

Professional Cards.

CLINTON McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

JOHN E. WILSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

R. C. THACKERY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

DANIEL BRATTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

HENRY M. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

JONES & HAINES, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

JAS. T. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

REUBEN HAINES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ELKTON, MD.

HENRY LINGENFELDER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

J. WESLEY FALLS, SURVEYOR & CONVEYANCER, NORTH EAST, MD.

EDWARD J. CHASTY & CO., REAL ESTATE BROKERS, 112 E. BALTIMORE ST.

DENTISTRY, DR. N. B. SMITH, FORT SMITH, MD.

DENTAL NOTICE, E. W. HAINES, D. D. S., ELKTON, MARYLAND.

Dr. G. E. MORROW'S, New Dental Parlor, MAIN STREET, ELKTON, MD.

SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS, WHIPS, ROBES, RUGS, HORSE COVERS, JOHN PERKINS, JR., ELKTON, MD.

JAS. L. CARHAR, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT, Grain, Seeds, Feed, &c., Chamber of Commerce Building, No. 133 South Second St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JNO. PARTRIDGE, AT WAREHOUSE AT ELKTON STATION, OFFERS HIGHEST RATES FOR GRAIN & CLOVER SEED, FERTILIZERS, ORVILLE GUANO, DIAMOND STATE SUPERPHOSPHATE, YARLES'S SUPERPHOSPHATE, SOUV. LITTLE, AND AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES GENERALLY. Also, COAL of choice quality.

Imported London Made

\$9.00 Suits

\$3.50 Trousers

Made of excellent GENUINE Scotch fabrics, cut and finished, not in ordinary manner, but in that peculiar style which at once stamps them as "first-class and stylish." They are made from the finest materials, and at the moment the goods are sent the question will be:

WHY DOES E. O. THOMPSON SELL THEM AT THESE PRICES?

Without enlarging on this subject we simply say—we have never sought to compete in price with any one, but have been the initial firm in the United States to place really stylish clothing at popular prices. Now we offer these fine quality imported fabrics at prices being domestic imitations. You look at these garments, show their superiority or order at twice these prices.

E. O. THOMPSON

Tailor and Clothier, 1338 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Litzenberg's, Every department filled with new stock this week.

Imported novelties in Millinery. Cloaking \$3.50, 4-inch, at \$2.00; worth \$3.50.

Heavy Silk Plush, 18-inch, 90 cents.

Silk velvet, 87 cents.

Satins only 35 cents.

All the new Bric-a-Brac Wares, Vases, Jardinares Card Receivers, &c.

A table full of the loveliest things. Toilet Sets, Dressing Cases, Shaving Cases, Whisk Holders, &c.

Dolls—Crying dolls, talking dolls, bottle dolls, patent dolls; all kinds of dolls.

Big bargains in Handkerchiefs—Ladies', Gents', Children's Silk and Linen.

Novelties for making up Christmas Gifts, Brass Ornaments, thousands of designs.

Orders taken for all kinds of Fancy Work.

Christmas tree decorations.

Everything new and at the lowest prices at Mrs. L. H. LITZENBERG, Elkton, Maryland.

CONSTITUTION

It caused a good deal of wonder among the officers of Jack Amyatt's regiment when he suddenly blazed out into a new character, that of a literary man.

The Red Horse was a very popular regiment in the service, and Jack Amyatt was, as indeed he had been ever since he joined, one of its most popular officers.

Through the various grades of cornet, lieutenant and captain he had made no enemies, while he had gathered many friends.

He was essentially a good all-around man, popular with his men, who would have followed him into the jaws of death and back again, and good at sport of any and every kind.

"What a fuss you make about Major Amyatt!" cried a fair beauty one day to one of the youngsters, who had been extolling his accomplishments.

"Oh, the Major's just an out-and-out good sport," returned the lad, blushing a fine scarlet all over his handsome face at this being caught at hero-worship.

