ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpariel type), 3 or less insertions—$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly advertisements at moderate rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

DR. GENESE.
Of Baltimore, will attend at Betterton every Saturday for all duties pertaining to Dentistry.
March 26, 1891.

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.

H. T. FAUNTLEROY. JOSEPH BASIN, JR.
H. T. FAUNTLEROY & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
320 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
Shipments Solicited of Grain, Fruit and General Produce.
REFERENCES—City National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; Planters' Nat. Bank, Richmond, Va., and Mercantile Agencies.
Sept. 15, 1892—y.

D. B. STEWART COMPANY,
INCORPORATED SEPT. 25, 1890.
(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:
D. B. Stewart, Pres.; R. G. Nicholson, V-Pres.; G. W. Berry, Treas.; T. G. Newton, Jr., Secy.; H. P. Stewart, Att'y.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
118 E. Pratt, Street, Near Light.
We solicit consignments, and by prompt attention, perseverence and energy, hope to merit a liberal share of the future shipments of our friends and the public.
Reference, by permission, Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

J. R. NYCE & CO.,
—:PRODUCE:—
Commission Merchants,
123 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
SPECIALTIES:
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Grain and Dried Fruits.
REFERENCES.—Third National Bank, Baltimore; National Valley Bank, Staunton, Commercial Agencies.
Correspondence Solicited. a9-6m.

WRIGHT & LONEY,
FLOUR to Wright & Sparks.
COMMISSION & COUNTRY PRODUCE
No. 2[illegible] MERCHANTS,
[illegible] Street, Baltimore, Md.
National [illegible]
[illegible] Traders and Mechanics' [illegible] and Fayette, Sts.
RECORD[illegible]
118 Light BOROUGH,
Wholesale [illegible]more, Md.
[illegible] DEALERS,
Wines, B[illegible]
PURE RYE WHISKIES etc.
Jas. W. Stevens. R. [illegible]TY
STEVENS
Grain, Fruit and
COMMISSION MERC[illegible]
303 S. CHARLES STR[illegible]
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants Natio[illegible]

1830 to 1892. For Over
IN BUSINESS 62 YEA[illegible] a
The Price, in PLAIN FIGURES, marked every article.
ALWAYS FULL VALUE FOR THE PRIC[illegible]
HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
23, 25 & 27 Baltimore St. [illegible]entury
White Marble Building—Near Light St.,
BALTIMORE,
IMPORTERS, JOBBERS & RETAILERS
—OF—
DRY GOODS, [illegible] Been
Offer to the readers of this paper a very large stock of the best class of Goods, including all descriptions of DRY GOODS required by HOUSEKEEPERS. T[illegible]ADER
Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, Laces, Dress Trimmings, Shawls, Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, Furs, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Embroideries, Notions, Corsets, Flannels, Cloths and Woolen Goods for Men's and Boys' Wear, Blankets, Domestic Cotton Goods from all the best Manufacturers. [illegible]
Our stock will compare favorably in extent, variety and good taste with any house in the United States.
Samples sent when we receive plain instructions of what is wanted and about the price required. FL[illegible]
IRON Bound and Rattan Bushel Baskets for sale at J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S. SUBSCRIPTION to th[illegible] dollar.

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN—ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 28

—READ—
TALMAGE'S SERMON
ON THE FOURTH PAGE.

I. WM. HINES WITH LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
10, 12 & 15-DOLLAR SUITS,
Latest Styles,
Latest Makes,
Newest Shades,
Newest Materials.
—ALL—
Our Own Manufacture
WORKMANSHIP, FIT AND WEAR GUARANTEED.
CHILDREN'S SUITS $5,
ALL WOOL (GUARANTEED).
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST BALTIMORE-MADE CLOTHING,
Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles.

SHINGLES.
Worked Flooring, Etc.
BUILDING LUMBER.
GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.
414 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.
WRITE US FOR PRICES.

