msa_sc3326_scm8208-0506 ©Maryland State Archives

TO-MORROW IS A HOLIDAY.

The daughters of four generations sat
In the dark shadows of an humble room.
The youngest played, the gray grandmother spun,
Her daughter mused, while in the corner's gloom
The great-grandmother bent low in her chair—
And strange hot flushes filled the quiet air.

The child: "To-morrow is a holiday
And I will play along the grassy fields
And run the hills and pluck the fairest buds
That all the flower covered meadow yields;
I'll sing, and walk upon the brooklet's shores."
O, in the distance how the thunder roars!

Mother: "To-morow is a holiday
And all of us will merry be and glad
I'll deck myself in what I have of best,
For life should not be always bleak and sad.
The sun shines bright for e'en the darkest souls."
And coming nearer fierce the thunder rolls.

Grandmother: "Ah, 'twill be a holiday.
There's no such thing as holiday for me.
My fate's to spin and cook the daily meal,
For life is work and solitude and drear.
It's well for those who may do as they please."
See the quick lightning flashing through the trees.

The great-grandmother slowly turns and speaks:
"A holiday to-morrow and the tomb
All wide agape for me. What's earth but care
And woe where nothing breaks the joyless gloom!
And why should I yet linger in the world?"
Great God! The lightning's bolts upon them hurled.

They do not see nor hear the awful flame
That lights the chamber with a noontide glow.
The daughters of four generations lie
All dead together, smitten by one blow.
Four lives thus ended by the lightning's ray—
This their to-morrow, this their holiday.

—Philadelphia Times.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

The Rev. Thomas Baxter was a curate of the muscular, energetic type, which, fortunately for the church, is turned out not unfrequently by our universities and public schools. He was a big, broad shouldered young man, who, besides distinguishing himself greatly both on the river and in the cricket field, had taken a very respectable degree, for he was by no means afraid of hard work of any description. Such men often make capital parsons, and Tom was hardly less energetic in his parish work than he had been in very different spheres of action at Eaton and Oxford. But there were limits to Mr. Baxter's endurance; he liked an occasional holiday, and this was the only point upon which he and his vicar, the Rev. Septimus Straightway, were not entirely agreed.

The Rev. Septimus was an earnest man, and took a severe and gloomy view of the pleasures of life. He worked terribly hard in an East End parish; knew nothing and cared less about outdoor sports—or, in fact, about any form of amusement; and fully expected his curates to follow unhesitatingly in the extremely narrow and steep path up which he led them. Hence it came to pass that Mr. Straightway experienced considerable difficulty in finding curates after his own heart; the young men were continually leaving him for less arduous duties, and the vicar's opinion of human nature in general, and of the younger generation of curates in particular, steadily grew worse. In Tom Baxter, however, he really thought he possessed a treasure, and the danger of working a willing horse to death never so much as entered into his head.

Poor Tom did his very best to satisfy Mr. Straightway's requirements, for he really respected the man and valued immensely his good opinion, but, as has already been indicated, he could not help longing that his superior would enter a little more into his own harmless liking for occasional relief, and sympathize with his passion for rowing and all that was connected with athletics.

At the time I write of the cricket season was in full swing; but Tom's duties had not only prevented him from playing in a single match, but even from looking on at one for a few hours from the roof of the pavilion at Lord's. Moreover the university cricket match, in which he took an absorbing interest, was fast approaching, and he was sorely troubled by the dread that he might not be able to see it. This fear haunted him day and night; it worried him during his visiting and mission work, spoilt his rest and occasionally obtruded itself upon him in the pulpit. Even the absent minded Mr. Straightway at length noticed that his curate's mind was ill at ease, and one day he went so far as to inquire the cause. Tom stammered out something about being out of sorts, and ventured to hint that he thought a day's holiday would do him good.

"When I was your age, Mr. Baxter, I never wanted a holiday," replied the austere vicar; "but you are certainly not looking well. Let me see, today is the 24th of June. In about a fortnight I think I can arrange a day for you. Say the 12th of July."

