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The Chestertown Transcript.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

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Chestertown, - - Maryland.

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Office on Main street, Chestertown, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Beck, 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.

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Sept. 15, 1892—y.

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(Succeeding D. B. Stewart & Co., established October, 1883.)

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Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,

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Wines, Brandies, etc.

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COLD!!

CAN BE KEPT OUT BY HEATING THE BLOOD; TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, USE

CORN!

LEA'S HOMINY

And Corn Meal!

ARE MOST DELICIOUS PREPARATIONS OF CORN.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT One Dollar.

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NORTH CAROLINA FLOORING,

Building Lumber.

Turned Poplar Columns,

SASH, BLINDS,

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TO ARRIVE.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

Wedding Presents

Birthday Tokens,

FRIENDSHIP REMEMBRANCES

Neat and Attractive for the New Year.

A FINE ASSORTMENT AT

STAM'S DRUG STORE.

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Jan. 5, 1893. DRUGGIST.

Great Reduction

SALE

UNDERWEAR!

MARKED

WAY BELOW FORMER PRICES

—AND—

ALL OTHER WINTER GOODS MARKED DOWN.

Bargains in Bla kets.

BARGAINS IN BOOTS.

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Fire! Lightning! Life!

INSURE YOUR HOMES!

INSURE YOUR STOCK!

INSURE YOUR LIVES!

I represent only first-class companies. My rates are low and all losses promptly paid. To all persons desiring insurance I ask them to write or call and see me.

J. H. IRELAND,

Kennedyville, Maryland

SUBSCRIBE for the TRANSCRIPT, subscription, *one dollar* per year.

For Early Applications This Spring

TRADE MARK

We Offer the Following Brands of Fertilizers:

FOR GRASS:

As a top-dressing for Grass our Phosphate has no equal, but it should be applied in February or March if possible. Mr. John Price, Massey's, Md., had ten acres that had been pastured so close, was afraid it was killed, but an application of 200 pounds of our Phosphate to the acre made as much again Hay as the part on which he put none: says he never saw such a marked difference in anything in his life.

FOR OATS:

Use our Special Oat Fertilizer, which has stood the test now for years. One patron claims to have grown sixty-one and one-half bushels per acre with it.

FOR ASPARAGUS:

We have an article that has given more satisfaction as a feeder for this plant than $30 goods. We will sell to you at $16 per ton. Send for one of our regular Asparagus circulars giving you full information concerning it.

FOR POTATOES:

Our Special "Potato Manure" has been used for years in competition with Mapes', Yarnell's and Baugh's, in fact, all the high grade goods on the market.

For General Truck:

We make a Special Truck Phosphate that contains all the required elements of plant food. One fair and impartial trial, will convince the most skeptical as to its merits.

Then, as Another,

Don't forget your PEACH TREES by failing to give them an application of FRUIT GROWER. Some of our patrons like Mr. G. W. Davis, William Hurlock and others, continue to use it year after year, whether they have fruit or not: when they do hit it pays COMPOUND INTEREST. This year you are likely to have a hit, our advice is, therefore, to give your orchards a dressing, by applying broadcast, 250 pounds to the acre, and plowing in as early as the ground will permit.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,

Manufacturers of Standard Fertilizers, Chestertown, Md.

N. B.—In a few weeks we will give you pointers in this space concerning, CORN, TOMATOES, etc. Feb. 16, 1893.

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).

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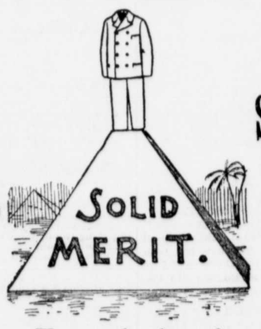
MANUFACTURERS OF THE BEST BALTIMORE-MADE CLOTHING,

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

AT THE TOP

Bottom Prices.



Square Dealing.

The Proper Foundation for the Sale of

CLOTHING

is SOLID MERIT. Our business has been conducted with this one idea in view. An immense trade is the result, consequently, what is left we can afford to close out VERY LOW.

Don't Fail to Attend These Sales.

