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The Easton Gazette.

THE OLDEST
Paper in Talbot County.
THE PUREST IN POLITICS, THE SUBSCRIPTION LISTS CONTAINING THE MOST BONE-FIDE SUBSCRIBERS.
THE LARGEST ALL HOME PRINTED
PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

VOL. LXXVIII. NO. 24. EASTON, MD. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1894. $1 50 PER YEAR.

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FAIR PROOF OF THE FAIR

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

The Eloquent Pastor Discusses the Attributes of Christ—The Great, the Good, the Fair, the Sublime—A Characteristic Sermon—Praise From a Thousand Voices.

BROOKLYN, April 22.—Mrs. Prentiss' hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," was never more effectively rendered than this morning by the thousands of voices in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, led on by organ and cornet, while by new vocabulary and fresh imagery Dr. Talmage presented the gospel. The subject of the sermon was "Fairest of the Fair," the text chosen being Solomon's Song v, 16, "He is altogether lovely."

The human race has during centuries been improving. For awhile it deflected and degenerated, and from all I can read for ages the whole tendency was toward barbarism, but under the ever widening and deepening influence of Christianity the tendency is now in the upward direction. The physical appearance of the human race is 75 per cent more attractive than in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From the pictures on canvas and the faces and forms in sculpture of those who were considered the grand looking men and the attractive women of 200 years ago I conclude the superiority of the men and women of our time. Such looking people of the past centuries as painting and sculpture have presented as fine specimens of beauty and dignity would be in our time considered deformity and repulsiveness complete. The fact that any men and women in antediluvian centuries 8 and 10 feet high tended to make the human race monstrous rather than winning. Such portable mountains of human flesh did not add to the charms of the world.

The Physical Christ.

Join no climate and in no age did Christ appear any one who in physical loveliness could be compared with him. There are many text celebrates thousand wanderers before he put his infant hand in all back of Bethlehem.

Do not misgether lovely. The Kellogg-in Musée of Christ is, for the most part, an artistic guess. Some writers declare him to have been a brunette or dark complexioned, and others a blond or light complexioned. St. John of Damascus, writing 1,100 years ago, and so much nearer than ourselves to the time of Christ, and hence with more likelihood of accurate tradition, represents him with beard black, and curly Hebrews joined together, and "yellow complexion, and long fingers like his mother." An author, writing 1,000 years ago, represents Christ as blond: "His hair is the color of wine and golden the foot, straight and without lustre but from the level of the ears, curling and glossy, and divided down the back after the fashion of the Nazarites. His forehead is even and smooth, his face without blemish and enhanced by a tempered bloom, his countenance grandous and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as his hair and forked in form; his eyes blue and extremely pleasant."

In my opinion is, it was a Jewish face. Another was a Jewess, and there is a manhood on earth more beautiful than Jewish womanhood. Alas that he was so long before the daguerrean and photographic arts were born, or we should have known his exact features. I think that sculpture and painting were long before Christ, and they might have transferred from olden times to our times the forehead, the nostril, the cheek, the lips of our Lord.

Nicodemus, the sculptor, put down his chisel of enchantment 500 years before Christ came. Why did not some one of them up that chisel and give us the side or full face of our Lord? Polygnotus, the painter, put down his pencil 400 years before Christ. Why did not some one take it up and give us at least a profile of our Lord—the eye, that sovereign of the face? Dionysius, the literalist who saw at Heliopolis, Egypt, the strange darkening of the heavens at the time of Christ's crucifixion near Jerusalem, and not knowing what it was, describing it as an eclipse of the sun, and saying, "Either the Deity suffers or sympathizes with some sufferer" that Dionysius might have put his mind to the work and drawn the portrait of our Lord. But, no; the fine arts were busy perpetuating the form and appearance of the world's favorites only, and not the form and appearance of the monarch of misery, among whom Christ appeared.

Portraits of Christ.

