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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.

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.

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 P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 115 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA
CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. R. 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.

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 Merchats,
121 LIGHT STREET,
Between Pratt and Lombard Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD
Telephone 1073.
March 16, 1893.
H. T. FAUNTLEROY. JOSEPH RASIN, JR.

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

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. PROPRIETO

COAL AND WOOD
OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember, we sell
The Lea Coal
WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.
Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.
2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.
Office on Cannon street, near Princess.
J. T TWILLEY,
July 31, 1890—tf.

Farm Needs for the Fall Season.
CORNSHELLERS
FODDER CUTTING MACHINERY,
Carriages, Buggies & Road Carts.
CUSTOM AND READY-MADE HARNESS.
FUR ROBES, PLUSH ROBES,
Horse Blankets and Horse Goods Generally.
HARNESS NEATLY REPAIRED.
Fodder Yarn in All the Various Grades.
Lard Oil, Castor Oil, Cylinder Oil, Machinery Oil.

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

THE JONES' LOCK-WIRE FENCE!
This Fence is positively stock-proof, is a thing of beauty, adapted to FARM, LAWN or YARD

SMITH & CLEMENTS,
Chestertown, Md.

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.

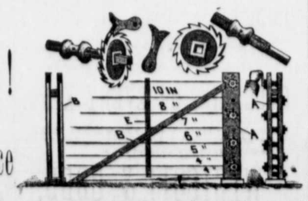
What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions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

ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS —in the— Transcript.

A SONG OF FALL TIME.

The days are comin' shorter, an' the nights are comin' long,
An' the whippoorwill's a-whippin' of the valleys with his song;
And the mules have took a day off, an' are feedin' round the stump,
An' you hear the hounds away off, an' the rabbit's on the jump!

Let e'm run!
Git your gun,
An' you'll wing 'em—every one!
It's Fall time in Georgia,
An' the boys are having fun.

O, the meller, yeller Autumn—or, the Fall, or what you please!
When the gold is in your pocket, an' is growing on the trees!
An' you hear the partridge whistle, an' you hear the rifle ring,
An' the doves—they come a-tumblin' as you take 'em on the wing!

Let 'em run!
Git your gun,
An' you'll fetch 'em—every one!
It's Fall time in Georgia,
An' the boys are havin' fun.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CALIFORNIA.

A VAST AND FERTILE DOMAIN OF AGRICULTURE.

Unhampered by Climatic Drawbacks.

FARMING REDUCED TO AN EXACT SCIENCE.

In the great wheat and cattle ranches. These are the enterprises of the capitalist. Upon the former, thousands of acres are cultivated to a single crop. There are vast bodies of land not cut into fields, unbroken by fences, where the furrow may be run almost from sun to sun. Upon some of these the cultivation of wheat has been reduced almost to an exact science; the cost of producing the grain brought almost to a minimum. Steam is employed in every occupation, from turning the furrow to cutting, threshing and sacking the grain. There is no useless labor, not even that of hauling and warehousing the grain. The harvest and the months which immediately follow it are the dry season, when there is perfect immunity from rainstorms, so that the sacks of wheat are merely piled in the field to await a convenient time for hauling to the railroad and shipping away. Against such methods the small Eastern producer can hardly compete; and, were it not that emigration and development tend more toward horticultural lines (as affording the opportunity for greater profit), these great wheat farms would be a serious menace to the small farmer. As it is, the wheat production is in the neighborhood of forty million bushels annually, and yet California is not especially known as a wheat-growing State.

Cattle ranching is even more a business wholly for the capitalist than is wheat farming. To illustrate this, I need only say that negotiations are now pending for the sale of a large ranch in the central part of the State, the consideration being two and one-half million dollars.

THE JEWELRY OF HORTICULTURE—CULTIVATING PERFUME FLOWERS.

I have said there is as much opportunity for men of diverse tastes as for men of different means.

The cultivation of perfume flowers is the very refinement of agricultural industry, the jewelry of horticulture, the ideal occupation among all the occupations of the soil. At Los Gatos, a perfume-flower farm is in successful operation, and—all honor to the sex—is conducted by a woman. At Santa Anna ten acres of land have recently been purchased for a like use. That the industry will become one of great importance can hardly be questioned by any who have seen the profuse bloom here throughout the year. It is also stated, but upon how good authority I have not yet been able to determine, that the roses grown upon this coast contain twenty per cent. more of volatile essence than those of the far-farmed perfume-flower district of France. Allied to this are such industries as specialties in flower and bulb culture. At Santa Anna I found a gentleman engaged in growing tuberous-rooted begonias, confining his entire attention to this one thing. Although a comparatively new undertaking, he has now about sixty thousand plants. His "farm" comprises about half an acre, and is wholly enclosed and covered with laths, giving it the appearance of a big chicken-coop. His entire product of bulbs is disposed of without trouble to the large Eastern seedsmen and florists; and while I did not go into financial details, there was much collateral evidence to show that the enterprise was remunerative.

