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The Chestertown Transcript.

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NOTE THIS!

We Don't Claim
to give you the whole earth and throw in the planet Jupiter as a kerosene lamp, but

We Do Claim
to show the Largest Assortment, Newest Styles and Lowest Prices in Staple Dry Goods, Fancy Notions, Boots and Shoes and Stylish Clothing, that are shown in this town, and

We Do Claim
(and comparison will prove our claim) that we can save you one dollar out of every five you spend. If you are tired of complaining of hard times, and are alive to your own interest, test our claim, and you will find it no idle boast, but a solid fact. Our trade is steadily increasing, and counts among it the most careful and closest buyers of this community who are alive to their interest and buy where they can do the best, regardless of the many impossibilities advertised by others.

WM. T. WRIGHT,
1-1-y. The Leader of Low Prices.

J. H. C. LEGG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
213 ST. PAUL Street, Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention paid to all professional business. Nov. 21-tf.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 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.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 309 North Front Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
seccessors to Wright & Sparks.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' Natic Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commistion 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 Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

Country Produce Wanted.
CASH PAID for COUNTRY PRODUCE,
—SUCH AS—
BUTTER, EGGS, CHICKENS, &c.
by S. FRANKLIN SMITH,
o10-2m. CHESTERTOWN, MD

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

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

COAL AND WOOD
Will call the attention of the community to our stock of Coal and Wood. And we will just[illegible] probably it will be to your advantage to c[illegible]ll and examine our stock, and get our prices before buying elsewhere. We are glad to say that we are still handling the
LEA WHITE ASH COAL,
which is the best Coal for general use that we can buy, and will sell at a small margin for the Cash, but all bills which are not settled within 30 days, interest will be charged from day of sale. We also give
2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.
Our office is on Cannon street, near Princess
My prices for JULY will be $5.25 for Egg and Nut and $5.50 for Stove.
J. T TWILLEY,
July 18, 1889.—tf

PIONEER PEACH TREE GUANO.

We inform our patrons and the public in general, that we are still manufacturing fertilizers, with better and greater facilities than we ever had before. Being pioneers in the manufacture and introduction of PEACH TREE GUANO, we can offer the farmer a fertilizer for peach trees which will also destroy the insects on roots, that is unsurpassed, both in quality and price, the many testimonials below confirming the same. A trial of our Peach Tree Guano will convince those who have never used any, that it pays well to fertilize peach trees with these goods, and more especially so, now that grain is so low.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN FERTILIZERS, CHEMICALS, Etc.
FACTORY--BALTIMORE, MD.
Eastern Shore Office—:VOSHELL HOUSE CORNER, Chestertown, Md.

—AGENTS—
MR. GUS. PORTER, Church Hill, Queen Anne's Co., Md.
MR. JOHN McCLOUD, Chestertown, Kent County, Md.

CHURCH HILL, Q. A. Co., MD., Dec. 28th, 1889.
MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen: In the spring of 1888 I used your Pioneer Peach Tree Guano in my old orchard, at the same time the trees were trimmed up close and the ground well worked. The result from the guano and working was excellent, as the trees bore a large and profitable crop. As they had never borne to any extent before, the crop was a surprising one. I am fully satisfied that it pays to fertilize your peach trees, and for that reason want more of your guano for them this spring.
Very respectfully, MRS. MIRIAM A. BARCUS.

PRICE'S STATION, Q. A. Co., MD., Dec. 13th, 1889.
MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen: I can truly say it pays to use your Peach Tree Guano. I have used it for two years, and the results have been surprising. I notice that the fruit is better colored, finer size and the chances for a crop must be more certain. Stable manure makes the wood spongy, the phosphate matures the wood, making it stand the winter better. A neighbor's wonderful result for several seasons with your Peach Tree Fertilizer, induced me to use it, and I am glad to say that I do not regret having done so. E. B. WALLS.

CHURCH HILL, Q. A. Co. MD., Dec. 23d, 1889.
MESSRS. C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Gentlemen: I used your Peach Tree Guano the spring of this year, both on the "Home" farm and my own, near Barclay Station, and from the good results given me by the use of same, I am convinced *that it does pay to fertilize your peach trees.* It not only invigorates the trees, thereby increasing the prospects of a crop, also sizes up and colors the fruit, thus insuring a better price for the same.
Yours respectfully, J. FRANK TEMPLE.

