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The Chestertown Transcript.

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ADVERTISE
YOUR BUSINESS
—in the—
Transcript.

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.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 215 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
County business solicited. Special attention to collections in the city. s28-Y.

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.

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.

Stewart Fruit Company.
WHOLESALE
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.
Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

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

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 BASIN, JR.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 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. E. PROBERT.
LONEY & CO.,
Successors to Wright & Loney.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 15 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

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

SCHOOL BOOK NOTICE!
A FULL LINE OF
SCHOOL BOOKS!
Old Geographies, Algebras & Geometies taken in exchange.
TABLETS,
and Everything necessery for School Work.
TOULSON'S DRUG STORE

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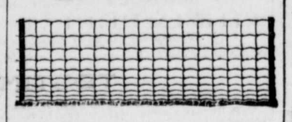

THE COMING FENCE

The wooden age is past,
The old rails are rotting fast,
To replace them with the same I know wil 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 exclusice 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

FOR BARGAINS
VISIT
H. L. CHEW,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
—AND—
Groceries,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

STAM'S HALL!
Corner Store.
School Books
AND
School Supplies!
The Largest Stock
—AND—
The Lowest Prices!
The School Board, by a very close contract with the publishers, have succeeded in getting the School Books used in the Kent county schools at a very small margin above the actual cost of the books. We supply them to the schools at the prices arranged by the board, consequently our profit is a very small one, and we are compelled to sell them positively for
CASH!
Orders from distant parts of the county will be promptly attended to.
COLIN F. STAM,
Aug. 31, 1893. DRUGGIST.

A Perfect Fit
CAN ALWAY BE DEPENDED ON
When You Purchase of Us,
THEN OUR STOCK
Being so Enormous This Season
we cannot fail to please you in pattern, and the
PRICE

won't bother you a bit. Now is the time to select your OVERCOAT and SUIT. You have the choice of all our new designs to select from and get a month's more wear out of it.
All the New Styles in Hats and Neckwear.
FULL LINE FURNISHINGS GENERALLY.
All goods warranted as represented and satisfaction guaranteed.
Respectfully,
MOODY & LUSBY,
Few doors below Postoffice. MAIN STREET.

THE BICKFORD AND HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILL.
Positive Force Feed for Wheat and Fertilizer.

DOUBLE DISTRIBUTOR. — PERFECT FEED DEVICE.
"As Ye Sow So Shall Ye Reap."
The most practical and modern Grain Drill in the world. In use everywhere. It talks in the wheat field, while competitors talk on the fence. "The best is cheapest," first, last and always.

REESE'S Complete FERTILIZERS,
High Grade, Full Strength and in Fine Drilling Condition.
Reese's Half Guano and Half Bone Phosphate, Reese's Challenge Crop Grower, Reese's Excellenza Soluble Phosphate, Reese's Crown Bone Phosphate and Potash, Reese's Elm Bone Phosphate.
These Phosphates have been largely used in Kent and Queen Anne's counties for a number of years and always with the best results. The best results for the past harvest have been from the use of Reese's Phosphates, as we can show testimonials to prove.

Call and See Our Line of CARRIAGES and ROAD CARTS
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 ROLERS,
Complete Implements. FALLOW HARROWS. A Complete Line of FARM IMPLEMENTS.

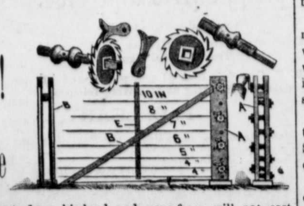
CUSTOM AND READY-MADE HARNESS.
All kinds of REPAIR WORK done in the neatest manner.
SPLENDID STOCK OF LAP DUSTERS, FLY NETS, HORSE GOODS.
SMITH & CLEMENTS,
Chestertown, Md.

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.

