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OBHM'S ACME HALL.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF OBHM'S ACME HALL THIS SEASON

And you will profit by our suggestion. We will keep you posted regarding things that concern you. We will train your thoughts to appreciate ideas of practical economy in the purchase of

Clothing and Furnishings
Of superior and standard quality for men, youths, boys and children.

Children's Kilts Come First.

One and two pieces Kilts, sizes 2 to 6 years; Norfolk and Sailor Blouse Kilts, for dress, for play and every day; Chevrons, Stripes, Plaids, Cassimeres, Fancy Worsteds, rare designs, thousands to select from. Prices range from \$1.50 to \$10.

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Beautiful, new and stylish patterns. Marvelous variety in Cassimeres, Cheviots, Worsteds, Corkcrews, Diagonals, Flannels, &c., all sizes. Prices \$5, \$2.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, up to \$15 for finest.

Shirt Waists, Hats, Caps, &c.

Thousands upon thousands of Shirt Waists, in French and American Patterns, Fancy Flannels, &c.; newest effects; prices from 12c to \$2.50.

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Displays a gorgeous assortment of Children's Hats and Caps for dress and every day.

YOUNG MEN.

Young men and youths are not forgotten. Myriads of loveliest patterns in both Sack and Cutaway Suits, all made by our own artist tailors. "Best Made," that's our trademark, and bona fide low prices are always an incentive at the GREAT STORE.

ONE VISIT

To our progressive store will convince you that there is not in Baltimore or all the South a stock that even begins to compare with ours. We searched the markets of the world to provide the best, and our own Acme Hall tailors have produced results that will merit your cheerful praise. Sack and Cutaway Suits for dress, business and every day wear. Prices from \$5 to \$35.

Clothing Made to Order.

FURNISHINGS.

Everything to complete a gentleman's outfit, from a Collar Button to the Richest Novelty in finest fixings. Lowest prices.

NOTE.

Send us your address and we will forward samples, rules for self-measurement, illustrated catalogue, furnishing goods price list and beautifully colored cards. Mention this paper.

SHARRER BROS.,

Clothiers & Merchant Tailors.

Wants Building,

Main Street, Near Depot,

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ARE PREPARED FOR

THE SPRING TRADE,

And show a Larger and more

Varied stock of Cloths, Cassimeres,

Clothing and Gents' Furnishing

Goods than any other house in the

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Select Poetry.

TWO SURPRISES.

R. W. McAlpine in the St. Nicholas.
A workman piled his clumsy spade
As the sun was going down;
The German King, with a cavalcade,
On his way to Berlin Town.

Reined up his steed at the old man's side,
"My tolling friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide,
When laborers should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said;
"I work from the time I leave my bed
Till I can hardly see."
"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?"
"Eight groshen," the man replied,
"And thou canst live on this meagre pay?"
"Like a King," he said with pride.

"Two groshen for me and my wife, good friend,
And two for a debt I owe;
Two groshen to lend, and two to spend,
For those who can't labor you know."

"The debt?" said the King; said the toller, "Yes,
To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend thy daily store?"
"To my boys—for their schooling; you see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groshen?" the monarch said
"My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groshen for raiment and bread,
All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up to the good King's eyes
"Thou knowest me not," said he,
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
Here is another for thee."

"I saw the King give me thy hand,"
"And he heaped it high with gold—
When more than thou needest, I command
That I at once be told."

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who proudly says
That eight souls doth he keep and guard
On eight poor groshen a day."

Select Story.

THE RUNAWAYS.

From Longman's Magazine.

I.

The same year that Lady Jane Magnus presented her beautiful daughter Adela, Lord Glencore was the match of the season. Just of age, of an old family, with vast possessions, and a heavy rent-roll, swelled by a long minority, the instant the hawk-like eye of Lady Jane fell on the young peer a thrill of joy assured her that there stood the husband Providence had provided for Adela.