MILLINGTON, Dec. 23d, 1889.
C. W. KENNARD & CO.—Dear Sirs: I used your Peach Tree Compound on my young peach orchard last spring. My peaches were superior to the majority of peaches shipped from this station. I attribute their superiority to the use of your fertilizer.
Yours respectfully, E. W. SPEAR.

OPPORTUNITIES!

Offered to those intending the purchase of CLOTHING. No special sale, but our entire stock, embrac[redacted] stacked with the F[redacted] own make, and ma[redacted] facturers' cost.

LIKES,

BERWANGER & CO.,

ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,

10 & 12 East Baltimore Street.

I. WILLIAM HINES,
OF CHESTERTOWN,
is now located in Baltimore, Maryland, with the well-known firm of
I. HAMBERGER & SONS,
Fine Clothing and Tailoring,
122 East Baltimore St.,
ADJOINING B. & O. R. R. BUILDING,
and will be glad to see his friends and acquaintances. Sept. 26—tf

THOMPSON LINE CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
OILS, GASOLENE AND BITUMINOUS COAL,
Kainit, Salts, Laths, Lime, Plastering Hair, Cement, Plaster and Seeds.
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DAYTONS,
Road Carts, Buckboards & Wagons
of every description.
We also have the agency for THE REMINGTON and the "WORLD" TYPE-WRITERS. Every business man should have one.
FREIGHTING!

Our Schooners, the "ADAMS" and "REMITTANCE," are still running in our line, soliciting freight. Advancement made on grain to reliable parties.
JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
Feb. 28, 1889. MANAGER.

THE GRAIN MARKET!
HAVING arranged to handle Grain at the very least expense, and being in a position to buy on a close margin, feel sure I can offer the grain growers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties an inducement to sell their wheat and corn. Will settle for all grain immediately upon delivery.
HIRAM M. BROWN,
Office, Court Street. Chestertown, Md.

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.

THE VERDICT
—ON—
LEA'S
TABLE CORN MEAL,
HOMINY
AND
Hominy GRITS,
IS
"BEST."
AND THEIR USE SUSTAINS IT.
The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

For 1890.
Consider *Scribner's Magazine* when you are deciding upon your reading matter for next season. The subscription rate is low—$3.00 a year.
The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.
There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a NEW DEPARTMENT and ADDITIONAL PAGES, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:
African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.
There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.
Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.
Twenty-five cents a number; $1.00 for 4 months.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
743 Broadway, New York.

GREAT
Over Stock Sale!
CONFIDENCE
—BEGETS—
CONFIDENCE;
and because we have always made it a rule to give our trade something better than we promised for the money, their confidence in us grows right along. Here's a hint or two on Men's Suits: Lots have been cut into; other lots sold way down, but still we have 3,000 too many and they're to go.
$10, First-class Cheviot and Cassimere Suits were $15, now only $10.
$15, Splendid Cutaway and Dress Suits. Many were $18, $20 and $22, now only $15.
$20, Elegant Imported Cheviot and Cassimere Suits, now only $20. Cost you $30 elsewhere.
These are hints of what we are doing at
OEHM'S ACME HALL.

Boys' and Young Men's Clothing.
We clothe more boys and young men than any other 3 houses in the trade. Why? Simply because we give best values for bottom prices.
FOR THE LITTLE BOYS—
Knee Pants Suits, Norfolks, Knickerbockers and all other elegant styles. Prices $2.50 upward.
FOR YOUNG MEN—
4-button Sack Suits, 3 button Cutaways, Walking Suits, Prince Albert or Prince Charles Styles. Price $5.50 to $20.
You would hardly believe it possible to gather such a stock and styles as we show, unless you beheld our wonderful assortment of Boys' Clothing. Moreover, we clothe YOUR BOY from hat to hose at
OEHM'S ACME HALL.