"Can't it be managed a week sooner?" queried Tom, desperately, for the university match was fixed for the 4th.

"Quite impossible, I fear," said the vicar, decisively, for he was a terrible martinet with his curates. So, with a wave of his hand, he dismissed the subject, and Tom knew that further appeal was useless.

"It's rather too bad," grumbled Mr. Baxter, as he walked home to his humble lodgings. "But it is no use talking to him about cricket; he doesn't know a bat from a ball." And with a heavy heart he tried to resign himself to the inevitable.

But two days later a circumstance occurred which entirely routed Tom's virtuous resolutions. A letter arrived at the reverend gentleman's lodgings which was couched in the following terms:

HEATHCOTE HALL, LEAMSHIRE.

DEAREST TOM—We are actually coming to town! Only for two days, though; and we are going to Lord's to see the match. Uncle has got a drag there, block B. Of course I shall never forgive you if you don't come and see me; on Wednesday afternoon we go to Essex to stay with the Chilvertons, so this is our only chance of meeting. Do come; in terrible haste. Yours lovingly,

ALICE.

From the foregoing it may be gathered that Miss Alice Heathcote and Mr. Tom Baxter were on tolerably intimate terms. As a matter of fact they had been engaged for six months, during which time they had very rarely met. Baxter's people were well off, and he had a very rich uncle, among whose possessions was an excellent family living, destined in the future for Tom and his bride. But the uncle was a stern and conscientious gentleman, and he was determined, before he definitely agreed to give Tom the vacancy—when it occurred—to see what that young gentleman was made of. And this was why Baxter had been sent to help Mr. Straightway in the East End, why he worked so hard in the parish, and why he was so desperately anxious to stand high in his vicar's opinion.

When Tom read the letter his first impulse, unclerical though it may appear, was to use strong language. But he restrained himself and fell to thinking over the various means of escaping from his duties. A fresh appeal to Mr. Straightway he knew to be hopeless. That worthy ascetic did not only look upon cricket as a frivolous waste of time, but he was a strong advocate of the celibacy of the clergy. Moreover, by merely asking the question Tom might offend him, and this he certainly could not afford to do under the circumstances. There was nothing for it then but a pious fraud, and although Tom's conscience rebelled against the idea of deceiving his vicar, who trusted him implicitly, he could not make up his mind to disappoint Alice, or to deny himself the pleasure of seeing her. He might, under more favorable circumstances, have dined at her uncle's house in Portman square, but as luck would have it he had undertaken to conduct an evening class on both nights of her stay in town. So he wrote a very affectionate answer, promising that nothing short of an earthquake should prevent him from appearing at Lord's, and he at once set to work to arrange a plot for the deception of Mr. Straightway.

On the day before that on which he had promised to meet his intended Tom told his vicar that he was passing the night with a very old friend, who had just come home from India, in his rooms near Jermyn street. This, it must be said, was perfectly true, and of course Mr. Straightway could offer no valid objection, as Baxter had done all his work for the day. The next day, however, Tom slunk off to a telegraph office and in guilty haste dispatched a wire to the effect that he was suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, but would, if possible, return in the evening.

By 11 o'clock he was at Lord's. The mere sight of the ground was so welcome to him that he was determined to spend as much time there as he possibly could. He knew, of course, that he would be certain to meet any number of his old friends, and that the whole proceeding was extremely risky; but he consoled himself with the thought that, as Mr. Straightway rarely, if ever, went into society of any sort, he was not at all likely to hear anything about it. So he ensconced himself in the pavilion and awaited the beginning of the play with pleasurable impatience. The Heathcotes were all enthusiastic cricketers, and he counted on their appearance by 12 o'clock at the latest.

