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The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1889. VOL. XXIX—NO.46

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A CARD.

We take this measure of informing our patients who are in need of Dental work, and those for whom the Dental operations performed by J. D. Ford were not satisfactory, that we will have a FIRST-CLASS OPERATOR at the office of Dr. Phelps on Monday, January 28, at which time all work done will be warranted.

17-tf. Respectfully, E. C. PHELPS.

DR. T. H. COOPER,

HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

DENTIST.

C. P. GILPIN,

Chestertown, - - - Maryland

Main Street, Adjoining Cahall's Store.

OFFICE HOURS:

Eight-thirty to Twelve A.M., and one to four P.M

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

COMMISSION CARDS.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

GENERAL

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,

118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

A. F. CREW. W. H. LOANE

CREW & LOANE,

Grain & Fruit

AND GENERAL PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

NO. 4 CAMDEN STREET,

New No. 15. BALTIMORE, MD.

GRAIN AND FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

March 17, 1887.

C. WRIGHT SPRY

—WITH—

WRIGHT & LONEY,

Successors to Wright & Sparks,

FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

& BERRY FEED CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

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General Commission Merchants,

—FOR THE SALE OF—

Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.

Office and warehouse, No. 4. Camden street (new number 15), Baltimore, Md.

Consignments solicited, upon which Cash Advances will be made.

Telephone 965. May 19—y.

C. M. LUCAS,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

GOLD WATCHES

as low as TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

SILVER AMERICAN MOVEMENTS

from TEN to EIGHTEEN DOLLARS.

SOLID AND PLATED JEWELRY,

ROGERS' SILVERWARE

and a fine assortment of

CLOCKS.

We guarantee to sell only on the merits of goods, and state truly and fairly the exact quality of each article, and assure all purchasers the full value of their money,

HIGH STREET,

NEARLY OPPOSITE STAM'S HALL.

The Proof of the pudding is in the eating; so is the proof of

LEA'S

TABLE CORN MEAL!

as is also of our

Flour,

Hominy,

Hominy Grits,

Buckwheat,

Farina.

Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,

N, DEL.

WOOD.

BUILDING LIME, CEMENT,

—AND—

Plastering Hair.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS will do well to see our Prices on Lime, Cement and Hair before buying elsewhere.

J. D. BACCHUS,

COAL AND WOOD DEALER.

DAILY LINE TO BALTIMORE.

CENTREVILLE AND CORSICA RIVER STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

STEAMER GRATITUDE

Leave Long Cove (Tuesday and Friday 6 00 A.M.
" Centreville.....daily..... 7 00 "
" Jackson Creek... " ..... 8 30 "
" Rock Hall..... " ..... 9 30 "
Arriving in Baltimore.....11 30 "
Returning, Leave Baltimore, daily.... 2 00 P.M.
Arriving at Rock Hall..... 4 00 "

Elegant Accommodations at Rock Hall for the care of Passengers and Teams.

C. HALYBURTON, JR., Gen'l Manager, Pier 13, Light Street

SPRING ARRANGEMENT!

(Weather permitting)

Tolchester Line!

Steamer Emma Giles

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY,

Leaving Tolchester at 9 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

Leave Baltimore at 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

For further information apply at Tolchester Beach or Pier 16 Light Street, Baltimore.

WM. C. ELIASON, PRESIDENT.

March 7, 1889.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

1888.

COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 31,

THE STEAMER B. S. FORD

Will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Spencers (in Corsica river), Queenstown, Kent Island and arriving in Baltimore about 1.30 P. M.

RETURNING, will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10.00 A. M.

Fare from all points $1 Round Trip.

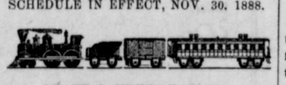
SINGLE TICKETS 75 CENTS.

TICKETS GOOD UNTIL USED.

GEO. WARFIELD, PRES'T.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, NOV. 30, 1888.



LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily *9 00 a. m., Express, 8 00 p. m.

For Cincinnati and St. Louis, Express daily 2 00 and 10 00 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily, 8 00 a. m., Express, 8 00 p. m.

