle Blue.	9c
5c	Two Bars Philadelphia Olene Soap	5c
1c	Box of Blue, yes will do that, Box Blue	1c
15c	Bag of Smith's Family Flour	15c

A New Idea for an Eastern Shore town, SOUVENIR DAYS. A small purchase, 25 cents or more, and you take your pick off the table of Souvenors. FREE for all.

TOBACCO DEPARTMENT:

We have almost sold out of our Job Lot of Tobacco, but have a few Good Ones yet to offer:

Schnapp's Tobacco, 35c pound. Early Bird, 33c ponnd.
Corbett, was 45c, reduced to 25c. Best Smoking Tobacco.
California Sweet Tobacco, 5 Bars to pound . 22c
One Pound Bags of Smoking Tobacco as follows:
Old Mule, 16c. Bull Durham, 50c. Duke's Mixture, 25c.
For 1c at Smith's you get an Imported Clay Pipe and Stem.
These goods must go to make us room.
99cts. at Smith's will buy 1 box Prince Royal Cigars.

CANDY DEPARTMENT:

We Know that we keep as FINE a LINE of CANDIES as any Eastern City can show. We keep

LOWNEY'S FINEST CHOCOLATES, and sell them for . 50c

10c We make a special Push on Every Day Mixture, consisting of Cream Bon Bons, Gum, Eggs, Chocolate Drops, Stick, Peanut, Cocoanut and other Cream with Caramels, 10c. **10c**

ONE DOZEN LEMONS.

10c This io my say, and I say this the Biggest Bargain I ever sold in Lemons. **10c**

☞ The prices on Our Goods are all marked and plain to you. We tell you again, Come one, and all Next TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and you get a SOUVENIR. Respectfully,

CHARLES S. SMITH,

Chestertown's Only Cash Merchant

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