The match commenced in due course, but upon its varying fortunes it is not necessary to dwell. The Heathcotes also arrived, and Tom at once took up a position on the drag by the side of Miss Alice, the warmth of whose greeting speedily banished all fears and qualms of conscience from his breast. Nothing, in fact, could have been more perfect than Mr. Baxter's happiness up to the luncheon interval. His stentorian "well hit" or "well bowled" could be heard a hundred yards away; he clapped his hands, stamped and waved his hat like the veriest schoolboy, and meanwhile he was unremitting in his attention to the girl of his heart. Two o'clock struck. The bell rang for lunch, and the occupants of Mr. Heathcote's drag prepared for the substantial meal which forms so prominent a feature of the two great matches at Lord's. Tom by no means despised creature comforts. Mr. Straightway's curates were expected, at all events when with him and on duty, to follow their vicar's example in asceticism, so a good lunch was very acceptable to him. He had supplied Alice's wants, and was in the act of lifting to his mouth a piece of salmon, when suddenly he turned pale, his jaw fell, his eyes dilated, and the piece of salmon, accompanied by the fork, fell unheeded to the ground.

It was too true. Beside the very next drag, talking to a gentleman on the box seat, stood a tall, lean man, in clerical attire, whose figure was horribly familiar to the guilty curate. He could not be mistaken, it was Mr. Septimus Straightway, though what could have brought the reverend gentleman to Lord's was beyond Tom's imagination. The vicar had his back turned, and evidently did not suspect his curate's proximity. Instant flight was the only hope.

"Good gracious, Tom!" cried Miss Alice, "what on earth is the matter? You look as white as a sheet!"

"I don't feel very well, dear. Excuse me one minute," stammered Mr. Baxter. And he rose hurriedly, upsetting his plate, and jumped to the ground. Just as he reached terra firma he saw the clergyman shaking hands with his friend on the box seat; he was turning toward Mr. Heathcote's drag; in another second detection would follow. Tom glanced hurriedly round; the door of the drag was open and no one was looking. He accordingly plunged in head foremost, shut the door, and to make assurance doubly sure, pulled up the wooden blind. Then he breathed more freely. But what on earth would the Heathcotes think? A confederate was absolutely necessary. The Heathcotes' family butler, Mr. Binns, was an old friend of Tom's, and might be relied upon. Baxter espied Binns opening a bottle of champagne, and attracted his attention as noiselessly as possible.

"Binns!" he whispered, in great agitation, "please say to Miss Alice that I am not well, and that I have gone to take a walk, to bathe my head—say anything, Binns—but for mercy's sake don't let her know that I'm in here. Don't let anybody know. You won't, will you?" he continued, piteously.

Mr. Binns thought that Tom was off his head, but his impassive face betrayed no surprise.

"Certainly, sir. Any other message?"

"No! that will do—and, Binns, come back here at once; I want you to do something else."

"Yessir."

The message caused some little surprise and much sympathy.

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Alice; "it all comes from working so hard in those terrible slums, and never taking a holiday."

When Binns returned Tom asked him in the same agitated whisper:

"Did you notice a tall, thin gentleman—a clergyman—standing beside the next drag just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see him now?"

"Yes, sir," said Binns; also whispering, "he's a-standing close by."

"Good gracious!" murmured Tom. "Look here, come and tell me when he's gone."

And Tom pulled up the other wooden blind half way, and cowered on the floor among the cushions and dust cloaks. It was terribly hot and stuffy, but he dared not move until Binns returned, and that personage was absent for no less than half an hour by Tom's watch. The captive was growing desperate, when at last a welcome face appeared at the window above the blind.

"Mr. Baxter, sir," whispered Binns, "the clerical gent, sir; he's on the roof of our drag."

"You don't say so!" groaned Tom.

"He is, indeed, sir. He and master seems very thick; they're talking over old Cambridge times. I never waited on him before, sir."

"Of course," said the curate in despair. "I see it now. Old Septimus was at Cambridge, so was Heathcote; they are old friends. How in the name of Providence am I to get out of this? I say, Binns, do you know I must stop here till he goes. You will keep it dark—now won't you?"

"Most certainly, sir," said the sympathetic butler. "Won't you have some lunch, sir? Nobody will know."

Tom smiled in his misery at the idea. After all, why shouldn't he?

"Well, Binns, I really think I will."

And the trusty servitor disappeared to return with a huge plateful of cold pie, a bottle of champagne and some strawberries.

