The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN—ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 30

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.

—READ—

TALMAGE'S SERMON

ON THE FOURTH PAGE.

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, Md.; National Valley Bank, Staunton, Va.; Commercial Agencies.

Correspondence Solicited. a9-6m.

WRIGHT & LONEY,

Successors to Wright & Sparks,

FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

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

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

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,

118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.

Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,

IMPORTERS OF

Wines, Brandies, etc.

PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.

STEVENS BROS.,

Grain, Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

303 S. CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

1830 to 1892.

IN BUSINESS 62 YEARS.

The Price, in PLAIN FIGURES, marked on every article.

ALWAYS FULL VALUE FOR THE PRICE

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,

23, 25 & 27 Baltimore St.

White Marble Building—Near Light St.,

BALTIMORE,

IMPORTERS, JOBBERS & RETAILERS

—OF—

DRY GOODS,

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.

Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets,
Laces, Dress Trimmings, Shawls,
Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, Furs,
[illegible], Gloves,
[illegible]s, Embroideries,
[illegible]ons, Corsets, Flannels,
[illegible]n Goods for Men's and Boys'
Blankets,
[illegible] Goods from all the best Manufacturers.

[illegible] compare favorably in extent, [illegible] taste with any house in the [illegible]

[illegible] when we receive plain instructions [illegible] wanted and about the price re[illegible]

[illegible] and Rattan Bushel Baskets for J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.'S.

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.

Worked Flooring, Etc.

SHINGLES.

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.

For Over a Century It Has Been THE LEADER

LEA'S FLOUR!

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.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One dollar.

COUNTIN' THE BLESSIN'S.

BY FANNY FIERCE.

We wuz countin' up our blessin's,
(it was last Thanksgivin' day)
An' father he begun it
With the crop of clover hay.

An' mother she give praises
For the health and heart to work
An' Johnny he wuz thankful
That he wuzn,t born a turk.

An' Jenny wuz rejoicin'
In a bran' new Sunday gown,
An' a pair o' dancin' slippers
That her father brought from town.

An' little Lizzie, smilin'
Like a cherub at the rest
Said she had "lots of blessin's
But that mother wuz the best."

An' so we kep' a countin'
Until Mary Ann come in,
She'd been cleaning' out the kitchen,
An' a shinin' up the tin.

An' says she, "you've grown so pius
That you take my breath away,
You think you've done your dooty now
Till next Thank-givin' day.

"But you're all o' you ongrateful,',
Says Mary Ann, says she,
"For every blessed one o' you
Forgot to mention me;

"Who's been scrubbin', washin', ironin',
Cookin' fur the hired man;
When you're namin' off your blessin's
Just you count in Mary Ann."

AN OLD WAR SKETCH.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

A Baltimorean Who Escaped from Capitol Prison Washington, and Defeated a Plot to Kill President Davis and Generals Beauregard and Johnson.

Thirty years ago Saturday night, about 9 o'clock, there was a thrilling escape from the old capitol prison, at Washington. The prisoner who was successful in obtaining his liberty was Capt. William I. Rasin, who is now a prominent member of ex-confederate circles of this city.

Capt. Rasin told the story of his escape Friday to a *World* man. "At the opening of the war I was a mere lad of 19," said he, "and was living in Kansas. I crossed the line into Missouri and joined Joe Selby's cavalry and was with them until after the battle of Lexington, when I obtained leave to visit Maryland. I was in Kent county on my way to Virginia when on Feb. 1, 1862, I was arrested as a rebel spy, was tried and sentenced to Fort Warren, Boston harbor. While waiting transporation I was taken to Washington and confined in the old Capitol prison Chief-justice Field and his sister, Mrs. Condit-Smith, now have mansions on its site. In the room with me were confined three others who were southern sympathizers. They were Harry Stewart, of Baltimore, Judson Jarboe, of Prince George's and Rudolph Watkins, the latter being still living near Rockville, Montgomery county. They were young fellows like myself.

"While Watkins and Jarboe didn't have so much desire to be freed from the bonds of captivity, Harry Stewart and I did. Our room was on the second floor and was provided with a window which was protected by thick wooden bars, and was directly over the street. Beneath our quarters were those of the contrabands.