What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

WM. S. CULP,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL and WOOD,
—ALSO—
LIME and BALED HAY.
☞ COAL ALL SIZES. ☜
WOOD SAWED and SPLIT for cooking and kindling, delivered at short notice.
☞ Orders left at CHARLES S. SMITH'S promptly attended to.
WILLIAM S. CULP,
March 19, 1891. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

L. C. ZIRCKEL & BRO.,
1821—1829 Canton Avenue, Baltimore, Md.,
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Tower's Oiled Clothing, Hats, Etc.
Metropolitan Rubber Co.'s
Rubber Clothing and Mackintoshes.
LYCOMING RUBBER CO.'S
EXTRA FINE QUALITY
Rubber Boots and Shoes.
THE LYCOMING
NON-SNAG DUCK BOOT,
The Best in the World.
Write for Discounts. j16-tf.

THANKSGIVING.

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good;
For His mercy endureth forever.
Enter His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise.
Be thankful unto Him, and bless His holy name.
I will give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart,
In the council of the upright and in the congregation.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,
And thy paths drop fatness.
I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving,
And will call upon the name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows unto the Lord;
Yea, in the presence of all His people; in the courts of the Lord's house;
In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

Thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands;
Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.
Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine in the innermost parts of thy house;
Thy children like olive plants about thy table.
Thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life;
Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children.

The eyes of all wait upon thee;
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest thy hand;
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.
For He hath strengthened the bars of thy gates.
He hath blessed thy children within thee;
He maketh peace in thy borders;
He filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is wholly unto the Lord; neither be ye grieved, for the joy of the Lord is your strength.
Let the people praise thee, O Lord; let all the people praise Thee.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

"We must be early at church to-day, Aunt Charlotte," said Dorothy. "I have promised to play the organ, and I would not be late for anything."

"What a beautiful Thanksgiving Day it is!" she continued, when she had left the table and put back the curtain from the window. "How fine the sleighing will be!"

As she spoke, a jingling of bells was heard without, and a sleigh glided rapidly across the white lawn.

"It is Bert Darricote, auntie," said Dorothy, looking out at the handsome young man, who sprang out of the sleigh at the steps.

"I have come to take you to church, Dorothy," called out Bert to her as she threw up the sash, letting in the crisp air, which blew her fair curls in sweet confusion about her fair, pretty face.

"I know you would not for worlds miss the opportunity to exhibit your skill at manipulating the ivories to-day," the young man continued, as he came and stood under the window and looked up into the bright face above him.

"I am so very glad you came, Bert," said Aunt Charlotte coming up behind Dorothy. "This child has been hurrying me all morning, and a housekeeper must needs look well to the ways of her household, particularly when her pastor and his wife are to take dinner with her."

"Just wait a moment, Bert," said Dorothy, "and I shall be ready. Do not keep auntie standing here talking to you, though. She is all impatience to explore the mysteries of cellar and closet to see if perchance she can discover some delicacy to tickle the palate of Brother Mallory to-day.

She looked very beautiful to the young man when she came down to him.

"Isn't the road fine, and isn't the air crisp, and doesn't Selim travel well to-day, Bert?" asked Dorothy loquaciously when they were seated in the sleigh and were skimming over the smooth, hard packed snow.

"What makes you so quiet, Bert?" she asked astonished at the happy fellow's unwonted silence.

"Perhaps it is because I have so much to tell you, and I hardly know where to begin," answered Bert solemnly.

"Do you know, Dorothy, I am twenty-one years old to-morrow?"

"Twenty-one?" Yes, you are, and I am eighteen. And yet—how short a time it seems since we were little children; since we used to go coasting down Dobson's hill. Do you remember the time, Bert, when Tom Arnold asked me to try one trip down on his sled and the thing came all to pieces and I went tumbling down and sprained my ankle? Oh, how furious you did get! Don't you know? You pummeled Tom's big head till you split your gloves and your knuckles, too, I believe, for they looked very red when you were dragging me home."

"Do you remember all that?" said Bert. "I thought you must have forgotten it from the way you were smiling at Arnold the other night at choir practice."

"Why, Bert, how could he help the sled's coming to pieces?" asked Dorothy, laughingly. "I see you are as unreasonable as ever."