For Richmond and the South *9 00 a. m., †4 10 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5 10, 6 20, 6 30, 7 20, 8 00, (45-minute train) 9 00, 9 05, 10 00, (45-minute train) a. m., 12 15, 2 00, 3 00, 4 10, 5 00, 6 00, 6 30, 8 00, 10 00 and 11 00 p. m. Sunday 5 10, 6 30, 8 00, (45-minute train) 9 00, 9 05, 10 20 a. m., 1 15, 2 00, 4 10, 5 00, 6 30, 8 00, 10 00 and 11 00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington, 5 10, 6 30 and 9 05 a. m., 12 15, 3 00, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m. On Sunday 5 10, 6 30 and 9 05 a. m., 1 15, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 5 00, 6 30, 6 40, 7 30, 8 30, 9 45, 11 00 A. M., 12 10, 2 05 3 15, 3 25, 4 30, 4 35, 5 30, 6 45, 7 30, 9 45, 11 30 p. m. Sunday, 6 30, 8 30, 9 45 a. m., 1 15, 2 05, 3 25, 4 30, 4 35, 6 45, 7 30, 9 45, 11 30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *9 00 a. m., ‡3 00 and †4 10 p. m.

For Annapolis 7 20, 9 00 a. m., 12 15 and 5 00 p. m. On Sunday 9 05 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Ellicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 00, ‡8 30, §9 30 a. m., †1 10, ‡a4 25, *5 25, *6 35 and *11 15 p. m. a Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick, 4 00, 8 30 a. m., 1 10, 4 25 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m. and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, §8 00, †10 00 a. m. and *8 00 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 00 a. m. daily except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 00, †9 00 a. m., †4 25 p. m.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley R. R., *4 00 a. m., *2 00 p. m.

For Hagerstown, †4 00, †8 30, †9 00 a. m., †4 10, †4 25 p. m.

For Curtis Bay and intermediate points, 6 50 and 10 10 a. m. and 2 20 p. m. On Sundays, 8 00 a. m., and 1 30 p. m. Leave Curtis Bay, 7 50, 11 30 a. m., and 5 15 p. m. Sundays, 9 00 a. m. and 4 30 p. m.

Trains arrive from Chicago, Columbus and the Northwest, daily 9 45 a. m., 10 45 p. m.; from Pittsburgh, *9 45 a. m., †8 30 and *10 45 p. m.; from Cincinnati, St. Louis and the West, 7 30 a. m. 2 55 p.m.

PHILADELPHIA DIVISION.

For Philadelphia and Wilmington, daily, 8 50, 10 30 a. m., 3 15, 5 00 p. m. and 1 00 night. (Sleeping Car open at 9 00 o'clock on the night express). Train leave Philadelphia for Baltimore, daily, 8 00, 11 00 a. m., 4 50, 7 00 p. m. and 12 05 midnight.

For Newark, Wilmington and Chester, daily, 7 50, 10 30 a. m., 3 15, 3 55, †5 40 p. m., and *1 00 night. For way stations *7 50 a. m., *3 55 and †5 40 p. m.

†Except Sunday. §Sunday only. *Daily.

Baggage called for and checked at hotels and residences on orders left at Ticket Offices: N. W. COR. CALVERT & BALTIMORE STS., Camden Station, New No. 230 S. Broadway,

W. M. CLEMENTS, General Manager. CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Dec. 15, 1888.

DOWNES & JENNINGS,

Importers

—AND—

Tailors,

NEAL BUILDING,

313 Baltimore st., East

BALTIMORE, MD.

Our aim is to do work in the best style, and to please people who appreciate carefully made garments. Our trade has constantly increased, and we rarely lose a customer who once comes to us.

Beautiful New Upright Piano, Rosewood Case, only $165. New Organs, only $31. Greatest Bargains Ever Offered. Est. 28 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A.

GOOD-BY, GOD BLESS YOU.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
With its direct revealings;
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Far down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude, I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so,
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for,
With "au revoir," "adieu, ma chere,"
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crony takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says: "Good-by, God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned;
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly, but nobly fashioned.
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his place
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ears
It steals with subtle unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told: "Good-by, God bless you!"

I love the words, perhaps because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I, I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me,
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me.
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And, though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving;
She let no tear bedim her eye,
For fear that 't might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-by,
And asked our God to bless me.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE;

OR,

THE MAN WITH THE VIOLIN.

