

DON'T GO WEST.

In Southern Maryland a Better Climate, as Good Soil, a More Hospitable People, and Cheaper Land Await You.

Read the following Bargains: No. 125.—17 1/2 Acres of highly improved land situated on the Wisconsin river...

No. 126.—250 Acres known as Potomac Vine situated on the Potomac river with 1000 yards frontage...

No. 91.—This is a great bargain, 206 Acres, situated on Herring and St. George's Creeks with large oyster shoals attached...

No. 109.—This is a desirable farm for farming, lying within ten miles of Washington and 2 1/2 miles from Station on the B. & P. R. R.

No. 105.—Unquestionably this is a rare offer of a beautiful situated farm, yielding from 40 to 800 bushels per acre yearly...

No. 12.—This is a very desirable inland farm of 165 Acres, located conveniently to the city, on highly improved land...

No. 106.—This is a very desirable inland farm of 165 Acres, located conveniently to the city, on highly improved land...

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No. 132.—This is a very desirable inland farm of 165 Acres, located conveniently to the city, on highly improved land...

A FEW WORDS WITH YOU.

Shrewd buyers of BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, TRUNKS, &c., buy them as they need them.

We always keep in stock for our customers the latest styles, best quality and lowest prices, that speak for themselves.

We have the best \$2.00 Kip Boot in the country. We have a boot for \$1.65 that others sell at \$2.00.

We sell Gum Boots from \$2.90 to \$3.00 for the best.

We have a \$1.50 Stiff Hat that others sell for \$2.00. Hats from 25c and up.

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\$0,000! \$0,000! \$0,000!

REWARD For the Capture of THE LOST OR FOUND BOY.

Missed yesterday night, at day-break, from his home, where he has not been for 20 years, a Small Colored Boy, born of white parents, about the age of Chang, the Chinese Giant, by the name of You Know.

He was hungry looking, knock-kneed, and walked as straight as his bow. He was barefooted, with his old man's arctics on; he had no clothes on, except an old empty bag, which he carried across his broken back, and which contained two railroad tunnels and twenty bungeos.

He had a low-cut ulster, cut bias; he was cross-eyed at the back of his neck, and his hair was cut long, to match his splendid figure; both his ears were chopped off even with his age; his chin was glued to the hip.

He had a half-bred Irishman from Germany, and a youth of stalwart frame, Republican in politics and has voted every Democratic ticket from Washington down; when last seen he was shoving the clouds over the country to keep off the comet, with the intention of raising enough money to go to A. C. Strasburger's Liquor Store, where he and everybody can get the Apple Wood Whiskey, three years old, for \$2.00 per gallon; the Farmer's Delight for \$1.60; a No. 1 N. E. Rum for Mince Pie at \$1.75; fine Catawba Wine at 75c per gallon, and all other brands at equally low prices. Don't forget the place.

STASBURGER'S, Next door to Derr's Dry Good Store WESTMINSTER, MD.

dec 5-4t

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE, in Ridgeville, in Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause in the said court, wherein Charles A. Smith is complainant, and Albert Jones, administrator of Samuel E. Grove, deceased, and others are defendants, the undersigned, trustees, will offer at Public Sale, at the late residence of said Grove, in Ridgeville, in Carroll county, Maryland, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 28th, 1891, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate:

1. All that valuable lot of land situated in Ridgeville, in Carroll county, aforesaid, containing

1 ACRE OF LAND, more or less, and improved by a Large Two Story Frame Dwelling, with a back building, recently repaired and put in excellent condition, Stable, Corn House and Hen House. There is a well of good water and pump on the property. This property is the late residence of Samuel E. Grove, deceased, and is now occupied by his widow, the Bank Grove. It fronts on the Baltimore and Frederick Turnpike, and is distant about one mile from Mt. Airy, on the B. & O. Railroad. This is one of the most desirable homes in this section of the county, and offers great inducements to purchasers.

2. At the same time and place the undersigned trustees will offer at Public Sale, all that unimproved lot or parcel of land, situated in Ridgeville, in Carroll county, containing

THREE-QUARTERS OF AN ACRE OF Land, more or less. This lot adjoins the Hotel Property of Mr. Robert Nelson, and is one of the most desirable locations in Ridgeville. The soil is very rich and fertile.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be in cash on the day of the sale, or upon the ratification thereof; the balance to be paid in two equal installments, the one to be paid in one year and the other in two years from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the trustees.