FALL FARM IMPLEMENTS
Sold at Cost!
The undersigned, intending to devote his entire time to the Van Wagoner and Kitselman Wire Farm, Lawn, Garden and Poultry Fences, will sell his stock of Farm Implements AT COST. It consists of
FARM WAGONS
with side boards and end stakes. One Excentric Short Turning Peach Wagon with Peach Body for 64 baskets. Pulverizing Land Roller, all iron and steel. Wood Land Roller, 7½ feet. Steel Land Roller 6 ft. 3 in. (2-foot sections). 60 Teeth Smoothing Harrows, Lever Spring-Tooth Harrow, Center or over-laping Disk Harrows. Imperial Plows—2 and 3-horse—very cheap, $8.50 and $9.50. Complete Farm Wagon Harness, Wagon and Carriage Jacks, Several good Second-Hand Carriages. EVERYTHING CHEAP. Repairs for implements sold heretofore can be had of other dealers. Orders taken for
THE VAN WAGONER
Patent Ratchet Fence!
ALSO FOR THE
Kitselman Woven-Wire Fence

Every farmer should buy a FARM-RIGHT to fence his land, and your fence will not cost you over 30 to 40 cents per rod. Call and examine stock to be sold, and buy fence.
JOSEPH GUEST, Chestertown, Md.

THE BLOTTED NOTE.

As I rambled through a casket
Of letters old and brown,
Among those time-worn relics
A blotted note I found.
'Twas by a school-boy's simple hand
Penned long years ago,
To "Mary, brown-eyed sweet-heart"
From "true and loving Joe."

How those words of boyish passion
So free from studied art,
Once filled with sweetest fancy
My merry girlish heart!
Memory now reverting
Brings back those days of joy.
When I was "sweet heart Mary"
And Joe a bare-foot boy.

Years have flown and we are changed
As all things change below;
The hand which penned those lines
Lies cold beneath the snow.
"Mary" is a woman now
Schooled in life's hard ways,
Yet sometimes o'er her path way
Falls a light of other days.

Looking back she sees again
The sparkle of his eye,
And hears his boyish laughter
As in the days gone by.
Long ago—yet to my heart
So very, very near!
Dear Joe upon this blotted note
I drop a silent tear.

DAME TRINJE'S TWO MOVINGS.

BY JOSEPHINE GATES.

In the year seventeen hundred and something, there lived an old lady who moved twice in one week, and thereby hangs a tale. She dwelt in an old stone house with a high peaked roof, whose deep windows looked out on the Hudson river, and her name was Katrinje— well, never mind what, for she was commonly known as Trinje, and sometimes in her own family as Gran. She was a widow, and the same roof sheltered her youngest son, Cornelius, his wife, Aletta, and Aletta's young sister, Anne.

In those days it was the fashion for children, of whatever age, to submit in all things to their parents, and, since Trinje was a terribly capable old woman, it is safe to say that neither Aletta nor Anne had a very easy time. Trinje's first grievance was that Cornelius had married a little nobody of a tailoress who did not even know who her grandfather was, and burdened in the bargain, with her young sister.

She kept Aletta and Anne flying from one task to another from morning till night in spite of the fact that Aletta was supposed to be the mistress of the house and she but a retired housewife. But she would not stay retired. She wore a blue short gown, a sacque, and a white cap, and she scolded, now in Dutch, now in queer English, every hour in the day.

"Do yer'ly see them kettles hanging on the fence the whole forenoon?" she would sharply demand if the brightly scoured tins hung out an instant longer than was absolutely necessary to sweeten them. Then would Aletta's heart quake in her bosom, and, as she flew to bring in the tins, she would throw a reproachful glance at Anne which asked as clearly as print: "Has Nicholas been a courting you again?" And Anne's blushing cheeks told all too plainly that Trinje's grandson, Nicholas, had crept up from the river bank in the jasmine scented dusk and whispered nonsense to pretty Anne in the garden. And worse still, Trinje had caught him at it.

Nicholas was the only son of Joris, Trinje's oldest son, who lived a mile or so down the river in a fine stone mansion. Joris had married the daughter of a rich patroon in Albany. They had great possessions, and this rollicking Nicholas was not the least of them. That he should throw himself away on poor, pretty Anne was not to be tolerated.

One night Nicholas stole a farewell kiss from Anne in the friendly shadows of the garden. His father was sending him to Albany on pretence of engaging him in business there, but in reality at the imperative bidding of Trinje to the end that he might forget Anne.