BY E. B., IN WAVERLY MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER I.

A few years ago among the crowds that thronged the streets of a great city, was a figure well-known to all, for he was daily to be seen hurrying along, with that intense look of dread, seen only in the eyes of those who have rested all upon some hope so slight that it is nearly allied to despair. Some one had given him the name of "the man with the violin," for that instrument was his constant companion; and even to-night, when pedestrians, muffled to the eyes, dashed along through the fast falling snow, wasting no time in seeking shelter, his blue fingers still grasped the case tightly, as though fearful of losing some precious treasure.

Strange as it seemed, he appeared to be in no hurry. Standing by the door of the concert hall in the full glare of light, he seemed unconscious of the presence of a crowd of gaily dressed pleasure-seekers, who stared curiously at the shabbily dressed, white-haired man listening to the strains of music, which came to him now and then as the door opened, with a rapt, hungry look in his eyes.

"It is my life," he was saying to himself. "Ah, how little it seems to give one's life to art! Art, which is so great, so beautiful, that though one stands at the threshold when the long night comes that ends all, it seems a great honor to have lived in her service. Why"—and he half smiled at the thought—"I am an enthusiast still, though she treats me so shabbily that I am shivering in my rags while I praise her. And so my little song is to have no hearing, condemned at a glance. There!"

He tossed some scraps of torn paper into the street, where the wind, seizing them, whirled them hither and thither with a shrill shriek, as though the storm elves were making merry.

"There!" he continued. "I have sent you forth upon the world. It will be no kinder to you, I am afraid, than it has been to me and my Dreda. My little girl—good heavens! what a selfish brute I am to think of anything else!—if I succeeded, what fine things I promised you. Now, my darling, I cannot even promise you a shelter for your pretty head. But"—and here he clutched the violin more tightly still—"I must do something. You and I have been good friends for years, but we must part now. We must part, though my Dreda used to climb upon my knee to listen to you when she was a little mite hardly bigger than you, my friend."

He was walking rapidly now, up one street and down another, until, reaching a quarter of the city which bore as much resemblance to the part he had left as the trodden-down shoe of a slatternly drudge bears to the pretty, furbelowed slipper of a ball-room beauty, he stopped before a little shop in whose windows were displayed an array of miscellaneous articles, uninviting in appearance, guarded by a gentleman of a decidedly Hebraic cast of countenance.

"Mr. Enston!" said a voice in his ear.

He turned with a start to find himself confronted by a tall young man, who grasped his benumbed hand in his own fur-gloved ones with a hearty clasp, and said cheerily:

"What, Mr. Enston, not know an old friend? I have been following you for the last ten minutes, trying to attract your attention, and you passed me by without a glance."

"I beg your pardon," Enston began; and then a sudden light breaking over his face, he exclaimed eagerly, "Why, it is not—it cannot be—Robert Wharnfield?"

"The very same," was the reply; "the youngster of a few years back, who was in the orchestra at the Thalia when you were there, and who was always getting into scrapes—such scrapes! Ha! ha! how funny they seem now!—and coming to you to help him. Do you remember?"

"Yes, indeed," returned the other. "And what are you doing now?"

"Come away, out of sight of that ugly Jew, and I'll tell you," returned Robert. "Oh, no, Mr. Enston, you have no business here! Well, you see, my uncle, being a rich merchant, had planned and finely mapped out for me a life precisely like his own. I was a harum-scarum youngster, and this arrangement struck me as tiresome; so I kicked over the office stool and started out to see the world. I saw it to my heart's content, but discovered that even that delight had drawbacks. In the course of my wanderings I found myself in the orchestra at the Thalia, being able to fiddle a little, and having more assurance than most youngsters. My uncle found me there, and he and my mother made life such a burden with their threats and prayers, that I threw music over and settled down as a steady, respectable man of business. Uncle is pleased to think that my youthful pranks are over and trusts me completely. That is my story. Now tell me yours."

Enston's light laugh, and the cheerful tone of his reply, were certainly overdone; they would not have deceived a baby; but the proud, sore heart of the poor musician shrunk from showing the scars of life's battle even to those friendly eyes.