In the same valley with this bulb garden, and where the flower farm is to be, and where orange groves already abound, may be found also the man of opposite tastes—the general farmer, who may pursue his vocation in much the same manner but under vastly better conditions than the general farmer of the East. Here are rich, loamy bottoms that will produce abundantly, grain, grasses, roots and fruits.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Allen Got His Nickname.

"I never knew, until to-day," said a well-known Georgia politician, "how Representative Allen, of Mississippi, got the nickname 'Private' John Allen."

"How was it?" somebody asked.

"He was running for Congress against General Tucker out in Mississippi, and Tucker made a speech one day, whooping himself up on his war record. He started out by saying in a stentorian voice: 'I slept one night before the battle in a tent—'

"This was enough for Allen. When he got up to speak he said: 'Yes, boys, General Tucker did sleep in a tent that night, and I stood guard on picket around the tent. Now all of you here to-day who slept in tents vote for Tucker, but those who stood guard in the rain and cold vote for John Allen.' From that moment to this he has been called 'Private' John Allen. Of course he was elected."

THE GENTLEWOMAN DEFINED.—A gentlewoman smiles, but never laughs.

She talks, but never questions.

She is interested and sympathetic, but never presuming.

She is so soft of voice that but one in an audience may hear her speech.

She is clean, kind and quiet—quiet in her dress, her manner, her step and her speech.

She is restful.

She is good.

She is womanly.

THE LAND OF PEACHES.

MARYLAND'S EASTERN SHORE.

An Explorer's Trip Through Maryland's Eden—In Search of Work and Information—The Plain People and the Peach Pickers—Ideal Rural life.

[SPECIAL TO THE CHICAGO *Record*.]

CHESTERTOWN, MD., Sept. 19.—Have you ever seen a great orchard of peaches, glowing through the foliage like the golden apples of the Hesperides? I never had before making a pilgrimage for the purpose into this centre of peach culture, the old "Eastern Shore" of Maryland, which adjoins and is really a part of the famous Delaware region. The Eastern Shore is peculiar in lying remote from all through lines of travel and he who wishes to see it must do so of set intention. My inveterate habit of exploring new regions is based on very simple conditions. A light German canvas knapsack contains all the personal effects necessary for a month's sojourn, if need be, and with my faithful knapsack in hand I have "discovered" and explored many a remote valley, crossed various mountain ranges and found my way into hospitable homes, which as yet lie unknown to the great majority of travelers. An alpenstock might seem superfluous on the low-lying shores of Eastern Maryland, but not so: the chief obstacle to unalloyed enjoyment on a rural foot-tour is the dog, in his various forms—but it is a very hardy and reckless dog who will charge "bunt-on" to the iron point of an alpine staff when presented fairly at him. Having economy as the key-note of this expedition, I took deck passage on a steamer from Baltimore across the Chesapeake and landed at Queenstown toward evening, a stranger whose general appearance indicated the "son of toil." The way lay at first northward along the highway toward Centreville. No peach orchards showed themselves—but what a lovely country!

"Fair as the garden of the Lord," more charming in its perfect culture and rural beauty than anything I have seen outside some of the central counties of England. Everything seemed under care and restraint; no waste wood or straggling worm fences, but for miles and miles the trim-clipped osage hedges falling and rising along the undulating roads—or neatly made rail fences, where careful hands have trained gorgeous trumpet-creepers or other vines at every post.

A VERITABLE EDEN.

The cornfields were wavering in rich green. Here and there over the landscape were ancient trees, for this is a long-settled country, as the quaint architecture often reveals. Some traces of the "old regime" are clearly visible, the entrances to many estates being guarded by small negro homes, while a long way back from the road, at the head of its alley of shade trees stand the country house, often reaching the dignity of a mansion. Farm buildings and garden fences were in perfect repair and neatly painted. When one bears in mind not only the mild climate and fertile soil, but also the diversified shores and numerous inlets with their abundant riches of fish, oysters, terrapin and crabs, it is not hard to understand that this part of the State has long been famous for its good living. The too-prevalent malaria seems to be the only serpent in this paradise of creature comforts. At sunset I stopped at a small house and inquired whether I could be given supper, which favor was readily granted. The supper consisted mostly of a large supply of hot pancakes with sirup and was a solid comfort. The farmer squarely refused to take any pay, saying, "I don't take any man's money for giving him one meal on the road," and a compromise was only effected by giving the oldest of his bright-eyed boys something to get a ball with.