"Is he?" responded the lady, who had tried every fascinating art in her power on Amyatt, but without avail.

"What does he do to win him so much admiration?"

"I don't know about admiration," said the lad rather early. "But I know he is the best soldier ever knew, and the most popular. Why, the regiment would follow him to the devil, to the end of the world, that is," correcting himself hastily.

"He's good, that is, among the best, at any sport you like to mention, and he's the best army writer there is, in spite of the shoals of women who have tried their hand at putting us on paper, and only succeeded in making their soldiers look like lagmen out for a holiday in a blazer and a pair of tinsel shoes."

The beauty drew herself up with a little more dignity than she usually displayed. "Dear me, Mr. Arlington, you are severe—almost as severe as Major Amyatt looks when he goes to a ball, and stands regarding us frivolous and faulty women as still and straight as if he had swallowed his barrel as well as bringing the other parts of his uniform with him."

It was on the tip of young Arlington's tongue to remind the beauty that a barrel is not part of a cavalry officer's equipment—but, as he had done a minute or so before, he remembered his manners in time and let the remark pass without further notice.

"Well, I don't think the Major cares much about ladies," he admitted.

"I'm sure they don't care much about him," returned the beauty, sharply.

He wondered at the earnestness of her tone, if that was indeed the case; but, as she was a beauty and somewhat of a power in the neighborhood of the station at which they were quartered, he did not want to offend her more than was necessary in taking up the cudgels in his major's defense. "I never heard him say a word against a woman in his life," he said eagerly; "never. Only he don't seem to be very keen on dancing and afternoon teas, and so on; by the way, Miss Vane, will you come and have a cup of tea or anything?"

The beauty thought she would have an ice, and took the lad's arm with alacrity; glad, perhaps, to get away from the subject of a man who had remained blind and deaf to the attractions and fascinations—liberally set forth for his benefit from time to time—of the beauty of the county. The name of the Major was not mentioned again; but, all the same, the conversation had set young Arlington thinking about it.

"I say," he said that evening to Moore, the senior subaltern, "is Amyatt what you'd call a woman-hater?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Moore, promptly; "I don't think he thinks enough about 'em to hate them."

"But that's sailing pretty near the wind, eh?" inquired Arlington, laughing.

"No, I don't think so. Amyatt doesn't dance, nor go out to tea much; but then he has plenty else to do. To me he never seems to think of getting married; but then he's only six-and-thirty, and what fellow in his senses would think of getting married before that?"

"A good many do," Arlington ventured to say. He felt, however, that this trust had gone home, for he at twenty-two had thought fondly of the marriage state more than once; for the matter of that, indeed, he had thought of it many a time and oft.

"Yes, a good many do," responded Moore, who had never known what it was to feel a quail at his heart such as threatened to run all his peace of mind, "and a good many fellows wish to be the very devil they'd let it alone."

"Well, I'm not altogether so sure about that," returned Arlington, who, in spite of his modest air, was as well able to stick to his own opinions as any man in the regiment.

Now this conversation no more enlightened him as to the state of the Major's affections or natural inclinations, so Arlington put his question to some one else, choosing this time the senior captain, one George Trevor; and when Trevor heard it he stared hard at him.

"Amyatt a woman hater? What ever put such an idea as that into your head?"

"Well, I can hardly say; but is he, do you think?"

"A woman-hater—no, of course he isn't."

"But, Trevor—he never has anything to do with women at all—never goes to teas, or bazars, or garden parties, or

Amyatt's Child-Friend.

CHAPTER I.

It caused a good deal of wonder among the officers of Jack Amyatt's regiment when he suddenly blazed out into a new character, that of a literary man.

The Red Horse was a very popular regiment in the service, and Jack Amyatt was, as indeed he had been ever since he joined, one of its most popular officers.

Through the various grades of cornet, lieutenant and captain he had made no enemies, while he had gathered many friends.

He was essentially a good all-around man, popular with his men, who would have followed him into the jaws of death and back again, and good at sport of any and every kind.