WILLIAM H. THOMAS, J. MILTON REIFSNIDER, ALBERT JONES, Trustees.

William H. Thomas, Solicitor. Charles B. Fost, Auctioneer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Samuel E. Grove, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, within two months from the 28th day of December, 1891.

WILLIAM H. THOMAS, J. MILTON REIFSNIDER, ALBERT JONES, Trustees.

dec 5

WOLF'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. Business Course; Shorthand and Typewriting; Telegraphy. Instruction as thorough and extensive as in any other business college. Away from the temptations of large cities. Tuition and board moderate.

D. ELMER WOLF, Proprietor and Principal. Hagerstown, Md. dec 5

Poetry.

The Night After Christmas. BY J. W. EDGELL.

'Twas the night after Christmas, And all over the house Things were turned topsy-turvy. To suit even a mouse.

Santa Claus had been gone A whole night and a day, And Christmas never got right When the land-lord's away.

Mrs. Santa was mending Mr. Santa Claus' hose, For the climbing of roofs Is very hard upon those.

The two little Santas Were down on the floor With one eye on their blocks And one eye on the door.

Just then as they watched, Very close and swift, They heard a great noise Overhead on the thatch.

A tramping and stamping And rattling and clatter, And two little Santas Knew just what was the matter.

Papa Santa was come, And he sometimes forget And sought his own nose For a chimney you know Is a pretty tight space.

If he ever can tell, Till he lands down below, What quarter's his in, I'm sure I don't know.

First came a great shower, Of pop-corn and stuff, Such things as are left When we've all had enough. Then a wooden sacked doll, A tin soldier or two, Till the Santas set up A great hullabaloo.

At last came St. Nick, With a grunt and a sneeze, For a chimney you know Is a pretty tight space.

And he shouted, "Hello! Why I'm glad I'm in port, For of candy and toys I'm running quite short."

Then he kissed his good wife With a very loud smack, And tossed the young Kris Kinglees Up on his back.

And he grasped them and galloped them Over the floor, Till the house seemed in danger Of tumbling o'er.

Next he threw off his cap And his big furry coat, And he swore when he travelled To regions remote.

And perching the ladies up One on each knee, He told them of all He had happened to see.

"The strangest of all," Said he, after a while, "As good as 'twas strange, Though it may make you smile, The boys were coming in To rival me now."

And he giving, themselves, Though I don't know just how, "I came to a house Full of children and noise, There were my checked girls And curly-haired boys; And I gave them all something From out of my sack, Till they had had their fill On the top of my back."

"But you'd hardly believe What I saw with these eyes They had piled on the platform Cakes, apples and pies; With nutties and handkerchiefs, Stockings and shoes— And they weren't put there For the children to see."

"But the boys and girls all, With a hearty good-will, Gave me nice things away To the folks that are ill, To the poor and the homeless, With one and another, Very glad if they have Just a morsel of bread."

"And I noticed quite well, As I paced to look round, The boys were the jolliest Ever I found; And the girls were all smiles, And I knew right away That they had found out that keeps me So happy and gay."

Then Santa Claus kissed His sweetest good-night, Tucked them snug in their beds And blew out the light; They made Santa Claus say That he'd take them along On the next Christmas day.

So, young people, remember, When Christmas comes around, Get up and give away Together be found; And the reindeer may bring us, When next they are due, Santa Claus, Mrs. Santa— And the young Santas too.

Select Story.

TED'S CHRISTMAS, A Good Story for Some Parents to Read. BY MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

"They're going to have a Christmas tree, an' ants, an' candy, an' ice cream," and little Nan's eyes stuck out with the delights of imagination.

"My! Won't that be jolly?" Ted was the next speaker, and in the excitement of the moment he forgot himself so far as to emit a small, faint whistle.

"Stop that noise over there," said a stern voice, the owner of which looked out from behind the folds of the evening paper with a frown.

Joseph Rexford was homely enough, taken at his best, but with an ugly frown added, he was terrific, though probably not aware of it, for people seldom get before the glass to make up ugly faces.