"Thank ye, Binns," same Tom, gratefully; "now go away and don't come back till the clergyman has gone. Whew! How hot it is!"

It was hot and no mistake. On a scorching day the interior of a drag with the windows shut is about as agreeable a resting place as the Black Hole. Tom could not let the blinds down, so he drank a tumbler of iced champagne, which made him much warmer than before, though it inspired him to smile at his position. His stiff collar was growing limp, and his heavy black garments began to grow insupportable.

"Wonder if I dare to take my coat off?" he asked himself. The mental answer was "Yes," and he proceeded to do so. Then he felt better, finished the plate of pie, and had another tumbler of the champagne. "I feel half inclined to go out and face him," reflected Tom, but his heart failed. He piled the dust cloaks, coats and umbrellas in one corner, and tried to make himself comfortable. Presently, however, the match was resumed, and then his real suffering began. Tom had never endured such torture. Loud applause frequently broke upon his ears; shouts of "Well hit!" "Well bowled!" "Well caught!" and, sometimes, more maddening even than these sounds, there was a deep hush of suspense in the noisy crowd, or a distinctly audible sigh of relief, which told his practiced ears that some exciting crisis of the game had come or gone.

He vainly peered over the half drawn blind to catch a glimpse of the players; he could, however, see nothing but a forest of black hats and variegated sunshades. Binns returned not—Tom dared not quit his hiding place, and despair once more possessed his soul. "Suppose I'm here for the afternoon. Holy Moses, how appallingly hot it is!" (Heat is apt to relax the propriety even of a curate's language.) "Wish I dared to take some more of my clothes off!" And then his eye fell on the champagne bottle, which was nearly half full. "Well, I can have another drink, at all events!" And again his troubles seemed less. He stretched himself out as well as he could, for he was a big man and the space was small, and by degrees he finished the bottle. "If only I had a weed," he reflected; "haven't smoked for months, it seems years."

And growing bold even to recklessness, he hunted in the pockets of the other men's overcoats till he found a cigar case. When he had lit a cigar he felt comparatively at ease. It was very hot, he thought, but a peaceful feeling stole over him; the hum of the crowd grew fainter and fainter; the shouts of applause more distant; even the hammering of sticks and umbrellas on the drag, within six inches of his head, ceased to annoy him. He pulled at his cigar less energetically; soon it fell from his lips, and the Rev. Thomas Baxter slept as peacefully as a child.

He was awakened by a rough shake and shout in his ear of "Hi, wake up!" Returning to semi-consciousness he indistinctly heard exclamations of "Shameful!" "Disgusting!" "Who would have thought it!" And then a familiar voice said in somewhat quavering accents, "Leave him to me, papa. I must see him alone." Tom pulled himself together with a jerk, opened his heavy eyes, and found himself confronted by Miss Alice Heathcote, who stood with flushed cheeks and indignant expression at the door of the drag.

"Are you awake, sir?" she inquired, with elaborate sternness.

"Awake! yes; why not, dear?" stammered Mr. Baxter.

"Then what is the meaning of this? You leave me hours ago and say you don't feel well, and here I find you sound asleep when the play is over for the day, and we have been sending all over the ground for you. And in your shirt sleeves, too!"

"Good gracious! I beg your pardon. I forgot." And, blushing scarlet, the curate huddled on his coat.

"And they all say that you are drunk," she continued, with a half sob. "Oh, Tom, it's shameful!"

"Drunk!" cried Mr. Baxter, indignantly. "I should like to meet anybody who says that I'm drunk! Let me explain, darling. I'll come out now." And then he caught sight of his vicar again and shrank back. "Is that man never going?"

"What man?" asked Miss Alice, with impatience. "Really, Tom, you must be mad today."

"Why, the clergyman, Alice, dear; do you know who he is?"

"Of course I do; it's Mr. Grayson, a vicar somewhere in Yorkshire, an old college friend of papa's; they haven't met for twenty years. I'm sure he's not an alarming person—in fact, the only strange thing about him is that about twenty people have mistaken him for your man—Mr. Straightway, you know. Are they at all alike?"