"On the outside the prison was of course closely guarded by sentinels, whose tramping back and forth we could hear every minute of the day and night. Well, as I said, we couldn't endure confinement when we knew our cause was in such pressing need of every man that could handle a gun, so we thought and thought and the outcome of a whole lot of thinking was a pretty good excuse for a saw, which we made out of an old table knife we got hold of, and a rope that was a curiosity in the way of the variety of colors and the stuff it was made of. Every piece of old cloth we could lay our hands on we wrapped, tied, twisted or plaited together until we had as the result this rope. It wasn't much for show, it is true, but I tell you it was an extremely satisfactory piece of work to we fellows who longed so much to be out of prison. We had to exercise, as you may suppose, the utmost care to keep the existence of our make-shift saw and rope from the keepers and guards, but we managed to elude them and also managed little by little to saw those thick bars through, so that they just stayed in their places without pulling out.

"Our hearts were in our mouths half the time for fear of detection, but while one of us would saw, the others would be on the lookout for danger, and so at last, to our great joy, our task, so far as annihilating the wooden bar obstacle was concerned was completed, and we had only to wait for a favorable opportunity to try our plan and our rope. This was the hardest and the most dangerous part, and we realized that we had to screw our courage up to the highest pitch before attempting to put into execution our dash for freedom. It meant one of three things—precious freedom, a recapture and return to prison, or a bullet in our brain, and so we young fellows, though fired by our love for liberty and anxiety to be once more among our friends, hesitated before taking the final step towards probable liberty. While we hesitated I received news that caused us to hasten our decision.

"Wednesday, April 23, just 30 years ago, the prison superintendent, N. S. Wood, came to our room and told me to make ready to be conveyed to Fort Warren the next day. After he left I made ready—to test that rope of ours. We had a hurried consultation and decided to risk the chance that night. As I said, Watkins and Jarboe preferred to remain behind rather than put their lives in jeopardy, so Stewart and I were to go alone, the others agreeing to lower us to the ground. It was nearly 9 o'clock and we had been anxiously awaiting our chance, when I thought we had a good opportunity, and I looked at Stewart to see if he would go first, but he motioned to me to go on. Carefully removing the bars and bidding my comrads good-bye, I jumped up in the window and grasping the rope tightly, slipped off into the air. Slowly, steadily they lowered me, and I was within a few feet of the ground when the rope parted. Directly beneath the window was a cellar door and on this I came down with a terrific noise.

"I concluded all was over, but jumped to my feet to clutch at any straw I might see to help me out. The two sentinels nearest me—who by the way, were flirting with a girl passing at the time—heard the noise, and I heard one ask of the other: 'Say, what's that noise?' 'Oh, that's only some of them d—— counterbands,' was the reply, and they both moved in my direction. Gathering my courage I walked toward them, and assuming as careless an air as possible, passed right between the two without being accosted.

"I hurriedly made my way to the house of a friend whom I knew to be a Southern sympathizer, and was received warmly. My escape was not discovered until the next morning, when the town was scoured for me, but so effectually was I hid away that the search was fruitless. Poor Stewart, who was so anxious to get away, was prevented by the untimely breaking of the rope, which nearly cost me my freedom and perhaps my life. I learned that the poor fellow a few days afterwards tried to bribe a sentinel and was shot down.

"The day after my escape I learned a very important piece of information—a plot which would have cost three of the leading spirits in the rebellion their lives had it been carried out, and which might have changed greatly the whole after history of the war. This information has never before been given to the public, and was never on paper except when I transmitted the facts a short time since to President Davis' widow.

"W. T. Smithson, a prominent Washington banker, and several others whose sympathies were with the South, called at the house where I was concealed and revealed to me the following plot: The day before William Henry Seward, Lincoln's secretary, had met in his room three distinguished Frenchmen, who had then and there entered into an agreement with him for a stipulated sum of money to go South in the guise of federal deserters, obtain commissions in the confederate service and assassinate President Davis and Gens. Beauregard and Jos. E. Johnson. The sum offered these men was an immense one, and as they were French adventurers in this country solely for mercenary ends, they were ready to undertake anything that gave any promise of success. Smithson and his friends had received this information from an old Irish man-servant in the employ of Seward, and they came to me to entrust in my care the conveying of this news to the confederate government at Richmond. They placed at my disposal every means to enable me to safely reach the confederate lines.

"So at 2 o'clock on the Thursday afternoon after my escape, I left my temporary hiding place under a most careful disguise, and walked down the street to the next corner. At the corner I was met by a man in a buggy. I had never seen him before, but following instructions I got in and we drove down the street. This man was a contractor paid by the federal government to buy horses, and was on his way over the long bridge to make some purchases when I joined him.