FURNISHINGS.
It's surprising what a little cash and a clearly expressed letter will do (if you can't call in person) towards fitting you out stylish and comfortably with Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and all the requisites and neat things of a gentleman's smaller wardrobe. Guarantee you a clear saving of one-fourth at least.
COME TO SEE US when in the city, whether to buy, to look or to rest. Our great establishment, with all its conveniences, is at your service. And remember, our Clothing and Furnishings Stock is the largest in the South, and we save you ¼ to ½ on every purchase you make.
OEHM'S ACME HALL,
5 & 7 West Baltimore Street,
ONE DOOR FROM CHARLES ST.

TARDY WIT.

A bright little man sat bemoaning the fate
Of the wit that is tardy and sparkles too late;
Of the keen repartee that is strictly one's own,
But comes into view when occasion has flown.
Oh! the ideas, apposite, bright and sublime,
That travel like stage-coaches never on time,
So sluggish in movement, so slow in the race
That a new topic renders them quite out of place.
So the bright little man, with a serious look,
Remarked to himself, as he opened his book,
"Of regrets that annoy a humorist's head,
The saddest is this: It might have been said!"—*J. A. Macon, in the Century.*

[*From the Ladies' Home Journal.*]

CHRISTMAS AT GUTTORMSON'S

BY KATHERINE B. FOOT.

CHAPTER II.

Jorgina saw it too, the clouds were breaking, there surely was one star out, it seemed a bright one too. "See it, mammy?" said Christine. "Miss Grace told me all about it—it shines for everybody, that star, and when anybody sees it, Christmas comes. Oh, yes, it comes," she whispered to herself, and after gazing at it a while, she went again and sat down close to her mother.

"What do you hope Santa Claus will bring you, mammy? I want a red hood—let me see—I want a doll too—mine has got her head all broken, it was very good when it was only broken in the back of her head, I could feed her bread then, but now it's all broken, Santa Claus will be sure to bring me a new one—he knows," she said confidently.

Jorgina felt her heart sink lower still. "What would you like, mammy, to have him bring you?" insisted Christine.

"Your father," said Jorgina.

Christine laughed merrily. "He comes anyhow—what else?"

"Dose I love—dose I love," sobbed Jorgina, and she clasped the child close to her.

Christine was frightened, for her mother never put her arms about her—she hadn't time, poor soul, and she began to cry. It woke the others, who cried too in the sudden waking.

"I want my supper," came from four hungry sobbing voices.

"There is no milk," said their mother, "it was too cold and too far for Wilhelm to go to the hotel. There is some oatmeal; I will fry some pork—such a nice treat."

The children accepted the situation, the pork was good and the oatmeal too, and they chatted while they ate it, sitting on stools round the stove.

Christine, who was a talkative child, launched into a glowing description of what she was going to have in her stocking.

"An' me, an' me!" said Wilhelm and Alfred and Ingolf.

"I am a Viking," said Alfred, "I shall have a sword."

"I shall have a fishin' rod like Mr. Warden's," said Wilhelm, "it's pull an' out an' I shall catch perch with it an' sell 'em at the hotel."

Ingolf had no wishes, he was too little.

"Christmas eve," she thought, "and noding for my children—where is Gustave; had I but him."

Poor woman! Until late at night she sat weeping, her head in her hands. At last she got up. Her children had insisted on hanging up their stockings; the sight was almost too much for her—Ingolf's short and fat one, with a hole in the toe, Wilhelm's brown sock, Christine's long blue one—Miss Grace gave her that—and the Viking's torn gray one, with a big hole in the knee, one in the toe, too, but pinned up. The tears filled Jorgina's eyes—

"If I had but something to put in. Stay!"

It seemed as if she almost caught her heart giving a jump. That night—that last night Gustave came in so cross, what did he say? It had slipped her mind.

"I brought a bundle ofer from de 'otel; I lefd id down in de kitchen."

She hadn't thought at all of it since. Mr. Henry often sent over bundles of things to eat, for the children, he was so kind, perhaps it might even have oranges in it. He had sent some once.

Jorgina pulled on the boots again and lit the lantern and half fearfully crept out doors and round to the kitchen.

"Had I but sdairs!" she thought. The light of the lantern made strange dancing shadows on the rocks and snow—they frightened her—the waves beat on the shore at her feet, the surf roared and plunged and fell with a heavy and regular thud on the seaward side of the island, and at last she opened the kitchen door and went in. Where was the bundle?