"Courage, sweetheart," he whispered. "It is but for a time. Gran will soon get tired of objecting if no one opposes her, and then, Ho! for a wedding."

But Anne was not so hopeful. The days dragged wearily by and the only news she had of Nicholas was such fragments as fell from old Trinje's lips as she stalked busily about the house: how gay Nicholas was, how much he was courted by the great folks among whom he went, and how possible was the arrangement of a fine wedding, and so on.

Anne bore her unhappiness bravely. If Nicholas had forgotten her, very well. She had still Letty to love and help, and accordingly she shouldered more and more of the household tasks, hoping thereby to win the toleration, at least, of Trinje.

And so time went on until snow lay on the ground, and then came a little period of great excitement. The Dominie was to be married to his third wife, and a great wedding was to celebrate the event. Old Trinje was to go in fine style in Joris' coach. She was to wear a grey brocaded gown that was older than she was, with a cap of lace that was simply gorgeous with its tall bows and stiff rosettes.

The great day drew near and the grown was taken from its linen covering, but, alack and alas, the box which had contained the imposing cap was empty. Look where they would the cap was nowhere to be found. And what, pray, was a gown, however magnificent, without a cap equally fine to go with it.

Old Trinje was fairly beside herself with rage. Her shrill "Do yer'ly" this, and "Do yer'ly" that, rang out from garret to cellar in her excited search for the lost cap. Plainly, it was gone forever. And plainly, too, to Trinje's reasoning, it had been stolen. And who could have stolen it but that idle little baggage, Anne. Trinje would not live in the house with a thief—not she! She would move to Joris' house that very day.

Anne fled to the garret and cried. Cornelius, in his stolid way, said: "Very well, mother," and Aletta, though wild with dismay, stood her ground speechless, it is true, but ready, with wifely submission, to do her husband's bidding.

Did Trinje first ask permission of Joris to make his house her home? Not at all. She simply sent him word that she was coming.

Meanwhile, at Cornelius' house the excitement did not abate, for nobody in that house had ever had a moving. Gran's projected flitting was considered a tremendous exploit, and although, had the manner of her going been different, both Anne and Aletta would have secretly rejoiced. They now trembled at the trial of wrath and gloom which she would be sure to leave behind. Cornelius would not be easily appeased.

As the procession grew dim in the distance Anne fell to thinking how she should ever straighten out the tangled threads of Aletta's life. But for her, her sister's way would be smooth enough. If she only knew of some way, no matter how difficult, to win Gran's favor, how gladly would she make the trial. For example, if she could but find the lost cap before the Dominie's wedding then, indeed, might she hope to gain the road to Trinje's heart.

But it was useless to think of that. It had disappeared as by magic, and she knew of no magic that would restore it. But stop—Anne's blue eyes brightened with a gleam of hope. With nimble fingers and her store of mother wit and that precious bit of old Flemish lace, that darling heirloom, so jealously guarded from her childhood, why could she not evolve a new cap that would enable Trinje to go to the wedding crowned with such a rare bit of millinery that would soften that hard old heart towards all. Ah, but what a sacrifice! It was her only possession that could possibly point to the fact that she, too, had had ancestors, like these proud old Dutch dames who knew their family history for generations.

She had never shown Trinje the lace because she feared Gran would only sniff at it scornfully and doubtingly as she did at Aletta's two thin little silver teaspoons that had, they hardly knew how, come to them with the lace.

Not for Nicholas would Anne have parted with the dainty web—let that light o' love marry whom he would, but for dear Letty's sake would she risk her treasure, praying the while, that the sacrifice would restore Trinje to her old home, and so peace to them all. And then Anne fell diligently to work.

On the morning of the Dominie's wedding the cap was completed. Nothing more gorgeous could be imagined. With the cap concealed in a basket Anne set mysteriously forth over the snowy road to Joris' house.