Respectfully,

Moody & Perkins

WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

Few doors below postoffice.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

SCHOOL BOOKS!

At Toulson's Drug Store

AT SCHOOL BOARD PRICES.

☞ Headquarters for everything used in the school-room. We cordially invite you.

Aug. 25, 1892. M. A. TOULSON.

New Winter Goods

Holiday Books!

STATIONERY, TOYS, Etc.

A NICE line of Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Heavy Dark Winter Skirts, Infants' Wool Coats, Hoods, Mitts and Hand-Made Bootees. A full line of Winter Gloves and Hosiery. School and Shopping Bags, Stationery, etc. An early call is respectfully solicited.

A. C S. WILLIAMSON

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the world with want and woe;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Freezing the noses of those you greet.
Falling,
Blowing,
Rustling along;
Beautiful snow, you stay so long,
Falling to earth in many a flake,
It seems just sent for the sleighriders' sake;
Beautiful snow from the Heavens on high,
You bring to us oh, so many a sigh.

Oh, the snow, the beautiful now,
How the flakes gather and scatter their woe;
Whirling about in their maddening fun,
Falling and clouding the rays of the sun;
Drifting,
Freezing,
Lingering—aye—
It wearies us all by its long, long stay;
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Don't venture a freak on the ground,
But the sleighers are gay, and some hearts aglow
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow!

How the gay throng goes sleighing along,
Filling the street with mirth and song;
How the gay "cutters" like visions pass on,
Ringing,
Singing,
Darting they go,
Over the crust of the long-lasting snow,
So cold when it falls from the sky
It is frozen by the wind rushing by;
Trampled and tracked by a thousand feet,
'Till it trips one-half on the side of the street.

Once I was gay on the snow—but I fell!
Fell like the snow-flakes, to earth pell-mell;
Fell to be laughed at by those in the street,
Fell to rise, and make my retreat;
Pleading,
Wishing,
Sighing to rise,
Looking about in mute surprise,
Dealing in temper and tears for a shame,
Hating the snow and fearing the same;
Wonderful 'tis I had fallen so low?
And yet I was still on the beautiful snow.

—*Henderson, N. C., Gold Leaf.*

ACROSS THE OCEAN.

Peregrinations Through the Streets of London—The Tombs of the Duke of Wellington and Nelson—Street Car Service—Whitehall, the Former Home of Kings and Queens—Execution of Charles I.

BY PROF. IRVING L. TWILLEY.

NUMBER XIV.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRANSCRIPT.]

A week's peregrinations in London recalls many of the scenes of times of Henry the Eighth, and the misfortunes which befell a number of persons of high rank about that time. Indeed, it is only these historical buildings that attract the tourist's attention; for with *few* exceptions some of our large American cities are equally as pretty and contain as many handsome and elaborate buildings as does this metropolis of the world. Of course London has many old buildings which have stood for centuries—monuments to past deeds of disgrace and royalty. The royal buildings are large, substantial and grand, but there are so many dives and irregular buildings in comparison, that one begins to feel that royalty is robbery from the greater number for the aggrandizement of a few.

It is true that the White House at Washington, U. S. A., will not make a favorable comparison to Buckingham Palace, which has been the city residence of Queen Victoria, since 1837; it is true that the State's capitol is not as elaborate as the Parliament Houses of Great Britain; and it is equally true that there is no street or avenue in London that will compare in beauty to Commonwealth avenue in Boston, U. S. A.; nor in beauty will the exterior of

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL,

compare with St. Patrick's in New York. We know Macaulay has said, "Even the superb Louis, XIV, has left to posterity no work which can bear a comparison with St. Paul's." We also know that Carlyle once said, "St. Paul's was the only edifice which struck him with a proper sense of grandeur." True St. Paul's is massive and grand, built in the Corinthian order and contains many costly paintings, and some of the finest carvings in the world, perfect symmentry, but the exterior of Portland stone, has turned dark, though the present cathedral was erected as late as 1675 at a cost of £747,954. Sir Christopher Wren was the architect. But the interior is truly a work of the highest art. Leigh Hunt has truthfully said: "The reader does look around and the whole interior, *which is finer than the outside*, seems like a magnificent vault over a single body." Many noted men are buried within its noted walls, and as Westminster Abbey commemorates civil eminence, St. Paul's is the Pantheon of heroes. Nelson's tomb is in the middle of the crypt. He is buried in a sarcophagus said to have been made for Henry VIII, at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey. The Duke of Wellington's tomb is in the east crypt, as is General Picton of Waterloo fame. The lines of the Poet Laureate of the time, respecting the burial of Wellington and Nelson, would be an appropriate epitaph:

"Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping and breaking on my rest?"

"Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began,
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea."

ANOTHER VOCABULARY.

On the British Isles quite a number of things have a different name from those given them in America. For instance when I first landed in the Old Country, I was inquiring for the ticket office when I was informed that they knew of no such office, but the "booking office" was just across the way. Penny please elevators are known as "lifts," baggage as "luggage," street cars as "tramways." In street car service, the European cities are utterly devoid of rapid transit. They have a railing around the top of the cars and a seating capacity for a dozen or more in the "balcony," which seems to be the most popular way of travel. The fare is not a "nickel ago," but you pay according to the distance traveled. The conductor punches and hands you a ticket for every fare, which is generally furnished tramway companies by the Sapolio Soap Company and the passenger is well informed as to the benefit of using Sapolio soap. The English people are extensive advertisers.

WHITEHALL,

is the name of a part of that portion of London which extends from the banks of the famous Thames to St. James Park, the latter a place of great interest to the young people. We could write volumes about this notorious place of which every reader of history is familiar. From the time of Wolsey this famous Whitehall Palace has figured prominently in events of grandeur and in events of disgrace to the royal families. Soon after the fall of Wosley in 1529, the place came into the hands of Henry VIII. It was then known as York Place. The king was so well pleased with it that he made it his own residence and changed its name to Whitehall. Shakspeare thus speaks of the change;

"You must no more call it York Place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's and call'd—Whitehall.

It was in a closet of Whitehall, that Henry VIII and the beautiful Anne Boleyn were married and their coronation was celebrated at Whitehall. It was here that this brutal being died in 1546, after deceiving and condeming several wives. A Parliament was convened here by Edward VI. We read of Queen Mary as well as Queen Bess proceeding by water from Whitehall to Westminster. The banqueting house was rebuilt by James I and is the only part of old Whitehall that remains, and is one of the most remarkable buildings of the largest city in the world. Charles I collected 460 of the finest masterpieces of Titian, Correggio, Giulio Ramano, Guido and others for the banqueting house, but these were seized by the Roundheads and dispersed. Charles I was not long to enjoy the Palace as king. The scenes now changed and the residence of kings became a scaffold for the execution of England's lawful king. As I stand in Whitehall, I fancy I can see Charles I., clad in royal attire, led along the galleries of this banqueting house through the window to the scaffold, and there gracefully lay his head upon the fatal block to be struck off by the executioner. One blow did the work, and the head of the King of England, drippingwith blood, was held up by a visored official who exclaimed: "This is the head of a traitor." The execution over, and Whitehall was again converted into royal apartments. Oliver Cromwell next inhabited Whitehall, and at this place preached sermons to the people three hours long. The Protector secured many of the masterpieces of fine art sold by the Roundheads, among which were the cartoons of Raphael, which are now exhibited at South Kensington Museum. Cromwell, after an exciting reign, died in this building, the home of kings and queens, in 1658.

Next came the Restoration period, and Whitehall, which had been used for prison, pulpit and scaffold, was again the home of King Charles II. The festivities of former days were revived, but more spicy than ever before known. King Charles' last Sunday at Whitehall is thus described by Evelyn: "The king, sitting and toying with his concubines; a boy singing lovesongs in these glorious galleries; whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons, were at basset, round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them." Six days after and all was laid in ashes.

The banqueting house is all that remains now to tell the story of the fast life led by king and queen of by-gone days. This building is now occupied by the Royal United Service Institution.