Little mattered it to Lady Jane that Lord Glencore was silent, awkward, most painfully shy, given to blush to the very roots of his hair if a woman but addressed the most commonplace remark to him. Adela had been too carefully trained to pin her faith to externals. Besides, as regarded marriage, Lady Jane always arranged these little affairs for her daughters. She had brought out three before the advent of the lovely Adela, and not one of them, she inwardly boasted, had ever reason to fling a syllable of reproach at their mother.

"You think it is all right, mother, do you?" Adela ventured to say, growing a little uneasy when the end of the season drew near, and Lord Glencore had never addressed a single remark to her which could by any possibility be construed into love.

"Perfectly right, dear. The society papers have coupled your names together, an approaching marriage has more than once been hinted at, and as a matter of course, now wherever people ask us he is asked."

"I know; still other people are not the same as he."
"Quite the same. I understand the position perfectly well, my love. Men of his kind would remain silent until doom-day unless some suggestion was made to them."
"Well, but—"
"Dear child, you may leave it to me. Don't you think so?" And an expression of mild reproach was shot from the maternal eye. "Do you fancy that, if I saw the slightest shadow of uncertainty I should accept Sir Jocelyn's invitation for Goodwood, knowing that Glencore won't be there?"

"Won't he? Why, where is he going?"
"Nowhere. I ascertained that you may be sure. He is obliged to remain in town. There'll not be a soul left for him to speak to. Some business with his lawyers, he said—and said it in a very pointed way, too."
"Stammering and getting fiery red," said the would-be fiancée disdainfully.

Lady Jane shook her head. "Never mind the manner; it is the meaning we are concerned in. He joins us immediately after at Thordean. There you will see that everything will be satisfactorily arranged. Lady Somerton has such a happy way of letting young people be thrown together, and from the first I have seemed to be provided for."

the poor young fellow stood, as the possessors of vast property often do, absolutely friendless and alone. His kindly, simple nature was despised by those around him. Without parents or any near relatives he had been brought up by strangers, who had surrounded him by such unnecessary cares and ridiculous precautions that now, when he was a man, with full liberty given to him, he was no more able to make good use of it than a grown-up baby would be.

Full of a wild scheme which had lately come to him, that he would run off to some far-distant country, he was mapping out the details as he walked along, so occupied that he forgot how far he had come, until with a sudden start he pulled himself up. He was passing the Albert Hall, close to that pleasant row of houses in one of which lived Lady Jane.

The knowledge that he could walk boldly by and fling a look of defiance at the papered windows and closed shutters—as he had done the day before—sent a thrill of satisfaction through the young man. He drew himself up and turned his head to—when, oh agony! exactly as he was opposite to it the door opened and a voice called out "Glencore!"

"Freddy! Is it you?" Lord Glencore managed to say, seeing he was addressed by a well-known young gentleman between sixteen and seventeen. "Why, how came you here? Is—s your mother—Lady Jane—with you?"

Freddy's eyes were apparently so educated that in order to give full expression to one he was forced to shut the other, and regarding Lord Glencore through the single optic, he said, "You bet if she was, I shouldn't be here."
Glencore's heart seemed restored to its native position. "I'm very glad to see you," he said, closing his hand over the little fin Freddy had extended to him; "It's quite a surprise to me."
"Here, no," said the astute Freddy significantly, "what's up? How is it that you ain't down there with them?"
"Well, I couldn't—I have—that is—there is some business for me."

Freddy's eyelid went down like the cover of a box.
"Freddy, just so," he said airily, putting his thumbs into his armpoles. "My case all over. I'm at my tutor's, you see, so please to remember that it isn't possible for you to have seen me."
Glencore laughed cheerily. "All right, he said; 'you're quite safe with me—but what on earth are you up to?'"

This question seemed prompted by the sight of a nondescript dog-cart just led up to the door. "Are you all by yourself here?"
"There's Harris, my old nurse, and Jim, her husband—our butler he used to be—and Peggy. You know Peg, don't you?"
"Here, no, I don't think I do."
"I say," exclaimed Freddy, "ain't it a beastly shame the way they always try to shun her? And she's just as good as anybody. Her father was my father's eldest son, only he married his tutor's daughter, and my lady set the Governor on to it."