"Oh, I am getting on fairly well," he said. "Still pursuing Fame, which still flies me. I have left the Thalia. I was ill for months, and of course they were obliged to put some one in my place. Dreda, too, has been ill; but, thank heaven! we are both in good health now, and I am resting while I look about me. It is impossible to work all the year round. One needs rest, you know."

"Yes," replied Robert, dubiously, thinking that Mr. Enston's rest had probably brought his feet in close contact with the icy pavement, and his well-worn coat to a deplorable state of threadbare shininess.

He stood pondering for a few moments, and then suddenly held out his hand in a frank, manly way.

"Look here, Mr. Enston," he said, "you were a good friend to me in those old days we have been speaking of, and I never hesitated to come to you when I was in trouble. Why can't you be as frank with me? I know very well that you—that there isn't—in short, you would be doing me a great favor if you would let me be of the slightest service. Only for a time, of course, only for a time. Here is my address, and if you will only give me yours—"

"Robert," answered Enston, grasping the hand held out to him, "I understand and thank you. And if the struggle should prove too hard a one—thank God! it has not yet—not for myself, but for my little Dreda—"

He stopped suddenly, his eyes were fixed upon some object beyond Robert, with a look of surprise and anger, and—yes, surely it was dread, as though some hideous reptile had suddenly risen in his path. The young man turned, but saw no one, except a woman closely veiled, hurrying down the street. He turned to Enston, who, white as death, almost staggered, as though stunned by a sudden blow.

"Mr. Enston," he cried, are you ill?"

"No—yes—a sudden attack," answered the old man, speaking with difficulty. "I shall soon be better. I must go home—home."

"I shall go with you," said Robert. "Where is it? This way? Poor fellow!" he thought, as they went along. "Trouble and hardship are too much for him; and if he should die, what would become of that daughter he speaks of, I wonder."

They had stopped before the door of a dingy house in a still dingier street. Enston was evidently expected; for before they had time to touch the bell the door flew open, a sweet, girlish voice cried—

"Papa! papa! How late you are! What a scolding I must give you for being out on such a night."

"Dreda," said Enston, gently, "were you waiting for me, little girl? Mr. Wharnfield, my daughter."

A girl of about seventeen, so little, slight and delicate in appearance that one fancied her a fairy, a sprite, and expected to see her vanish at any moment, raised to Robert Wharnfield a pair of the loveliest dark eyes that he had seen, and said simply—

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Wharnfield, and glad you came with papa. I am so nervous while he is away. I never know what may happen to him," she said with almost ludicrous anxiety. "And won't you come in, Mr. Wharnfield?"

Robert, who had caught a frightened expression in Dreda's eyes, as if she feared he might accept the invitation, declined, and murmuring some commonplaces, hurried away, carrying with him a picture that was to haunt him for many a day to come—a picture of a pretty, delicate face with large, soft black eyes, so tender and loving that the thought of them sent his heart thumping up and down in an unaccountable fashion.

"Now, papa," whispered Dreda, "walk softly, for Mrs. Minch may hear us, and come to ask for the rent, and that would be very unpleasant. Papa, there is a—just think—a splendid fire, and more than that—coffee! It may be very selfish, but I am glad Mr. Wharnfield would not stay. I am afraid we should never have succeeded in keeping up appearances."

"I am afraid not, Dreda," said Mr. Enston as he glanced about the bare, poorly furnished room which all the girl's efforts could not made bright and homelike.

He sighed as he spoke; and the girl, drawing a low clair to the fire, installed him in it, handed him his slippers, and perching herself on a little footstool at his feet, said:

"Now, papa, you must drink your coffee. We will have a nice long chat, and then you shall play for me."

"Yes, dear," said her father, making a poor pretence of drinking the coffee. "Give me the violin now. I will play for you. I think it soothes me—that I can forget," he added very low.

"When I was a little child," said Dreda, resting her head upon his knee and looking into the fire with dreamy eyes, "I used to think the dear old violin had a voice and could speak to me. And when you were away, and had taken it with you, I would creep up to the corner where it was kept, and tell it how lonely I was, never doubting that it could hear me ever so far away. Come, papa; the 'Fairy's Wedding.'"