Literary Notes

Both *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Bazar* have been filled with attractive and timely features during the past two months of the present year, and their promise for the future months is that new and even more attractive features will be given. These two periodicals stand far in advance of and are not of that great number of periodicals which bid for public recognition upon the *demerits* of a wider range of sensational matter, rather than as with the *Harper's*, upon the concentrated merit of timely and attractive subjects, cogently and entertainingly treated. Among their corps of contributors are many of the most brilliant and progressive writers of the literary world of to day. In their next number are promised features unequaled in interest and literary merit.

Several attractive works of fiction have just been published by Harper & Brothers. The list includes *A Golden Wedding, and Other Tales*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart; William Black's new novel, *Wolfenberg; From One Generation to Another*, by Henry Seton Merriman; *Catherine*, by Frances M. Peard; and *Time's Revenges*, by David Christie Murray, They have also nearly ready *The World of Chance*, by W. D. Howells; *White Birches*, by Annie Eliot; and *Katharine North*, by Maria Louise Pool.

The Apple in Legend and Fable.

There are few myths which play so conspicuous a role in fable and story as the apple, says the *Literary Digest*. It shone golden in the garden of the Hesperides. Aphrodite, like Eve, held it in her hand, and the serpent and the dragon mounted guard over it. Solomon sung its praises, and in Arab story it is the fruit of healing. Odysseus yearned for it in the garden of Alkinoos, and Tantalus strove vainly to reach it in Hades; and the Edda tells us that Idursa, the goddess of Virtue, treasured apples, the gifts of the gods, of such wondrous virtue that, as age approached, she had only to taste them to renew her youth. Thus she secured perpetual youth, until Raynorohs proclaimed universal annihilation. In many a northern story, the golden bird seeks the golden apple in the King's garden, and when the tree is reached and found bare of fruit, does not Frau Bertha tell her love that it was because of a mouse that had gnawed at the roots. In the mythology of the North, the apple is oft-times the tempter, and occasionally makes the nose grow so prodigiously that nothing but a pear will suffice to bring it once more into presentable shape.

BEST remedy for sprains and pains. Mr. J. M. Spring, Bennings, D. C., writes: "I have been using Salvation Oil and have obtained great relief. Among so many remedies tried, Salvation Oil is the best for sprains and pains in the back." It kills all pain.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

OWNED BY JAS. A. PEARCE, ESQ.

How the Picture Came to the Present Owner—A Hunting Horn Relic.

An original portrait of George Washington, of the existence of which very few persons have known, is in the possession of Mr. James A. Pearce, of Chestertown, Md., to whom it descended from his father, James Alfred Pearce. Though not the work of a professional artist, the originality of this painting is fully authenticated, and it is pronounced by some competent judges to be admirably executed, and to afford intrinsic evidence of an intimate knowledge of Washington by the artist, and of his skill in the delineation of features and expression. It was painted by Dr. Elisha Cullen Dick, of Alexandria, Va., who was a close personal friend of Washington, was associated with him in membership in Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, of Masons, and was one of the attending physicians at the time of his death.

The date of the work is not certainly known, but the fact that it was painted by Dr. Dick from life was stated by him to his grandson, the late Senator Pearce, who was, during his boyhood, a member of Dr. Dick's family in Alexandria while attending an academy in that town preparatory to entering Princeton College.

This portrait is a full profile. The subject is represented sitting—showing the figure to the waist—clad in citizen's dress—black coat and the ruffled shirt of the period. The canvas is 10½ inches by 9½ inches, stretched upon a pine square of great age, and surrounded by a plain frame, which has been regilded in later years. The size of the frame is in due proportion to the canvas and represents a man apparently about sixty or sixty-five years of age. This would indicate that it was painted about 1793, and at this period the intimacy of Dr. Dick with Washington had been fully established. They participated together in the Masonic ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol in that year, Dr. Dick being the master of the lodge, but Washington acting as master on that occasion at the request of Dr. Dick.