"Well, it's a man's business to take care of a woman, even in little things, and when a fellow's even indirectly the cause of a girl's coming to grief in any way, I think he deserves to be demolished," said Bert unreasonably. "But this is not what I want to say, Dorothy. As I told you, I am twenty-one now, and father has given me the junior partnership in the bank, and—and—you know how I love you—how I have always loved you, dear, and I want you to be my wife."

The young fellow wound up abruptly, hastily, looking lovingly into the sweet face beside him.

The sleigh sped smoothly on, the horse's feet resounding upon the bridge they were just crossing.

"Won't you speak to me, Dorothy?" Bert said, almost pleadingly. "You must know that I love you, and now I am able to take care of you, dear, if you will only trust yourself to me, no harm shall"—

Bump! The runners of the sleigh struck a board at the end of the bridge, there was a cracking, a creaking, the horse bounded forward and Bert and Dorothy tumbled over into the drift beyond the bridge.

"Are you hurt?" said Bert, scrambling to his feet, and extricating himself and Dorothy from the mass of rugs and soft snow.

"Not in the least," she replied, "but how are we to get to the church? Who will play the organ?"

"Can I help you out of your difficulties?" called a cherry voice behind them, and big Tom Arnold came up in his handsome sleigh.

"Oh, Tom," said Dorothy, "I am so glad to see you! I must be in church in time to play the organ to-day, and see what has befallen us!"

"Well, get in, both of you," said Tom, arranging his rugs and holding out his hand to Dorothy. "Just fasten up Selim's traces, Bert, and hitch him behind. He will lead won't he?"

"Thanks!" said Bert stiffly. "I can take care of myself; you had best not waste any more time, since Miss Daly must hurry"

Dorothy looked at him mutely from her seat in the sleigh; Arnold smiled beneath his fierce mustache, cracked his whip, and the horses sped forward, leaving Bert standing flushed and angry in the middle of the road.

It was a very silent, gloomy ride after all, that Dorothy had. Tom saw her distress, and like the good fellow that he was said nothing to her. Her hands were trembling and her eyes were full of tears when he helped her out at church.

She struck the first few chords doubtfully, but when the voices pealed forth clear and sweet the organ tones grew firmer and fuller.

During the sermon Dorothy did not take her eyes off the door, but Bert never came. It was a very demure, a very sad-hearted little maiden who went back home with Aunt Charlotte in the big old sleigh. When they reached the bridge, and she saw the overturned sleigh by the roadside; when she thought of Bert standing angry and alone, his sweet, earnest appeal to her still unanswered, her heart grew very heavy.

"But surely he will come," she kept saying to herself; but when the day was gone and she knelt down by her bedside with the Thanksgiving hymns still ringing in her ears, there were tears in her eyes and sadness in her heart.

That was one Thanksgiving, and, oh, how sad a one!

There were dreary days of hoping, of waiting, of disappointment to Dorothy before another came. She had known Bert Darricote all her life, and it seemed to her she had always loved him. His bright quick boyishness, his innate manliness, his very faults even were dear to her.

"If I could only see him," she said, as the weeks passed by and he came not; "no matter where I should meet him, I would go up to him and give him his answer, I would tell him I loved him."

Women are not very reasonable creatures in matters pertaining to love. To her love means sacrifice, and her pleasure is to take the faults of the loved one upon herself.

If Dorothy saw Bert at all it was only occasionally and at a distance. The first time she saw him was at church, and he had only lifted his head coldly.

His heart was very heavy during the days and weeks and months after he parted from Dorothy with the words of love upon his lips, but he was young and foolish and proud, and had let a silly jealousy blind his eyes.

The season of heartache was good for both of the young things. It softened, it strengthened them. They both felt themselves grown—felt their feelings intensified.

"How like to last Thanksgiving to-day is, Dorothy!" said Aunt Charlotte, as they took their seats in the sleigh.

"Please God it will not be so sad a one," said Dorothy to herself.

"Are you afraid to trust yourself in this old sleigh with me?" she continued to her aunt.