"Do you know, little girl," said her father, "that you were the fairy I had in mind when I wrote that?"

"I!" laughed Dreda. "I, the fairy who sees the prince, great and strong and handsome, coming with his splendid train to take her away to the great castle? How happy she is, bidding farewell to the butterflies, and flowers, and all the little fairies, and breaking her magic wand that she may go to the castle as a common mortal! Of course she is glad—it is for his sake. Am I the fairy? Then where is the prince, papa?"

Looking up quickly, she caught a look of pain in her father's eyes.

"What is it, papa? You have some trouble, some memory has come—oh, I think I understand! Am I like my mother, papa?"

"No, no!" he cried, starting. "Not like her! Not like her!"

"I do not remember mamma," said Dreda, "but sometimes I dream of her. I fancy she stands by my bedside with her sweet angel face, looking at the little one she left sixteen long years ago. Do you think she ever does come?"

"I—I cannot answer you. Picture her to yourself as you wish, Dreda. Such dreams as yours are sweeter than any reality the world can give you. Sleep on, little dreamer."

He had taken up the violin hurriedly, and a low sweet melody thrilled through the firelit room. He touched the instrument as one who loves music, and the voice that Dreda had spoken of now thrilled with joy, now was shaken by sobs. But at last it ceased, and the musician, letting his arm fall to his side, said softly:

"Asleep, Dreda? Poor little one! If you knew—if you knew! What would poverty be to me, trouble, anything, if I could make your life bright and happy, my little girl!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Rooster on the Church Tower.

The majority of churchmen who read recently about the indignation of the members of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Brooklyn, over the fact that the architect of their new church had placed the figure of a big rooster on the tope of the new church's handsome tower probably agreed with the members of St. Mark's that the rooster was not much of an ornament. They would likely have rejected, as did the parishioners of St. Mark's, the explanations and defence that the architect offered. Yet in placing the cock upon the tower the architect followed good European precedent, as he protested he did. The cock, surmounting the weather vane, is very often seen upon the steeples of Catholic and Protestant Episcopal churches abroad. This is the fact about the matter, however strange such an appearance appears to American eyes. "The Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature," under the head, "The Cock as a Christian Symbol," says:

"On tombs the cock is a symbol of the resurrection, the *præco diei*, or herald of light, after the night of death. The cock is also a symbol of vigilance."

The same authority says: "In mediæval times every church spire was crowned and surmounted by an ornamental cross. Its form was very varied, and frequently the representation of a cock was placed at the top."

The new St. Mark's Church in Brooklyn is of the architectural character known as the transition between the early English and the decorated styles. The emblem of the cock upon the tower, therefore, would appear not to be out of keeping with the church architecture, however strange it may appear to residents of this country.—*New York Sun.*

Mark Twain's Wooing.

Mark Twain, if he is in the mood, will tell the story of his own courtship in a manner worthy of the greatest of living humorists. When he first met the lady who afterwards became his wife, he was not so distinguished as now, his origin was humble, and for many years of his life he had been a pilot on the Mississippi river. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family," and social position in his son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after awhile proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again, with the same result, and then remarked with his celebrated drawl, "I think a great deal more of you than if you had said 'yes,' but its hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came the most difficult part of his task to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the old dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What, what!" exclaimed the judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"No, no, indeed!" replied the magnate, sternly. "No, sir; I have not."

"Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad;" and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.—*Philadelphia Press,*

Unique Views About Woman Suffrage.

Mr. Nicola, a Penobscot Indian, and a member of the Maine Legislature, gives expression to the following unique view of the woman suffrage problem. "There is an old tradition in our tribe that woman sprang from a beautiful plant, but the white man teaches she came from a man, and from a rib while he slept. The white man speaks of the ship of state, and of his country as a ship, and he says the supreme right in the land is the right of suffrage. Now, when a question which concerns the whole country comes up, then should the supremacy be exercised. Now, let us see! When a ship is built, the keel is laid, and this is the same as the backbone in a human being. Then the ribs are added to suit. Now, suppose the ship goes on the rocks. Ribs may break and give way, but still she may be saved. But if the keel breaks the backbone is gone, and the craft is doomed. Therefore, in my opinion, the supremacy is vested in the keel, or backbone, and not in ribs, nor in anything ever made out of a rib."