"In reality, however, this fellow was a confederate spy, and though he had been in Washington, in government employ, since the beginning of the war he was as much trusted as any man on the federal side. We crossed long bridge as contractor and 'assistant,' and a detail of men from the very regiment that guarded old Capitol prison when I was there, was stationed at the bridge to inspect passes. Saturday I left Alexandria in a fishing schooner and got ashore on a farm of a Dr. Stewart, in King George's county. I crossed the Rappahannock and reached the confederate lines near Front Royal. From there I made my way to Richmond, arriving in that city Monday, April 28, 1862. I proceeded at once to see President Davis. I learned here that the three 'prominent' Frenchmen had arrived a few days before with a great deal of hurrah and talk, and through some unknown influence had succeeded in obtaining positions on the staffs of the three men they had been employed to kill.

"I imparted my information at once to Davis, but my story was not at first given credence, as an officer who was present when I made my statement intimated to the president that perhaps my story was only a trumped up affair to get some influence with him. Davis' suspicions being aroused, my arrest was ordered, but as my identity was guaranteed by Gen. John H. Winder, I was not placed under surveillance. However, within 24 hours of my appearance in Richmond, not only the three Frenchmen, but the officer who had aroused suspicion against me had disappeared. The Richmond papers of the time had long accounts of the 'prominent' French deserters from the federal army, also of their strange and sudden disappearance. All three of these men carried with them long titles, whether genuine or not, I cannot say. I do not recall their names, but one was a surgeon and another a relative of Count Mercer, who at this time represented the French government at Washington.

"I shortly after received commisson as captain of company E. First Maryland cavalry, which I commanded until the surrender at Appomatox. My command made the last charge at this place, and one of my men, a young lad of 18, Wm. C. Price, of Kent county, was the last man killed on either side during the war in a regular engagement of the army of northern Virginia.

While I do not absolutely vouch for the accuracy of the plot as reported to me, and which I was commissioned to upset, these facts I have told tend to show its truth."

Capt. Rasin is vice-president of the Society of the army and navy of the Confederate States, and also a member of the board of governors of the Maryland line Confederate Soldiers' Home. He exhibits an ugly wound in the head received at Winchester, where he was left on the field for dead.—*Baltimore World of April 29, 1892.*

GERMAN SOLDIERS are now ordered to grow their beards in readiness for the autumn maneuvers. During the hurry of the annual military operations the men cannot find time to shave daily, so all are to be bearded alike, to avoid spoiling the smart looks of the regiment by unshaven chins.

NO BETTER PREPARATION for the hair has ever been invented than Ayer's Hair Vigor. It restores the original color to faded and gray hair, and imparts that natural gloss and freshness, everyone so much admires. Its reputation is world-wide.

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Our Special Correspondent Sojourning in the Land of Burns—Burns' Humble Birthplace—Where He Lived, Married and Died.

BY PROF. IRVING L. TWILLEY.

NUMBER VIII.

Our trip from Irvine to Ayr, following the Ayrshire coast, was as delightful as entrancing. For a few miles, a beautiful expanse of blue sea studded, as it were, with the Carrick Hills, Ailsa Craig and Arran, made an extensive picture of beauty on our right; while on our left, the varied inland scenery embraced all that is lovely and grand, whose history dates to the time of the Romans. In sight are the ruins of old Dundonald castle, the royal residence of several of the kings of Scotland in by-gone days, situated on a beautiful eminence in a richly-wooded country.

Along the whole route is a well executed picture by nature's brush. The sandy dunes, the open beach, the shimmering sea, the dim mountain peaks and romantic woodland scenery are all fastidiously combined to make one of nature's gorgeous and entrancing pictures, which many artists have but feebly imitated.

DUNDONALD CASTLE.

The surroundings of Old Dundonald Castle are as delightful as the history of the place is instructive. The castle at present is shattered and roofless, but it is a monument which dates from the 12th century. Robert II was the first of the kings who resided here, from 1371 to 1390. Afterwards Robert III made this the royal residence, as did the other kings of Scotland until the time of James V. But there are other names connected with these historic ruins, which shed lustre upon the English speaking people. The readers of Boswell, who wrote the biography of Dr. Johnson, will find this sentence in Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides": "The lexicographer was very jocular on the homely accommodation of King Rob, and roared and laughed till the ruins echoed." It was this castle that Dr, Johnson and Boswell visited, and to which the above reference is made. On the western wall of the castle, the royal arms of Scotland, and many other devices are discernible. Near by is Auchans Castle, which was the residence of the Countess of Eglinton, to whom Allan Ramsey dedicated his "Gentle Shepherd." Johnson and Boswell visited her ladyship here when she was in her eighty-fifth year. Boswell records: "She was still an agreeable woman, and had been the admiration of the gay circles of life, and the patroness of poets."