"What a fuss you make about Major Amyatt!" cried a fair beauty one day to one of the youngsters, who had been extolling his accomplishments.

"Oh, the Major's just an out-and-out good sport," returned the lad, blushing a fine scarlet all over his handsome face at this being caught at hero-worship.

"Is he?" responded the lady, who had tried every fascinating art in her power on Amyatt, but without avail.

"What does he do to win him so much admiration?"

"I don't know about admiration," said the lad rather early. "But I know he is the best soldier ever knew, and the most popular. Why, the regiment would follow him to the devil, to the end of the world, that is," correcting himself hastily.

"He's good, that is, among the best, at any sport you like to mention, and he's the best army writer there is, in spite of the shoals of women who have tried their hand at putting us on paper, and only succeeded in making their soldiers look like lagmen out for a holiday in a blazer and a pair of tinsel shoes."

The beauty drew herself up with a little more dignity than she usually displayed. "Dear me, Mr. Arlington, you are severe—almost as severe as Major Amyatt looks when he goes to a ball, and stands regarding us frivolous and faulty women as still and straight as if he had swallowed his barrel as well as bringing the other parts of his uniform with him."

It was on the tip of young Arlington's tongue to remind the beauty that a barrel is not part of a cavalry officer's equipment—but, as he had done a minute or so before, he remembered his manners in time and let the remark pass without further notice.

"Well, I don't think the Major cares much about ladies," he admitted.

"I'm sure they don't care much about him," returned the beauty, sharply.

He wondered at the earnestness of her tone, if that was indeed the case; but, as she was a beauty and somewhat of a power in the neighborhood of the station at which they were quartered, he did not want to offend her more than was necessary in taking up the cudgels in his major's defense. "I never heard him say a word against a woman in his life," he said eagerly; "never. Only he don't seem to be very keen on dancing and afternoon teas, and so on; by the way, Miss Vane, will you come and have a cup of tea or anything?"

The beauty thought she would have an ice, and took the lad's arm with alacrity; glad, perhaps, to get away from the subject of a man who had remained blind and deaf to the attractions and fascinations—liberally set forth for his benefit from time to time—of the beauty of the county. The name of the Major was not mentioned again; but, all the same, the conversation had set young Arlington thinking about it.

"I say," he said that evening to Moore, the senior subaltern, "is Amyatt what you'd call a woman-hater?"

"Not a bit of it," returned Moore, promptly; "I don't think he thinks enough about 'em to hate them."

"But that's sailing pretty near the wind, eh?" inquired Arlington, laughing.

"No, I don't think so. Amyatt doesn't dance, nor go out to tea much; but then he has plenty else to do. To me he never seems to think of getting married; but then he's only six-and-thirty, and what fellow in his senses would think of getting married before that?"

"A good many do," Arlington ventured to say. He felt, however, that this trust had gone home, for he at twenty-two had thought fondly of the marriage state more than once; for the matter of that, indeed, he had thought of it many a time and oft.

"Yes, a good many do," responded Moore, who had never known what it was to feel a quail at his heart such as threatened to run all his peace of mind, "and a good many fellows wish to be the very devil they'd let it alone."

"Well, I'm not altogether so sure about that," returned Arlington, who, in spite of his modest air, was as well able to stick to his own opinions as any man in the regiment.

Now this conversation no more enlightened him as to the state of the Major's affections or natural inclinations, so Arlington put his question to some one else, choosing this time the senior captain, one George Trevor; and when Trevor heard it he stared hard at him.

"Amyatt a woman hater? What ever put such an idea as that into your head?"

"Well, I can hardly say; but is he, do you think?"

"A woman-hater—no, of course he isn't."

"But, Trevor—he never has anything to do with women at all—never goes to teas, or bazars, or garden parties, or

WOOLING AND WINNING.

When the Reverend Henry Dove was sent out on a mission to—well, no matter where, he went as a bachelor, but everybody else in the pious little corner of the colony was married.