"Yes, they are—rather," gasped Tom, scarcely knowing whether he stood on his head or heels. "Come and introduce him to me, darling. I'll make it all right with your father."

And he did; but it will be some time before he hears the last of that cricket match.—London Truth.

A Successful Man.

One of the brightest advertising men in Chicago made his rise through the fall of another. It was some years ago when as a mere boy he was tramping the streets of Chicago in search of any sort of a job which offered. His last nickel had gone for food, and one afternoon he was walking through a down town alley, tired and disgusted. Happening to glance upward he saw a boy leaning out of a window. In a moment the boy lost his balance and fell to the ground with the customary dull, sickening thud. The discouraged man hastened to the boy's side and discovered that death had been instantaneous. Looking up at the open window from which he had fallen the man counted the stories and then sought the stairway near by. Mounting the stairs he dashed into the editor's room, for it was the office of The Prairie Farmer, and blurted out: "Do you want a boy?" Looking up in surprise the editor answered, "No, we have a boy." Then the man said, "I'll bet you haven't—your boy just fell from the window and is dead. I want his place." Investigation found that the man was right, and he was engaged for his pushing way. Since then he has risen by degrees and made money, and very few of his friends know how he gained his place.—Chicago Herald.

Wine Worth Drinking.

Wine worth £400,000 a bottle is a drink that in expense would rival the luxurious taste of barbaric splendor when priceless pearls were thrown into the wine cup to give a rich flavor to its contents; yet in the city of Bremen just such a costly beverage may be found. In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville, in the Rose apartment, there are twelve cases of holy wine, each case inscribed with the name of one of the apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting place in the year 1624, 266 years ago. One case of this wine, consisting of five oxhofs of 204 bottles, cost 500 rix dollars in 1624. Including the expense of keeping up the cellar, interest on the original outlay and interest upon interests, one of those oxhofs would today cost 555,657,640 rix dollars; three single bottles, 2,213,812 rix dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,476 rix dollars, or about £54,476; or at the rate of 540 rix dollars, or £55, per drop.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fresh and Dry Cigars.

The American man wants his cigar fresh and green. The Englishman, on the other hand, values his as he does his wines, the older and dryer the better. Mr. William Black, the novelist, who is a connoisseur in tobaccos, has in his chambers—the ones on the Thames that Dickens used to occupy—a much prized assortment of old cigars, some of which are fourteen years old. These he guards with the most jealous care, only at rare intervals and as a mark of the most distinguished consideration bestowing one on a friend.—New York Evening Sun.

A Type Indeed.

Miss Bartholdi (of New York)—I met a gentleman last evening who was a perfect type of your city.

Mr. Proudofit (of Pittsburg)—May I have a bill of particulars?

Miss B.—Well, he had coal black hair, a gaseous manner, steel blue eyes—and one was glass—an oily tongue and evidently an iron constitution.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Michigan postmaster has been so pestered by young men gossiping with his pretty female clerks that he has placed over each delivery window a printed card which reads: "This window for P. O. business only! Not for visiting."

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

The Two Climates of California.

There have been forty miles of snow-sheds on the line of the Central Pacific railroad in the high Sierra these many years. At this altitude, or at the height equal to the summit of Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, the snow in such exceptionable winters as this is decidedly troublesome to the railroad people. From the vicinity of Mount Shasta north for nearly a hundred miles, the snow falls every winter. Once in twenty years the snow at the highest altitude falls on the mountains to such a depth as is found there this winter. California has both a winter and a spring climate at the same time. While the mountains have been literally buried in the snow and railway trains have had a hard time in getting through the drifts, and many cattle have perished in altitudes where in ordinary winters they find open pastures, especially in the valleys, among the mountains, it has actually been spring for 700 miles along the coast, and inland until an altitude exceeding 1,500 feet has been reached, for the last three months, or since the early rains began. The grass in many places is a foot high. Famished cattle have been sent down from the ranges in the mountains to feed in the most luxuriant pastures. Citrus fruits have ripened, not a few specimens here and there, but train loads are now going forward to eastern markets. They are hawked by the wagon load on the streets of this city, as large and fair as ever gladdened the eyes of dwellers in hyperborean regions. All this time millions of roses have been in bloom in open gardens, and only an occasional white frost has been seen. The citrus belt is here, and the snow is there. There is a perfect harmony between the two.—San Francisco Bulletin.

