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The Chestertown Transcript.

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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 receiv prompt attention.

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

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland,
Loans on Good Farms. Equity Business a Specialty. j22-tf.

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. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
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.
Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS.,
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

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.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.
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.

FRANK WRIGHT & CO.
formerly of Wright & Loney,
FRUIT, GRAIN
AND GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
121 LIGHT STREET,
Between Pratt and Lombard Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD
Telephone 1073.
March 16, 1893.
H. T. FAUNTLEROY. JOSEPH RASIN, JR.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 113 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

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.

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. B. PROBERT.
LONEY & CO.,
Successors to Wright & Loney.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Jos. W. Thompson,
SHIPPER OF
Anthracite & Bituminous Coals
for the miners, and dealer in
GRAIN,
SEEDS, CEMENTS, PLASTER, LATHS,
LAND AND BUILDING LIME.
Shipments made either by rail or water.
GENERAL FREIGHTING.

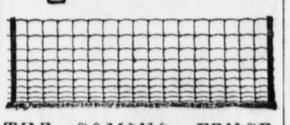
Thompson's Line to Baltimore!
From present outlook, coals will be higher than last year. We advise early purchases, and we are ready to receive orders. 2240 lbs. to the ton, delivered. LYKENS VALLEY and FREE BURNING WHITE ASH COALS a Specialty.
June 22 1893. JOSEPH W. THOMPSON.

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

Poultribina
Poultribina,
The great Poultry remedy.
Poultribina,
The great Preventative of disease in poultry.
Poultribina,
The great Powder that will make your Chickens grow large, your Hens lay better and your Little Chicks bring better market prices—all this for 25c.
We can produce testimonials from the best poultry raisers in Kent to prove the truth of our statement.
COLIN F. STAM,
BLOOM. PROPRIETOR

WE
Are Selling Goods as Cheap
as anybody in the county.
M. M. WOOD & CO.,
Melitota, Kent Co., Md.

THE
Page Woven Wire



THE COMING FENCE.

The wooden age is past,
The old rails are rotting fast,
To replace them with the same I know will never pay.
Barbed wire is also doomed,
Wire and picket has been boomed,
But the Coiled Spring Fence, it has surely come to stay.

Other fences there will be,
But no one can fail to see
That against THIS *they stand no show to win the day.*
They lack the essential thing,
The self-regulating spring,
Which defeats contraction and expansion in a scientific way.

You will hear their busy hum,
As the patent right men come
Offering "rights" at bankrupt prices as they "must be sold to-day."
They may be without guile,
But just greet them with a smile,
And "the man who takes no paper lives just across the way."

They will sell him AIR *and* SKY,
And the exclusive right to buy
Wire and tools to fence his farm, and, the labor "is but play."
They will furnish him a ratchet,
Or something else to match it,
To be loosened in October and tightened up in May.

The unsophisticated neighbor
Puts in days of arduous labor,
Which the guileless patent right men designated "play."
And his fence has cost him double,
If you count in all the trouble,
And is not safe without a man to watch it night and day.

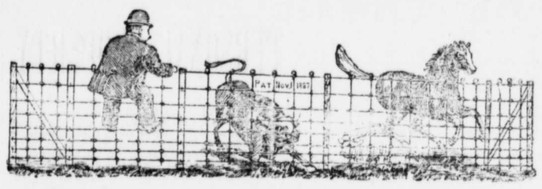
You may thank your stars and Page,
That in this enlightened age,
You are not doomed to build your fences in the antiquated way.
And barbed wire's cruel action,
With expansion and contraction,
By the famous Coiled Spring fence is surely done away.

FEDDEMAN & EARLE,
CENTREVILLE, MD

PLANTS FOR SALE.
I have a large lot of CHOICE CABBAGE, SWEET POTATO, TOMATO and EGG PLANTS in any quantity for sale at reasonable prices; also Tomato Plants for canning in season.
JOHN H. WEIST,
a27-3m. Millington, Md.

