Tho' Losses And Crosses Be Lessons Right Severe, There's Wit There, Ye'll Get There, Ye'll Find Nay Other Where.--Robert Burns's Epistle to Davie.

THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WILSON M. TYLOR & BRO.,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

SATURDAY, - MARCH 9, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.—$1.50 per year, or $1.00 in advance. 50 cents for six months or 30 cents for 3 months in advance.

DISCONTINUANCE.—No paper will be discontinued until the subscriber so ordering pays all arrearage then due. Persons paid up in full can order their paper discontinued by notifying the editor at any time.

COMMUNICATIONS.—All communications to the GAZETTE must be accompanied by the name of the writer; otherwise they will not be inserted. Personal and abusive communications will not be published.

ADVERTISING Rates given on application.

The Date on the Label on Your Paper will Show the time to which your Subscription is paid. If the month only is mentioned it means to the of that month.

ONE way to help your community and your country is to lend your support promptly to the best enterprises.

Stop advertising when your business gets too heavy for you to handle but until that heavy climax is reached you'd better continue talking to the people.

It is reported that Congressman Wilson is to be given another chance to accept a college presidency. The gentleman is out of place in active politics, because his theories do not gee with cold, hard, everyday practical life; and he should bear in mind that a college presidency in hand is worth more than a judicial position in the mind of the executive.

MR. CLEVELAND sold those bonds $9,000,000 below the market price, and he gave away $16,000,000 which the people will have to pay in extra interest during the thirty years the bonds will run. Still there are people who pretend to be surprised at the wave of indignation that has swept over the country.

Senator Blackburn (Dem., Ky.) very well summed up the financial errors of the past Congress in the following words:

"I doubt not the next Congress, in a short time, would prove that they were as utterly incompetent and incapable of grappling with the currency question as we have proved ourselves to be."

It remains to be seen whether the Rothschilds will direct the U. S. Treasury any better, under their very profitable contract, than the Cleveland-Carlisle combination has done. The ability of the new financial directors is unquestioned, but it is more likely to be used for their own benefit than for the people of the United States.

James Gordon Bennett makes a most liberal offer to American writers. He will donate $10,000 to the best serial story of American author: 3,000 words by an American author: 3,000 for a novelette of from 15,000 to 25,000 words; $1,000 for a story of from 6,000 to 10,000 and $1,000 for the best epic poem of any event in American history. This is the way to build up American writership.

THE Japanese are having all the glory and excitement of war without any of the hardships and without very much of its dangers. It is said that during the whole course of the war they have not lost so many lives as were lost by the sinking of the Elbe. The war has not been much more fatal to them than is Uncle Sam's annual Fourth of July celebration.

From the Phila. Item of Tuesday.

TWO YEARS OF DEMOCRATIC RULE.

The Thirty-third Congress passed out of power yesterday, but it will long live in history.

It was a pitiable spectacle of ignorance, inefficiency and helplessness and which will for many years stand as a pall between the people and the prospect of Democratic success in the future.

The Democratic party came into control of the Government, with a comfortable cash balance in the Treasury. The Fifty-third Congress steps out with a deficit of thirty-six millions, and the debt piling up higher every day. Two years ago the revenues were sufficient to meet the expenses of the Government, to day even with the odious income tax about to go into force the probabilities are that the Government will have to borrow money to meet current expenses.

But wretched as has been the juggling with national finances, the loss es to the Government have been in significant when compared with the actual money losses suffered by the business world during the past two years of depression.

The bank clearances alone for 1893 showed a loss of $13,680,814,600. This represented the distribution of over $200 less money throughout the United States for every man, woman and child, native born, naturalized and alien, in the entire country. Its real significance is that considerably more than a billion dollars less was circulated through business channels in the Republic every month of the first year of Democratic rule than was circulated during the corresponding month of the preceding year under a Republicam administration. And now we are confronted by the stern fact that the clearances for the present year are much smaller than in 1893. These figures worked out and properly classified would show an awful loss in the wages of the industrial classes, as well as a terrible shrinkage in the aggregate wealth of the people.

It has recently been estimated by competent and reliable statisticians that the aggregate wealth of the Nation has been decreased to the extent of about $6,000,000,000 as the result of the last two years of Democratic administration and legislation. In addition to th s the bonded indebtedness of the Government has been increased by $178,000,000, and this to cover the loss resulting from Democratic inefficiency.