An Immaculate Gall.

The pardon issued to Albert S. Cronk, a Chicago lawyer who was convicted of the crime of perjury in 1888 and sentenced to the Joliet prison for one year, took effect today. Cronk has never been confined in the penitentiary, but ever since his conviction has been allowed to remain in the Chicago jail.

As the pardon was directed to the warden of the prison, it became necessary for the prisoner to be at least brought to the prison before he could be legally discharged from custody. Sheriff Matson, of Cook county, brought Cronk to Joliet today, having the pardon in his pocket. The prisoner was turned over to the warden, who gave the sheriff his receipt. The sheriff then handed the warden the pardon and the formality of discharging Cronk from the prison was gone through with, and, although Cronk had never served a minute's time, he at once asked for his discharge money from the state. $10 and transportation, the sum paid to all discharged convicts. This exhibition of gall was a paralyzer to the prison warden, and when the ex-prisoner finally made a demand for a suit of citizen's clothing, such as is given to the discharged convicts, it caused Sheriff Matson to retire in disgust. Cronk was paid the $10 and given a ticket to Chicago, but he did not get the clothes.

The fact of Cronk's having to sign the prison vouchers for his discharge money places him on the prison records as having been a convict, as he had to be given a number and entered on the convict register. The cupidity of the fellow caused this, and now No. 82, Albert S. Cronk, is an ex-convict.—Joliet Special to Chicago News.

A Unique Doll Show.

A doll show on a gigantic and somewhat original plan, which has been organized in aid of the new hospital for women in Euston road, will be opened on April 29. The different sections allow of great variety in doll dressing. Ladies in the dress of the period—morning, evening, bridal or court; gentleman dolls ditto, little girl dolls, and the babes in long and semi-long clothes, dolls in the garb of professors, priests, official robes, in state, parliamentary, civic and legal, academic, scholastic, masonic, dolls in naval, military, postal or police uniform, dolls in costumes of the pantomime, sirens of the ballet, dolls in working dress of all kinds, artisan, domestic service or trade, are to be included in the various classes. A special section will be formed by dolls, ladies and gentlemen, in sporting dress, hunting, shooting, fishing, golf, tennis and boating garb. Others again will represent heroes, heroines of history, fiction, the drama, a special class being assigned to characters of nursery romance. For "celebrities of today" a double price is offered, and a section of dolls in grotesque, suggestive or emblematic dress of any kind, offers a wide field to the fanciful. A special nurses' section will comprise dolls dressed as patients and nurses, and others are exclusively limited to children and pupils of board, charity and industrial schools. For the best doll of all a prize of five guineas is offered.—Pall Mall Budget.

Safety Indoors.

The extremes in interior decoration make the modern home a shining mark for the fire fiend, and not least of these defects is the craze for throwing the house into one vast apartment. Huge archways and spacious doorways heavily hung with draperies are attractive and contribute to the comforts of a home, but they are certainly dangerous. The old fashioned door may not look so well, but had the residence of Secretary Tracy been more liberally supplied in this respect it is not at all improbable that the fire would have been confined to the room in which it originated until the inmates were warned of the impending danger. As it was, these large openings acted as would a vast flue, and the flames spread throughout the entire house like a flash.—Washington Post.

Difference in Sponges.