"So the poor chap got the kick-out, and then he died, and so did his wife; and a jolly good thing for me, too, or I should have had to sing small. Only wait till I'm master, though, and if they try it on with Peggy, then I'll let them know. She's older than I am, but she's sane in her undo, and—I say, you'll be her uncle, too, if you marry Adda, and you're going to, ain't you?"

Lord Glencore blushed furiously, and Freddy, taking silence for consent, added with a sort of supreme contempt:
"It's a jolly good thing for me if I ain't your uncle, my marrying Adda! Oh yes, rather!"

Not desirous of pursuing this topic further, Lord Glencore put a question.
"You're not going to drive that," he said, nodding toward the horse, a most vicious-looking screw, "are you?"
"I'm not going to touch it," said Freddy, "but I'm not going to let it go. Come in and see us start; it's capital fun. We'd a regular crowd around us yesterday. Any one else but Peg would have been frightened to death."

Incited by curiosity, Lord Glencore obeyed Freddy's invitation.
"We keep all the front well shut," said Freddy, as he marshalled the way to a den at the far end of the narrow hall. Passing the stairs he gave vent to a shrill whistle answered by a similar one which might have been taken as its echo.

"Ain't you ready?" was piped up from below.
"Coming," answered a girl's voice, and at the same instant with the word down at the flight of stairs, flop on the mat, came a figure which through the cloud of dust sent up Lord Glencore surmised must be Peggy.

"I'm so sorry. I thought it was only Freddy"—and then, better able to see who stood there she gave vent to an agonized "Oh, Lord Glencore!" and seemed unable to say more.

"Freddy, who was enjoying her confusion to the full, here burst in with 'Don't mind him; he's square enough; ain't you?'
"Certainly I am; and then, turning to Peggy, he said: 'I've never had the pleasure of seeing you here, have I?'"
"No."
"But you've seen him, haven't you, and once don't you remember how he opened and I scuttled off like a game! It was that time."
"I'm not in love with her at all,"

minutes later the three, Lord Glencore behind, Freddy driving, and Peggy by his side, were on the road to Richmond.

III.

It might be tedious to retail all the folly that fell from the lips of this trio as under Freddy's guidance they pursued their way. Their united wits did not make up the sober age of sixty, and they had the spirits of schoolboys out for a holiday. Lord Glencore had never felt so much at his ease before; none of those who in society knew him would have recognized him as the same shy individual. The hours flew like minutes. It was 5 o'clock when they thought it best to turn to have looked at the time would not have occurred to anybody, only that Peggy, leaving a tremendous sigh, had supposed it would soon be time to think of returning home.

The horse was so good at going, we have omitted to state, had at a certain small trot, "Coat and Compass" by name, shown signs of rebellion. Sir from that door he would not, and Lord Glencore, to cut short the difficulty, had proposed that they should leave the brute there to get a feed while they took a stroll in the park.

Returning from this walk they passed the "Star and Garter." "It's a dinner in there wouldn't it be half bad fun," said Freddy.
"Oh, I don't think so," replied Glencore.
"Why, have you ever been there?"
"Yes, I dined there twice this season with Lady Jane and your sister."
"What do you think?" said Glencore in a whisper, "had we better tell him."
"Yes," said Peggy, "up to now my only friend has been Freddy."
So Freddy, thoroughly wide awake now, was desired to lead forward, and between them the two conveyed what it was their intention to do.

"I'll say, with a chance for Adda!" roared Freddy delightedly; "but here, you know, you'll have to marry Peggy."
"Certainly; of course; that's what we mean to do."
"Do we?" said Peggy. "Oh my! Why, I never thought of that!"
"Didn't you?" said Freddy, assuming the air of a Mentor; "but I did though. You must be Lady Glencore before I see the last of you."

"But, Freddy, think of grandmamma; you would get into the most awful trouble. No; it would never do."
"Stuff and rubbish!" and Freddy snapped his fingers; "what, I should like to know, can a couple of women do? Besides I'm not going to blab on myself—never fear. How can I help it, while I'm rationalizing with my tutor, you choose to blab with Glencore?"