"Oh, no," said Aunt Charlotte. "It seems safe enough."

The tramping of the horses' feet kept time to Dorothy's thoughts. She glanced at the tall stump upon the hillock just before they reached the little river. Yes, it looked lonely, desolate, like a white robed ghost—just as it had looked a year ago when she and Bert had sped by.

The horses' hoofs beat a mournful strum strum upon the bridge, the sleigh glided rapidly down the last steep decline, the left runner struck a projecting snag, and before they had time to think Dorothy and Aunt Charlotte were struggling to extricate themselves from the overturned vehicle in the soft snow. A jingling of bells was heard behind them, and before Dorothy could realize it Bert Darricote was bending over her.

"Are you hurt dear?" he asked very gently.

"Oh, Bert," she said joyfully, taking his hand and rising to her feet.

The young man looked a moment in silence upon the sweet, young face upturned to his.

"See where we are, Dorothy! Just here, a year ago to-day, I asked you to be my wife," he said. "Will you give me an answer now?"

"Yes, Bert," was all she answered, but it was enough for him.—*Patience Orie'.*

What Your Great Grandmother Did.

She hetcheled the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten child. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fire place and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap. Her great granddaughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health and beauty by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step. Sold by all druggists.

RATHER DUBIOUS.—Brown—Do you think there will be enough pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, unless Johnnie finds we went out and left the pantry unlocked. —*Judge.*

DRAWING THE LINE.—Little Johnnie—Was it right to ask Sambo if he had a turkey for Thanksgiving?

Brown—Yes, provided you didn't go further and ask him where he got it.

Give Thanks.

What a world it is in which, when the great festival of Thanksgiving comes on its yearly round, there is always something to be found to be thankful for, even, it would seem, in the case of the most wretched!

Are we poor? We might be beggars. Are we beggars? We might be lepers. Are we lepers? Our sickness might be unto death. Is it unto death? We have yet a heaven beyond. For all let us give thanks. Thanks surely if we are in health of body and mind; and even in illness there is much reason and occasion to be found for a grateful heart. Has trouble come to us now? It might be worse. Are we alone? There is poorer company than ourselves to be had. Have we lost our dearest and best? They, at any rate, are not here to suffer. Has the year dealt crushing blows in business? It has not taken away also our power and will to work. Have we work? Then for that and all the rest give thanks again. Give thanks that we live and breathe and have our being in this world of wonder and light and beauty. For, poor and sick and sad though we may be, though

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine,
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!
—*Harpers Bazar.*

The History of Thanksgiving.

One of the great fete days of old England and the most popular after Christmas and May Day, was the Harvest Home, a rural festival held after the close of harvest time. There were sports and gambols on the village green of every hamlet at these times, wrestling matches between the young men, feats of archery and dancing, followed by a bounteous feast, where a good deal of hearty food was consumed and a large quantity of beer was drank after the hearty English fashion.

When we go back to the Sixteenth century it is found to be filled up with fasts and thanksgivings, especially during the time of Queen Elizabeth. Under that gay and pageant-loving sovereign it was expressly ordered that on Thanksgiving days no servile labor should be performed, and severe penalties were attached to the violation of this order.

In 1569 Thanksgiving entered into Rogation days, and it was ordered that thanks should then be offered "for the increase and abundance of his fruits upon the face of the earth. Early in the reign of King James the special thanksgivings had been incorporated into the prayer book.

It was natural enough, therefore, that the early settler should bring with them a traditional respect for days of thanksgiving.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Thanksgiving a Patriotic Festival.

As a patriotic festival, Thanksgiving does much to foster love of country and a feeling of pride in the goodly land which is our national heritage. From sea to sea, through all our borders, we are a Christian people, and we expect to receive the crowding immigrants from foreign shores and make them Christian, too.

In the home, happy scenes are the rule. Grandparents survey with proud complacency the features of the babies. Only a grandparent fully appreciates the rare endowments and wonderful beauty of the second generation. Children on their part find it difficult to believe that the grandparents who spoil them could ever have said "No" with the readiness and ease with which that monosyllable is uttered by father and mother. Around the table and by the hearth reminiscences are in order, and the quickly responsive laughter crowns the innocent jest.—*Christian at Work.*

How to Cook a Turkey.