Why not until the fifteenth century, more than 1,400 years after Christ, that talented painters attempted to give us the idea of Christ's face? The pictures before that time were impressive that the council at Constantinople forbade their exhibition. But Leonardo da Vinci, in the fifteenth century presented Christ's face on two occasions, yet the one was a feminine face and the other an effeminate face. Raphael's face of Christ is a weak face. Rembrandt's face of Christ was a savage face. Titian's face of Christ is an unintelligent face. The nightiest artists, either with pencil or chisel, have made a signal failure in attempting to paint the forehead, the cheek, the eyes, the nostril, the mouth of our blessed Lord.

But about his face I can tell you something positive and beyond controversy. Before it was a soulful face. The body only the curtain of the soul. It is impossible that a disposition like Christ's should not have demonstrated itself in his physiognomy. Kindness as an occasional impulse may give no illumination to the features, but kindness as a lifelong, dominant habit will have attractiveness of countenance that will be like the shining of the sun among flowers. Children are afraid of a scowling or hard visaged man. They cry out if he proposes to take them. If he try to caress them, he evokes a slap rather than a kiss. All mothers know how hard it is to get their children to go to a man or woman of forbidding appearance. But no sooner did Christ appear in the domestic group than there was an infantile excitement, and the youngsters began to struggle to get out of their mothers' arms. They could not hold the children back. "Stand back with those children!" scolded some of the disciples. Perhaps the little ones may have been playing in the dirt, and their faces may not have been clean, or they may not have been well clad, or the disciples may have thought Christ's religion was a religion chiefly for big folks. But Christ made the infantile excitement still livelier by his saying that he liked children better than grown people, declaring, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

Alas for those people who do not like children! They had better stay out of heaven, for the place is full of them. That, I think, is one reason why the vast majority of the human race die in infancy. Christ is so fond of children that he takes them to himself before the world has time to despoil and harden them, and so they are now at the windows of the palace and on the doorsteps and playing on the green. Sometimes Matthew or Mark or Luke tells a story of Christ, and only one tells it, but Matthew, Mark and Luke all join in that picture of Christ girdled by children, and I know by what occurred at that time that Christ had a face full of geniality.

Habits of Christ.

Not only was Christ altogether lovely in his countenance, but lovely in his habits. I know, without being told, that the Lord who made the rivers and lakes and oceans was cleanly in his appearance. He disliked the disease of leprosy not only because it was distressing, but because it was not clean, and his curative words were: "I will. Be thou clean." He declared himself in favor of thorough washing and opposed to superficial washing when he denounced the hypocrites for making clean only "the outside of the platter," and he applauds his disciples by saying, "Now are ye clean," and giving directions to those who fasted, among other things, he says, "Wash thy face," and to a blind man whom he was doctoring, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam," and he himself actually washed the disciples' feet, I suppose not only to demonstrate his own humility, but probably their feet needed to be washed.

The fact is, the Lord was a great friend of water. I know that from the fact that most of the world is water. But when I find Christ in such constant commendation of water I know he was personally neat, although he mingled much among very rough populations and took such long journeys on dusty-high-ways. He wore his hair long, according to the custom of his land and time, but neither trouble nor old age had thinned or injured his locks, which were never worn shaggy or unkempt. Yea, all his habits of personal appearance were lovely.

Sobriety was also an established habit of his life. In addition to the water, he drank the juice of the grape. When at a wedding party this beverage gave out, he made gallons on gallons of grape juice, but it was as unlike what the world makes in our time as health is different from disease and as calm pulses are different from the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There was no strychnine in that beverage or logwood or nux vomica. The tipplers and the sots who now quote the winemaking in Cana of Galilee as an excuse for the fiery and damning beverages of the nineteenth century forget that the wine at the New Testament wedding had two characteristics—the one that the Lord made it and the other that it was made out of water. Buy all you can of that kind and drink it at least three times a day and send a barrel of it round to my cellar.