ALWAYS IN SEASON!
We are Prepared to Furnish
BELTING & LACE LEATHER
IN ANY QUANTITIES.
MACHINERY OIL,
Lard Oil, Cylinder Oil, Oil of all kinds.
OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS,
Best on earth, in use everywhere. Oliver Plow Repairs; also, Repairs for South Bend, Advance, Syracuse and Ohio Plows.
DISC HARROWS,
of most approved kinds, to reduce your soil to a complete seed bed.
BUFFALO PITT'S LAND ROLLERS,
Complete Implements. FALLOW HARROWS. A Complete Line of FARM IMPLEMENTS.

To those wanting the best Fence, we offer them the strongest and most beautiful fence on the market.



The Jones' Lock-Wire Fence!
This Fence is positively stock-proof, is a thing of beauty, adapted to Farm, Lawn or Yard.
CUSTOM AND READY-MADE HARNESS.
All kinds of REPAIR WORK done in the neatest manner.
SPLENDID STOCK OF LAP DUSTERS, FLY NETS, HORSE GOODS.
SMITH & CLEMENTS,
Chestertown, Md.

SHINGLES
GEORGIA FLOORING,
North Carolina Flooring
Building Lumber
Turned Poplar Columns.
SASH, BLINDS, DOORS, PICKETS,
CYPRESS FENCING
TO ARRIVE.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Paper - Hanging
And Painting.
NEW GOODS
—AND—
Lower Prices
AT A NEW STAND.
BLAKENEY
Has a Magnificent Stock of Beautiful WALL PAPER, a Full Line of OILS and PAINTS, and is offering a run in prices.
HIS ONE-COAT CARRIAGE PAINT
is the newest and best-known on the market.
☞ UPHOLSTERING neatly done by competent workmen.
W. H. BLAKENEY.

ICE CREAM PARLOR.
WE HAVE MOVED
IN THE HUDGINS HOUSE,
where we will open our saloon on the 11th instant. Thanking our friends for their patronage last year, we come again soliciting the same.
We will deliver Ice Cream and Water Ice at short notice, well-packed, at the Railroad Depot and Steamboat Wharf, and to our patrons within the town limits, at the following prices:
Five Gallons or over.....90c. per gallon
Less than Five Gallons.....$1.00 per gallon
One Quart.....25 cents.
We will make our own cream this year, and we have also bought new Tubs and Cans for packing our Cream, and we will furnish it in large or small quantities for Picnics and Festivals. Come, give us a call.
Yours, etc.,
J. H. BRYAN,
HUDGINS' HOUSE,
m11-3m. Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.

DON'T FORGET to ask Bartley for hi PAPER HANGER'S "GUIDE. It wil' save you dollars.

BEST Washing Soap 5c. Ask for our 5c. Duck Soap. WESTCOTT & DODD.

BURBANKS SEED POTATOES, WESTCOTT & DODD.

The Best Peach Basket
I am offering a very fine WOODEN-STAVE BASKET, ⅝ Delaware standard. This basket has been the choice over other baskets it has been compared with this season in our county, and the price is as low as any good basket can be sold for. Special price in car lots of 8000.
I ALSO HAVE
35,000 Straw-board Baskets
left over from last season. We will not make any more of these baskets, and those who order now will have the advantage of the present low price. Remember, there will be only 35,000 for sale.
WHEAT.
I am prepared to offer the highest cash price paid for NEW WHEAT on railroad or water courses. I appreciate the patronage of my friends in the past, and shall be pleased to do business with them in the future.
PEACHES!
Mr. Wilbur Eliason and I are now in communication with prominent peach firms of Boston, New York, Chicago and other cities, and hope to handle fruit at Chestertown station to the satisfaction of those who do business with us. We shall be prepared to pay cash to those who wish to sell, and take care of the fruit for those who wish to ship on their own account.
Yours truly,
HIRAM M. BROWN.
June 29, 1893.