One day, after dinner, the Reverend Henry sat him down in a large arm-chair, and deliberated as follows: "My work is here. I need a wife to help me in it. Is there any one who knows me well enough to come out and share my fortunes—any one I could love? I am forty. People know me favorably. I'm not poor."

Suddenly a face arose before him; he had only seen it a few times, but it impressed him.

Miss Lilly Webb—what a pretty girl she was! He had been asked to dine by Mr. Webb, her father, when he exchanged pulpits with the minister of the church they attended. And he had found out that they were old friends.

Lilly's aunt was his first love, and they had quarrelled and parted. His heart gave a leap when he first saw Lilly. She looked very like her aunt.

She has said she would like to be a missionary, and he fancied that she was interested in his remarks.

Well, he could but try. No one else seemed to touch his heart in the least.

He got out of his letter-case a miniature of that first Miss Lilly Webb, painted twenty years before, and looked at it.

"She was prettier than her niece," he said to himself.

And he wondered whether she was married, and to whom. Of course she was married. He would have heard of her death.

He sat down and wrote carefully, sedately, yet not without expression of emotion.

He told her that her face was always in his memory; that her pleasure in the work he had devoted himself to made him hope she would not think him unsuitable; and he asked her if she could not find him agreeable enough to think of as a husband.

He addressed this note to Miss Lilly Webb, and sent it by the next mail steamer, and waited for the answer. It came, and this was all:

"Your letter naturally surprised me very much; but you are not pleased to be remembered? I certainly like the work you like, but let us make no mistake. After we have corresponded for awhile, you may ask me that last question again, if you by that time desire to do, but at present I promise nothing."

"It is a most sensible letter for a young girl to write," thought Mr. Dove, and felt pleased at this arrangement. The correspondence began, and proved most interesting. Finally he wrote once more. This time the reply was an acceptance, and in the letter Lilly said, "Mrs. Hatton sends her love."

Mrs. Hatton was, Mr. Dove decided, his old sweetheart. In his first note he asked, "Is Mrs. Hatton's first name Lilly?"

And received an affirmative reply. And so she sent her love!

The Rev. Henry Dove was quite alone, and he bent over and kissed the words, and a tear fell upon them.

"Ah! there's nothing, after all, like first love," he said.

But now his young betrothed was coming to him. She would leave home under the care of an old clergyman's wife, who had been back to visit her children, and they would be married on her arrival.

He looked very often at his old miniature, now telling himself that it was because she was so like her niece, his future wife—so like—so very like. That was why he kissed it, of course—not for the sake of old memories now.

At last there was no more letters, because the steamer had sailed, and after a storm that shipwrecked many vessels, Mr. Dove knew that in the vessel lying just a little way from the shore his lady-love awaited him; and knew, too, that he was not rapturously happy, only content, though it was really a sacrifice that this girl had made for him.

"Unger stranger that you are!" Why, even in his concern and distress, Amyatt almost laughed out loud. A stranger to her—a stranger? Why, the letter, the handwriting, the name, had all brought back the self-same memory that the cover of the child's letter had called back only the other day! The memory of what? Well, just this—the only woman he had ever asked to be his wife, the only woman he had ever loved!

She had told him frankly and simply that she was engaged to another man, and Amyatt had rushed away, never asking, in his misery, so much as his rival's name.

So it had been Holt! And he was dead. Yes, evidently he was dead, for she had said that she and the child—the child who was dying—were quite alone in the world.

But he could help her there! He should be alone in the world no longer, for he would go to her—he would stand between her and the world, he would offer her his strong arm and his true heart to guard her from all evil, to keep her so that trouble should not come high or low.

That, or could he help her so? True, should not come high or low; no, alas! for when he reached her side, her little child was—dead.

Headache is readily cured by Hook's Sassafras, which tones and regulates the blood, and tones the whole system.

THE WOMAN HE MARRIED.