MORE cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other [illegible]

TO AN OLD BOOK.

Old book forlorn, compile of ancient thought,
Now bought and sold, and once more sold and bought,
At last left stranded, where in time I spied,
Borne thither by an impecunious tide;
Well-thumbed, stain-marked, but new and dear to me,
My purse and thy condition well agree.
I saw thee, yearned, then took thee to my arms,
For fellowship in misery has charms.
How long, I know not, thou hast lain unscanned,
Thy mellow leaves forsook by loving hand—
For there thou wast beneath a dusty heap,
Unknown. I raised thee, therefore let me reap
A harvest from thy treasures. Thee I found;
Thee I'll cherish; e'en tho' new friends abound,
I'll still preserve thee as the years go round.

—*Edgar Greenleaf Bradford, in the Mail and Express.*

SPRING FARM NOTES.

Throw your onion seed into water and use those which sink.

Make a bed for kale. It is one of the best and earliest greens to be had.

Early cabbage cannot be had without a hot-bed. It is a matter that needs attention at this season.

Dampness is as injurious to young stock as cold. Dryness and warmth conduce to health and saves food.

Peas may go in early, The Daniel O'Rouke is considered the best variety of dwarfs for a first crop.

A wood hog shows little or no bristles, should have a dished face, short legs, prominent hams and broad chest.

Test the garden seed by sowing a pinch of each kind in a shallow box of soil, which should be kept moist.

Always examine young nursery stock, as the borer may have already been at work and scale lice may be on the bark.

The evergreen hedge should be cut back this month in order to save time, though such work can be done later, if preferred.

The lima bean is now improved so as to grow in the bush form instead of on poles. It is known as the Bush Lima, and the seeds are small.

To waterproof muslin, a writer recommends four eggs beaten up in a quart of oil and painted on both sides of the muslin, which may be thin.

Cherry trees must be grafted early if success is expected; the later it is deferred the greater the difficulty of the grafts becoming connected.

As a remedy for lice, nothing is better or cheaper than dirt. All kinds of stock will use it, and it should be stored up every summer for winter use.

Poultry will eat broken glass with benefit where sharp, gritty material is scarce. They need something of the kind, and it should not be withheld.

The farmer who has left his stock of fodder standing in the field all winter has lost a valuable portion of his coarse feed. Fodder deteriorates from exposure and becomes less palatable to stock.

The hot-bed for sweet potato plants must not be overlooked. Now is the time to have the bed ready. Use plenty of seed, as there are many difficulties to be encountered in replanting, due to late frosts that may happen and to the cut worm.

There will be no crop of onions if the ground is not rich and well prepared, and but little time remains before the onion sets will be planted. After the sets begin to grow they will not thrive if grass or weeds grow among them. They must be clear of all obstacles.

A complete change of the soil in flower-pots is sometimes necessary, and will enable a plant to secure more food and grow better. If the same soil is used too long it may become unfit for the health of the plants, as well as harbor worms and parasitic insects.

An acre in fruit, especially of strawberries, will pay better than five acres of grain. It would pay the farmer to have a sufficiency of fruit for his own use alone. A large quantity can be canned for winter use, and it affords an agreeable change without much cost.

Some crops require an early start in order to get ahead of the weeds, and also to get more growth. Among such are carrots, parsnips and beets. Get the seed in the ground as early as possible, and keep the plants free from weeds in order to have them well under way before summer.

Bible Scenes Still Enacted.

In writing from Fayal, one of the Azores Islands, a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says: On the country roads and near the wind-mills, you will see circular thrashing floors made of hardened pumice stone. When cows and oxen are driven over the grain, crossing and re-crossing it, these are a distinct and frequent feature in the landscape, and reminds one of Bible scenes. What is that strange noise I hear from afar? I say to my native companion, why, it is an ox cart coming along the lane with a load of grain. I watch and wait, and within half an hour it passes, with its two or three yoke of oxen dragging this uncouth cart with its high encircling wicker front and sides. Its great solid wooden wheels creak and groan. One is impelled to be merciful and beseech the owner to oil the wheels. But no, I must not, and am told that this noise is a part of the equipage, and no farmer is satisfied unless his wheels have the proper amount of squeak. A law was once made by the Portuguese Government that no creaking cart should be allowed to enter the city, but the people rebelled and the law was repealed.—*Phila. Record.*

IF THERE ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

SLEEP gives some intermission to the cares and pains and griefs that afflict us; it is the parenthesis of our sorrows.