BURNS' BIRTHPLACE.

"Auld Ayr wham ne'er a troon surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

The climax of the beautiful scenery en route is reached at Ayr, the county seat of the Land of Burns. Ayr is known as the "Queen of the West," to which the pilgrims of Burns come from every country under the sun. While the town of Ayr is a charming coast-town much frequented by the leisure classes, and gives evidence of much enterprise, yet it is not the town itself which attracts so many pilgrims from all over the world, but a little cottage about two miles south of the village, known as the "Burns' Cottage." At Ayr we engaged a conveyance, and followed the route by which Tam O'Shanter

"skelpit on through dub and mire,"

and soon we were near Slaphouse farmsteading, where is—

"The foord
Whare in the snow the Chapman smoor'd."

Passing a beautiful garden by the roadside, soon we reach an humble row of cottages, one of which tells a well-known story by its sign board: "Burns was born under this roof on the 25th of January, A. D., 1759."

This is the great Scottish poet's place of birth, and was the residence of his father's family from 1757 to 1766; afterwards it was occupied for a long time as a public house; but now it is the property of the Burns' Monument Trustees. Yes, we paid our two pence before we could enter the old building, and the following is what we saw: A "setin" or "box" bed in the kitchen which marks the exact spot of the poet's birth; A bamboo cane bequeathed Burns by John S. Kennedy, solicitor, New York; an old-fashioned, eight-day clock; Sir John Steel's *original* cast of the bust of Burns, now in Westminster Abbey; the Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny Cahairs which cost £94; Burns' last writing table, bought for £25, and many manuscripts of the poet.

The house has been somewhat remodeled since that remarkable birth, but it is the same "auld clay biggin'." The old fire-place retains its original form. As we were about to leave this hallowed spot, we were requested to sign our names upon the pages of a great register. A glance over the pages of the book convinced us of the fact that men and women from all the countries of the civilized world had visited the birth-place of an humble poet, and next to his own country, America contributed most largely to the list of visitors. Scarcely a page does not contain the letters "U. S. A." opposite more than one name.

Leaving this house, our drive takes us a quarter of a mile beyond, to see Alloway Kirk, now in ruins, but which is immortalized by Burns, in "Tam O'Shanter." The window through which we here saw the "unco sight—warlocks and witches in a dance, with Auld Nick presiding over the orgies," is still identified. In this churchyard are the remains of Burns' father. A few steps more along the highway and we are at the entrance of Burns' monument which was erected 1820-23, at a cost of £3,350, after the model of the monument of Lysicrates, at Atheus. The monument is 60 feet high and commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country, which may be seen by the payment of two pence. In the monument are exhibited the Bible presented by Burns to Highland Mary; two rings, containing a lock of the hair of the poet and his wife; Jean Armour's wedding ring; a drinking "caup from Poosie Nancy's," in Mauchline. The Bible was purchased for £25 from a party in Canada, where it was accidentally found. A two minutes' walk brings us to the "Auld Brig O'Doon," the lofty arch on which Tam O'Shanter's mare came to grief. Looking from the top of the "Auld Brig," at the scenery on the banks of the Doon, we are reminded of the lines:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?"

AYR.

But we must not close this number without giving a short sketch of the town of Ayr. It was made a royal burgh about the end of the 12th century by William the Lion, when he built what he called the new castle of Ayr, but no trace of it now remains. During the War of Independence, Wallace burned the barns of Ayr," to whose memory the Wallace Tower is erected on High street. A Parliament was convened in the Church of St. John in 1305, to settle the succession to the throne of Scotland by Bruce. Cromwell afterwards demolished the church as well as the castle.

In the old church yard are buried many of the men who still live in the works of Burns. Among them are: Drs. Dalrymple and M'Gill; the two heroes of "The Kirk's Alarm," Robert Aiken and Prevost Ballantyne.

In Newton district stands the Public Library, recently erected, toward which Andrew Carnegie, the American millionaire, gave £10,000.