This is an awful record for any party to leave behind, and it forms a startling page in American history the memory of which will not be blotted out for years.

Well may the American people rejoice that the days of the Fifty-third Congress have reached an end.

Where Frigidity Lingers, Mar. 5, '95.
EDITOR GAZETTE:

Only here and there on this our turbulent speck of the boundless all, still lingers a drift of winter's frigidity. The cold reminders of the recent blizzard, under the beni nant rays of the orb of day have wept themselves away in cold silent tears on kind nature's bosom. Old Boreas appears to have spent his force, and seemingly sighed himself to rest. May the blast of his mighty trumpet be no longer heard, and his icy breath be no longer felt in this the opening month of spring. Above the water bushes that dip in the llow of our soft murmuring stream, I hear the wild carol of the red-winged blackbirds, heralding the approach of the vernal season. Sing on sweet harbinger of spring, thy melody is soothing to the wounded spirits. Come thou dove of promise, bearing the olive branch in token of the subduing flood of passion that has o'errun our cottage homes. Come, and with thy presence bring peace and tranquility on this our little mud-dab of infinity. Upwards of two score years have I been a voyager on the on-rushing river of life, I have ever endeavored to sail closely in the wind's eye of truth. My frail bark has never before been tossed on such a tempestuous sea of passion, and it is the first time on my voyage that I've had warning that my black flag waters were bearing down on me with rapid firing guns. If I am storm-blind and steering off the course of facts, it will not be much trouble to demonstrate that I have lost my reckoning. Don't sink the hulk, or send it to the boneyard before its timbers are half rotton. Permit it to sail on, as it may soon be lost in the darkness of futurity. Here let me side track the reader just a moment, while the express train of thought runs on a little in advance of the pen.

"Night upon that hour
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching dreams
Or goodly supper in the distant pool."

Then, night after that same hour, another unfeathered biped lets down the windows of his soul, and falls to dreaming. Then what visions interweave themselves into his wandering wits, and in the jumbled rubbish of his dream, fancy pictures deceptive forms in saintly garb, flowing milk-white along profession's train. In these dreamy nebulous visions, do animated beings appear, or are they mere apparitions, wafting hither and thither the scandal and gossip afloat on this fractional part of immensity? Carlisle says, they are ghosts, and that a "thousand million are stalking the earth to-day in open daylight." If this be the true philosophy of the situation, then it is not strange that sounds, and many mysterious messages are wafted to ears. If darkness is o'er the face of futurity and we are afloat on a sea of conjecture, the trouble spirits may find some comfort in the following long citation: In this, probably my last communication on a subject that may have claimed no more than a passing notice from many readers of the Gazette, let me say in all candor, that I bear no malice toward any living man or woman. The scribe has been subjected to some pretty hard thumps in life's battle, but his heart has not yet grown so callous as to willfully do his fellow man an injury. If then there are any wounded spirits inside or outside the imperial mansions, who are fretting and fuming under the sting of a little healthy and legitimate criticism, they must remember that we cannot always claim the lion's share of all that in life is worth the living. Some shadows will fall athwart our pathway even when the rainbow of promise appears the brightest.

Under the following figure, a quotation from one of my favorite authors will I close this insipid communication: The fire baptised soul so long scattered and thunder-driven here feels its own freedom, which feeling is its Baphometric Baptism; the citadel of its whole kingdom it has gained by assault; and will keep inexpugnable; outward from the remaining foes, assailed without hand battling, will by degrees be conquered and pacificated.

THE LONE HERN.

Curiosities of Literary Worship.

The most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well known Englishman, who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley.

Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of the late Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, Aug. 11, 1871, at Vianden, in the gardens attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon."

In the year 1816 a tooth of the famous Sir Isaac Newton was sold at auction by a relic monger of London and was purchased by an English nobleman for a sum equal to $3,500 in United States currency. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from a favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.

The wig that Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold at public auction soon after the great writer's death for the sum of £2,000, and the favorite chair of Alexander Pope brought £1,000 at a sale in 1822.—St. Louis Republic.

Damage by Lightning Increased.

