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The Chestertown Transcript.

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THOMAS G. WROTH,

UNDER STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

—A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF—

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS

for Men, Ladies and Children, in all Styles and at PRICES TO DEFY COMPETITION. We cordially invite you to inspect our stock, believing we can at all times suit you both as to price and quality. We are still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE ON THE SHORE. We also handle the justly Celebrated Snag Proof RUBBER BOOT. In fact, we keep everything pertaining to a well regulated Shoe Store. We have also added to our stock a nice lot of UMBRELLAS, which will be handled at bottom figures.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS G. WROTH

Oct. 2-90-y. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

SMITH & CLEMENTS,

The Live Local Agents

for the Sale of

AL IMPLEMENTS!

OFFICE IN THE ELIASON BUILDING,

Chestertown, - - - Maryland.

—MUSIC—

PROF. J. HARMON,

OF BALTIMORE,

having accepted the position of organist at Christ M. P. Church, Chestertown, is desirous of obtaining pupils in music, both organ and piano.

Particular attention given to beginners. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Wyatts' boarding house, Chestertown. Nov. 8, 20-m3.

DR. C. E. [illegible], Dental Su[illegible]eon, OF BALTIMORE, [illegible] Have arranged with Dr. W. Barn[illegible] to have [illegible] gentleman assist him in his p[illegible] office. At[illegible]erton, Kent [illegible] for a[illegible] dentistry. Oct. 16-3m.

DR. T. H[illegible]A, HOMEO[illegible] Office Main street, opposite [illegible] House, can be found in office every day [illegible] 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 [illegible] 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.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

GENERAL [illegible]

FRUIT AND PRODU[illegible]

COMMISSION MERCH[illegible]

Dealers in Produce and Foreign [illegible] Fruits,

118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMO[illegible]RE, MD.

ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

We report all sales daily and send che[illegible]cks every Monday; oftener if desired. We re[illegible] to our present shippers, among whom are ma[illegible] of the most successful fruit growers in this co[illegible]y, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

C. WRIGHT SPRY,

—WITH—

WRIGHT & LON[illegible]EY,

seccessors to Wright & Sparks,

FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PR[illegible]DUCE

COMMISSION MERCHA[illegible]TS,

No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, [illegible]d.

REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mech[illegible]nics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette [illegible]is.

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson [illegible]

STEVENS BRO[illegible]S.,

Grain, Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

303 S. CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,

(Late of Crew & Ireland)

FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STO[illegible]

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 115 Callowhill Stree[illegible],

PHILADELPHIA.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,

[illegible]8 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

Wholesale LIQUOR DEA[illegible]RS,

IMPORTERS OF

Wines, Brandies, [illegible]tc.

PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

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.

BUY THAT

FROM WHICH YOU

Get the Greatest Returns

LEA'S

NEW PROCESS

FLOUR

MAKES MORE BREAD THAN ANY OTHER.

THE GRAIN MARKT.

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.

DO YOU WANT

A GOOD WATER-FRONT FARM?

Some with Spawning Oyster Creeks and Coves on them, that when properly stocked with plants (small oysters), will produce by natural growth in one year ten bushels of prime oysters for one of seed, and thousands of bushels of young oysters for one bushel of seed? Some of the coves

Are Now Paying Five Hundred to One Thousand Dollars per Acre,

And each year oysters are higher in price. Remember, these coves are as private as a man's peach orchard. The soil of these farms is the best for the growth of Peaches, Pears and Small Fruits, and as the crop is early, the prices of the fruit are high. No better soil anywhere for early Truck. A former Kent countian raised Tomatoes this year when they were bringing in Baltimore two dollars and fifty cents a basket. Other early vegetables brought correspondingly high prices. We have many Bargains in water-front and inland Farms, large and small,

On Very Favorable Terms.

So with a few hundred dollars we can give our patrons a nice, comfortable home, with good land and low taxes, healthy climate, easy payments, and if they will work and plant intelligently the excellent steamboat facilities for shipping and earliness of crops, will insure good profits. Let every man who wishes to make a success at farming, stock-raising, fruit-growing, trucking and oyster-planting, write to us for prices and terms of our Southern Maryland Farms.

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,

Dec. 18, 1890. 220 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

PURCHASE YOUR CLOTHING

FROM THE

MANUFACTURERS

It Is the Only Method of Saving the Middleman's Profit.