You cannot make me believe that the blessed Christ who went up and down healing the sick would create for man that style of drink which is the cause of disease more than all other causes combined, or that he who calmed the maniacs into their right mind would create that style of drink which does more than anything else to fill insane asylums, or that he who was so helpful to the poor would make a style of drink that crowds the earth with pauperism, or that he who came to save the nations from sin would create a liquor that is the source of most of the crime that now stuffs the penitentiaries. A lovely sobriety was written all over his face, from the hair line of the forehead to the bottom of the bearded chin.

Christ the Physician.

Domesticity was also his habit. Though too poor to have a home of his own, he went out to spend the night at Bethany, two or three miles' walk from Jerusalem, and over a rough and hilly road that made it equal to six or seven ordinary miles, every morning and night going to and fro. I would rather walk from here to Central park, or walk from Edinburgh to Arthur's Seat, or in London clear around Hyde park, than to walk that road that Christ walked twice a day from Jerusalem to Bethany. But he liked the quietude of home life, and he was lovely in his domesticity.

How he enjoyed handing over the resurrected boy to his mother, and the resurrected girl to her father, and reconstructing homesteads which disease or death was breaking up! As the song "Home, Sweet Home" was written by a man who at that time had no home, so I think the homelessness of Christ added to his appreciation of domesticity.

Furthermore, he was lovely in his sympathies. Now, dropsy is a most distressful complaint. It inflames and swells and tortures any limb or physical organ it touches. As soon as a case of that kind is submitted to Christ he, without any use of diaphoretics, commands its cure. And what an eye doctor he was for opening the long closed gates of sight to the blue of the sky, and the yellow of the flower, and the emerald of the grass! What a Christ he was for cooling fevers without so much as a spoonful of febrifuge, and straightening crooked backs without any pang of surgery, and standing whole choirs of music along the silent galleries of a deaf ear, and giving healthful nervous system to cataleptics! Sympathy! He did not give them stoical advice or philosophize about the science of grief. He sat down and cried with them.

It is spoken of as the shortest verse in the Bible, but to me it is about the longest and grandest, "Jesus wept." Ah, many of us know the meaning of that! When we were in great trouble, some one came in with voluble consolation and quoted the Scripture in a sort of heartless way and did not help us at all. But after awhile some one else came in, and without saying a word sat down and burst into a flood of tears at the sight of our woe, and somehow it helped us right away. "Jesus wept." You see, it was a deeply attached household, that of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. The father and mother were dead, and the girls depended on their brother. Lazarus had said to them: "Now, Mary, now, Martha, stop your worrying. I will take care of you. I will be to you both father and mother. My arm is strong. Girls, you can depend on me!"

Comfort of Tears.

But now Lazarus was sick—yea, Lazarus was dead. All broken up, the sisters sit disconsolate, and there is a knock at the door. "Come in," says Martha. "Come in," says Mary. Christ entered, and he just broke down. It was too much for him. He had been so often and so kindly entertained in that home before sickness and death devastated it that he choked up and sobbed aloud, and the tears trickled down the sad face of the sympathetic Christ. "Jesus wept." Why do you not try that mode of helping? You say, "I am a man of few words," or "I am a woman of few words." Why, you deep soul, words are not necessary. Imitate your Lord and go to those afflicted homes and cry with them.

John Murphy! Well, you did not know him. Once, when I was in great bereavement, he came to my house. Kind ministers of the gospel had come and talked beautifully and prayed with us and did all they could to console. But John Murphy, one of the best friends I ever had, a big souled, glorious Irishman, came in and looked into my face, put out his broad, strong hand and said not a word, but sat down and cried with us. I am not enough of a philosopher to say how it was or why it was, but somehow from door to door and from floor to ceiling the room was filled with an all pervading comfort. "Jesus wept."

I think that is what makes Christ such a popular Christ. There are so many who wang sympathy. Miss Fiske, the famous Nestorian missionary, was in the chapel one day talking to the heathen, and she was in very poor health and so was obliged to sit down. But while she talked and felt the need of something to lean against, when she felt a woman's form at her back and heard a woman's voice saying, "Lean on me." She leaned a little, but did not want to be too cumbersome, when the woman's voice said, "Lean hard; if you love me, lean hard."