Oh, there on the shelf. Jorgina put the lantern beside her and opened it.

So unselfish is the mother love, that this woman alone—fearing herself a widow—worn with grief and watching—actually shed tears of joy when she opened the bundle. Some oranges fell out, some nuts and raisins in paper bags, some peppermint sticks, and there was another bundle too; on it was written—it seemed a message from heaven—"For Mrs. Guttormson and her husband and her children. Merry Christmas." It was Miss Grace's writing. Mrs. Guttormson hugged the bundle before she opened it. It was like Miss Grace, those gifts. Did she ever give any so gazed at with swimming eyes, did she ever, do you think, pour in more deeply of the Christmas balm? There was a cap for Gustave, a warm cap with earlaps and a string to tie under the chin, and a hood for Christine, and a gun for Alfred, with a spring that caught down and went off with a whirr when the trigger was pulled, and a tin sword too, and a horse and cart for Ingolf, a rattle for Olga, some picture books for Wilhelm, a package of candy, all done up in little packages and marked for each child, and for Jorgina only an envelope. Jorgina lifted the flap and what came out? Miss Grace herself, a bright, laughing face and frank, straight-forward eyes, and hair brushed back from her forehead. The picture seemed to smile a welcome as Jorgina looked at it and said to herself:

"Id is so good of Miss Grace, so good of her," and she could scarcely see it as she looked.

But she jumped up. "I musn'd leaf de chillun so long—oh, I am so dankful!" and she gathered her treasures in a water pail, luckily quite dry, and forgetful of darkness and cold, went quickly up the path, always rough, but more than ever so that night. But she didn't mind. Christmas had come for the children.

There was no real reason for it, but somehow a sense of peace and safety seemed to creep over Jorgina after she had shut the door behind her up stairs. It might have been because the wind had gone down, or because Miss Grace's kind face seemed to look lovingly at her from the chair seat where she put it down, leaning against the back, or the fact that the sense of friends, even if far away, had come to her with the gifts that would make the children so happy in the morning. At any rate, whatever it was, Jorgina's heart felt lighter, and she filled the stockings and thought, "I am sure Gustave is safe in Rivermouth—he will come to-morrow—Gustave is a good sailor." So she stuffed the stockings full, and the nuts and raisins filled up every cranny and a big apple and an equally big orange and the bright red and white barber's pole sticks of candy stuck bristling out in all directions from the tops of all the five stockings.

"All here but Hjalmar's" thought Mrs. Guttormson, "but he will have such a good time with Miss Grace," and after a long loving look at the happiness—the real tangible happiness—in store for the children, and another look at the children themselves, Jorgina went to bed and to sleep, and dreamed she was a child again at home in Norway. The watching and weeping and revulsion of feeling did their work and Jorgina slept soundly. When she woke—it was because Christine gave a squeal of delight from the other room, and Wilhelm gave a yell, and the Viking followed with a perfect roar of ecstasy, and Ingolf and the baby were not far behind or to be outdone and so a cheerful clamor reigned. Presently the sun came up, and the dull snow crust became a brilliant sheen of glory, and a blue sky arched over all.

The sea flashed and glittered, and the white caps seemed riding triumphant races on the tops of the waves, bobbing off and climbing up again. Beyond all, the coast line shone white and clear in the bright sunshine, and sails shone here and there as one vessel after another put out from the mouth of the river. A sluggish four-masted schooner—a coal carrier—crept along the coast with all sails set, and a general feeling of awakening life seemed to surround Jorgina.

Presently one of the children cried, "Oh, here comes Tom Tucker!"

Jorgina ran to look from the closet window. There was Tucker sure enough, one of the fishermen who lived all the year round at the hotel, slipping and stumbling over snow hidden rocks, with a red face—for it was very cold—and a big basket on his arm. The entire family, save baby Olga, who was left in roaring desolation on the bed in the inner room, ran out to receive him.

"Hulloa! hulloa, Tucker!" the children screamed, and "Oh, Mr. Tucker, I am so glad to see you," said their mother. "Gustave has been gone—oh so long—since before de storm began."