☞ MARCH, APRIL, MAY, JUNE AND JULY.
IS IT TRUE?
Yes, we have the Largest stock of
Hardware,
WOODENWARE,
Tinware, Ropes, Brush Goods, Twines, etc., ever offered to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.
Our Prices Will Interest You.
Don't fail to get them before you buy.
☞ PLOWS, all sizes, and at lower prices than ever before. Stop in and look at them.
Repairs for the Roland, Oliver, Wiard, Damascus, Norris, Concave, Minor and Horton, Wiley and other Plows constantly on hand.
☞ Plow and Wagon Hames, Rope and Chain Traces, Single Trees for Rope Traces, Plow Lines, Hame Straps, etc.
Grub Hoes, Garden Forks and Hoes, Briar Scythes and Snaths, Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, Manure Forks, Post Spades, Round and Square Point Shovels, Picks, and a large assortment of Garden Rakes, etc.
Vises from 30 cents to $6.75
FARM BELLS.
Farm Barrows from $3.00 to $3.50.
Dirt Barrows from $2.00 to $2.50.
☞ Whitewash Brushes—at all prices.
Graniteware, Brittaniaware and Tinware.
Roofing and Spouting a specialty.
All Tin Work guaranteed.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.,
arch 16, 1893. Chestertown, Md

Wright's Hotel.
HAVING rented and newly fitted up the Hotel known as Hall's Hotel, we are prepared to give the best accommodations the town can afford to the traveling public.
OUR TABLE
will be furnished with the best the market can afford, and our rooms will be found comfortable. The best attention given to boarders.
We Have a Livery in Connection
with our Hotel, and can furnish transportation to all parts of the Peninsula at moderate rates. Horses Fed and Cared For in the best manner.
We ask the public to give us a call.
ROBERT H. WRIGHT,
m9-tf. Chestertown.

ENGLISH TRAVEL EXPENSIVE.

Why Rates by Rail For Passengers and Freight Are So High.

The eminent English railway authority, Mr. William M. Acworth, points out many causes for the differences between railways in this country and the United States. The higher rate of charges on English roads are thus explained:

The very large capital outlay of English railways is of course one main reason of the high standard of rates and fares in England. Exactly how high that standard is we have no means of knowing, for our railway statistics, made up in a form that was laid down by an act of parliament about 80 years back, carefully suppress the information that it is most necessary for us to have.

Ton miles and passenger miles are not here recorded. We know that each ton of goods carried pays the railways on the average about 60 cents. If we guess that the average distance is about 25 miles, we arrive at an average rate of 2.40 cents per ton mile, which is not very far from three times the average rate in the United States. So in the case of passengers we may guess that the average fare is about 1.75 per mile, which though lower than the American average, is higher than in any European country. Such a result seems very far from satisfactory. High cost of construction might have justified a high range of rates and fares at the outset, but year by year the per mile of line open increases in density, and yet the goods rates hardly come down at all—in the last year or two their tendency has been all the other way—while the passenger fares only come down very slowly.

And yet the explanation is not far to seek. Our services have always been expensive to work. They are becoming more expensive year by year. In America trainloads are mainly limited by the capacity of the engines—ours by the weight of goods or number of passengers that have had time to accumulate in the very short interval between one train and another. Let me illustrate: If a man is sailing from New York to Europe, he will choose his favorite line or his favorite boat, regardless of the time of day or day of the week at which it starts. On the other hand, if the Manhattan elevated were to try to run its trains only once in 10 minutes in the slack hours of the day the street cars would rob it of the bulk of its passengers.

Now, in England our business is all between places which in America would be regarded as close together. We call Manchester "the north of England," yet Manchester is only 4½ hours from London. Consequently there must be trains between the two points at all hours of the day, to suit the convenience of passengers wanting to go at any time. Consequently, too, each train runs with very much less than a trainload of passengers. Then these trains must be run at high speeds, for though a few minutes more or less are of little importance in a journey of hundreds of miles, a quarter of an hour out of four hours is a very considerable percentage. High speeds mean few stops, and few stops mean additional trains to serve the second class stations. Then high speeds and frequent expresses for passengers mean high speeds and short trains for good—that is, half loaded—engines, for an engine loaded to its full capacity moves so slowly—occupies the line, that is, for so long a period—that it is impossible to find room for it.

But it would not be true to say that the goods are worked at high speed simply for the convenience of the railway management. On the contrary, the demand for speed in the case of merchandise traffic is fully abreast of that in the case of passengers. Broadly, it may be said that the English goods service is based on the supposition that, between important towns at least, whatever is handed to the railway company at the forwarding station over night will be delivered to the consignee the first thing next morning. Now, a service such as this, in the nature of things, can never be a cheap one.—Engineering Magazine.