IT ALSO ASSURES YOU THE

Best Goods for the Lowest Prices.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,

ARE EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF THE RETAIL TRADE, AND OFFER

Children's Suits from	- - -	$2 to $10
Boys' " "	- - -	$4 to $14
Youths' " "	- - -	$5 to $18
Men's " "	- - -	$9 to $25

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

LEADING ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,

Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles,

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD

WESTCOTT & DODD,

(Successors to N. G. Westcott.)

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK OF

FALL GOODS,

COMPRISING

HENRIETTAS, DRESS FLANNELS, DRESS GINGHAMS, CANTON FLANNELS and other DRY GOODS, BLANKETS.

Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Gents' UNDERWEAR.

BOOTS and SHOES

WOONSOCKET GUM BOOTS,

Hats and Caps

GROCERIES, Etc.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers, our old friends and the public generally.

WESTCOTT & DODD.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE, Maryland.

WANTED:

All the NEW WHEAT

I CAN BUY,

Delivered at any station on the Railroad, for The Wm. Lea & Sons Co., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware.

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!

And allow me to make an offer on your Grain before you sell. As I am buying *direct* for the *manufacturer* with a *low rate of freight* to Wilmington, *it is reasonably to suppose* I can pay more for Grain than those who buy to sell again

E. T. COMEGYS.

Subscribe for the TRANSCRIPT. Subscription, *one dollar* per year.

McDONNELL'S

SPECIALTIES IN STOCK.

In addition to a full line of First-Class Staple

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

I have placed in stock a number of specialties particularly suited for the heated term of the summer months, embracing a full line of fine

Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco

—AND—

CIGARETTES

Indeed, I am the only dealer in Kent county licensed to sell this hot weather luxury—the cigarette. A full line of choice brands of both Cigars and Cigarettes will be kept constantly on hand.

Agency for the famous LA BUENA CIGARETTE. Best 5c. Cigar in America. Try it. Cigars From 5c. to 10c. each. All grades of Tobacco from 20c. to $1.25 per pound.

A FULL STOCK OF NEW FRUIT

now on hand.

A full assortment of Fancy Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, etc.; Smoking Articles and fine grades of Smoking Tobacco. Prices graded to meet the depressed times. Respectfully,

June 5. W. S. McDONNELL.

J. T. BLACKWAY,

S. E. corner Main street and College avenue Chestertown, Maryland,

DEALER IN

CANNED GOODS,

Groceries & Provisions.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

SELLING AT BOTTOM PRICES

FOR CASH.

COUNTRY PRODUCE SOLICITED,

for which I will pay the highest Cash price.

Thankful for past favors. Come and see me, and see what I will do.

Yours respectfully,

J. T. BLACKWAY,

Dec. 20, 1888. Chestertown, Md

Chinese Money.

One of the most troublesome questions to contend with in traveling in China is that of money. As is well known the Chinese have no other currency than the copper cash, about fifteen hundred of which are worth at Peking a Chinese ounce of pure silver, called by foreigners a "tael of sycee." Silver is naturally used in commercial transactions, but as bullion only, and by weight, so every one has to have a set of small scales. The inconvenience that this weighing entails would be comparatively small were all the scales throughout the empire uniform; but such is not the case. They differ considerably from one town to another, and even in the same locality. Thus at Peking there is a government standard, a maritime customs standard and a commercial standard.

The same diversity is found over all the empire, and the consequent complications and even serious loss in exchange are a continual vexation. Nor is it possible to escape this loss by carrying copper cash with one, for, putting aside their excessive weight, there is not even a standard cash in China. Those used at T'ien-tsin are not used at Peking; those at Peking are not current, except at a discount, at T'ai-yuan. Here I bought a very debased kind of cash, giving one "large cash" for four of them. A hundred miles farther south these small cash were at par, and even, in a few cases, at a slight premium over the intrinsically more valuable large one.

The Mongols, Thibetans and Turkestanese have never consented to use the Chinese copper cash, although it is the standard money of the realm. The first named people use silver ingots or brick tea; the others have a silver currency of their own.—Cor. Century.

Killed at Last.

S. C. Bowen, of Nashville, Tenn., says: The true story of the death of Gen. Ewell is known only to a few. As a young man he was quite a dandy, and continued to pay a great deal of attention to his dress until August, 1862, when he lost a leg at the battle of Groveton. He recovered in a few months and led his troops until the close of the war, but with the loss of his leg he also seemed to lose all interest in his personal appearance, and after he went back to his farm in Tennessee was in the habit of wearing the most dreadful old garments imaginable, saying that it made no difference how a one-legged man looked. A year or two after the close of the war there was a sale of quartermaster's stores, and Gen. Ewell bought a quantity of military trousers for which there was no longer any use.