Damage by lightning is unmistakably increasing, according to the director of the statistical office of Berlin. Various causes are assigned, such as the employment of electricity in various industries, the continual change of form of the earth's surface by deforestation, drainage, etc., and the impurities introduced into the atmosphere by the growing consumption of coal. Professor von Bezold some time ago showed that for Bavaria the fires due to lightning increased from a yearly average of 93 in 1833–1843 to 132 in 1880 to 1883, while the number of persons struck by lightning and of those killed rose from 134 and 73, respectively, in 1855 to 186 and 161 in 1885. An interesting fact noted is that persons struck generally perceive neither lightning nor thunder, but receive the impression of being enveloped by fire. —Boston Transcript.

Tongs.

Tongs were said to have been invented in China B. C. 1122, but representations of them have been found on the Egyptian monuments B. C. 2200. In India they are claimed as in use since B. C. 900, and their principal employment in that country, where fires during the most of the year are superfluous, was to facilitate the handling of dead bodies in the funeral pyres. Seventy pairs of tongs, some bronze, some iron, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF

The Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Easton, Md., at Easton, in the State of Maryland, at the close of business, March 5th, 1895.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$111,402 14
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		823 36
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		18,750 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures		9,081 40
Other real estate and mortgages owned		7,700 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)		545 00
Due from State Banks and bankers		3,393 77
Due from approved reserve agents		10,644 82
Checks and other cash items		791 10
Notes of other National Banks		1,150 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		98 23
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	$8,268 03	
Legal-tender notes	1,200 00	10,288 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)		843 50
Total		$175,751 32

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 75,000 00
Surplus fund	9,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	994 29
National Bank notes outstanding	14,370 00
Due to State Banks and bankers	9 20
Individual deposits subject to check	76,377 83
Total	$175,751 32

STATE OF MARYLAND, COUNTY OF TALBOT, ss:

I, Harry M. Mason, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HARRY M. MASON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of March, 1895.

GEO. E. S. LOVEDAY, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
ISAAC A. BARBER,
JNO. MASON,
B. F. FARLETT,
Directors.



Magnolia, Md.

A Bad Injury

Causes a Stubborn Running Sore

Inflammation Removed and Wound Healed by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been a cripple for 27 years, caused by being thrown from a horse and striking on a large stone. Two years ago I received a blow on my crippled foot by fall of a large piece of timber, which cut through the flesh. It festered and

Became a Running Sore

and the inflammation extended to my leg. The treatment not satisfying me, I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon the inflammation had gone, the wound healed and I have been benefited in many ways. Hood's Sarsaparilla has purified my blood, built up my system and given me an appetite so that I relish any kind of food. I improved in flesh very rapidly, and feel

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am an employe of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore R. R. Co. Will always recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as an excellent blood medicine." J. M. ROLLINS, Magnolia, Maryland.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

POP BIG PIPE.

The Queer Will of a Famous Dutch Smoker Who Died at Ninety-eight.

In its discussion of the question whether it is injurious to smoke tobacco the Cleveland Plain Dealer recalls the history of Mynheer Van Klaes, a famous old merchant in Holland, who was such an inveterate smoker that he was nicknamed "Pop Big Pipe." He made a large fortune in the India trade and built a mansion near Rotterdam, in which he collected every imaginable kind of pipe. It was said that he smoked 150 grams of tobacco every day and died at the age of 98 years. In making his will, after bequeathing to his relatives, friends and charities a large proportion of his estate, he added the following clause:

"I wish every smoker in the kingdom to be invited to my funeral in every way possible, by letter, circular and advertisement. Every smoker who takes advantage of the invitation shall receive as a present ten pounds of tobacco and two pipes, on which shall be engraved my name, my crest and the date of my birth. Each one of the neighborhood who accompany my bier shall receive every year on the anniversary of my death a large package of tobacco. I make the condition that all those who assist at my funeral, if they wish to partake of the benefits of my will, must smoke without interruption during the entire ceremony. My body shall be placed in a coffin lined throughout with the wood of my old Havana cigar boxes. At the foot of the coffin shall be placed a box of French tobacco and a package of our old Dutch tobacco. At my side place my favorite pipe and a box of matches, for one never knows what may happen. When the bier rests in the vault, all the persons in the funeral procession are requested to cast upon it the ashes of their pipes as they pass it on their departure from the grounds."