There is a close and strong general resemblance between this portrait and the statue of Houdon, the chief distinction being that in the portrait the line of obliquity from the nose to the top of the forehead is much less marked—a distinction which is believed to favor the accuracy of the portrait. The full strength, dignity and power of the head and features, as shown in the portraits of Stuart and Trumbull, is here preserved, though the traces of greater age are seen in the lines of the nose and mouth. The great size of the sockets of the eyes—noted by Stuart—and the florid, ruddy tint which Tuckerman says was characteristic of Washington are faithfully depicted, and the grayish-blue eye, which Stuart painted a deeper blue, saying, "in a hundred years they will have faded to the right color," is perceptible even in the full profile portrait. The flesh tints of the face are exceedingly clear and delicate for a canvas of such an age—which has never been touched—and are in exact accord with the traditions of Washington's complexion.

Dr. Dick retained this portrait in his own possession until his death in 1825, when it passed to his widow, who died in 1843, in Botetourt county, Virginia, having given it during her life to her grandson, from whom it descended to its present owner.

Dr. Dick, as stated, was not a painter by profession, but he was a man of fine education and varied accomplishments. In the quaint but expressive language of a friend of his early and maturer years, "he possessed a fine genius for painting in oils, and an exquisite ear for music, singing with great sweetness and power, and playing with equal skill upon several instruments.

An interesting memorial of Washington's friendship for him still exists in the possession of Mr. Pearce, being a copper hunting horn used by Washington in the chase and given by him to Dr. Dick, upon which, though corroded by age and injured by an unfortunate accident, a stirring and melodious blast may yet be sounded by strong lungs and skilled lips.

Mr. Pearce states that the facts given above, which we copy from the Baltimore *Sun*, are in every particular authentic.

Jedge Waxem's Political Proverbs.

Some stiles of patriotism won't wash.

A statesman kin afford to do a good deal of sufferin fer his country ter five thousand dollers a yeer.

All the legislaters in the world can't make a law that nobody can brake.

Holdin office is a bad habit that is mighty hard to brake yerself ov.

The Ameriken Eagle has been knode to crow when he mite as well keep his mouth shet.

A congressman aint allus infalible.

Politics is sumpthin like corn; the biggest yers don't allus grow nighest the top of the stalk.

Farmers has got to know a durn site more about politicks before pertaters is legal tender.

When a man's party just suits him to a tyty, thar ain' euuff of it left to run a campane on.

Biled shirts and white collars ain't good campane dockyments, outside of the city limits.

The horney-handed son of toil ain't much bettern the rest of us, except to talk about fer politikle purposes.

Ide a heep site rather heer a hen crow than see a woman votin at elecshuns, and they kill crowin hens whar I live.

It is the Best—That is Why I Recommend It.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller, leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I have ever handled for coughs, colds and croup.

J. H. MAYERT, Druggist,
Oakland, Maryland.

For sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.

THE girl who scrubs the stairs well is a blessing that brightens as she takes her flight.

NEVER be without it. Mr. Chas. Visscher, 44 Lincoln Ave., Springfield, O., writes: "Five doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured me of a severe cough. I shall always keep it."

ADVERTISE

YOUR BUSINESS

—IN THE—

TRANSCRIPT.

IT WILL PAY YOU.

NOTES FROM MY JOURNAL.

Charming Wanderings in Imperial Rome, From the Journal of Rosalie Mitchell.

After going through the Porto del Popolo, (the People's gate) we turned to the right, and entered the grounds of the beautiful Villa Borghese. It is close to the walls of Rome, so near, that the Pincio or "Hill of Gardens," is just above.

The Villa Borghese was founded by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, a nephew of Pius V. It was afterwards enlarged by enclosing other grounds, and the so-called Villa of Raphael, which with a part of the environs, was destroyed in 1849.

These grounds (somewhat like our parks) are open to the public four times weekly, and are a favorite promenade. Here can be seen walking or driving the pleasure-seeking population of the Eternal City, from the king and nobles, to the contadini (peasants), as well as tourists and students from abroad.

We followed a foot-path through the Egyptian gateway, until we reached a lovely grotto, with statues and antique fragments. The grounds are very extensive, and the trees rare and lofty, while the effects of light on the foliage are fine.