"Eh? How?" said Tucker. "Lem'me—in lem'me, young uns—here's your gobbler—all cooked—my eye, he's a stunner!" And he fairly pushed his way in, the children trying to peep into the basket as he carried it, and failing in that, giving sniffs at the outside and whirling and dancing about him, and as he said, "Say, you're foot, everywhere!" At last he was in, and then he gave up, he sat down in the nearest chair and gave up to the enemy unconditionally. They swarmed over him, Ingolf hugged him round the neck, the Viking peeped into his pockets, Christine and Wilhelm devoted themselves to the basket, and after some difficulty got the cover off.

A murmur of delight came from everyone.

"Ain't he *big!*" said Christine. "Oh, *my!*" said Wilhelm. The others danced in rapture at the very sight of the turkey, all cooked and so beautifully browned, and such a rough flaky brown. It made their mouths water and their stomachs ache just to look at it.

"Now!" said Jorgina—she couldn't say any more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No Thieves In Wall Street.

Inspector Byrnes, in his *Professional Criminals of America*, gives a list of one hundred banks which thieves either rifled or attempted to rob between November, 1862, and February, 1885. Ten of these were in the city of New York.

Owing to the thoroughly efficient detective system in Wall Street, the depredations of the bank sneaks have been summarily ended in the locality. These daring villains are "all men of education, pleasing address, good personal appearance, and are faultless in their attire." Cool, quick, resolute, and acting in concert, one may be on the lookout, a second engaged in interesting conversation with a bank officer or officers, and a third stealthily creeping behind the counter and capturing the cash or a bundle of bonds. Or the last may obtain access to the vault, from which he purloins whatever he may deftly conceal and carry off, while his confederates monopolize the attention of the clerks. One of the most daring bank snatchers in the city effected two robberies in the course of a single day. Entering one bank he leaped to the top of a partition seven feet high, leaned over, snatched two packages of bills containing $10,000 each, and escaped. A little later he climbed on the counter of another bank, captured several thousand dollars, and again escaped. Similar success attended the bold miscreant in his subsequent attempt to escape from the Court of General Sessions. He is now in jail.—From "The New York Banks," by RICHARD WHEATLEY, in *Harper's Magazine* for February.

CAPTAIN SMITH COOK, once famous as "the Kentucky giant," has recently been elected Doorkeeper of the Kentucky House of Representatives. It took several ballots to elect him, though: The captain stands 6 feet 7 inches in his shoes.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Discovery of the Site of New Yarmouth —Kent County's First Metropolis.

The following interesting bit of county history, we copy from a diary written more than half a century ago, by Peregrine Wroth, Esq. The little book is written throughout in a neat legible hand and contains many interesting facts and personal reminiscences. The writer says: "While searching the records of Kent county in the clerk's office in Chestertown, Maryland, George L. D. Davis, Esq., who was then engaged in collecting material for his contemplated history of Kent county, dicovered that Chestertown, either in its present or former location further down the river, was not the oldest town in that county. He found evidence of the existence of a more ancient town, the situation of which was on Gray's Inn Creek, a branch of Chester river, on land purchased of Major Thomas Ringgold by a man named Tovey.

The lot of 100 acres purchased by Tovey was part of a large tract called Hunting Field, which stretched from Gray's Inn Creek across Eastern Neck to Chester river, just within its mouth and embraced 1500 acres,—the farms now (in 1838) belonging to George W. Willson, Thomas Brown, and others.

On receiving this information from Mr. Davis, I prepared for a visit to that vicinity, as I was well acquainted with all that neighborhood, in order to ascertain if possible, the exact site of that first metropolis of my old county. He agreed to my suggestion and the next day we went, first to the farm of Mr. Brown on Gray's Inn Creek which farm I knew, had belonged to the Ringgold family ever since I could remember until lately.