It is said that Van Klaes, on the day that he made this eccentric will, summoned a notary who was also a notable smoker and said to him: "Fill my pipe and yours. I am going to die." He then dictated the will and died. The Plain Dealer ironically observes that crusaders against the use of tobacco may find in this striking instance little support for their claim that smoking is disastrous to the human system. Of course it may be argued that if he had limited his indulgence to 100 grams a day he might have lived to the advanced age of 130 instead of being cut off at 98.

An Interesting Snap Shot.

Snap shot photographs have not infrequently added valuable facts to the stores of science. They are able to detect and analyze motions too quick for the eye to follow. A recent instance of the application of photography to settle a disputed question in natural history is an experiment made on a voyage from British Columbia to San Francisco by Mr. A. Kingsmill.

A large albatross had been following the steamer and keeping pace with it for several hours, and the wonder grew among the passengers onboard as to how the bird was able to fly so swiftly while apparently keeping its wings extended without flapping them. As this is a common manner of flight with the albatross, the explanation has been offered that the bird takes advantage of slight winds and air currents, and so is able to glide upon what might be called atmospheric slopes.

As the albatross sailed alongside of the ship, about 15 feet away, Mr. Kingsmill snapped his camera at it and obtained a photograph which astonished him and his fellow voyagers.

The photograph revealed what no eye had caught—the wings of the albatross, each some 5 feet long, raised high above its back in the act of making a downward stroke. The explanation naturally suggested is that more or less frequently the bird must have made a stroke of this kind with its wings, although the eye could not detect the motion, and that the camera chanced to be snapped just at the right moment.—Youth's Companion.

Journalism In Japan.

"Journalism In Japan" is the subject of an interesting article by a Japanese in The Revue des Revues. The writer, Mr. Saizau, for several years settled in France, has brought out on the stage Japanese plays turned into French. The founder of journalism in the Land of the Rising Sun was a chemist—that is to say, of the pharmaceutical order—named Kishida-Chinkau, who issued, some 25 years ago, a periodical sheet to spread the praise of his medicines. It came out twice or three times a month. Politics he was forbidden by law from touching, but in order to make his circular more interesting he introduced into it society paragraphs and sensational police cases, and even serial stories from national legends. Still journalism languished in Japan till the introduction of modern printing presses, when it fast became prosperous. Kishida-Chinkau was, however, ruined by competition. The Japanese have now upward of 400 dailies, costing a half penny or a penny, and something like 300 reviews or magazines.

Not Dirt Cheap.

Visitor (from the east)—Your premises seem remarkably clean. Where do you throw your garbage?

Western Kansas Man—I dump it in a hole in the back yard.

"That's a handy arrangement."

"Yes; it's rather handy."

"And when that hole's full I presume you can easily dig another."

"Yes, you, but that hole won't be full for a long time yet."

"Cheap way of settling the garbage problem, too, isn't it?"

"M—no; it ain't so thundering cheap." Pretty deep hole, is it?"

"Yes; pretty deep. Fourteen hundred and sixty feet. I had the impression once that there was coal oil or something at the bottom of it. I reckon we're going to have snow. Wind's straight from the northeast."—Chicago Tribune.

Meat Versus Grain and Vegetable Foods.

If the human race were forced to depend wholly upon flesh for food, it would take 22 acres of pasturage to support each adult. Under wheat the same land would furnish food for 43 persons, oats for 81, potatoes, Indian corn and rice for 176 people. If planted with tropical fruits and vegetables, it would be found that the same number of acres in breadfruit trees would feed 6,000 persons. In bananas 6,500, and if in a carefully cultivated field of taca roots, 10,000!—St. Louis Republic.

A sweat cloth, used by ancient wrestlers and other athletes to wipe off the perspiration, cost 1 cent.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

How He Appeared on the Eve of Sailing For Samoa.

Mr. Stevenson, when I first saw him in his room in the Occidental hotel in San Francisco, was sitting up in bed, not rightly able to speak for the cold that oppressed him, haggard from the illness that was sapping him, thin, pale and wan. The first sight was something more than a man with the blankets and counterpanes hunched up about him. It was an impression of flowing black hair, keen eyes and a wonderful interlacing of taper fingers. At this time he was so hoarse that his voice had none of the charm which was really one of the most marked attributes of the man.