Retaining Youth In Mature Life.

Not only does the vivacity, the enthusiasm, which belongs to youth carry the man who retains it in middle age over difficulties, but it brings him the sympathy and applause of the world which is sometimes refused to more worthy men.

We honor Bacon, but we give our affection to C[illegible] ashington, Jefferson, [illegible] ster commanded the homage and veneration of the nation, but it loved Clay, Lincoln and Blaine, with all of their faults.

The tendency of American life is to force our young people into shrewd adults, who try anxiously to rid themselves of impulse and emotion.

It is a common sarcasm among the young that their fathers and mothers enjoy jokes and are touched by sentiment which their children are quite too old to care for.

But may not the fin de siecle boys and girls be losing an element of strength when they forget how to weep and make merry.—Youth's Companion.

Effect of Faith In Times of Sickness.

The effect of belief or faith, the effect of mind over the matter of the body, is one of the mysterious things in all science. It is unquestionably a fact, demonstrated beyond all dispute by thousands of observed cases. Long before it was admitted or studied by scientific men it was commonly known, and that, too, among races of little mental development. Who shall say when the first enemy prayed his enemy to death among the natives of the South Sea islands? Who can tell when the first Obi man "put cunjer" on him who had defied him? The religious mysteries of vanished nations are full of recorded occurrences that may only be explained by this extraordinary power.—Cyrus Edson, M. D., in North American Review.

Gold and Silver Paint.

"Let me tell you how to buy gold or silver paint," says a lady. "Don't get it mixed or in the little bottles of powder and liquid that come prepared in boxes. Get the gold, silver or bronze powder by the ounce and buy the liquid medium separately, as many ounces at a time as you wish. You know the bottle of liquid never lasts as long as your powder because it dries away and evaporates so rapidly. In this case you get any amount you wish. Mix a small amount at a time, use it as quickly as you can after it is prepared and always keep your bottle corked."—Philadelphia Times.

McSwine's gun is a prodigious cavity in the cliffs on the coast of County Donegal, Ireland, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound like the booming of a cannon, which can be heard 20 or 30 miles away.

Were the superfluities of a nation valued and made a perpetual tax or benevolence, there would be more almshouses than poor, more schools than scholars and enough to spare for government besides.—Penn.

Pro Mortius.

What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work; a noble life:
Some music harmonized from strife,
Some finished thing, ere the slack hands at eve
Drop—should be his to leave.

One gem of song, defying age:
A hard-won fight—a well-worked farm;
A law no guile can twist to harm;
Some tale as our lost Thackeray's, bright, or sage
As the just Hallam's page.

Or in life's homeliest, meanest spot,
To strike the circle of his years
A perfect curve through joys and tears,
Leaving a pure name to be known, or not—
This is a man's true lot.

He dies—he leaves the deed or name,
A gift forever to his land
In trust to friendship's guardian hand
Bound 'gainst all adverse shocks to keep his fame,
Or to the world proclaim.

But the imperfect thing, or thought—
The fervid yeastiness of youth
The skeptic's doubt—the twilight truth—
The work that in the passing day was wrought
The schemes that came to naught.

The sketch half way 'twixt verse and prose,
That mocks the finished picture true,
The splinters whence the statue grew,
The scaffolding 'neath whence the palace rose,
The vague—abortive—throes.

And crudities of joy or gloom:—
In kind oblivion let them be:
Nor has the dead worse foe than he
Who rakes these sweepings of the artist's room,
And piles them on his tomb.

Ah! 'tis but little that the best
Frail children of a fleeting hour,
Can leave of perfect fruit or flower!
Ah! let all else be graciously suppres't
When man lies down to rest.

F. Y. P., in *Spectator*.

HE ANSWERED AN AD.

It was when I was considerably younger and greener than I am now—When I wore my shirt collars turned down and tried to believe that my red hair could be pomatumed down to a deep auburn, and that the squint in my left eye was merely a pensive impression.

I had just hung out my shingle, and not a client had come near me. I was over head and ears in debt, and, what was worse, saw no way of being any better off.

That was the way matters stood one dark November when, not quite certain whether it was the better plan to breakfast off laudanum or to hire a hand organ and go out by the day, I took up the newspaper in a sort of cool desperation.