"They were only talking a little about Christmas," said Mrs. Rexford, timidly, the wives of such men are invariably timid, or else, in very bravado of despair, intolerable scolds, and Mrs. Rexford could never be that.

She would have been the sunniest and sweetest of little women, had she not been clapped under a bushel by Joseph Rexford at a very early stage in their married life, and, as might be supposed, she was pretty nearly extinguished by this time.

"Christmas!" he growled, contemptuously. "All nonsense and folly, they'd better tendin' to their rethmetic or a shellin' them seeds. I had to work evenin's when I was their age, an' hadn't no time to be hatchin' up foolery."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," gently remonstrated the wife.

"They're not too old to enjoy a little recreation, Joseph, and I wish we could give them a little Christmas treat." She wondered afterward at her own boldness, for she did not often venture within reach of the lion's claws, or, in other words, her husband's displeasure.

He looked at her in astonishment; he supposed he had her subdued, and the idea that she could propose anything that he had just put his foot on as "foolery" shocked him.

"Ten days anyhow, mebbe two weeks," he answered. "The widdler'll expect me to settle up his affairs, more or less."

Ted looked at Nan with a grimace of unutterable delight; if the father had seen it, it is doubtful whether duty even could have urged him from home, certainly not without administering a spanking all round.

"Get my things ready as soon as you can," he resumed, "for I want to catch the three o'clock train, sure, and you, Ted, get the hock harness so't to take me to the depot."

"Yes'r," replied Ted, no danger but that Ted would do his share, and be on time, too.

Nan was on hand, like a Jack-in-the-box, to spring at every call, and bring the soap and the towel, the blacking-brush and whisk broom, for Joseph Rexford loved to be waited on, and his toilet for a journey, long or short, was the signal for a series of gymnastics, participated in by the whole family.

Half-past two came, and Doll was at the door, and Ted, with a very unbecoming shade of happiness on his countenance, held the reins.

"You'll want some money, I s'pose?" said Mr. Rexford, graciously, for him, as he drew on his overcoat. "There's five dollars," and he passed the precious morsel out from a roll of greenbacks, gingerly, he was not a poor man, by any means, and could have given her twenty-five just as easily.

"Yes, Joseph," she replied, meekly, as she tucked away the bill, she did not intend she should ever see it again, or an exhaustive report of the uses made of it, either.

"Wall, good-bye, Jane," (he drew on his gloves) "don't let the young ones run over you while I'm gone."

"No, Joseph," she replied, demurely, with an inward smile.

He went out, there was no silly demonstration of affection at parting. A kiss from those stern lips would have been an astonishment that the family would not have recovered from in a week, and getting into the waiting sleigh, old Doll moved away.

Nan turned a somersault; she was a fine, loving child, and would have been as happy as a lark, under favorable circumstances.

"Oh, goody, goody, goody!" she exclaimed, in a glad soliloquy.

"Hush, Nannie," said the mother reprovingly, though in her secret heart she could not blame the child for the ebullition.

Ted returned in due time, and the departure was an assured thing, and the boy already held up his head with an accession of self-respect, as he took his place as man of the house. One week was but a short time to plan in, but judicious effort can accomplish much in even a week's time, and Mrs. Rexford's plans were chiefly in the line of merry-making, such as one as they had never been allowed to have.

Her first move was a letter to a sister, living twenty miles away, with an invitation to spend Christmas.

A visit from Aunt Nan was a rare treat to the children at any time, one which they rarely enjoyed, however, for Aunt Nan and Joseph Rexford were not congenial spirits, she not being able to bottle up her indignation when he exercised his peculiar gift of government in her presence; he did not relish her "meddlin'," as he designated her rather free use of her tongue on occasions, and so she wisely concluded that it was best to see as little of the domestic economy as possible, and kept away, to Mrs. Rexford's mingled grief and relief.

Teddy's heart, in the meantime, was filled with a great longing; he wanted to make the patient little mother, whom he loved with a tender, chivalrous devotion, a Christmas present.

In the thirteen years of his life he had no remembrance of her receiving a Christmas gift, and he was in a brown study the greater part of his time, planning and contriving some way to surprise her with a present, but as yet no way had opened.