More pleasant days and strength growing in the nervous hope that the South sea might indeed yield him what was nowhere else for him on earth gave chances to hear that voice as it really was—gentle, deep, sympathetic. But those fingers—long, sinewy, sinuous, never resting, but rubbing each the other as if there were a mania of the nerves in their tips! Those who have never seen Stevenson's hand may form some idea of the fingers from the so called "watermelon seed" picture, in which one of the forefingers, resting against the face, seems to reach up into the hair.

At this first meeting he seemed eager for all that might be told of the mysteries of the South sea. He asked about the voyages of the old voyagers, he sought to know what were the traders of today, and this in one breath. Again he caught at the name of "Bully" Hayes, the last pirate of the Pacific, and lumped with him the mystery of "La Perouse." Names of islands and of groups were, of course, all new to him, and he asked again and again where they lay and how they were pronounced. But in everything he was, more than anything else, wistful to hear of the unmixed islanders—what was their life and what sort of people they might be.

At odd times Mrs. Stevenson would come in and caution him not to use his voice so much. Then he would settle himself back upon the pillows and say, "Tell me something that takes a long time telling." It took time, this first telling of the South sea, for which he was every moment more strongly making up his mind—the session was no short one. And this first was followed by others, in which he showed the same zest to learn every fact attainable concerning the island realm that lay in the great ocean on whose verge he was.—William Churchill in McClure's.

TEN YEARS OF REBUFF.

Anthony Hope's Bitter Experience Before Success Came.

Anthony Hope wrote for ten long discouraging years before the slightest recognition of his work came to cheer him. He worked with passionate enthusiasm all the week and, as a great lark, Sunday afternoon had tea with his quiet English sisters, consuming toasted muffins and the mildest type of rectory gossip. Thus he lived and toiled, and not until "The Prisoner of Zenda" made its author famous did he ever attend the most innocuous form of literary gatherings.

When the "Dolly Dialogues" had gone into many editions and was the talk of the town, an admirer, acquainted with Mr. Hope's anomalous inexperience, arranged that he should meet a very vivacious elegante, as nearly like Lady Dolly as London society could afford. It was very funny to see the diffident Mr. Hope, his face wreathed in bashful smiles, drinking in the lady's gay chatter and evidently in an ecstasy of pleasure. It was having his characters vivified with life before his eyes.

The novelist is a tall, slender man, whose shoulders are slightly stooped, his head decidedly bold and manners reserved, yet delightful, by reason of the profound deference he pays to the opinions and remarks of other people.—Boston Traveller.

John James Ingalls.

When John James Ingalls was in the senate, he was as exclusive as Conkling. After he became vice president pro tempore he was dignity and equity incarnate in the chair, but proud as Lucifer and willing to associate with nobody but himself. His dignity was always marred, however, at lunchtime. With demeanor of kaiser or emperor he descended the marble staircase, entered the restaurant, turned to the right and stood like a soldier at "attention" before the oyster counter.

The stalwart negro shucker would immediately set aside all other orders and proceed to shuck the biggest of the big select oysters, and Ingalls would bow politely as though saluting the waiter as he inclined forward to take each oyster from the fork, and then, with a movement quick as it was ungainly, he would throw back his head and gulp the bivalve, on each occasion making a swishing sound like the drawing of a hoof from the mud. At such times Mr. Ingalls was neither eloquent nor elegant. Many a time half a dozen strangers, recognizing the brilliant political iconoclast, would stop and stare at him as he went through the motions described before the oyster counter. —New York Advertiser.

Behind the Times.

To understand the action of the police authorities of the ancient city of Cracow, in Austrian Poland, in stipulating, when granting a license to a theatrical company, that none of the actors should appear in the uniform of the imperial army when performing Shakespeare's plays, it must be remembered that as recently as 100 years ago Julius Cesar used to be represented on the English stage garbed in the uniform of an eighteenth century general and with a full bottomed wig, while Cleopatra appeared with the patches, crinoline and towering powdered coiffure affected by our great-grandmothers in their youth. Cracow is merely a little behind the times, that's all.—New York Tribune.

A Brilliant Idea.

Clerk—Mr. Muldoon, we have an order for hard wood kindlings, but the hard wood is all gone.

Mr. Muldoon (dealer)—Sind 'em saft wood.

"They will notice the difference, because soft wood burns too fast."