"Wanted—A baby to adopt."

I wasn't a baby, and therefore probably wouldn't suit, though I was quite sure that no screaming wretch with pink nose and white long clothes ever needed adoption more than I did!

"Wanted—A girl for general housework."

There again my six feet and carroty beard stood in the way.

As I listlessly glanced over the teeming columns, mentally commenting on them after this fashion, my eye suddenly became arrested by a paragraph just below:

"A widow lady of means would like a companion for life. Wealth no object. Good looks and polished manners indispensable."

There was certainly no reason, I thought, why I should not answer to the latter clause of the advertisement.

"Now, here's a curious coincident," quoth I to myself, hurriedly emptying a cologne bottle over my hair to hide the predominant smell of tobacco smoke. "A widow lady wants a husband, and I want money. Dozens of fellows marry for money every day of their lives, and I do not see why I may not do the same thing."

I donned my best lilac necktie, tied carefully so as to hide the ragged spots, brushed my coat neatly, drew on a pair of not very much soiled kid gloves. Then catching up the newspaper I hastily sought the eventful paragraph, jotted down the address and trotted off in high spirits.

A trim looking maidservant answered the bell as I gave it a modest little jerk.

"Is your mistress at home?"

"Don't know, sir. What may be your business?"

"I—I called in answer to the advertisement." I stood sheepishly in the hall, balancing first on one heel then on the other, the girl returned and ushered me into an elegant little morning room.

In a luxurious easy chair besides a writing table sat a lady about 30, whose fresh pretty face was charmingly set off by a scarlet cashmere morning wrapper.

I came to the conclusion that this widow was a most fascinating little creature.

She didn't ask me to be seated—perhaps she was a little timid about it—so I stood with my hat in my hand while she referred languidly to a little written memorandum on the table. Perhaps—and my heart sank into my boots at the idea—she had more applications than one for the vacant post.

"You are come in answer to my advertisement of this morning?" she asked.

I nodded, and the blood mounted to the very roots of my hair.

"What can you do?" she asked abruptly. I hazarded the bold answer of:

"Everything madam."

"I suppose you can bring me good references?"

"I assure you, ma'am, they shall be entirely satisfactory."

"Where was your last place?"

Here was a posing question. I looked up at the ceiling, down at the floor, but no inspiration came to my aid as I stammered out, with my face aflame and my eyes rivited on the lining of my hat:

"I—to tell the truth, ma'am— I never have been married!"

"Married?" she repeated, "Oh, that's no objection! I mean where did you live last?"

I mentioned the street and number where my tin sign hung out. She noted it down in a fairy notebook.

"I shall want you," she remarked, playing abstractedly with her little gold pencil, "to work in my garden occasionally and attend to my horses when the coachman is not on hand. How much do you expect a month? I allowed my last $10 a month and his clothing."

My hair stood on end. Ten dollars a month! No wonder my predecessor had walked out of the world. Ten dollars wouldn't keep me in cigars, to say nothing of kid gloves and newspapers.

"Madam," quoth I meekly, "is not that rather a limited income to allow a husband in society?"

A husband? Who's talking about husbands?" ejaculated the lady, dropping her pencil and sitting up erect in her chair.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—did not you advertise for a husband?"

"I advertised for a footman!"

"There is some mistake, ma'am—are you not the widow lady of means who"—

"I am not a widow—and if you do not instantly leave the house I will prove the fact by calling my husband to pitch you out of the window!"

I went back to the shadow of the tin sign a wiser and better man.

I'm married now, as you know, to as pretty a little woman as ever wore No. 3 slippers—but I courted her in the old fashioned way, and the money she pays the housekeeping bills with is what I earn in an honest, above board style.

MICHIGAN PEACH BELT.

For the benefit of our readers who may know little or less about the famous Michigan peach belt, a resident and practical fruit grower of that favored region furnishes us with the following facts:

The territory so widely known as "The Fruit Belt" of Western Michigan is so designated because it is limited to a narrow belt of land averaging about two miles in width, along the Lake Michigan shore, and is chiefly embraced in the counties of Berrien, Van Buren and Allegan.