But she had not covered half of her journey before she beheld an ox team approaching. The clumsy sled—could it be!—was loaded with Trinje's well-known belongings, the clock, the bed, the side-board, and, behold! Trinje herself seated grimly aloft, while tramping gaily behind who but Nicholas, whistling merrily and going through all sorts of antics. But why this speedy second moving? Astonishment and the sudden vision of Trinje added to the thrilling spectacle of Nicholas, caused Anne's legs to quake beneath her. The cap suddenly ceased to inspire her with courage.

Directly Trinje caught sight of the blushing Anne standing stock still in the snowy road, she promptly called a halt, and hospitably shouted:

"Climb up, but, Anne! Do yer'ly want to be trampled on by the oxen, then?"

And Anne, amazed at this friendly greeting, and skillfully eluding Nicholas' too ardent assistance, was soon seated beside Gran, who poured into her ear a voluble account of the second moving.

It was the dog, she said, all the fault of Baalche's dog, Rutt. To think that Joris would allow his wife to keep a dog about the house passed her understanding. And never would she live in a house where they kept a dog—never! Did Anne mind the day when she, Trinje, had brought forth her brocaded gown and fine cap to show to Lispeth Von Boskirk? T'was but a fortnight since. And was not Baalche by with that wicked little beast, Rutt? Fancy, then, that Rutt seizing the cap when no one chanced to see, and racing away with it in his teeth all the way to Joris's house where he carefully concealed it in the barn, and had chewed it almost beyond recognition, and there its mangled remains had been discovered only that very morning. And you may depend upon it, Joris's black servants were set to work in a twinkling loading up for the return trip, for never, never would she live in a house where they kept a dog.

Then Anne shyly produced the cap, telling in a faltering way, how some fair ancestress, she fondly hoped and believed, had worn the lace of which her offering was composed, years and years ago in some distant land, and, that though it was her most treasured possession, still, she gladly made the gift, hoping Gran would temper her dislike to the donor and bestow her kindliest favor on dear Aletta.

And Gran? Well, she was a very stiff old dame, proud of her long train of honest ancestors, and perhaps questions arose in her logical mind as to whether the beautiful lace was not a chance wind-fall of fortune rather than the sacred heirloom of Anne's imagination. But it would have taken a harder heart than Trinje's to cast a doubt on Anne's simple faith, or to close unsympathetically against the unselfish love and hope that beamed from the sweet young face.

Trinje looked admiringly at the wonderful cap, and then said, very softly, for her:

"Bless you, child! The lace, I doubt not belonged to some high-born dame beyond seas, your great-great-grandmother, mayhap, but, after all, what are ancestors beside such simple goodness as yours, and what are lands and money compared to such a dowry as your pure, unselfish heart. Ho! Nicholas, her's a bride for you, and with a royal dower.

Trinje never did anything by halves, you see.

And so Trinje was settled in her old home once more, to the pride and joy of Cornelius, and, consequently, to the peace of the rest of the household. She went to the Dominie's wedding in high feather, and then the cap was taken to pieces that the lace might serve to deck Anne's wedding-dress.

When Anne would declare to Nicholas, as she felt impelled to do a dozen times a day, that she couldn't see how Gran had ever brought herself to tolerate their marriage, Nicholas would smilingly reply:

"When an old woman like my grandmother is so spirited and adventurous as to move twice in one week, there's no telling how many opinions she may have, nor how often she may change them."

Right.

She saw him off upon the train,
And showed that parting was but pain.
"At every stopping place," she said,
"Be sure you write, then go ahead."
—*Judge.*

TO SLEEP.

The following is the last poem written by Alfred Tennyson, and for which he received $25.00 a word:

To sleep! to sleep! the long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun
To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er the joys they vanish with the day;
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away,
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
Sleep, happy soul! All life will sleep at last;
To sleep! to sleep!

A Comical Situation.

In a church boarding-school, a few years ago, the scholars and teachers were assembled for morning prayer. The reading and singing were over and all resuming their seats when one of the young ladies, of a very short thick stature, missing her chair, seated herself with a thud on the floor. Nobody smiled. All were too decorous for that. The fallen one, embarrassed into the momentary loss of common-sense, retained her lowly seat, opened her prayer book, and appeared to be earnestly engaged in examining its contents. This was almost too much for her companions, and a smile began to struggle on many a fair countenance, when the rector arose and began reading the first morning lesson. He read from the fifth chapter of Amos, as follows: "The virgin of Israel has fallen; she shall no more rise; she is forsaken upon her land; there is none to raise her up." This was too much; the voice of the rector trembled as he looked up and saw the fallen virgin; the scholars turned red in their faces, and the exercises were brought to a hasty close.—*Sunday School Visitor.*

A Plan That Worked.