"Be jabers, that's so. Wet it."—New York Weekly.

Rocking cradles for babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the pictures copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work with her foot on the cradle.

The reformers of the English church in 1549 struck out nearly a hundred holidays, leaving only such as in their time were dear to the popular heart.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood,
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

HUMPHREYS'

Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with **Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil** as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

It Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS, External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding—Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

It Cures BURNS, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. Relief instant.

It Cures TORN, Cut and Lacerated Wounds and Bruises.

It Cures BOILS, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurfy or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

It Cures INFLAMED or CAKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

It Cures SALT RHEUM, Tetters, Scurfy Eruptions, Chapped Hands, Fever Blisters, Sore Lips or Nostrils, Corns and Bunions, Sore and Chafed Feet, Stings of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

WANTED SALESMEN. We want a few men to sell a CHOICE LINE of Nursery Stock. We cannot make you rich in a month but can give you STEADY EMPLOYMENT and will PAY YOU WELL for it. Our prices correspond with the times. Write for terms and territory to

THE HAWKS NURSERY CO.,
3-9—7-9 Rochester, N. Y.

AT A HOTEL IN JAPAN

EXTRACT FROM AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION BY A TRAVELER.

Is No Respect Does the Japanese Inn Resemble the American Brand—Tea That Is Tea and No Mistake—A Bath That May Become a Boil.

A Japanese hotel is built on the maze principle. Rarely is it more than a story and a half in height, as befits a house which, in this seismic land, must sometimes dance on a boiling kettle, but it spreads over a great deal of ground and has as many passageways as a gopher warren. A business man's case of pigeonholes laid flat on its face would describe the ground plan very well. Outside the hotel presents, especially at night, an implacable front. The lower facade is a solid wall of cement, with a small doorway closed by a sliding panel, and the oblong aperture above is so crisscrossed with gratings as to give it the look of a rural lockup or a ship's brig.

The manager of the hotel is a humble and obsequious person, and so is his chief clerk. By his manner or costume neither is to be distinguished from the chef or the waiter. When a guest enters, there is no imposing figure at the desk to swing a register about, dip a pen in ink and inquire if the gentleman has any baggage to be sent up. Instead is a gowned, diminutive oriental, who bows until his body has taken the attitude of a carpenter's square standing on end, and about him is a staff which drops to its knees and touches its collective forehead to the floor. The guest is then invited, in phrases that are full of apology, to remove his shoes. Having complied with this and being filled with thankfulness that his socks have not worn through, he is bowed into a second room and then into a third and perhaps into a fourth, each apartment but little larger than a steamship's stateroom, its walls made of sliding partitions, with oiled paper windows, and its floor covered with small squares of matting, underlaid with soft cloth and tacked down. One of these cubby holes is assigned to him for a sleeping and living apartment.

Very likely one finds it cold, for Japan, in spite of its gulf stream, is too near Siberia to escape the rigors of the northern winter. The guest looks about for a warm corner, but there is no steam radiator, no stove, no fireplace. He claps his hands for a servant, and with low obeisance the hand demands a fire. Again the shuffling footfall and the young woman with the oblique glance. This time she brings a brass brazier filled with burning charcoal. She places this on the floor, pokes the fire with two iron sticks, which look like knitting needles, giggles as before, and in the lowest and sweetest of flute tones says, "Cha!"

"Cha," which has a sound corresponding with "hah," is the first word one should learn in Japan. It means tea, and tea is as much the national beverage here as beer is in Germany or ice water in the United States.

So the guest has cha. The maid, already seated on the floor, takes a dainty china cup without a handle, and placing it on a salver fills it with an unsweetened, colorless liquid, which tastes as much unlike the tea of commerce as it does unlike the vichy of a soda fountain. This is tea indeed—tea that is fit for the daimio or the mandarins—nay, for royalty itself; tea that the Japanese are wise enough to keep at home, letting the western barbarians pay their yellow gold for the acrid stuff that stains one's vitals black.

When cha has been drunk, the proprietor attends. He falls on his knees and wishes to know "if gentlemans"—the generic name of the fair skinned species in native hotel vocabulary—will take a bath. At last there is something customary and familiar about this hotel. By all means a bath.