Although peaches are grown to a limited extent still further north on the shore line, and all other hardy fruits flourish there as elsewhere throughout the state, for climatic reasons these sections are necessarily limited to the production of the earlier and consequently the less remunerative varities. Hence, Van Buren county and the region in the vicinity of South Haven, is deemed the center of the peach territory, and by referring to the State and United States Signal Service maps the inquiring reader will find that this fact is due to its being the centre of the warmest air currents, which result from proximity to the widest and deepest portion of the lake. The lake is never frozen over at this point, and the prevailing winds coming from the Southwest and the Northwest in contact with the open water are invariably shorn of the extremes of temperature which is elsewhere fatal to the tender peach buds. Then, again, this open expanse of water is so reduced in temperature during the winter that it operates to prevent the early development of the fruit buds until all danger of late frosts have passed by. This is the whole secret of successful peach growing in the so-called peach belt, and from the fact that there has been but one total failure of a peach crop in a period of twenty-five years, peach growing in this locality is believed to be at least as reliable a vocation as that of corn or wheat culture in the most favored region of the West, and as statistics indicate, many times more remunerative.

A recent extensive inspection of peach orchards in this vicinity demonstrates that they are in prime condition, and that the crop this season will be unprecedented in bulk, that growers are indulging in high anticipations of net proceeds in view of the extra demand from World's Fair visitors, and because of the reputed destruction of the embryo crop in most of the peach producing sections of the South. *Copied.*

PAY OF THE PRESIDENT.

All Told, He Costs the Country $125,000 a Year.

There is a general idea that the President's salary of $50,000 a year is all he receives, and that, when compared with the salaries paid the sovereigns of Europe, this sum is not enough. This is a mistake. In addition to this salary, the President receives $35,064 to pay the salaries of his clerks and subordinates. His private secretary has $3250, his assistant secretary, $2250; the stenographer gets $1800, each of five messengers $1200 the steward $1800: each of the two doorkeepers $1200, while other employes are paid in proportion, down to the man who takes care of the fires, who receives $864. In addition $8000 are allowed for incidentals, such as stationery and carpets, $12,500 for repairs and refurnishing, $2500 for fuel, $4000 for the greenhouse, and $15,000 for the stable, gas and other incidentals. In all the President and his house costs the country over $125,000.—*St. Louis, Globe Democrat.*

EULALIA'S GLASS DRESS.

It is a World's Fair Present and the Princess Prizes it Highly.

One of the oddest of the Infanta's American presents is an evening dress of glass, which the Princess has promised to wear in Spain the first opportunity she has. The glass fabric, which is as fine as silk, soft, white, pliable and lustrous, was made up into a rich evening toilet by Mme. Victorine.

The warp of the fabric is silk, and the filling is glass fibre on thread. The waist is trimmed with white chiffon. The skirt is of the glass cloth trimmed with glass braid sewed upon satin ribbon. Ten yards of the material, valued at $25 a yard, were required to make the dress. One loom, operated by a girl, produced only half a yard in a day.—*New York Times.*

Reciting the Liturgy.

When Prince George of Wales took command of the gunboat Thrush he also took upon himself the usual duty of conducting the religious service on the vessel on Sunday mornings. Everything went well apparently, but at the end of about four weeks some one suggested to the prince that he was not reciting the liturgy according to Cranmer, although the ship's company was highly flattered by his rendering. He had been reciting fervently and humbly, "We have done those things that we ought to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought not to have done," and the crew had been accepting his statement of the case and feeling good.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Maidens Sold at Auction.

A singular custom obtains to this day in some of the towns on the Lower Rhine, namely that of "selling" maidens at public auctions. For nearly four centuries, on Easter Monday—auction day—the town crier or clerk of St. Goar has called all the young people together, and to the highest bidder sold the privilege of dancing with the chosen girl, and her only, during the entire year. The fees are put into the public poor-box.

CONDENSED SERMONS.

Truth in a Nutshell for Serious-Minded Readers.

Hesitation and vacillation are two qualities which count for a good deal in the histories of disappointment. A man who is not quite certain which way he means to go, and stands hesitating at the cross-roads, makes no progress on his journey; and a woman who has a heap of odds and ends to attend to—household duties, letters to write, visits to pay, etc.—and sits down with her hands before her, trying to make up her mind what she will begin upon first, will never do anything so long as she sits there.