He issued them to his workmen, and at last took up the habit of wearing a pair about his farm. They were shoddy goods, very thin and flimsy, and on a damp day in the winter Ewell took a cold, which developed into pneumonia, and from which he never recovered. A day or two before his death, when he knew there was no hope, he said to a friend: "The enemy has killed me at last. I was in many battles, was severely hit more than once, and on more than one occasion thought I was as good as dead. When the war closed it seemed to me that I had nothing more to fear, but I was mistaken, for here I am at last dying of a pair of Yankee breeches."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her Imagination Was Fatal.

During the summer of 1888 an inquest was held on a young English woman who, it was supposed, had poisoned herself. The examination showed no poison, but the stomach contained a powder, the general character of which corresponded with a certain insect powder. The manufacturers claim that this is non-poisonous, and the chemist, who analyzed the contents of the girl's stomach, concurred in the same opinion. It was tried on cats, rabbits and sheep, neither of which were affected by it. In the absence of evidence of other causes to account for death the only assumption was that the young woman had taken the insect powder believing it to be poisonous, and that her imagination had been wrought up to the point where death was the natural result.—St. Louis Republic.

A Felon Cure.

An old sufferer from felons thus tells how to get rid of them: "I was engaged in marking iron with white lead and turpentine, and having a felon coming on my finger dipped it frequently into the mixture. As the iron was quite warm which I was marking at the time, I found the next morning that there was a small yellow spot where I felt the felon. I opened this, and had no more trouble from it. The next time I felt one coming I procured some turpentine and bathed the part affected frequently and held it near a warm surface to dry, with the same result as at first. Since then I have used it several times, always with the same result."—New York Journal.

Misunderstood.

An elderly lady and her daughter stood on the elevated station at Twenty-third street awaiting an oncoming train, upward bound. "Don't try to take this one," the daughter urged, "it's jammed full." The old lady cast a reproachful look upon her younger companion and mournfully remarked: "There isn't a doubt about it's being full, but all the same I don't see any necessity of swearing about it."—New York Times.

At Craig-y-Nos.

Signor Nicolini [illegible] me lofe? Ad[illegible]

Caller—W[illegible] lin idea of u[illegible] American [illegible] uniform? N[illegible] ers would be [illegible] crime than [illegible] York Weekly [illegible]

"N[illegible]

A class in [illegible] up for recitati[illegible] them a whil[illegible] friendship be[illegible] and then aske[illegible]

"Do animal[illegible] ment of affecti[illegible]

"Yes, almos[illegible] girl.

"And now,' [illegible] to a little boy, [illegible] the greatest na[illegible]

"Woman!" s[illegible] Companion.

Thought [illegible]

Mr. Lake Stre[illegible] London)—Say, c[illegible]

Cabman—Tha[illegible] rial, sir.

Mr. Lake Stre[illegible] play the fiddle [illegible] must take mor[illegible] did.—Texas Sift[illegible]

THE OLD YEAR.

Old year, what now? Art dying? dying?
Well, courage! do not be down-hearted;
Good friends and true, ere now, have parted
Without so much as sighing.

Rich blessings still are gently falling
Upon thy white and wrinkled brow;
The end of all is coming now,
The Lord of Hosts is calling.

Look back, old year, but without sadness,
Upon thy heaped-up gains and losses,
Upon thy heaped-up crowns and crosses,
Thank Him for all with gladness.

Lift up thy trembling aged hands,
And thank Him for thy strong youngspring,
When, with an athlete's step and fling,
Thou marched through all the lands.

And when to summer thou hast grown,
A radiant splendor filled the time;
And thou wert in thy golden prime
With sceptre, crown and throne.

Autumn with harvest-home, came fast;
Like leaves, each ripened hope and fear
Went floating down with thee, old year,
Lost in the shadowy past.

And now thy wintry days have come,
The time is waxing very late;
And Death is standing at the gate,
Waiting to take thee home.

What now? A clanging, tolling bell
Strikes twelve! He bows; he sinks; he falls;
He lies outstretched! 'Tis Death that calls.
The year is dead! Farewell!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

David Brewer shut the door of his shop with a bang. "Not a cent to be made to-morrow," he said, fumbling with the lock, for he was an old man, "all for this nonsense over Christmas! Bah! How I hate the sound of the word!"