The proprietor leads, walking sidewise through devious passages which have the narrowest of doors and the lowest of ceilings and finally opens the side of a small room, in which hangs horizontally a bamboo rod. This rod is a rack for one's clothes. In the next room is the bath. Fortunate is the man who has not prepared himself to expect a porcelain tub, a tiled floor, a shower and a corner washstand with nickel plated fittings, for he will not find them. Instead, there is a great slab of rock to stand on and an upright barrel, resting upon what looks like a block of granite, into which one is at liberty to climb and submerge himself.

The barrel is nearly full of water, which almost bubbles with heat. There is no faucet from which to turn on a cold douche, but a pair of great, clumsy, wooden buckets, filled with cool water, are near by, and the guest, in the absence of a derrick, is privileged to lift them himself and turn them into his bath.

With the bath properly tempered the barrel is very comfortable indeed. There are no exposed surfaces below the bather's neck to catch the chill of the surrounding air and gather goose pimples. One sits down luxuriously, grows cheerful in the all pervading warmth and even lights a cigarette and sees visions of home in the curling smoke. But beware! It is not long before the bather begins to suspect that he is being parboiled. Was the water as hot as this when he got into it? Hark! Is that the crackle of a fagot? Is that a chimney that comes up by the barrel and disappears through the ceiling? Heavens, the stone foundation of the bath is merely a stove, a furnace, in which is the hottest fire that can be made in a space four feet square! Your bath is what you might get at home if you should crawl into the kitchen boiler an hour before dinner time. —Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Bathed In Champagne.

The famous Cliff House at San Francisco did its greatest business during the big bonanza days, when speculators who had made a thousand or so on a sudden turn of the mining stock market devoted a share of the day's profits to a luxurious spread on the Cliff's veranda. Probably the most reckless waste of money ever seen at this place was made by an opium smuggler and dealer in Chinese return certificates named Whaley. After an expensive lunch he insisted on a champagne bath, and despite the protest of his companions he had 300 bottles of the best wine broken into a tub and then disported in the costly bath.—Chicago Herald.

Camphor Cures the Grip.

Doctors generally agree that camphor is the deadliest foe to grip that is now known. A drop of camphor on the tongue is excellent to break up an incipient cold, but it is a painful remedy, as it burns like a coal of fire. Much easier to take is a little lump of camphor gum allowed to slowly dissolve in the mouth. The burning sensation is very much lessened, and the help seems quite as certain.—Philadelphia Press.

Chicopee, Mass., was called from an Indian word signifying the birch bark place.

Milwaukee was the Indian name of a Wisconsin river. It means rich country.

"Starch wheat," grown in Switzerland, has two grains to each ear.

J. C. & C. MULLIKIN,
Solicitors.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL
AND
Personal Property.

By virtue of power and authority contained in a deed of trust from Charles L. Wright and Martha E. Wright, his wife, to the undersigned, date the 9th day of January, A. D. 1895, and now left for record on the Land Record Books of Talbot county, the undersigned will offer at public sale to the highest bidder on

SATURDAY
The 9th Day of March, 1895.

between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M. on that day on the premises the new

Dwelling House,

with store attached, belonging to the said Chas. L. Wright, on Tilghman's Island, Talbot county, all the

Store Fixtures and Stock of Goods,

etc., contained in said store room and other Personal Property.

TERMS.

On personal property all sums under $10 cash, on all sums over that amount a credit of six months will be given on a note bearing interest, secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

On the real estate the terms are one-third cash, one third in six months and one-third in twelve months, credit payments to bear interest and to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

JAS. C. MULLIKIN, Trustee.

Order Nisi.

R. Rastall Walker, Assignee, vs. William Lewis & Wife.
In the Circuit Court for Talbot County, In Equity.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Talbot county, this twenty seventh day of February in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by R. Rastall Walker, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the twenty-sixth day of April next: provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Talbot county once a week for three successive weeks before the twenty-fifth day of March next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $675.

THOMAS HUGHLETT, Clerk.
True Copy, Test,
THOMAS HUGHLETT, Clerk.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given, that the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Talbot County, in the State of Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of Joseph Matthews late of Talbot county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same properly authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 12th day of September, A. D., 1895, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefits of the said deceased's estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

WILLIAM P. BENSON,
3-2-4t Administrator.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF TALBOT CO'TY,
EASTON, MD., JAN. 1, 1895.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the county commissioners for Talbot County will sit to hear appeals and for TRANSFERS AND ABATEMENTS on the assessment books, EVERY FRIDAY, beginning with Friday, January 11, and ending with Friday, March 15th, 1895.