We passed the private gardens of the prince, and stopped to rest in a ruined temple. Everything was quiet except the rumbling of wheels, as they slowly passed along the drives. We found several artists sketching among the trees, for fancy runs wild among these historic scenes, the ruined arches, ivy covered pillars; the glinting sunlight suggests beautiful dreams to the artist and the poet. It was here our Hawthone mused, and from the store-house of his genius, wove the threads of the sylvan dance, in his "Marble Faun."

It was thro' these majestic avenues that the Borgia flashed her fatal glances upon princes and cardinals, and also here that a Prince Borghese brought his bride and placed his coronet upon the fair brows of Napoleon's lovely sister, and tradition tells us that here was the villa of Raphael, and that here a part of his short but marvelous career was spent. Down shady footpaths we wandered through leafy depths, only to reach old fountains plashing over water-nymphs of surpassing beauty. We looked into the great marble basins, expecting almost, to catch some reflections of those bygone faces; poets, popes, or perchance, a madonna or an angel of Raphael's, but only our own questioning eyes looked back from the shining water and told us how "illusive is life."

The Casino, or picture gallery is at the end of the main entrance. It formerly held one of the most valuable collections in Italy. It was purchased by Napoleon I and sent to the "Louvre Gallery" in Paris. But here is still a fine museum of art, containing ten rooms, with rare statues and paintings. In one of which is a bath of porphyry, said to have been found in the Mausoleum of Hadrian. In the upper saloon is a fine head of Augustus, a Dancing Faun and an Amazon on horseback. While another room contains a fine painting of Aeneas carrying Anchises, and one of Apollo and Dapline. We were also delighted to find in this collection the statue by Canova, of Pauline Bonaparte (Princess Borghese) as Venus; also, many other statues and reliefs.

We gathered some ivy leaves from a broken faun, who looked shyly at us from his shady retreat, as we wandered towards the closing gates, when the setting sun threw a lingering caress on the cross of St. Peter's, against the western sky.

ROSALIE MITCHELL.

Rome, Italy, Dec., 1889.

Wife and Sweetheart.

Every bride knows her power; every wife comes to know her weakness, writes Octave Thanet in a delightful article on "That Man: Your Husband," in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. A good proportion of the heartbreak of early married life is due to the ferment of this knowledge. The poor child whose lover gave up his cigars and his club with such angelic meekness, finds that her husband can smoke like a chimney, and leave her alone nights in order to spend the evening with his men friends. She imagines that he cares less for her than he did, which is a mistake, in most cases; seven out of ten men love their wives better than their sweethearts. It is simply that her presence is not the absorbing excitement that it was when love was new.

The chances are that the wife has become a dozen times more necessary to the man than ever the sweetheart could have been. He would feel her death far more keenly, but he does not need to adjure his heart to "sit still" whenever his fancy summons her image. In short, she is become the bread of existence in place of the elixir. Now, most of us who have sense would prefer to be bread rather than elixir; but there is no question that more fuss is made over the elixir.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Superior to Any Other.

Mr. W. I. Mowrey, of Jarvisville, Harrison county, W. V., has been selling Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for some time and is much pleased with it. He says: I believe every bottle we have sold has done good service. We have used it ourselves and can say it is superior to any other preparation that we know of. For sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.

FREE rural mail delivery is coming. Other countries have it, why not we? "The cost will be too great," some one says. But it will not cost as much; of course it will not. Now twenty go trapesing to the postoffice daily doing the work of one. If an unbeliever let your mind grow to this thing: it is right and is bound to come.

PEOPLE troubled with sick and nervous headaches will find a most efficacious remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They strengthen the stomach, stimulate the liver, restore healthy action to the digestive organs, and thus afford speedy and permanent relief.

DON'T give a new pair of ill-fitting gloves, or a just bought fan that you find you don't like, to people whom you think will appreciate these things. They w[illegible] appreciate them.

AN obedience to the s[illegible]giene and the use of A[illegible] will enable the most deli[illegible] woman to pass in ease an[illegible]icy atmosphere of Februa[illegible] moist days of April. It[illegible] spring medicines.