The plot on which a man's destiny turns, either for good or for evil, for happiness or for misery, is marriage. If you live to see the end of his life, he will confess to you—perhaps he will not, but he will know it all the same—he will tell you that the greatest which ever attracted him, and then carried him with a master hand either to the one or to the other, was the woman he married.

I remember many years ago hearing of the death of a very distinguished man, a general whose military career had been so brilliant and so unvariedly fortunate that the world looked upon him as a perfectly happy man. He had won his honors, he had served his country well, and he knew on his deathbed that he had done his duty. His Queen had rewarded him, and his honors had fallen thick and fast upon him, yet what were his last words?

As he gave the friend who was with him the last clasp of his dying eyes, to that friend's intense astonishment he said, "I thank God for my miserable life is ended." There was one in his regiment who had known him from boyhood, had been educated with him, had served under him, and was supposed to know everything about his past life; to this man the friend who had heard the dying words appealed. "Could he have been so miserable?" Did you ever meet that life was not one series of triumphs and perfect contentment? Flattered, followed, praised and envied, how could he have been miserable? "The outward world," was the answer, "he appeared all you say, but there was an inner life that no one saw, and few knew."

That life was blighted and its happiness wrecked, his affections chilled, and his temper soured by the woman he married. She was cold, unsympathetic, and selfish. Two years after she had accompanied him to India she declared the account didn't agree with her, and she came home. She professed openly that she should go her own way, and he might go his. She spent his money, she kept him a poor man all his life, and she broke his heart. That is his story, but he never told it, and if the near approach of death had not wrenched it from him, you would never have known the state of mind in which he went to his well-earned rest."

Lady Bellair's Advice to Girls.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or shrill tone of voice.

Extravagance in conversation—such phrases as "Awfully this," "heavily that," "loads of time," "Don't you know," "late," for "dislike," etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, surprise, and joy—then dangerously approaching to "frown," "sneering," "as 'bother,'" "gracious!" "How jolly!"

Yawning when listening to my own.

Talking on family matters, even to bosom friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece of music that you can't execute with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod with the head, intended to do you as a bow.

WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

An unaffected, low, distinct, unforced tone of voice.

The art of pleasing those around you and seeming pleased with them and all they do for you.

The art of making little sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no account to yourself.

The habit of making allowances for the opinions, feelings, or prejudices of others.

An erect carriage—that is, a sound body.

A good memory for faces, and facts connected with them—this is most desirable, and is the best way of looking at the address of an envelope in the dark, he holds it up before his face and scribbles on the electricity concealed in his pocket. His self-punishes out a fine amiable power electric light.

John Buckley, of Meriden, caught a snapping turtle and took it to the telephone office, where he was sitting. He thought that he would kill the animal by electricity, and so put the end of a wire in front of it, and the turtle snapped it and held on. Then Buckley put another wire under the shell and turned on the entire electric current of the office. The turtle shut his jaws tighter and closed his shell, and in five minutes was apparently as dead as Julius Caesar. When the doctor came he was walking around the office quite healthily. It had received an electric shock powerful enough to kill a man.

Three Bear Stories.

A bear at Carter's ranch, near Mangus, New Mexico, has killed more than 100 goats, and chews all parsnips.

While chopping a hollow tree, Sheriff O'Rourke, of Ontonagon county, Michigan, heard groans and found blood on his axe. A moment later a large bear put its head out of the opening. The Sheriff was surprised, but he killed the bear.

In the mountains of Savoy, Italy, a bear killed a shepherd-boy. His mother determined to avenge him, and started off with a gun. She was found lying in a secluded spot, her dress in rags, her arms outstretched, and her face covered with blood. Beside her lay the body of a huge bear, with his head torn to pieces by a charge from the woman's gun. The woman will live.

When you said you had never forgotten me," said the lady, "I really felt as if I was in a dream. Not a word all these years; and just as my niece, Lilly, married, and I left the school I had been teaching to keep house for my brother, the letter came. I knew you had been there. Lilly told me before she went away with Mr. Hatton. But how did you know where I was? And not a word as if there had been any passing?"