How should a turkey be cooked? is a pertinent question just now. The first thing to do is, procure your turkey. After being properly drawn and thoroughly washed, the dressing is prepared and placed inside the bird. The turkey should be properly basted, and care should be taken that the wings and legs are drawn close up to the body.

Some women who consider themselves good cooks, stew a turkey for half an hour before placing in the oven to roast. Others who are thought to be good in the culinary art think differently, and hold that after the dressing is in place and the basting is done, the fowl should at once be placed in the pan and put in the oven. Turkeys should be roasted in a covered pan, in order that the steam may be made useful in the retention of the flavor. A turkey should be roasted about 3 hours.

Why She Was Thankful.

A story appropriate to the occasion is told of the family whose custom was to expect from each individual member an expression of some definite blessing each had to be thankful for. As the turkey was carved into sections, each beginning with the oldest, expressed his or her dearest blessing. Finally it was the turn of the youngest member to tell her reason for being thankful. She was five years old. She had not considered the subject, and she was interested in the carving. She was pressed for an idea, and when it came it was to the main point. All in a breath she exclaimed, "Oh, I'm thankful we've got a turkey, and give me lots of stuffin, papa!"

That's the way with all of us—we are thankful for a turkey and we want "lots of stuffin."

A Thanksgiving Prayer.

Our thanks go up to God at this thanksgiving season, not for extraordinary mercies, but for the ordinary goodness of his hand. There has been no peace after war, no respite after pestilence, no escape from a great danger. Blessed is that people which has no extraordinary experiences, but which develops in peace and prosperity and abundance the course of its own uneventful history.—*N. Y. Independent.*

MANY people suffer for years from troublesome and repulsive sores, boils, and eruptions, without ever testing the marvelous curative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The experiment is, certainly, worth trying. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other.

"BOB" BURDETTE, the humorist is a deacon in the Baptist Church at his home, Bryn Mawr, Penn.

"GOD KNOWETH!"

BY A. M. H.

Why is it when some plan I make,
Unselfishly, for other's sake,
God seems my earnest plan to break?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it because the work I plan
Is filled with thought of praise from man,
Though planning all the good I can?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it, when for those I love
I regulate each deed, each move,
Yea, everything—they disapprove?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it because He hath decreed
That their's shall be a Heavenly meed,
Who suffer for a righteous deed?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it, when I bend the knee
And pray with faith, sincerity,
I do not feel Him near to me?
I cannot tell. God knoweth.

Is it that I my prayer began
More like the Pharisaic man
Than the repentant Publican?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it that the loved, the dear,
Go heaven-ward and leave us here
To mourn and shed the bitter tear?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it because while they were near
They grow to be more loved, more dear,
Than the dear Lord who placed them here!
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it that friends who go
Seem those most needed here below,
While sinners live! I do not know!
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Is it that their life's work is done,
While sinners have not set begun
To know their Savior, God, the Son?
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Why is it that we cannot know
Why life is what it is below,
And why it is we suffer so?,
I cannot tell. God knoweth!

Oh! when I know He doeth well,
I cannot at His will rebel,
How glad I am, I cannot tell!
God knoweth!

The Puritan Thanksgiving.

Popular as Thanksgiving Day now is throughout the length and breadth of this land, it is in New England that it still continues to be what it has been for more than two centuries—the greatest and most eagerly anticipated holiday of the entire year. The old Puritans and their descendants, who so long frowned severely upon Christmas—which indeed many of the latter still continue to do, refusing to it any recognition whatever—found an excellent substitute for its cheerful hilarity, peace and good will in Thanksgiving Day.