The greatest need of the day is an education away from the fearful danger of a haste to be rich; a cultivation of the quiet and improving arts, an encouragement of genial and benevolent lives, a preservation of home virtues, a teaching of the truth that moderation best serves the cause of happiness and a demonstration that in helpfulness to others man best helps himself.

There is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best. Were this truth more often emphasized, there would be more courage and energy infused into sad and desponding hearts. The compensation may seem shadowy and afar off, but it is not so. It attends everyone who is conscientious, painstaking and resolute, and will not desert him, whatever may be the fate of his exertions in other respects.

Truth is powerful, and its course is straight in working its way through a matter, whatever may strive to hide or bury it in darkness.

Strength must be found in thought, or it will never be found in words. High-sounding words without thoughts corresponding, are efforts without effect.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not for light of the sun because you can use a candle.

To repent without mending one's ways is to pump out the ship without stopping the leak.—*Roseleaf.*

IF SHE WERE ONLY RICH.

A Californian Who Would Spend Much Money in Just Keeping Clean.

"If I were rich I would be clean, beautiful and happy. As a matter of fact it costs a great deal of money to be clean. Personal cleanliness means clean clothes and plenty of them, hot water, a private bath-room, individual toilet articles and an accasional purchase of druggists' supplies. A good flesh brush alone costs $2, and linen towels, velvet sponges and pure soaps are not to be had for the asking.

If I had money I would take 12 vapor baths a year. I would have a shower, a foot bath, scales and a health lift in my bathroom. I would have one milk bath a month as a skin tonic, and three hot tubs a week for beauty sleep. I would use 75 cent camel hair tooth brushes, $12 a dozen web towels, palm oil soap, $2 a pint violet water, and alcohol by the gallon for morning sponge baths. Every day 'boots' should come to polish my shoes, and brush my wraps and dress, and every other day I would receive a coiffeur to brush not my hair, but my head. I would have white lambs' wool body garments for winter and white woven silk for warm weather. So much for the toilet.

If I could afford $2 worth of cab service for a weekly airing, a two weeks' sea voyage, one month of travel, two complete outfits a year made by a French modiste of my own selection, $25 a week for the table supplies I know to be health producing, hence beautifying, and had access to the professional service of a medical surgeon and a dentist I would be a very good looking woman."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

WIFE BURIED ALIVE.

The Awful Discovery, However, Cures Her Maniac Husband.

One year ago Charles Boger, of Morrisons, was married, and nine months later he was a widower. He became crazed with grief eventually, and as a result his affliction produced a dementia pronounced incurable. He raved continually about his wife, and entertained the idea that she had been foully dealt with. So strongly did he believe in this that his friends decided to disinter the body, and a most horrible discovery was made.

The body was found face downward and all the evidences which go to show that the woman had been buried alive were plainly apparent. The glass in the lid of the coffin was broken. The shroud enveloping the form was torn to shreds. The limbs were twisted and distorted, the hair torn, and in her hands she clutched a bunch of it.

Those who were engaged in disinterring the body fell back entirely overcome. The only composed man in the party was the demented husband. He assumed an air of complacency, and assisted in the work of rearranging the body. He has shown no signs of mental aberration since, and from all appearances his mental powers have been restored.

It Saves the Children.

"My little boy was very bad off for two months with diarrhœa. We used various medicines, also called in two doctors, but nothing done him any good until we used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which gave immediate relief and soon cured him. I consider it the best medicine made and can conscientiously recommend it to all who need a diarrhœa or colic medicine. J. E. Hare, Trenton. Tex. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist, Chestertown, Md.; J. P. Ireland, Galena, Md.; Dr. N. Comegys, Millington, Md.

THE roofers' strike in St. Louis has been declared off, and the men resumed work at the terms of the bosses, who agreed to henceforth recognize the union.

THE value of a good name was well exemplified the other day, when a man asked one of our druggists for a bottle of Sarsaparilla. "Whose?" inquired the clerk. "Whose? why, Ayer's, of course. Ye don't suppose I'm going to run any risks with Hannah, do ye?"