THE Women's Industrial Exchange of Leadville, Col., paid over $1,700 to needy women during last year.

HOUSEKEEPERS' HELP.

Suggestions for the Lenten Season Which May Relieve Housekeepers from Anxiety.

Now that the Lenten season has opened, when many abstain from the exciting rounds of social enjoyment, and observe the sacred season by a surrender of the many tempting delicacies of the usual daily meals, we give the following excellent Lenten dishes, and a menu for Lent, which the most æsthetic of our readers may test with satisfactory results:

MENU—BREAKFAST.

Fruit,
Hominy cooked in milk, Sugar,
Broiled Ham, Omelet,
Saratoga Chips,
Rolls, Coffee.

LUNCH.

Thin Slices of Cold Fillet, Cress,
Buttered Toast, Cheese,
Chocolate, Wafers.

DINNER.

Clear Soup with Croutons
Broiled Steak, Mushroom Sauce,
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Turnips,
French Beans,
Lettuce Salad, French Dressing.
Wafers, Cheese,
Baking Custard,
Coffee.

Farine soup is quite an addition to the housekeepers' list of Lenten soups. Put some butter in a frying pan, and add eight spoonfuls of farina; stir until it begins to color, add one quart of water and boil fifteen minutes. Season with salt and pepper, and add the beaten yelk of two eggs. Dilute with hot milk if too thick.

If carefully prepared according to the following rule, this sauce will not be lumpy or taste of raw flour. Melt a piece of butter about the size of an egg in a sauce-pan, and add two tablespoonfuls of sifted flour. Stir till smooth, and add slowly a pint of milk, or milk and water, and let it come to a boil, stirring constantly. Two hard boiled eggs chopped fine, make egg sauce out of it.

A palitable dish of salt fish for breakfast or lunch, is prepared with crackers. Split six pilot crackers and put them to soak in cold water. In the morning mince the fish fine and drain the crackers dry. Stir together three well-beaten eggs and a quart of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg and the grated rind and part of the juice of an orange. Put in an earthen baking-pan, well buttered, and bake one hour.

Lobster croquettes are a delicate entree, and can be made of the canned lobster as well as the fresh. Strain all the liquor, and chop the lobster fine; soak one or two slices of bread in water, remove the crust, and squeeze dry; mix well with the lobster, seasoning with salt and pepper, and the juice of a small lemon. Mix to a paste with a well beaten egg. Mold into the usual croquette shape, dip in beaten egg, and then in grated bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat.

A dainty dish for a Lenten dinner may be made with two or three good sized carrots. Scrape them and cut them into strips. Put them into a saucepan with one cupful of boiling water, two ounces of butter, a chopped onion, and salt and pepper to taste. Stir once or twice until the butter is melted, then cover closely and let it set on the stove or range where the carrots will steam without burning. Blend smoothly a heaping tablespoonful of flour in a cupful of water, and when the carrots are done, which will be in about an hour and a half, stir in the blended flour and let boil up a few minutes before serving.

Boiled salt codfish is a delicate dish enough if properly prepared. Salt codfish is to be half boned and put up in small boxes, but in any case it should be soaked over night in tepid water, with the skin side upward. Change the water in the morning and soak two or three hours longer. Then scrape and clean thoroughly, and put in a kettle of tepid water, enough to well cover it, and then set where it will heat to the scalding point but not boil. Let it cook for an hour—two will do it no harm—but do not let the water boil at any time. Remove all the bones and dark skin, and serve with egg-sauce, or, as it is usually called, "drawn butter," made after the French method.

To prepare fresh fish great care is necessary in cleaning. One washing is usually sufficient, for allowing fresh fish to lie in water any length of time after they have been cleaned impairs their flavor. All fish for boiling should be put into cold water except salmon, which loses its color unless put in boiling water. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar and one of salt to every two quarts of water when boiling fish. This improves the flavor, and also keeps the flesh firm. In boiling a fish whole do not cut off the head or tail. A large fish may be drawn into the shape of the letter S. by threading a trussing-needle, tying the end of the string around the head of the fish, then running the needle through the middle of the fish, drawing the string up tight and fastening it around the tail.