And that makes Christ so lovely. He wants all the sick and troubled and weary to lean against him, and he says, "Lean hard; if you love me, lean hard." Aye, he is close by with his sympathetic help. Hedley Vicars, the famous soldier and Christian of the Crimean war, died because when he was wounded his regiment was too far off from the tent of supplies. He was not mortally wounded, and if the surgeons could only have got at the bandages and the medicines he would have recovered. So much of human sympathy and hopefulness comes too late. But Christ is always close by if we want him, and has all the medicines ready, and has eternal life for all who ask for it. Sympathy!

A Sublime Self Sacrifice.

Aye, he was lovely in his doctrines. Self sacrifice or the relief of the suffering of others by our own suffering. He was the only physician that ever proposed to cure his patients by taking their disorders. Self sacrifice! And what did he not give up for others? The best climate in the universe, the air of heaven, for the wintry weather of Palestine, a scepter of unlimited dominion for a prisoner's box in an earthly courtroom, a flashing tiara for a crown of stinging brambles, a palace for a cattle pen, a throne for a cross. Self sacrifice! What is more lovely? Mothers dying for their children down with scarlet fever, railroad engineers going down through the open drawbridge to save the train, firemen scorched to death trying to help some one down the ladder from the fourth story of the consuming house. All these put together only faint and insufficient similes by which to illustrate the grander, mightier, farther reaching self sacrifice of the "altogether lovely."

Do you wonder that the story of his self sacrifice has led hundreds of thousands to die for him? In one series of persecutions over 200,000 were put to death for Christ's sake. For him Blandina was tied to a post and wild beasts were let out upon her, and when the fury continued after the attack of tooth and paw she was put in a net, and that net containing her was thrown to a wild bull that tossed her with its horns till life was extinct. All for Christ! Huguenots dying for Christ! Albigenses dying for Christ! The Vaudois dying for Christ! Smithfield fires endured for Christ! The bones of martyrs, if distributed, would make a path of moldering life all around the earth. The loveliness of the Saviour's sacrifice has inspired all the heroisms and all the martyrdoms of subsequent centuries. Christ has had more men and women die for him than all the other inhabitants of all the ages have had die for them.

Furthermore, he was lovely in his sermons. He knew when to begin, when to stop and just what to say. The longest sermon he ever preached, so far as the Bible reports him—namely, the sermon on the mount was about 16 minutes in delivery—at the ordinary rate of speech. His longest prayer reported, commonly called "The Lord's Prayer," was about half a minute. Time them by your own watch, and you will find my estimate accurate, by which I do not mean to say that sermons ought to be only 16 minutes long and prayers only half a minute long. Christ had such infinite power of compression that he could put enough into his 16 minute sermon and his half minute prayer to keep all the following ages busy in thought and action. No one but a Christ could afford to pray or preach as short as that, but he meant to teach us compression.

Christ's Sermons.

At Selma, Ala., the other day I was shown a cotton press by which cotton was put in such shape that it occupied in transportation only one car where three cars were formerly necessary, and one ship where three ships had been required, and I imagine that we all need to compress our sermons and our prayers into smaller compass.

And his sermons were so lovely for sentiment and practicality and simplicity and illustration. The light of a candle, the crystal of the salt, the cluck of a hen for her chickens, the hypocrite's dolorous physiognomy, the moth in the clothes closet, the black wing of a raven, the snowbank of white lilies, our extreme botheration about the splinter of imperfection in some one else's character, the swine fed on the pearls, wolves dramatizing sheep, and the peroration made up of a cyclone in which you hear the crash of a tumbling house unwisely constructed. No technicalities, no splitting of hairs between north and northwest side, no dogmatics, but a great Christly throb of helpfulness. I do not wonder at the record which says, "When he was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed him." They had but one fault to find with his sermon. It was too short. God help all of us in Christian work to get down off our stilts and realize there is only one thing we have to do—there is the great wound of the world's sin and sorrow, and here is the great healing plaster of the gospel. What you and I want to do is to put the plaster on the wound. All sufficient is this gospel if it is only applied. A minister preaching to an audience of sailors concerning the ruin by sin and the rescue by the gospel accommodated himself to sailors' vernacular and said, "This plank bears." Many years after this preacher was called to see a dying sailor and asked him about his hope and got the suggestive reply, "This plank bears."