For at least a week before the important occasion all was activity in an old-fashioned, rural New England household. A bushel or more of the best wheat was sent to the mill to be converted into flour. Great rounds of beef were chopped up into mincemeat. Cartloads of pumpkins, with an abundance of milk, spices, ginger, molasses and sugar were made up into pumpkin pies. An abundance of turkeys, chickens and geese were killed and made ready for roasting. A pair of immense plum puddings were baked in the largest sized earthen pots, with Indian puddings and custard puddings to match, while there was baking of pound cake, plum cake and sponge cake from morning till night.—*Buffalo Express.*

Family Reunions.

Thanksgiving Day dawns upon the world with an atmosphere of its own. Old Sol has memories of Thanksgiving times when the family reunions were held at the old homestead in the country. Snow was on the ground in those days. That happened before the Snow King and New England had a falling out. In those good old times the grown people and the children, ever so many children there were, climbed into the old "bob" sleigh among the buffalo robes, and were driven miles and miles over the snow-covered country to the music of the sleigh bells. Some of the grandparents of to-day were the children then, and they all remember it. There were great log fires burning in the fireplaces of the old homestead, and such a dinner as was only exceeded by the welcome they received. That was Thanksgiving in the gook old times.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

The Mercies of the Lord.

The recurring season never fails to find the same repeated mercies. We thank God this year for the same blessings as claimed our praise on last Thanksgiving Day. Again and again it is recounted in that book of the Bible which is all psalms of praise how unfailing and repeated is the goodness of God. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." "Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever."

Let this, then, be a day of gladness for all our people, whatever their condition, race or religion. Let rich and poor together praise God to-day. Let Protestant and Catholics lift up the voice of simultaneous thanksgiving. Let this be a national holiday of praise to God, and a day when each shall add to the other's joy by gifts and aid and fellowship of praise.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Turkey an American Bird.

The turkey was in colonial days exclusively an inhabitant of North America, but in its wild state, and the stories told that Governor Bradford's foraging party went out to pay a friendly visit to any neighboring barnyard are erroneous. The American wild turkey does not frequent barnyards. He dwelt in the green woods, and the party that went out with the intention to go "fowling" went out as a matter of fact shooting.

History does not chronicle anything about their marksmanship or just how many turkeys they brought down or whether they bought any on the way. Suffice it to say that the party returned and brought a lot of turkeys with them.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Poor Jack's Thanksgiving.

Although there is no turkey there
He thinks of old New England fare,
Reminded of his childhood's scenes
By "dinner b'iled" or pork and beans.
—*Judge.*

ANY ONE in possession of 25 cents can go to the nearest dealer in medicines and procure a bottle of Salvation Oil and be cured at once of rheumatism, neuralgia, or any pain or ache.

EX-SENATOR PLATT, of New York, was a singer in his youth and led a country choir.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

"Glasgow's Combine" of Cabmen, Newsboys and Bootblacks—An Ancient Cathedral and a Beautiful Necropolis — Queen Mary's and Darnley's Wooing.

BY PROF. IRVING L. TWILLEY.

NUMBER VI.

The tourist is welcomed in Glasgow. The officials are kind in directing you to see the many places of interest in their busy city. The cabmen, newsboys and bootblacks are always ready to give you advice for a shilling "a go." But the latter trio seem to be members of an "American combine," or an "English syndicate," for if you ask a newsboy from whom you have bought papers, or a bootblack to whom you have paid two prices for a shine, expecting him to give a few directions in the meantime, he will invariably assure you it is too far to walk, and that the street cars do not go near the place in question, but he will gratuitously run himself almost out of breath to order a cab for his "sucker." Experience soon taught us to make no inquiries from the street-walkers, except uniformed policemen, and obey the signs posted in nearly every square: "Keep to the right."

THE CATHEDRAL.

The places of interest in this city are numerous, but the chief attraction is the old cathedral and the necropolis near by. The present cathedral was begun in the thirteenth century, but has been enlarged and somewhat remodeled in succeeding centuries, and the site upon which it is erected was brought into prominence when St. Mungo built a wooden church thereupon in the sixteenth century, which was superseded by the new cathedral built in 1136, and consecrated in the presence of King David. This cathedral was destroyed by fire, but a new one was erected upon the same site by Bishop Joceline, and consecrated in 1197—the crypt only of this one remains at present. Bishop Wischart figured prominently in the erection of the present edifice during the Scottish War of Independence. The king of England even accused him of using the timber granted for the improvement of the sacred edifice for the construction of engines of war.