As he turned the corner, the street was filled with people hurrying along, with bundles in their arms and smiles on their faces, and the sight only added to his exasperation.

A little girl, with a shawl over her head, stopped before him and held up some bunches of herbs. "Please buy one, mister. Only five cents a bunch! We aint got nothin' in the house to eat, and to-morrer's Christmas."

The man looked at her, but said not a word.

"They'd come handy when you're sick," she said gently, moving away.

"Drat the brats and their Christmas!" he muttered, fiercely. "What do they mean, croaking 'sick' to me?"

It was a long distance to his house, and he felt tired and chilled as he tumbled up the steep stairs. At the head of the second landing a door opened, and a woman thrust out her head.

"A fine avening to ye, Mr. Brawer. Would ye mind stepping into me room a bit till I spake to ye? It's niver a stitch av work 'av the widdy downstairs done this two weeks, and three small childers to kape! She's down sick av the faiver, and niver a cint to pay the rint fur the month—that's eight dollars.

"Moike and me 'av made out to scrape together five dollars, and I've made bowld to ask ye fur the other three, being as ye are a single man and have no childer. We'd be makin' her a fine Christmas presint!"

"Not one cent will I give," said David Brewer.

"Shur, ye'll think it over the night. Three dollars would not be much fur ye."

"Three dollars is three hundred cents to me, and I don't mean to part with one of them," he answered, as he started up the stairs.

"It's little good your money'll do ye when ye come to be dead," she called after him. "Shure ye're an old man. Ye'd feel a bit aisier in yer mind thin, athinkin' ye'd helped a body in trouble. Happen now 'twould be a bit av treasure laid up fur ye in the nixt world. What ye give to the poor ye're linding to the Lord, and it's His own blessed Christmas Day to-morrer."

The moon was shining through the little skylight as the old man crept into bed. Somehow its pale light reminded him of the white face of the child with the shawl over her head. He wondered what kind of herbs she had. His mother used to give him pennyroyal and catnip tea. He wondered if that girl really had nothing to eat. What did that Irish woman say about his being an old man? He wished she had held her tongue about dying!

Yes, he was getting old—so his thoughts kept running on. Seventy years, and every one of them a year of selfishness and greed. Perhaps he would buy a bunch of herbs, if he saw that girl to-morrow.

In the early morning he crept out of bed and into his clothes. He looked weak and ill as he slowly made his way down stairs, stopping to thrust a slip of paper under the Irish woman's door. It held a ten-dollar bill, and on its were the words, "A Christmas present for the sick woman below."

It was the one meagre offering of atonement and regret for long years of selfishness—the witness of a greedy soul, convicted by conscience and appalled almost by the thought of death, to its [illegible] the truth of [illegible]

LET CHRISTMAS STAND FOR PLEASURE.

Christmas is the preacher who emphasizes the fact that the religion which it celebrates is adapted to human nature. Horace is called the laureate of the worldly of the epicurean, of the pagan who would eat and drink in view of to-morrow. The gay adage *dum vivimus* is cited with a shudder as the gospel of pleasure. Christmas was hunted in the Puritan parliament as a kind of god of pleasure who was only a masked devil. It was confounded by Governor Bradford with the Belly god. But why, said Charles Wesley, as he sweetly sang—why give all the good tunes to Satan? The sweet singer might have enlarged his view and his question. Why give Satan any of the good things? Why, above all, let him have Christmas, as Andromeda was abandoned to the dragon of the sea? Let Christmas stand for pleasure, and for the reason that it is especially the Christian day. Then Christianity drops her weed and smiles. Then the whole world takes up the refrain,

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

And even Dr. Doddridge comes singing in,

"I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

The doctor must not fly his own logic. Not to live in pleasure is not to live to Thee. Pure pleasure it must be, no doubt, but that is the pleasure embodied in Christmas.

If we were to fancy a wholly Christianized world, it would be a world inspired by Christmas—a bright, friendly, beneficient, generous, sympathetic, mutually helpful world. A man who is habitually mean, selfish, narrow, is a man without Christmas in his soul. The child of good fortune, like Miss Messenger in Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, whose chief purpose is to share her good fortune with others, and to teach them that love and sympathy are the keys of life, keeps Christmas all the year. Beasant calls his tale what he says his friends call it, an impossible story. Then Christianity is a dream, for Miss Messenger is simply a Christian.