KILMARNOCK, MARCHLINE AND DUMFRIES

It is not only the town of Ayr that reverences Burns, but the many towns in the Land of Burns, of which Ayr is the capital. Many of them are intimately associated with the name of the poet. The principal ones are Kilmarnock, where the first edition of the poet's poems were published, and a handsome monument is erected to his memory. Mauchline, where he privately married Jean Armour in the Mauchline Castle; Dumfries, where he spent most of the last eight years of his life, and where he died. A stone tablet in Bank street, bears the following inscription:

ROBERT BURNS, THE NATIONAL POET, lived in this house, with his family, on coming to Dumfries from Ellisland, in 1791."

It was here that Burns wrote "Auld Lang Syne," "Duncan Gray," "A man's a Man for a' That," and many other favorite songs.

We will return from Dumfries to Glasgow in the "Lock up on wheels," and thence start on a tramp on foot, to Edinburgh, by way of Falkirk, a distance of fifty-two miles.

Packing and Marketing Fruit.

We copy the following sound advice from an English journal, but it has the appearance of having been of American publication originally:

The amount of fruit that is sent to market by wagon, train or boat every season that is unfit for market is something enormous. Why is it that farmers or fruit-growers, who appear to have enough sense in many other matters, will persist in trying to sell to their customers fruit that they know is not fit for sale, and packages that they know they have packed with the best berries on top, while the bottom of said package, whatever kind it may be, basket, bag or barrel, is filled with poor, miserable, small and wormy stuff, entirely unfit for food? Farmers and fruit-growers, if you have been doing this, stop at once. To those who are free from vice, we say, don't commence—you can't do it and make money. Pick and pack your fruit honestly and fairly if you want to succeed in the end. If you get a good customer don't try to cheat him by giving him an inferior article for a good one; if you do, he is lost to you. If you send altogether to commission men, the buyers know your brand or package in a day or two, and if you are caught with false packages you will be the one to lose, for they will buy your fruit at about half price on account of the previous bad packing. Remember that trade once dropped because of bad packing and poor fruit is hard to regain, if it ever can be. Send your good fruit sorted by itself, and if you send poor fruit, don't top out your package with good fruit; you will rue it if you do. If you don't do the packing yourself watch the man who does. He will not be likely to pack right if not watched and instructed. The idea is just this: If you ever intend to succeed in fruit culture, you must strive to grow the best fruit possible and pick at the proper time; pack and consign ripe good fruit, and you need have no fear of the consequences. The buyers are in the market among the sellers every day, and it only takes a few days to find out what kind of fruit the grower is sending, and the buyer is there to buy on its merits.

"A Back Number."

This is the slighting remark that is often applied to women who try to seem young, though they no longer look so. Sometimes appearances are deceitful. Female weakness, functional troubles, displacements and irregularities will add fifteen years to a woman's looks. These troubles are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Try this remedy all you whose beauty and freshness is fading from such causes, and no longer figure in society as a "back number." It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Why One Man Is Thankful.

I am thankful because I am red-haired. I might be bald.

I am thankful there is a young lady next door who practices on the piano two hours a day. She might practice four, and, in addition, might have a brother addicted to the cornet habit.

I am thankful I am the father of twins. Suppose they had been triplets?

I am thankful I wear a number nine shoe. I might have to wear elevens.

I am thankful I am poor. I might be in debt.

I am thankful I possess quiet tastes. Suppose I had been fond of Wagner's music?

I am thankful I learned to smoke cigars. I might have tackled cigarettes.

I am thankful I can't think of any more things to be thankful for. If I could I should feel obliged to write them down.—*Puck.*

"WHEN your heart is bad, and your head is bad, and you are bad clean through what is needed?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla,' spoke up a little girl, whose mother had recently been restored to health by that medicine.

GOVERNOR BROWN'S CALL.

HE WANTS THE PEOPLE'S VIEWS ON REASSESSMENT.

The Baltimore papers of Nov. 29, contain a call from Governor Brown to the people of Maryland relative to a new assessment of the real and personal property of the State. He is convinced that the people are in favor of a new General assessment of property and is desirous of accomplishing the desired end to the best advantage possible to meet the wants and needs of the people and asks for a conferenceon the subject.

After reciting the failure of the past efforts, he says: My veto of this particular measure probably imposes upon me the duty of making some particular recommendation to the next General Assembly upon the subject of the new assessment law, which it is unquestionably, for the reasons I have given, and for many other, the duty of the next General Assembly to enact. I am unwilling to undertake this task without feeling that I am, when doing it, in touch with the deliberate and well founded opinions of all classes of the people of this state. No method occurs to me better adapted to afford this assurance than the convocation by me of a limited number of thoroughly representative men from each county of the state, and from the city of Baltimore, to consider in open discussion in the winter of this year at some convenient place in Baltimore city the proper details of such a mea ure.