An Appeal For Love.

Yea, Christ was lovely in his chief life's work. There were a thousand things for him to do, but his great work was to get our shipwrecked world out of the breakers. That he came to do, and that he did, and he did it in three years. He took 30 years to prepare for that three years' activity. From 12 to 30 years of age we hear nothing about him. That intervening 18 years I think he was in India. But he came back to Palestine and crowded everything into three years—three winters, three springs, three summers, three autumns. Our life is short, but would God we might see how much we could do in three years. Concentration! Intensification! Three years of kind words! Three years of living for others! Three years of self sacrifice! Let us try it.

Aye, Christ was lovely in his demise. He had a right that last hour to deal in anathematization. Never had any one been so meanly treated. Cradle of straw among goats and camels—that was the world's reception of him! Rocky cliff, with hammers pounding spikes through tortured nerves—that was the world's farewell salutation! The slaughter of that scene sometimes hides the loveliness of the sufferer. Under the saturation of tears and blood we sometimes fail to see the sweetest face of earth and heaven. Altogether lovely! Can coldest criticism find an unkind word he ever spoke, or an unkind action that he ever performed, or an unkind thought that he ever harbored?

What a marvel it is that all the nations of earth do not rise up in raptures of affection for him! I must say it here and now. I lift my right hand in solemn attestation. I love him, and the grief of my life is that I do not love him more. Is it an impertinence for me to ask, Do you, my hearer—you, my reader, love him? Has he become a part of your nature? Have you committed your children on earth into his keeping, as your children in heaven are already in his bosom? Has he done enough to win your confidence? Can you trust him, living and dying and forever? Is your back or your face toward him? Would you like to have his hand to guide you, his might to protect you, his grace to comfort you, his sufferings to atone for you, his arms to welcome you, his love to encircle you, his heaven to crown you?

A Grand Thought.

Oh, that we might all have something of the great German reformer's love for this Christ which led him to say, "If any one knocks at the door of my breast and says, 'Who lives there?' my reply is, 'Jesus Christ lives here, not Martin Luther.'" Will it not be grand if, when we get through this short and rugged road of life, we can go right up into his presence and live with him world without end?

And if, entering the gate of that heavenly city, we should be so overwhelmed with our unworthiness on the one side, and the supernal splendor on the other side, we get a little bewildered and should for a few moments be lost on the streets of gold and among the burnished temples and the sapphire thrones, there would be plenty to show us the way and take us out of our joyful bewilderment, and perhaps the woman of Nain would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who raised my only boy to life." And Martha would say, "Come, let me take you to the Christ who brought up my brother Lazarus from the tomb." And one of the disciples would say, "Come, and let me take you to the Christ who saved our sinking ship in the hurricane on Gennesaret." And Paul would say, "Come, and let me lead you to the Christ for whom I died on the road to Ostia." And whole groups of martyrs would say, "Come, let us show you the Christ for whom we rattled the chain and waded the floods and dared the fires." And our own glorified kindred would flock around us, saying, "We have been waiting a good while for you, but before we talk over old times, and we tell you of what we have enjoyed since we have been here, and you tell us of what you have suffered since we parted, come, come and let us show you the greatest sight in all the place, the most resplendent throne, and upon it the mightiest conqueror, the exaltation of heaven, the theme of the immortals, the altogether great, the altogether good, the altogether fair, the altogether lovely!"