"No, I believe not," said the Rev-

A MOUNTAINEER'S HUMOR.

In the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia after a long, story-telling was the one pastime of reason and intellectual pastime. The mountaineers were never an educated race. During the period of the Rebellion they were cut off entirely from all newspapers, books, and periodicals. They knew absolutely nothing of what was going on in the world. They lived in a little circle by themselves. When they got together the man who could tell the best story was the acknowledged leader. Wit was cultivated by personal encounter in the country store, in the tavern barroom, and before the great fireplace in the cabins. One of the characters of the decade after the war, about whom West Virginians occasionally talk, was a certain Captain Mosier. His fond of stories never ran out. A friend said to him: "Captain, if you were educated you would be a big man." Said the Captain: "Yes, and if I had lived in deep water I would have been a whale."

The story is told of Captain Mosier that on one occasion he had been imbibing at the country tavern to an extent that gave unconsciousness to his locomotion. It was a stormy night, and a terrific thunder shower was in progress as he started for home. His pathway lay up the mountain and across a deep gorge, over a narrow bridge, heavily with a rank of a turbulent mountain stream, swollen by the falling rain. The Captain had struggled along to this point with difficulty. When he reached the bridge he threw himself down on all fours and began to creep across the narrow structure. The flashes of lightning gave him occasional glimpses of the path ahead, and he waited for those flashes to show him the way. As he crossed was thus made by stages. Just after a blinding flash of lightning he lost his hold and fell into the stream. It was a terrible plunge and the chances for his life were extremely doubtful. Some of his companions who had followed him from the tavern heard his cry as he struck the water. They plunged into the water in spite of the danger, and found the body floating below the bridge. As they pulled him out of the water, battered, bruised and badly scared, he gasped out a protest against the thunder storm in these words: "Well, if I'd a undertaken to light a gentleman home, I'd a done the job better."

As this same Captain another story is told which is not much less amusing. He was as valiant as he was humorous. He had enlisted in the Confederate Army, and his regiment was drawn up in battle array before the advancing hosts of the Union Army. The Colonel of the regiment thought it was time to make a speech, and proceeded to attempt to fire the demon host of Northern invaders. He said something after this manner: "Follow soldiers of the Confederate Army! The enemy are before you. The sacred homes of Virginia and the graves of your ancestors are behind you. Around your hearts lie the women and children of Virginia are praying you to be steadfast and rebel the invaders. The demon host of Northern invaders are bearing down upon Virginia. Unless checked by your devotion and chivalrous efforts they will ravage your plantations, rob your granaries, burn your barns and pillage your houses." When the Colonel had reached this point in his address the brave Captain Mosier called out as he suited his action to the words, and started on a run to the rear. "If all these things are threatening my plantation I am going right home to see about it." And he went.

Not a Forty-Niner, Though.

"Then you are an old California miner," I said to a man that was talking very loud as we sat in the office of a Dead-wood hotel.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; one of the Argonauts, sir. Always lived in California till I came here to look after my interest in the Homestead Mine, sir."

"Were you one of the '49ers?"

"No, sir, I wasn't. I didn't reach California till 1856."

"I should think that was near enough to the forty-niners, that is, a little and you got there in '49."

"I said I wanted to make a bar of myself, but I don't stir! I'm a man of my word, sir, and even if I was going to lie I wouldn't lie about a little thing like that!"

I was somewhat crestfallen, and after he had stepped out I suggested to the proprietor of the hotel that the Californian was the first man from that State of his age that I ever met who did not claim that he reached there in '49.

"When did he tell you that he was?" asked the proprietor.

"In 1850. He said he wouldn't lie about it for worlds—it does me good to see a Californian at last who can tell the truth on that point."

"Yes; well, you haven't seen one yet. To my certain knowledge, a first time that I had seen him, that was in '