Delegates from the leading agricultural, commercial, manufacturing and other industrial organizations ought to form a part of such advisory body. In consultation with such delegates, and with the ample time now before us, I ought to be able to direct the framing of a bill sufficent for the purpose, but open to the fullest consideration by you before the meeting of the General Assembly in 1894. Such a bill, when modified by the General Assembly to correspond with the will of the people plainly expressed, and with its own judgement, ought to yield satisfactory results. The expense of a convocation of such advisers would be very limited, I am sure, be cheerfully borne by the voluntary subscriptions of those interested in the enactment of a law.

I need not say that though the counsel of such a body would not control me in the performance of any constitutional duty it would greatly aid me. I have but one desire in the administration of the duties of my office: I want to add to the prosperity of the people of the whole state, and I am sure that you will not misunderstand me when I say to you that to enable me to do this, you must agree to take such action as will put you in touch with me for the purposes of informal consultation, when I consider a matter as important to all of you as a new assessment law asurelly is.

FRANK BROWN, Governor.

The Governor wishes it clearly understood that he does not propose that his convocation shall in any way infringe upon the prerogatives of the legislature of Maryland. His object is merely to get at the views of all classes in Maryland, so that he can go before the legislature in 1894 and recommend his bill as a basis for taxation, and be able to say: Here is a bill which seems to satisfy all parties interested. The Governor thinks that the sessions of this conference should be long enough to give abundant opportunity to thoroughly ventilate the many opinions on the subject of reassessment and taxation.

His Waterloo.

"Well, since you ask me as a friend to tell you frankly what's on my mind, I may as well confess to you that I am in deep financial distress," said Johnson to an acquaintance the other evening. "I am done up; I'm a whipped rooster; I ain't in it; I'm completely knocked out, and I've got to make a change of some kind."

"Why, I'm surprised to hear this!" said the friend, "I thought you were prospering nicely when I met you last spring. How did your reverses come about?"

"In this way: We moved into a new flat in May, and another family moved in just overhead. We were friendly for a time till they rented a secondhand piano. We thought we'd play even and so we rented one. They began giving their daughter lessons, and in order to even up the noise we followed suit. They bought their boys a cornet and a snare drum, and we got ours a trombone and a bass drum. Then they bought a horse fiddle, an accordeon and a hurdy-gurdy, and that's the way it's been going ever since until I'm done up.

"I've got two wagon loads of noise making instruments at my house, but my neighbor goes right on buying everything new and noisy that he hears of, and to make matters worse he's got children enough to play all the instruments at one time. If I had the money I'd drown that man out if I had to buy Gabriel's trumpet to do it with, but I'm at the end of my string and I confess that I've got to retreat. I'm awful sorry they ever rented that old piano."—Chicago Times.

Not Much of an Affair.

The tall Lord Stradbroke served under Wellington in Spain and afterward fought at Quatre Bras, but was somehow disabled from being at Waterloo. He was, moreover, almost the only Tory landlord whose abilities I ever heard Charles Austin praise. When he was staying with my father the conversation turned on the extraordinary passage in which Victor Hugo attributes Napoleon's fall to the divine jealousy (il genait Dieu), and in which, so far as he assigns to human or rather to British agency, any share in the giant's overthrow, he would have us believe that the credit was due to the British army alone, and not to Napoleon's rival.

"I heard the duke say," remarked Lord Stradbroke, "that if he had had his old peninsular army at Waterloo it would have been an affair of four hours. These were his words." This is remarkable as being the utterance of one who was never given to boasting.—Fortnightly Review.

Jewish Fathers.

I observe that American fathers, whether from the exactions of business or other reasons, do not ordinarily come to my office with their ailing children. The whole matter is often left in the hands of the wife or some relative. Germans are more apt to come than Americans, and Hebrews most of all; and indeed I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of the domestic life of the better class of Jews in New York, which so far as I have observed it is in many respects more nearly what it should be than that of any class in our community.—Henry L. Taylor, M. D., in Popular Science Monthly.

New Words in the English Language.

We are told that the English of our day is considered by a high authority almost perfect, alike for the purpose of the orator, the philosopher, the lecturer and the poet. The purest English is said to be spoken in Lincolnshire. There are four times as many words in our language as there are in the French, yet a philologist estimates that the coinage of new words in our tongue goes on at the rate of 100 annually.—Chambers' Journal.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8209-0462