As we neared the stately cathedral, which is a sample of the architecture of the English undecorated Gothic style, we were reminded of a description of Andrew Fairservice in Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy:" "Ah! it's a brave kirk nane o' yer whigmaleeries and curlewurlies and open—steek hems aboot it—a solid weel-jointed mason work, that will stand as lang as the warld keep han's and gunpowther aft it." A feature which gives to the building an odd appearance is that it is not completed in the same style as it was commenced, and contains most every design used from the 12th to the 17th century. The beauty of its crypt is unique. Under the floor of the choir several stone coffins have found a final resting-place. The windows of the cathedral have been filled during the present century with beautiful and costly stained glass representing scripturual subjects, which are greatly admired by the many visitors. The paintings were executed mostly by the Royal establishment of glass painting at Munich, but examples of Scottish, English and Italian art, are also to be seen. The Baird window alone cost $12,500. A number of art students (from distant countries) are reproducing on a smaller scale, the beautiful designs of some of the costly windows. Edward Irving, a friend of Carlyle, is buried in the crypt, and a brass tablet marks his grave, nearby which is "Rob Roy's pillar," behind the same, the daring character is said to have hidden.

While Cromwell was visiting Glasgow in 1560, he went to this cathedral to hear Zachary Boyd expound the gospel, and, to his surprise, Boyd denounced him in the most deliberate terms. The secretary, Thurlow, who sat near the Protector, inquired: "Shall I pistol the scoundrel?" "No, no," quickly replied Cromwell, "we'll manage him in another way." Cromwell invited Boyd to sup with him, and the invitation was accepted. Soon after their meeting, the Protector engaged his outspoken enemy in a discussion upon some deep points of theology, and it was three o'clock in the morning, after a prayer, three hours long, when Boyd was sent to his home, but fully appeased.

THE NECROPOLIS,

which was opened in 1833, is situated to the east of the cathedral, and has been compared to *Pere la Chaise*, in Paris. Ornamented with beautiful trees and shrubbery, with its fine winding, inclined walks and commanding view of the city, it is truly beautiful, yea, sublime, but is devoid of the many magnificent tombs in the *Pere la Chaise* or Brooklyn cemetery, U.S. A. On the highest point of the necropolis is a monument erected to the memory of the celebrated John Knox, whose body is buried in Edinburgh. We crossed the "Bridge of Sighs" over the Molendinar, before entering the Jew's burying ground. Under the capital of a pretty column are the Hebrew initial letters of these words: "*Mi Kamoka Baalin Jehovah*"—"Who among the gods is like unto Jehovah." On the pedestal is the line from Byron:

"O weep for them that wept by Babel's streams."

QUEEN MARY AND DARNLEY.

But our pleasant sojourn in Glasgow must be numbered with the past. We board the train for Crookston, and locked in our department of the coach, we are gliding swiftly towards the romantic ruins of Crookston Castle, through the beautiful valley along the Clyde. On our right are Kilpatrick Hills with the distant Ben Lomond towering over their peaks; on the left, Neilston and Gleniffer Hills, and in the intervening wooded green grove, the famous ruins of the old castle peep out as did it when Mary, Queen of Scots, was wooed and won by Darnley nearby. At Crookston, tradition asserts, a venerable yew, which stood until 1817, often sheltered the royal lovers, who afterwards played such an active part in the tragic events of English and Scottish history. The readers of Sir Walter Scott will find Queen Mary mentioned in connection with the castle in "The Abbot."

We have mentioned in a previous article the comfortable traveling accommodations by water, but by rail, it is as disagreeable as the former is comfortable. The system is a poor one, and does not compare at all with the States' facilities for the traveling public. While we are locked up in a miserable coach, without drinking water, or other conveniences, en-route to Ayr, the birthplace of Burns, we will write a more extended account of Europe's railroad system for our next number.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8209-0453