Well, the delightful morn will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face.
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Mr. Coffey and His Grounds.

Perhaps the best specimen of wit that has enlivened a Hamilton county court in many a day was that emitted like a flash from Mr. Coffey, the attorney, who had been guilty of a good many things that have disturbed the serenity of bench and bar. Mr. Coffey was counsel in a case which had already been postponed some two or three times at his request. It was before Judge Outcalt. Again Mr. Coffey asked for postponement. The court reminded him that it had already been postponed several times at his request.

"Have you good grounds for wishing another postponement?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir, I have," replied Coffey.

"What are they?" asked the court.

"Coffey grounds, your honor."

"Coffee grounds?" repeated the judge.

"Yes, sir," said John.

Then the judge got on his dignity and reminded the lawyer that he was trifling with the court.

"Your honor," said Mr. Coffey, "there was a small addition to my family last night, and I submit, your honor, that this is good grounds for asking for a postponement."

Did John get it? Well, rather.—Cincinnati Times Star.

Childhood Sayings of an Empress.

The Empress Frederick must have been a deliciously naughty child if all the stories told of her juvenile days are true. Everybody knows the "Good Night, Brown," story, but here are a few others not quite so familiar:

Walking one day in Windsor forest with her daily governess, the princess, then 3 years old, showed a good deal of rather naughty temper. "Look," said the governess, "at that very nice little girl over there. How good she is! How quiet!" "I dare say she may be," retorted the little princess; "but, then, I also see she has no daily governess!" "Shall we meet every one we know in heaven?" she asked another time. "Oh, yes, my dear," was the reply. "Surely," thoughtfully remarked the child, "not Dr. A." Dr. A., it should be told, was an extremely plain old man. When the Prince of Wales was born, the good news was conveyed to her small highness. "Are you not pleased with your little brother?" it was asked some time later. "Oh, no," was the reply. "I would so much rather have had a pony!"

Snobbish Loyalty.

To those who regard loyalty and snobbishness as the same thing a great opportunity is offered by a West End firm. The circular of these astute tradesmen states that:

"To enable lovers of the beautiful in nature to share the pleasure taken by her majesty in floriculture a few reproductions of a painting representing a group of pansies specially selected for growing in the queen's gardens at Windsor have been made."

The price is only 10s. 6d. For a reproduction of a painting of an ordinary group of pansies this might seem a large figure, but when the pansies are the queen's pansies who would grudge half a guinea for the pleasure of looking at a reproduction of a painting of them?

A clod, a piece of orange peel, an end of a cigar,
Once lived on by a princely heel, how beautiful they are!

—Labouchere's Truth.

The Pyramid of Dashur.

M. de Morgan, chief of the antiquities department, claims to have made the discovery of the long sought entrances to the mysterious brick pyramid of Dashur, near Sakkara. After numerous borings in the ground surrounding the pyramid he found, 27 feet below the surface, a gallery 230 feet long, cut in the rock and inclining upward toward the pyramid.

Fifteen chambers were found containing numerous tombs and sarcophagi of high functionaries, among them the sarcophagus of a queen, all of the twelfth dynasty, over 2,000 years before Christ. It is expected that further researches will reveal the sarcophagus of King Usurtesen III.—London Times.

"Pillar of the Center of Population."

The limestone monument bearing the title used as a headline is located in Decatur county, Ind. The center of the population in the United States, as located by the census of 1890, is in the above named county, 20 miles east of Columbus, one of the cities of Hoosierdom. This is the second time in the history of our country that the center of population has been indicated by marking it with a monument. The first was the spot located by the census of 1810. The "monument," which may still be seen, is simply a flat stone imbedded in the soil 40 miles northwest of Washington, bearing these three words, "Center of Population."—St. Louis Republic.

The Cause of It.

He blushed a fiery red. Her heart went pit-a-pat. She gently hung her head and looked down on the mat. He trembled in his speech. He rose from where he sat and shouted with a screech: "You're sitting on my hat!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Dallas B. Hayward.
DRUGGIST.
SUCCESSOR TO HAYWARD & BRO.
WASHINGTON STREET.
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Including both Solid
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A Gross
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Public Local Laws.