"How did you break yourself of the habit of lying in bed till noon?" inquired the man in the white duck trousers.

"I adopted the self-cure," replied the man with the wart on his face. "I wrote letters to myself, beginning this way: 'You lazy, good-for-nothing hound, what do you mean by lounging in bed when you ought to be at work like other men? You sneaking, skulking, lubberly, idle, worthless bag of bones; if you've got an ounce of manhood, get up!' On my way home at night I would stop at a district telegraph office, leave one of those letters addressed to myself, with instructions to have the messenger take it to my house at 7 o'clock in the morning. It was always brought to me on time and I was waked up to receive it. I would open it, read it and roll out. That's the self-cure, gentlemen, and all it costs is ten cents a dose.—*New York Mercury.*

Peggy Stewart Day.

Maryland Society Sons of the American Revolution will celebrate Peggy Stewart Day, October 19th, on which day the vessel and the tea she brought were burned in Annapolis harbor. The 19th of October is also the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallie, at Yorktown, in 1781, which was the closing event of the Revolutionary war. The celebration proceded by an address on the revolutionary history of Maryland. Invitations to the reception will be extended to the Society of the Cincinnatti, Colonial Wars, and Sons of the Revolutions, and to the members of the Societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames. The annual business meeting will be held at 6 P. M., at the Lyceum Parlors, after the reception will take place.

THE Ottoman salutation is, "Be under the guard of God!" In Arabia, on the first meeting of the day, the proper phrase is, "May God strengthen your morning!" or "May your morning be good!" The Persian begins his polite address with, "I make prayers for thy greatness." The return to a salutation in the Orient is sometimes not only religious but noncommittal. If an Arab is directly asked about his health he responds, "Praise be to God!" leaving his conditions to be inferred from the modulation of his voice. The Zuni exchange the prayer, "May the light of the gods rest with thee!"—*Christian Register.*

A KANSAS WOMAN who has been elected police justice of her city has adopted a novel solution of the tramp problem. The first tramp who was brought before her for judgment was sentenced to two baths a day for ten days and to hard labor on the stone pile, with the order that he should be fed if he worked and starved if he shirked. The prisoner survived the ordeal, but now the first question a tramp asks on approaching a Kansas town is whether the police justice is a man or a woman.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

THE smallest, simplest and best protected post-office in the world is in the Strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years; it consists of a small keg or cask chained to the rocks of the extreme cape, in the straits opposite Terra del Fuego; each passing ship sends a boat to take the letters out and put others in, the post-office is self-acting and unprovided with a postmaster, and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

HE WAS WRONG.—"Well," said a facetious stranger to a member of the brass band, "there is one thing for you to be thankful for."

"Vat is dose?" inquired the musician.

"You can always blow your own horn."

"Nein, my friendt. Dis cornet is borrowed."—*Washington Star.*

An Old Soldier Made Happy.

"During my term of service in the army I contracted chronic diarrhœa," says A. E. Bending, of Halsey, Oregon. "Since then I have used a great amount of medicine, but when I found any that would give me relief they would injure my stomach, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy was brought to my notice. I used it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permament relief and no bad results follow."

For sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown Md.; J. P. Ireland, Galena, Md.; Dr. N. Comegys, Millington, Md.

THE farm laborer is now better paid in proportion than most classes, for his wages have shown little or no decline during the past twenty years, while prices of all kinds of farm products have ruled on a declining scale.

HOW SOME OLD SAYINGS ORIGINATED.