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Arrived at Thordean, happy and unsuspecting, Lady Jane and her daughter waited for Lord Glencore in vain. Even to "dear Lady Somerton" not a line had come from him. As every one said, it was so strange, so incomprehensible. "You don't think anything could have happened to him, Lady Jane?"
With a better spirit worthy of a better woman Lady Jane answered that she did not feel anxious in the least. Lord Glencore had spoken to her of having several most important things to settle, and naturally at times such as these—Lady Jane was forced into a little vagueness of speech—a thousand things cropped up which she had never dreamed of before. Still her heart began to have misgivings, and her courage to sink a little lower, when all was revived by a paragraph in one of the papers informing all whom it did not concern that Messrs. Bullion & Gold had been instructed with the family jewels by Lord Glencore with the view of ascertaining which had best be reset to suit their future lovely owner.

"Adda!" Lady Jane signalled to her daughter to follow her, and in their own room she pointed out the notice.
"Mother! Oh, I am so glad. I kept on thinking of those jewels. Everybody says the diamonds are more than lovely."
"What a droll creature though," exclaimed Lady Jane, "without saying a word to you. I wonder whether he fancies we are getting the trousseau ready."
"I shan't do that, it's so unlucky. I wish he would settle it, though. I want it settled now. Couldn't you write, mamma?"
"My dear, I have written."
"And had no answer?"
"Not a line. Colonel Gossett called, as he was asked, at the house in town, and was told that Lord Glencore was away his address not known, nor when he would return."
"Extraordinary!"
"It is, but we must remember he is a very extraordinary young man."
"I don't want reminding of that," and Adda sighed lugubriously, "if he wasn't an Earl."
"No, no, no, dear. Never mind. Things of that sort are better not said, even to me. In this world we must not expect to have everything, you know; and women are spared a great deal by not being too inflated with the man they are going to marry."
"Only this is such an awkward position to be placed in. I don't mind so much here, but we are due at the Fallowfields on Tuesday, and if he does not turn up there, what then?"

"Oh, I don't mean to wait longer. I shall go to town myself—that is, if we don't hear—and question his major-domo. If there is anything to find out you may safely trust to me."
"It's more than a fortnight now," said Adda, discontentedly.
Lady Jane sighed. "There seems to be nothing else for me than worry."
"What more?"
"Oh, well, I didn't want to bother you, and if everything else was going right I shouldn't let this trouble me. It's a letter I had from Harris. She says that Peggy, please, has chosen to run away from

Peggy didn't trust herself to speak, but her head nodded assent.
"Let me tell a secret to you. Peggy"—he quite unconsciously called her by her name. "Do you know that I mean to run away too?"
"You!"
"Yes; only I want somebody to run away with me. Can you guess who?"
"No."
"Somebody I've seen to-day."
"To-day?"
The eyes of each looked into the other's questioningly.
"Can't you guess who?"
Lord Glencore's voice came tremulously.
"Oh, you know," he said, "I see you do."
"Me!" Peggy spoke this word breathlessly.
"Yes, you. You will go, won't you? You've no one to care for you, and I have nobody to care for me. Why shouldn't we care for each other? I'd try to make you happy, and I'd certainly be good to you, and in time you might get to—well, to like me, you know."
"In time why, I like you now."
"You do. Oh, Peggy!"

"Say! what's up with you two?" It was Freddy speaking—Freddy, whose very existence they had forgotten, but who, in common with all sleepers, awoke at the very moment he was not wanted to.

"What do you think?" said Glencore in a whisper, "had we better tell him."
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prevented coming to them, fearing it might be a disappointment to Adda.
"My dear," said Lady Jane, "I must go to town. I dare say Lady Somerton will guess why, although I shall invent some reason to give her. I fear I was indiscreet in losing sight of this young man. But don't despair; nothing is beyond remedy. If I can only find out where he is, rest assured this will never happen again."
"I always thought you were too sanguine," said Adda, ready to vent her displeasure on everybody. "I don't believe he ever wanted to marry me, only you would have it he did."
Lady Jane went to London, was absent a week, and then returned a sadder but not a wiser woman. Not a trace could she find of Glencore, not a word had she heard of him.