Published in connection with the Code of Public General Laws.

CHAPTER 141.

AN ACT authorizing and empowering the County Commissioners of Talbot County to appoint an additional Constable for the 4th Election District of said County.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the County Commissioners of Talbot County be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to appoint, in addition to the two Constables now provided for by Law, one other Constable in the 4th District of said County, who shall reside and have his office not more than one half mile from Bellevue Bridge in Talbot County.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 27, 1894.
FRANK BROWN,
Governor.
JOHN WALTER SMITH,
President of the Senate.
JAMES H. PRESTON,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
Office of the Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January Session, 1894.

B. L. SMITH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

CHAPTER 400.

AN ACT to add an additional Section to article twenty-one of "the Code of Public Local Laws of the State of Maryland," entitled "Talbot County," sub-title "Easton," to be known as Section ninety-eight.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the following Section to be and the same hereby added to article twenty-one of the Code of Public Local Laws of Maryland, entitled "Talbot County," sub-title "Easton," to be known as Section 98 thereof.

Section 98. The commissioners of said town may prescribe a penalty for the violation of any ordinance which they have been or may hereafter be passed by them, and for the prosecution and collection thereof, and the printed copy thereof, issued by authority and under the sanction of said board of commissioners, shall be legal evidence of the passage of said ordinances and the contents thereof in any court of law or equity in this State.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 6, 1894.
FRANK BROWN,
Governor.
JOHN WALTER SMITH,
President of the Senate.
JAMES H. PRESTON,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
Office of the Secretary of the Senate.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January Session, 1894.

J. ROGER McSHERRY,
Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 280.

AN ACT to repeal Section one hundred and forty of article twenty of the Code of Public Local Laws of Talbot County, relating to the Town of Saint Michaels, and to enact the same with amendments.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Section one hundred and forty of article twenty of the Code of Public Local Laws of Talbot County, relating to the Town of Saint Michaels, be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments to read as follows:

Section 140. *And be it enacted*, That the commissioners of the Town of Saint Michaels shall have full power and authority to levy on all the property, real, personal and mixed, of all lands and descriptions whatsoever, within the corporate limits of said town, a sum not exceeding sixty cents in every hundred dollars' worth of property in any one year, and in the same proportion upon any greater or smaller share of property after the fair assessment and valuation by some suitable and discreet person, acting under oath, and by them appointed, the same to be made and returned annually between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of June, if they think it necessary.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 6, 1894.
FRANK BROWN,
Governor.
JOHN WALTER SMITH,
President of the Senate.
JAMES H. PRESTON,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
Office of the Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January Session, 1894.

B. L. SMITH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

CHAPTER 340.

AN ACT to repeal Sections seventy two, seventy eight and eighty one of article twenty one of the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Talbot County," sub title "Easton."

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Sections seventy two, seventy eight and eighty one of article twenty one of the Code of Public Local Laws of Maryland, entitled "Talbot County," sub title "Easton," be and the same are hereby repealed.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 6, 1894.
FRANK BROWN,
Governor.
JOHN WALTER SMITH,
President of the Senate.
JAMES H. PRESTON,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
Office of the Secretary of the Senate.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January Session, 1894.

J. ROGER McSHERRY,
Secretary of the Senate.

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CHAPTER 178.