"A Roland for an Oliver" is an old expression, which dates from the time of Charlemagne. Roland was his nephew, and like the great Charles, was eight feet high. Oliver, a celebrated knight of the same period, was quite a match for him, and they agreed to test their respective strength and skill in a combat on an island in the Rhine. The contest lasted five days without the slightest advantage to either; if Roland got in a well-directed blow, his opponent gave him quite as good a one in return; or if Oliver performed a feat of extraordinary skill, Roland was sure to match it with a movement quite as adroit.

It was a remarkable and altogether unsettled combat, and it gave rise to the saying, "a Roland for an Oliver," when a person who has attacked another receives a blow or a retort fully equal to what he has given. Whatever it may be that is received, a return in kind is often called "a Roland for an Oliver."

"A feather in one's cap" is especially comical when applied to a person who could not be induced to wear either the feather or the cap; but the origin of this expression is many hundred years old, and belongs to Hungary, where it is said to have been an ancient custom among the inhabitants, "that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom only it was lawful to show the number of his slain enemies by the number of feathers in his cap."

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" was first used when Westminster Abbey was called St. Peter's Cathedral. Money being needed to settle the accounts of St. Paul's Cathedral, it was taken by those in authority from St. Peter's quite to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Over two hundred years afterward, the saying was again used in regard to the same churches at the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that so great a statesman should be buried in St. Paul's, while Parliament insisted that one so noble in every way would be more properly placed amid the dust of kings in Westminster Abbey, and that not to bury him there would be for the second time "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul." The Abbey very justly carried the day.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is a very old saying, and was first uttered to the King of Samos, an island in the Grecian Archipelago. This King Ancæus by name, planted a vineyard and treated the slaves who cultivated it so badly that one of them told him he would never live to taste the wine made from it. When the wine was ready, and a cup of it poured out for the King, he sent for the slave who had prophesied his death, and asked him what he thought of his prophecy now. The slave replied, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"—and just as he had spoken the words Ancæus received warning that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard and was ruining it. Putting down the wine untasted, he rushed out to attack the boar, and was killed.—*Harper's Young People.*

For Women.

The French woman, unlike her English sister, has, as a rule, a very good business education. In the common schools she is taught household book-keeping, and is given lessons in purchasing and useful expenditure. As a wife she is expected generally to help her husband in his business, and sometimes she manages it entirely for him. In the small stores she acts as clerk for him, and in the larger ones she is an equal partner. The Bon Marche was made famous by Mme. Boucicault, who helped her husband to found and maintain the establishment, and after his death she took entire charge of it. Her system was one of so much kindness and consideration toward her employees that they called her "the Lady of the Bon Marche," and looked upon her as almost a saint. There are many other large establishments in Paris managed by women. Mme. Coquelin, it is said, invests all her husband's money for him, and many of the wives of artists manage the selling and exhibition of their husband's work, attend to the collecting and paying of debts, obtain orders and call upon newspaper men, doing all the necessary work to make their husband's artistic efforts profitable.

TWENTY MILLIONS of articles of mail matter pass through the post offices of the United States each day, and nearly half a million of letters are received annually at the Dead Letter Office, because of illegibility of penmanship. Ninety-five per cent. of the letters are delivered to their consignees, and only five per cent. thus become dead letters, *i. e.*, are returned to their writers.

These ninety-five per cent. constitute what are known as "live letters," and their handling is the work of one of the most important of the departments of the Dead Letter Office in Washington, D. C., the presiding genius of which is Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins, impersonally known as "the blind reader," from her wonderful ability in deciphering unintelligent addresses and localizing miscalled places.—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

They Give Their Reasons.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to know in what respect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better than any other. We will tell you. When this Remedy is taken as soon as a cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it will counteract the effect of the cold and greatly lessen it's severity, and it is the only remedy that will do this. It acts in perfect harmony with nature and aids nature in relieving the lungs, opening the secretions, liquefying the mucus and causing its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs and restoring the system to a strong and healthy condition. No other remedy in the market possesses these remarkable properties. No other will cure a cold so quickly.

For sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.; J. P. Ireland, Galena, Md.; Dr. N. Comegys, Millington, Md.

The Wedding Finger.

How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand? That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be connected by a slender nerve with the heart itself. And these ancient worshipers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.—*Detroit Free Press.*