Directly in the south front of Mr. Brown's house, on a cove or small branch of Gray,s Inn we soon discovered the remains,—the unmistakable remains, of a wharf at the mouth of the cove; and the ground near the wharf was or had been paved and was now covered nearly with bluish, rounded, water-worn stones, great numbers of which I have seen, and are indeed still found near the wharf in Chestertown—particularly about the grounds and houses now occupied by Mr. W. N. E. Wickes and Miss Redue. These stones are not natives of Kent county or, as I beleive of this whole country, being entirely different from any found in this alluvial region. They were brought to Chestertown and doubtless to Gray's Inn also as ballast for ships which traded with this country in Colonial times for tobacco—our chief staple at the early period, for exportation, and being thrown out of the ships to take in cargoes, were afterwards used to pave the approach to the wharves. These ships were all foreign—as the recent settlers had not them commenced ship-building. The town here (Mr. Brown's farm) founded was named New Yarmouth. A store, a dwelling and an Ordinary (tavern) were all the houses of which we have any account; but there is recorded evidence that juries sat there on civil business, and that vestries met to consider the affairs of the church. An old gentleman named Keating, a member of Mr. Brown's family, being asked by Mr. Davis what was the name of the land there, replied: "I always heard it called Tovey's Lot." As the situation agreed with the account in the records, being on Gray's Inn—or land purchased by Mr. Tovey, from a tract called Huntingfield (and *I knew* then that we were then on Huntingfield), and as we had found a wharf, for which there had been no use there for a hundred years, and the blue stones brought there as ballast-stones which I know are not natives of that Peninsula, at least, no doubt could be reasonably entertained that we had discovered the site of New Yarmouth. But this is not all the evidence. Reliable traditions in the neighborhood added strength to the conviction that we thus in a very short time had found the site of that ancient town.

Miss Ambrose, a most respectable and excellent lady with whom in my youth I was well acquainted, when a student in Chestertown, indeed, boarded in the same house with her; Miss Ambrose, I say, told Mr. Hodges—*who told me*—that when she was young that part of the road leading from St. Paul's Church to Eastern Neck Island opposite to Mr. Brown's house, was called "Yarmouth Race Course." Again, Mr. James Urie said that he had heard his father say that he had *coopered* many hogsheads of tobacco at the old warehouse which stood in Mr. Brown's yard. I remember old Mr. Urie well, and always knew him as a reliable man as also is his son.

In connection with this subject, it may be mentioned that Mr. George W. Willson who owns that part of the Huntingfield which lies on Chester river, informed me that old Nathan Laddy—an aged negro of good character—who died a few years ago upwards of 100 years old, had told him that he remembered when a church stood on his (Willson's) farm. I have examined this spot, and with Mr. Willson can testify that there are now many English *bricks* scattered about it.

After returning to Chestertown, I wrote to Mr. Willson asking him to take a servant with a spade and see if he could find any graves about the place where Laddy had said the Church stood. He kindly did so and digging about on semi-*raised spots* of the field (which were still evidently seen, though the field has been long cultivated in wheat and corn ever since he could remember) he found a number of gravers, some of which were arched over with brick. It may also be added that Mr. Willson remembered to have often heard the servants of his grandfather say that when going out of nights and returning before day, they always "gave that place a wide berth *as things were to be seen* there." This town (New Yarmouth) was situated only a few miles from Eastern Neck Island, which received its name from the inhabitants of Kent Island, from which it extends *eastwardly*. Eastern Neck Island, which is the south-western extremity of Kent County, and was the first part of Kent County that was settled. And as these settlements extended toward the middle of the county, it became necessary to have a church edifice more convenient to the majority of the inhabitants. Then St, Paul's was built about 1680. New Yarmouth also became inconvenient as a center of business and Chestertown was laid out. This was done at first 7 or 8 miles lower down the river: but this too proving inconvenient the present site was determined on. In my boyhood that now standing was called New Town—and the site first fixed on is known as *Old Town* to this day. Kent county was the first settlement in Maryland. Kent Island being colonized from Virginia before Lord Baltimore obtained a charter for Maryland and Avalon, and was first known as Kent Island county.

THE GIRL WHO HINTS.