"Harness Doll, Teddy, and we'll go to the village today," said the mother one morning. Teddy smiled knowingly as he hurried away to obey her request, and in a short time they were on the way. "Now you must follow me around," she said, with a smile, as they neared the village; Ted answered her with a knowing, yet longing look. He wanted to ask her for a bit of spending money for himself, yet, fearing she would suspect, and, knowing that she had little with which to carry out her own plans, he wisely forbore.

"I am going to the station to meet the ten o'clock train, Teddy," she said, as he was hitching Doll, "and you may meet me there with the sleigh."

"Father isn't coming home, is he?" said Ted, in consternation.

"No, dear," replied the mother, laughing at his alarm, "but I think there will be somebody there, and she darts into a dry goods store, without explaining the mystery.

Ted went into another store to get warm, and then amused himself wandering up and down the street, looking into the shop windows, which were gay with Christmas goods, and thinking what he would buy if he had the means.

He had spent fully twenty-five dollars in this imaginary way, when he observed a stranger come out from one of the stores, and walk away briskly.

He had a pleasant face, and stepped off with the assured air of one who is accustomed to having good things of this life.

It was a warm, sunny day, and his heavy overcoat was thrown jauntily open, and, as he passed up the street he drew his handkerchief from his inside pocket, and blew his nose with a sonorous blast.

Ted watched all this with interest, for the man's pleasant face had pleased his childish fancy, and as the handkerchief came out the boy saw another object fly out also and lodge in the dirty snow of the gutter, while the gentleman walked quickly

on, quite unaware of his loss.

Ted's first thought was that it was only a piece of paper, and it did not occur to him to investigate the matter, but a second thought sent him flying to the spot, where, after some little search, he found a little decorated package wrapped in white paper and labeled with an express label; there was evidently a small box within, and Ted ran as fast as his legs could carry him to restore it to the owner.

That jaunty gentleman was just getting into a handsome sleigh as Ted turned the corner, and away he went.

"Mister, Mister," screamed Ted at the top of his voice, which the bells drowned, and then began the race—Ted running for dear life, the horses trotting along with no idea that they were pursued.

The boy's legs did him good service, however, and at last he succeeded in attracting the driver. "What's this, my lad?" he said, kindly. "Want a ride?"

"N-no," panted Teddy, all out of breath, "but you lost this, sir, and I picked it up," and he held up the package.

"Well, well, did I ever," said the gentleman, feeling hastily in his pocket. "What a careless trick. And so you've pretty near run your legs off to catch me, eh?"

"I guess they're all whole yet, sir," replied Ted, with a smile, and yet puffing with the race.

He handed over the box, while the stranger took out a fat pocket book. "Christmas is coming, my boy, and may be you'll like an extra bit of surprise money," he said, good naturedly, as he handed out a five dollar bill to the astonished child.

"Oh, sir, that's too much," and Ted offered it back, quite overwhelmed by such magnificence.

"Well, I don't know about that," said the gentleman, "that box contains a watch worth two hundred dollars, and by the time I had advertised it and paid a reward, besides the chances of my finding it again, so on the whole, I think I am rewarding you very moderately," and he buttoned his overcoat over box and pocketbook resolutely, and prepared to drive on.

A whole arena of Christmas presents danced through Ted's happy brain, as he thanked the generous gentleman for his gift, and they parted with mutual good feeling.

"If I had such a father as that," soliloquized the child, "what a good boy I'd be."

"If I had an honest, bright-faced boy like that," said the gentleman, "what a happy father I'd be."

Ted had never before kept a secret from his mother, and it was the hardest work to keep from telling his adventure, but secrets were flying in the air apparently and he held on to his with true Christmas tenacity.

He had suspected by this time who was coming on the train, and he was on time at the station with Doll, he had also wisely concluded to wait a bit for her advice and assistance before spending his wealth.

Aunt Nan stepped off the train when it came in, looking rosier and jollier than ever, Ted thought, as she hugged him up close to her warm fur, and she had the fattest satchel and heaviest basket he had ever lifted.

There was a perfect jubilee of welcome when the party reached home, and Aunt Nan took her namesake and little Jane into her warm embrace, to their complete surprise, for they had never dreamed of such a happy arrival. "The little dears," said Aunt Nan, as she and Mrs. Rexford made