The Author of "The Quick or the Dead?"

The face and head are small and well shaped, the nose a high, straight line, coming down to meet a mouth and chin full of character, the lips well shapen, and the chin firm and square. The eyes are the great beauty of the face, dark and long, almond shaped enough to remind one of Eastern eyes, and with long, dark lashes, and finely marked brows. The forehead was shaded by a curly mass of golden-brown hair, the rest of it was drawn back and knotted, although that could not be seen, as the face was a full face, turned a hair's breadth at the chin, so as not to stare squarely at one. The throat rose in clear lines above fair shoulders, and one arm lay at her side while the other held a fan. It was a very pleasant picture of a beautiful woman.

The Perfection

Of the age in the medical line is the liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company. It is agreeable to the taste, acceptable to the Stomach harmless in its nature, painless yet prompt and thorough in its action. For sale in 50 cts. and $1.00 bottles by C. F. Stam, druggist, Chestertown, Md.

THERE are now about forty ordained women ministers in the Universalist Church.

SPORTING NEWS.

The Kentucky Association will have six extra day's racing, beginning April 24.

Mr. G. D. Hunt, a well-known Kentucky horse-man, died at Lexington recently, aged 95.

Senator Hearst's stable now lacks a light-weight rider. Norvace, the young Spaniard, having been sent home.

Labold Bros., of Cincinnati, have purchased of D. Carr, of Chilesburg, the chestnut colt Chilesburg, two years, by Prince Charley, dam Bellona, by Virgil, for $2,000.

Nine hundred and eighty-nine head of horses were sold at the Woodard & Brasfield combination sales at Lexington last month for $495,000.

Walker's Elmo, the sire of the sensational pacing stallion, L.C. Lee (2.15) that James Page had East last year, was sold at auction in Denver, Col., recently for $200.

The dates of the second annual meeting of the Peninsula Agricultural and Pomological Association at Wilmington, Del., have been changed to Sept., 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

The famous steeple-chase mare Rose, died in Canada recently. She got loose in the night, and broke her neck by falling through a trap door. Mr. J. P. Dawes, her owner, intended to breed her in the spring.

Mr. Robert H. Douglass, of Chicago, recently purchased of Mr. W. H. H. Dunn, of Lincoln, Neb., for $4,500 the four-year-old stallion Rattler, out of Gold Dust, by Electioneer. Rattler has a record of 2.27.

Jack O'Brien, the Williamsburg feather weight, who fought a thirty-seven round draw with Jack Dougherty last winter, is anxious to have a trial with Walter Halligan. He will fight for a purse or stake.

Mr. Patrick Dugan, of Jersey City, says that his son Edward is not a candidate for pugilistic honors. The boy is only 17, and the father would like to meet the person who originated the story that Edward was willing to fight any 140-pound man in the Seventh ward.

At the Cardiff-Donaldson exhibition in Helena, Montana, yesterday, it was announced from the stage that Billey Hawkins, light-weight champion of Canada and Montana, would challenge either Myers or McAuliff for $2,500 a side and the championship of America. Helena sports are willing to put up the money as soon as the preliminaries can be arranged.

The canoeists of the New Jersey Athletic Club have chosen John Whetmore to represent them at the meeting of the Passaic River Canoe Association, to be held in Newark on March 16. It is the desire of the club's canoeists that the annual meet of the association shall be held either at Dundee Lake, Patterson, or at Cheesequake Creek, from Saturday, June 29, until Friday, July 5.

Starter Caldwell said to a reporter the other day: "Do you know that jockeys are the ones to blame for a straggling start, and very often by deliberately trying to get left? In a field of sixteen horses I have known as many as seven jockeys who maneuvered to get left when the flag fell, thus getting an excuse for not winning, while the blame is put on the starter."

Ever since last spring it has been bruted about that the Dwyer Bros. were on the point of giving up racing, or that they would at least cease to purchase yearlings at the sales, as had been their wont, as they had made some very