These meetings of the Board on the days above named are for the sole purpose of hearing applications for Transfers and Abatements, and all persons having business of this character are requested to bring it forward on these special Fridays, and not on the regular Tuesday Meetings.

1 5 1t WM. REDDIE, Clerk.

IF YOU NEED BONDSMEN,

TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIAN OR FOR ANY OTHER PURPOSES.

Do not annoy your neighbors and friends by asking them to go your bond, but apply to the Fidelity and Deposit Co., of Maryland.—This Company has half a million capital and $300,000 surplus, and will go on your bond for any purpose, at a moment's notice, for $40 up, or for a small percentage of your commissions. It costs nothing to make an application.

Apply to
OSWALD TILGHMAN, Agent,
7-2ly Easton, Md.

CHARLES E. SHANNAHAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
102 E. LEXINGTON STREET,
Near St. Paul St., opposite northwest corner Court House Square, first floor front,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Practices in all the Courts—Federal, City, County and the court of appeals.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to him either in County or City.

Western Maryland Railroad.

Taking effect Sept. 30th, 1894. Trains leave Hilen Station as follows:

*6:30 a. m.—Fast Mail, Main Line, N. & W. R. R., and the South, and ex. Sunday P. V. R. R.; B. & C. V. R. R.; Martinsburg and Winchester.
†7:22 a. m.—York and B. & H. Div.; main line east of Emory Grove, also G. & H. R. R.
*8 a. m.—Main Line, P. V. R. R., B. & C. V. R. R., Emmitsburg and N. & W. R. R.
*9:30 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge and Hanover.
*10:17 a. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge, York, Gettysburg; also Carlisle and G. & H. R. R.
*2:25 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
*2:35 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge, York.
*3:20 p. m.—Exp. Glyndon, York and B. & H. Div.
*4:00 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
*4:52 p. m.—Exp. Main Line Points, also Emmitsburg, R. & C. V. R. R., P. V. and N. and W. R. R.
*6:15 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
*6:15 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.
*10:10 p. m.—Accom. for Emory Grove.
*11:25 p. m.—Accom. for Union Bridge.

*Daily. †Daily ex. Sunday. ‡Sundays only. Ticket and Baggage office, 205 E. Baltimore St.

All trains stop at Union, Penna. Ave., and Fulton.

J. M. HOOD, G. M., B. H. GRISWOLD, G. P. A.

"You Will Be The Man To Do It."

Oxford, Maryland.

DEAR SIR:—In regard to the Crayon Portrait you did for me, I am well pleased with it. Have not seen any that I like as well as yours, and if I have any more done, you will be the man to do it for me. Yours,
MARY J. SINCLAIR.

Old box pictures, scratched tin types, faded photographs copied or made in

Crayon, Oil, Pastels, Water Color, India Ink,

and finished "to stay" and likeness guaranteed. As usual at 7 Cabinet street. P O Address, Lock box 285, Easton, Md.

J. R. TREGANOWAN

BAYNE FIELDS,
First Class Shaving Parlors.
FIRST CLASS SERVICE.
Under Postoffice, - - Easton, Md.

CLARK S. MARSHALL,
ARTIST.
Oil and Crayon Portraits Executed With CARE.
LIKENESS GUARANTEED.
Studio corner Dover and Aurora sts. Easton.

R. SOULSBY,
Builder, Easton, Md.
Estates taken Charge of. Rents Collected at 5 per cent. Bond given. Rents paid in advance if required.

Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railway Company.
OF BALTIMORE.

(Consolidation of the Baltimore & Eastern Shore Railroad, and the Maryland, Choptank and Eastern Shore Steamboat Companies.)

RAILWAY DIVISION.
Time table in effect Oct. 27, 1894.
Steamer connections between Pier 4, Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, and the Railway Division at Claiborne.

WEST BOUND.

Stations.	Distance	Exp.	Acc.	Frt.
		A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Ocean City, leave		9 30		6 30
Berlin	7.24	7 00	1 40	8 15
St. Martin's	10.50	f 7 06	f 1 46	8 24
Whaleyville	13.97	f 7 12