AN ACT to repeal Section 164, article 21, of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Talbot County," sub title "Oysters," and to re enact the same with amendments.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Section 164 of article 21 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Talbot County," sub title "Oysters," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments so as to read as follows:

Section 164. For the purpose of more definitely defining the lines for scraping oysters in Choptank River, in Talbot county the following lines shall be construed as the mouths of its tributaries, to wit: Beginning at the north end of Vincent's Neck ponds, on Pultman's Island, and running thence to Long or Nelson's Point, which line shall be construed as defining the mouth of Harris River thence from said Long or Nelson's Point to the south end of Royston's Island and thence in a straight line to Benoni's Point which line shall be construed as the mouth of Broad River and Irish Creek, thence from Benoni's Point to Clara's Point; and the County Commissioners of Talbot County shall procure eight buoys, two of which shall be placed on each of the above described lines by the Oyster Police Boat guarding said lines; and it shall not be lawful for any person to take or catch oysters with or in shore of said lines except bona fide resident citizens of Talbot County who have been licensed to take oysters with tongs or tongs in the waters of said County.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent herewith be and the same are hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 3, 1894.
FRANK BROWN,
Governor.
JOHN WALTER SMITH,
President of the Senate.
JAMES H. PRESTON,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
Office of the Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January Session, 1894.

B. L. SMITH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

CHAPTER 213.

AN ACT to repeal and re-enact with amendment Section 126 of article 21 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Talbot County," sub title "Liquors and Intoxicating Drinks."

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That Section 126 of article 21 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Talbot County," sub title "Liquors and Intoxicating Drinks," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendment so as to read as follows:

126. It shall be unlawful for any person to sell or barter any cider or medicated bitters producing intoxication, or any other intoxicating liquors, within the limits of said election districts of Talbot County; provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of cider, spirituous, fermented or intoxicating liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business, upon the written, *bona fide* prescription of a regular practicing physician, whose name in full shall be signed thereto, with the date and name of the person for whom the prescription is intended; and every such prescription shall be filed and kept for at least one year by such pharmacist or druggist; and no such prescription shall serve for more than one purchase; no physician shall make or sign any such prescription unless the same be requisite and necessary and such liquor required as a medicine; any one violating the provisions of this Section shall, on conviction, be fined not less than fifty dollars nor more than three hundred dollars for each and every offence, and be imprisoned in the house of correction for not less than three months and not more than six months, and provided further that this Section shall not prevent the manufacture of cider from fruit of any kind grown in Talbot County, or the sale of cider made from fruit grown in said County, but this provision shall not authorize the sale of cider in the corporate limits of the town of Oxford.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 3, 1894.
FRANK BROWN,
Governor.
JOHN WALTER SMITH,
President of the Senate.
JAMES H. PRESTON,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.
Office of the Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at the January Session, 1894.

B. L. SMITH,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.

CHAPTER 278.

AN ACT to authorize the Commissioners of Oxford, Talbot County, to issue bonds to an amount not exceeding Fifteen Hundred Dollars, for the purpose of acquiring suitable fire apparatus and engine house.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the Commissioners of Oxford be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to issue bonds of said Commissioners of Oxford, not exceeding in the sum of Fifteen Hundred Dollars in the aggregate, in sums of One Hundred Dollars each, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable annually, said bonds to be numbered and referred and numbered, commencing with Number one; provides that no bond shall be sold at less than par, and that it to be signed by the said Commissioners and countersigned by the clerk thereof.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That said bonds shall be issued payable Ten years from date thereof, and redeemable at any time after the expiration of five years from the date, at the pleasure of said Commissioners, and shall be exempt from municipal taxation.

SECTION 3. *And be it enacted*, That the said sum of Fifteen Hundred Dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary for this purpose, shall be, by the said Commissioners of Oxford, used and applied exclusively to the payment of the cost and expense of providing suitable fire apparatus and for all incidental the same as said Commissioners may under and direct.

SECTION 4. *And be it enacted*, That the Commissioners of Oxford be and they are hereby authorized and required to provide annually out of the annual tax levy an amount sufficient to pay the interest on the outstanding bonds, by them issued under the provisions of this act, as the same shall fall due, and to gradually reduce and retire such bonds until all shall have been redeemed and retired, and for this purpose they shall set apart the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars per annum, to be invested in such securities as they may select, to create a sinking fund for the redemption of said bonds upon their maturity.

SECTION 5. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, April 3, 1894.
FRANK BROWN,