There are very many people who cannot tell the difference between "Turkey cups" and common reef sponges, and they are astounded at the difference in price. They are asked $8 for what they think they can get just as good for twenty-five cents. There are sponges from Florida called sheep's wool, which, in the opinion of many buyers, are as good, although much cheaper, for all practical purposes as the silk ones. They are used mainly for washing carriages, although they make a good bathing sponge. Reef sponges come from Cuba and Nassau. Turkey cups from around the islands of the Archipelago. Sheep's wool and reef sponges come in ten, twenty and forty pound bales, and the finest of the former, known as Rock Island goods, sell wholesale at from $2.80 to $3.15 per pound. The Turkey cups are sorted at London and Paris into three qualities and sent to us in bags. They are sold by the piece.—Boston Globe.

It is believed that the use of smokeless powder by armies will result in making military operations much more difficult than they are now. The absence of smoke and the reduced noise of the detonations will scarcely allow of marching by the sound of the cannon. In order to get an idea of the situation on a battle field it will be necessary to examine it directly from some elevated point.

Vaughelm, the famous Hanoverian sportman, slew wild boars by the hundreds, but ran away from a table upon which there was a roasted pig, or fainted if unable to beat a hasty retreat.

The "Duchess," whose novels are so well known in America, lives in Cork, Ireland. She is a handsome woman of 40, although her portraits represent her as being ten years younger.

Neuralgic Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking
Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

FOR SALE
AT SCOTT'S POINT
LUMBER YARD.

4,848 feet White Oak Plank.
192 " 2½x2½ " Harrow Stuff.
112 " 8x4 Gate Stiles.
371 " 6x6 Cherry for Newel Posts.
204 " 4x4 " for Angle Newel Posts.
120 " 2x4 " for Hand Rails.
133 " 9x9, 8x8, 7x7 Walnut Newel.
966 " 6x6 " "
179 " 4x4 " "
564 pieces Squares Walnut for Balisters.
153 " " Ash for Balisters.
57 " ¾ 6x6, 8 feet long. Yellow Poplar.
10 " 6x6, 10 " " " "

The above stock is kept in a house built expressly, to dry and season in sticks protected from the storms. Some of this stock is three years old. Most of it two years, and none of this year's manufacture.

Orders for STAIRWAYS and PORTICO columns receive prompt attention.

JOSEPH TURNER.

Chestertown, April 3, 1890.
(See next issue of TRANSCRIPT.)

DRY GOODS!

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM OF
Hamilton Easter & Sons,
OF BALTIMORE,
Invite your attention to their extensive stock of
DRY GOODS.
The magnitude and variety of which will be fully appreciated on a personal examination, which we solicit. They are
Large Importers of Foreign Dry Goods.
The buyer visiting Europe twice a year to make purchases direct from manufacturers. By so doing, they Retail goods at the price paid by Wholesale dealers to Importers in New York.
We deal only in Dry Goods, and aim to sell only such articles as we believe will prove of good value to the purchaser. Samples will be sent when requested, if about the Prices wanted, Colors preferred, etc., are plainly named.
The price, in plain figures, is marked on every article sold by us, from which no abatement is made, unless to Wholesale purchasers.
Their different Departments include the following class of goods:
Low, and Medium-Priced Dress Goods.
Fine Dress Goods and Mourning Goods.
Plain and Fancy Colored Silks.
Black Silks, Velvets and Plush.
Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, Jackets, Ulsters and Shawls.
Laces, Embroideries, Edgings, Insertings, Flouncing and Fancy Muslins.
Ginghams, Percales, Prints, Satines, Cheviots, Crotones, Notions, Cambrics, Nainsooks, Plaid Muslin, Ladies', Misses' and Boys' Hosiery and Underwear.
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
In Gloves, Half Hose, Ties, Scarfs, Suspenders, Merino, Gauze and All-Wool Underwear.
HOUSEKEEPING DRY GOODS,
In immense varieties, including Linen and Cotton Sheetings, Domestic Cotton Goods of all kinds.
Table Damasks, Napkins, Towels, Toweling by the yard, Blankets, Quilts, Art Squares, Lace and Muslin Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, Floor Mattings, Woolen Goods for Men's and Boys' Wear, in 3-4 and 6-4 widths, Fancy and Plain Black.
We might add to the above, but will only say, that no house in the United States can show a better class of goods (very few as good), and the extent and variety will enable purchasers to make a satisfactory selection.
HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
23, 25, 27 E. Baltimore St.
NEAR LIGHT STREET.