Naturally you didn't ask him, and you would be very indignant indeed if anybody suggested that you had forced the poor fellow into bringing you the flowers, candy, or in taking you to the concert. No, you didn't ask him, but you couldn't have been any clearer about it than you were when you looked into his eyes with your most bewitching way and told him how anxious you were to hear the great violinist; how sweet you thought violets, and how you *did* wish for a pound of chocolate. He didn't want to get any of these, he hadn't the money to spend for them; he doesn't get a very large salary, he is trying to keep himself out of debt, and yet because he is generous and can't resist a pretty girl, you have forced him into a dishonest position. That's it, in plain English. When the end of the week comes and he is ten dollars short in his money, a little bit on his board bill must wait, his laundress cannot be attended to, and the money that should go home must be apologized for. This is the first step toward not doing his duty, and you have made him take it. The American man is generous, and when he has the money he will invite you himself without your suggesting to him what you like, or what you think he ought to do. Besides the harm you are doing him, you are making yourself vulgar—he has a perfect right to go away and say that he doesn't want to visit at your house any more, because you hint and hint until he has to take you to some place of amusement, or make you presents, and that for his part he cannot afford it. Continue as you are doing and after a while you will get the reputation among men of being a very undesirable girl to know, and certainly no girl who has heard of your reputation to "get things out of men" will want to ask you to be his wife. Better stay at home forever than go self-invited; better never taste candy than eat that obtained at the high cost of self-respect; better never smell a violet, or a rose than forget, in your search for them, that it is the modesty of the violet and the dignity of the rose that makes them pre-eminent among the flowers.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHAT BACTERIA ARE.

The great majority of these microscopic plants are what botanists call *bacteria*, the smallest form of vegetable life. So small are they that it would take, in some cases, as many as fifteen thousand of them arranged in a row to extend an inch. They have different forms, some being round, some oval, some rod-shaped, and others much the shape of a cork-screw, or spiral. In all cases they are so small that one needs a powerful microscope to study them, and in no case can we perceive them singly with the naked eye. When countless millions of them are grouped together in a mass or colony, we can see them about as we are able to see at a great distance an approaching army, of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier,

We have said that these bacteria move about; and this is true of them, although there are some which do not appear to move at all, but remain fixed where they find a good feeding-place. Those that have motion behave in a very peculiar manner. some wobble about in one place without moving forward in the least; others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious rate, rocking and twirling about, and turning a hundred somersaults as they move along.

Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do this in a strange way. A single one breaks itself in two; then each half grows to be as large as the first. Then these, in turn, divide up again, and so on, until from a single one we have many thousands in a short time. To give you the figures, such as they are, a single one can multiply at so enormous a rate that in forty-eight haurs it can produce something like 280,000,000,000 of bacteria. Great consequeces follow this enormoua increase of bacteria; for, while one which is so small in itself can do little, the vast army resulting from the multiplication of one is able to accomplish much.—*From "Every-day Bacteria," by Prof. Frederick D. Chester, in St. Nicholas for February.*

Philosophy from Kansas.

A man dislikes to admit that his best is his best.

Everybody is patient with a man the first day he is sick.

Every one who will stand it can expect to be imposed upon.

The trouble is that the meanest people have the longest memories.

The man who compels himself to like the things he has to do is a genius.

Everybody thinks that everybody else's misfortune is a punishment.

A man ought to be as good as he advises others to be; but somehow it's different.

If a woman knows she is pretty, it is not because any other woman told her so.

The time that a woman devotes to saying her prayers a man devotes to scratching.

Those who themselves have the least need of forgiveness are the quickest to forgive.

Woman's hand may be pale and delicate, but she can pick up a hotter plate than a man.

The world is full of people who knew something was going to happen after it has happened.—*Atchison Globe.*

OUR GREATLY ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, THE BALTIMORE SUN, which neglects no part of the State, evidently has a weakness for the Peninsula, if we are to judge from the pleasure it takes in all evidences of our prosperity and from its commendable efforts to assist in everything looking to the development of our section. The Peninsula has a right to be proud of itself, for there is no country in the world to which nature has been more lavish in the distribution of its good things. Canaan was nothing to it, for it only had milk and honey, but we have everything that can grow on land or live in water. No wonder THE SUN is fond of us, and THE SUN being so full of good things intellectually as the Peninsula is materially, no wonder we reciprocate THE SUN's affection. It is a good, honest, sterling journal, and we wish there were more like it.