"And Peggy," said Adda, "what about her?"
"Not a syllable. She had been gone a week and more before Harris wrote to me. It seems, however, a planned thing. She had it in her mind at least a year."
"I wonder," said Adda, "will he ever turn up again?" Her thoughts had reverted to Lord Glencore.
"Of course he will," said Lady Jane, decidedly; "and we must profit by the lesson we have learned from him. Now, my dear, go off and tell Stevens to come to me. I have a trying order before me to answer all the questions that the people here will put. I heard them in fits of laughter over their afternoon tea. I begged Lady Somerton to excuse me until dinner. I really don't feel as if I could face them then. Ah, Adda, and Lady Jane nodded her head mournfully, "perhaps some day, when you have daughters of your own, you may know. Talk of martyrs! You have only to look at mothers."
That evening when Lady Jane joined the guests assembled in the drawing room, she noticed that every one looked at her with an air of inquiry. It had been agreed at the request of the hostess that not a word on a subject uppermost in the minds of all of them should be mentioned until after dinner. Poor Lady Jane, sitting in a fool's paradise, actually fancied the object of her absence had lost its interest to everybody. Alas! a mine was about to explode, and Lady Somerton, nettled at the want of confidence shown, was the one to set the match.

Advancing to the comfortable armchair in which, the ladies having returned to the drawing room, her smiling guest was reclining, she said:
"Of course, dear Lady Jane, you have seen the announcement in the Times of to-day?"
"No, indeed; I waited until I got here to look at the paper," and she stretched out her hand for it languidly. "Anything of interest?"
"To you, yes, of great interest, I should say. Listen: 'On the 12th of September, at St. Simon's Church, Battersea, Peggy, only child of the late Wynford Magnus, Esq., to Harold William, tenth Earl of Glencore.'"
Adda gave a bound.
"Peggy!" she shrieked. "Mother, oh!"
But Lady Jane interrupted her. With a supreme effort the modern martyr rose to the occasion.
"Be calm, dear child," she said. "See what your coldness has driven him to. However, poor fellow, in spite of his disappointment, he was determined, it seems, to marry one of the family."

There was a party across the river the other night. Toward the close she slipped to his side and sweetly asked:
"Going home by yourself, Charlie?"
"Guess so," he replied.
"Would you like some one to see you home?"
"Depends on who it is." His answers were very short and crusty. Many a one would have been disheartened, but Lucy was not of that kind. She still persevered:
"Some young lady, I mean."
"Depends on who the young lady is," said the brute.
"Some one about my size," persisted the angel.
"There are several here about your size."
"Here's only one exactly my size."
"See here, Lucy," said Charlie, "if you want to take me home, you may."
"Oh!" she replied, "I've no particular desire to take you home, but as I was going your way I thought—"
He interrupted her with an "all right!" and together they left.

He was leaning on her arm, and silently they meandered over the frozen streets. They stopped at his door. He invited her in.
"No, Charlie, I won't go in, but I want to tell you something."
By the light of the street lamp on the corner Charlie's face was seen to grow pale as she continued:
"I am abundantly able to support a husband. I love you, Charlie, and can give you a good home. Will you be mine, dearest?"
"Lucy," gasped the brute, "you've no idea what it takes to support a husband—"
She interrupted him.
"During, if it would be necessary, I would wait from morning until night, and even take in washing and sewing; you shall want for nothing. Only say you will be mine."
"No, Lucy, it cannot be, I shall always love you as a brother, watch over your pathway through life, and should you stand in need of advice or assistance, you can rely on my willingness to assist you; but I can never marry you."
"Then you refuse me?"
"Yes."
"Base wretch!" she exclaimed, "you will live to repent your hasty decision, for tomorrow my dead body will be found in