Spring Announcement!

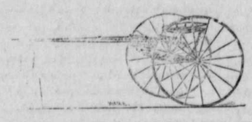
FARMERS!
We are ready for Spring work. Have just received a stock of
ROPE TRACES, PLOW LINES,
BACK BANDS, HAMES,
HAME STRAPS, CHAIN TRACES,
FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, RAKES, &c.,
All fresh stock. We are still selling the
Roland Chilled Plow.
They are acknowledged to be as good a Plow as there is on this market; are made right here in our own State, and are therefore easy to get repairs for. We keep the Castings on hand for them as well as some other Plows.
The "Roland" FARM BELL is a good one.
FENCE WIRE we are selling cheap for cash.
We are Headquarters for Northern Grown
SEED POTATOES
ROOFING, SPOUTING,
And all kinds of Tin Work done in a workman likemanner at short notice. Resp't.,
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

A PRACTICAL POET
Come around to SHAW'S and see a pair
Of Shoes whose great attraction,
Is that they will not rip or tear,
But give you satisfaction.
Young man, we have a pair for you
Whatever be your station,
We surely can produce a Shoe
To suit your occupation.
A pair for you whose feet may tread
The gorgeous halls of State;
A pair for you whom fate has led
On richer men to wait.
I have a pair for all who will,
Whatever he may follow;
We care not so he pay the bill,
We want the mighty dollar.

FRAME HOTEL.
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.
MY TABLE
will be furnished with the best the market can afford.
MY STABLES
contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.
SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

Places of Interest
To all visiting Philadelphia are
THE
YATES STORES,
6th and Chestnut St.
13th and Chestnut St.
Our Superior Clothing for Men and Boys is renowned, and though prices are very low this season, we maintain the high quality.
A. C. YATES & Co.

H. D. SCHMIDT,
NEW YORK CARRIAGE
—AND—
Harness Repository.
ROAD CARTS.



Largest assortment of CARRIAGES, EXPRESS WAGONS and HARNESS in the city. SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
21 N. Liberty Street,
(Between Baltimore and Fayette) BALTIMORE.

The Transcript,
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

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.

Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad
CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.
ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,
Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,
Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 2, Mon. only.
	Read Downwards.	
	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Ft. No. 4, daily except Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Sun. only.	Passenger No. 4, Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards.		
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.
Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.
The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.
Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.
The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.
Freight received for Smyrna.
J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent. E. P. STACEY, Supt.

The Sun.
FOR 1890.
Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.
Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line of Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests to the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not the SUN's fault if it has not seen further into the millstone.
Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.
Daily, per month, $0 50
Daily, per year, 6 00
Sunday, per year, 2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year, 8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month, 0 70
Weekly Sun, one year, 1 00

KEEP COOL
by going to the
RISING SUN
SALOON.
ICE CREAM.
VERSUS
HOT WEATHER.
It will be to the advantage of all parties giving, or in any way connected with picnics, festivals, excursion parties or other entertainments, to give me an opportunity to furnish estimates upon their ice cream or water ice supplies. All kinds and flavors of cream and water ices prepared and supplied from the Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown, or shipped by either steamboat or railroad upon short notice.
WM. PERKINS,
Proprietor of Rising Sun Saloon,
Chestertown, Kent County, Md

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, JAN. 1, 1890.
LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.
For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 8.30 p. m.
For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.10 p. m., Express 10.25 p. m.
For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 7.30 p. m.
For Washington, week days, 5.10, 6.20, 6.30, 7.20, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 and 12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.50, 2.10, 3.00, 4.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m. Sunday 6.30, 7.45, 8.30, 8.35, 9.15, 10.15, a. m., 12.00, 12.50, 1.50, 2.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m.
For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington 5.10, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m. On Sunday, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m.
Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 4.00, 5.00, 6.40, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45, 11.00 a. m., 12.00, 12.10, 2.00, 2.30, 3.15, 3.25, 4.25, 4.33, 4