If Beasant's friends were right and the story is impossible, let us cling to Christmas all the more as a day of the spirit which in every age some souls have believed to be the possible spirit of human society. The earnest faith and untiring endeavor which sees in Christmas a forecast are more truly Christian, surely, than the pleasant cynicism which smiles upon it as the festival of a futile hope. Meanwhile we may reflect that from good-natured hopelessness to a Christmas world may not be farther than star dust to a solar system.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, in the *Editor's Easy Chair*, in *Harper's Magazine*, for December.

THE MISTLETOE.

An Inheritance from the Druids.

The legend of the mistletoe is an inheritance from the religion of the Druids. The cathedral arches under which the Celts worshipped were the spreading branches of the oak, the roof a dense foliage of greenery, and the mistletoe, the mystical parasite of the tree, was a symbol full of meaning, for it was believed to renew its life by some agency differing from that which propagated all other plants, and to exist by a Divine power. Here, under the oak, the favorite tree of the Celtic sun-god, at the period of the winter-solstice, priests and people sacrificed white bulls and human victims. The mistletoe was gathered and dispensed in small sprays, to be hung by the worshippers over their doors as amulets against evil and propitiation to the sylvan deities. The Scandinavian legend of the mistletoe, which tells the story of how Loki, the god of fire, made the mistletoe the agent of the death of Balder, most glorious of Odin's children, is familiar to all students of the Norse Sagas. The mistletoe continues to be specially cultivated in England, the sale of which is always large at Christmastide, but the apple tree has taken the place of the oak, as the soil on which the plant feeds most generously. The kissing privilege connected with the mistletoe during the days of yule is probably the most familiar relic of its traditions. Both the yule-fire and the mistletoe were of old believed to have special virtue as safeguards against the powers of evil; yet when they became thoroughly embodied in the Christian legend, it was not so much this as their suggestion of the Divine power which at Christmas kept the Prince of Darkness and his satellites in abject submission, that gave them their value. All readers of Shakespeare will remember the legend and its association with the crowing of the cock, as put in the mouth of Marcellus in *Hamlet*:

"It faded on the crowing of [illegible]
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

KEEP YOUR HELP IN WINTER.

It Pays to Hire Your Farm Hands All the Year Round.

Winter is upon us, and we, as farmers, should try and give all the employment we possibly can during these months. Many contend that farm labor is very poor and inefficient. Is not this often times the fault of the farmer himself? If the hand knows he is to be thrown out of work directly the winter sets in, he has no notion to make himself a more useful man to his employer. This is not right; treat the farm hand as he deserves to be treated, and eight times out of ten he will return a full equivalent for it. I find it decidedly the best plan to hire by the year, employing married men and furnishing house rent, fire wood, garden vegetables and milk, and so much money and paying by the week. Each party then knows exactly what to expect—the farmer is sure of good, steady men, and the help knows he has constant, paying work.

There is plenty of work to do on most every farm during the winter. There is wood to cut, roads to make, fencing and ditching, manure to haul and spread, and cattle and horse to care for. Winter feeding of cattle, though not so profitable now as it used to be, yet it pays to feed a few cattle each year corn, if we only get in return a big pile of rich manure. The farmer and his hands must be kept at work. It pays far more than idleness. Many village stores and postoffices are filled with young and old men talking gossip, and even worse than that. They should be at work. Every farmer is partly responsible for this state of affairs, and whilst carving out a living for himself and family, he should also try to give all the help he can to his less successful neighbors.

In Pennsylvania nearly every farmer feeds cattle or keeps a dairy. They could not farm unless they did so. In the western portion of our State the same practice is followed, and the farmers find that it pays them handsomely, too. Such work gives constant steady employment for all hands, and it makes business, encourages other enterprises and builds up a neighborhood. Many farming communities are made poor by the forced removal of the workmen, who would gladly remain if they were given constant work. Such neighborhoods may save a few dollars, but they lose indirectly hundreds.

I know it is true that the farm hand has had the best of it the past few years, and, if he has been economical and thrifty, has more money put away in the savings bank than his employer has made net at the end of the year. This state of affairs will not last long, and even now prices for all kinds of produce are advancing, and it is best for the farmer, and for the neighborhood and society that our farm help should be given all the work we can possibly give, and, when the work is done, let it be promptly paid for.—*Baltimore American.*