I walked to Centreville after dark and spent the night there. Early next morning I was on the road and soon had a first sight of a peach orchard. It lay just along the roadside, shut in by a hedge and extending back and away as far as the eye could reach. The trees, of the size of small apple trees, are planted in regular rows and close together. The ruddy fruit, with the reddening foliage, gives to the trees a russet tinge when seen from a little distance. The branches were loaded and bent and in some cases broken by the weight of their fruit. On step-ladders among the trees were some negroes and one white man busily engaged in picking the ripe fruit and dropping it into baskets. Some miles farther on a still larger orchard was reached, in which three negroes were lazily gathering the fruit. Here I mustered courage enough to ask them if they knew any one who was looking for "hands" in his orchard. They professed that they didn't, but without any particular curiosity at my question, and I began to hope that I might have what is to me the chief pleasure in a walking tour, the chance to come into intimate relations with the "plain people" of the region.

THE PLAIN PEOPLE.

Soon I turned into a small farmyard, asked the old farmer for a drink from his well and broached fairly the question as to my getting work. He seemed interested in my case, especially after hearing that I had walked some twelve miles without finding employment, and suggested that it might not be difficult to get a place in one of the larger orchards, lying more remote from the highroad. From him I learned that peach-pickers were given 75 cents a day, with board and lodging, and that there did not seem to him to be any excessive supply of workers.

The crop, however, was so large that it hardly paid—that is, overproduction had ruined prices. More encouraged, I pressed along the road and came to a small peach farm, into which I went and asked boldly for work. The farmer, a young man, regarded me kindly, said that his place was too small to require outside aid, but that it was quite likely that I would be needed on Mr. F's large place, two miles back in the country. On a bench by the well were large baskets of peaches, and as I had not tasted any, I asked if I might take one of them, and permission was given very readily. As I went through the gate in the direction he had pointed out, he seemed touched at the straits of a man who would ask for a peach, for he called after me:

"Are you hungry?"

"Well, yes; I haven't had much since morning."

"Come back, and I'll give you a piece of bread!"

He disappeared in the house and when I returned to the gate he reached me half a loaf of "light bread," which I crowded into my pocket after biting off a corner and went on my way, for the first time in my life, I believe, the recipient of public charity on the highroad. Kind farmer, perhaps your gift didn't reach just its intended aim, but one wayfarer treasures gratefully the memory of the charity which prompted you to call him back, as well as a good-sized piece of the Gnadenbrod which was so unexpectedly bestowed upon him.

Toiling for two miles up the hill, my always troublesome conscience began to suggest that the role of a needy seeker after work was equivocal, and I felt compelled to make apologies to that disturbed member. It certainly would not do to take employment from more destitute wanderers, but I had seen no other person in search of work, neither did there appear the slightest sign of an oversupply. If assured that I would render at least an average return for wages paid (which I did not for a moment doubt) there seemed to be good reasons for entering the field on equal terms with those among whom I wished to work. Of course it would have been possible to tell the farmer that I had come to make acquaintance with the sociological and economic conditions of the peninsula, and therefore wanted to work, eat and sleep among his hired hands, but it seemed altogether probable that under the circumstances the gentleman would make some searching inquiries into my antecedents and then read me a little lecture on the theme *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, or words to that effect. Moreover, wasn't there the German student of theology who got into the factories at Crefeld by alleging he was a discharged printer and whose thesis has caused so much interest? On reaching the place, at last, I found the whole force of workers at dinner, though the proprietor was not in sight. As an applicant for work I seemed to make something of a sensation among the family. It was plain enough that I was "queer."

The eldest son, however, took me seriously and told me with much kindness that on account of its being near the end of the week the force would have little to do the next day and that therefore I was not needed, though he added: "If you can come around on Monday morning we may have something for you. Come in and get some dinner, anyway; you've had a long walk." Not wishing to "beat" these kind souls out of an unearned meal I declined and said good-bye. At one side of the farmhouse stands a giant willow tree, and under its spreading shade a seat. While resting here for a few moments the troop of eight orchard "hands" came out from their dinner and sat about me in the shade. About half their number were colored men; the rest seemed natives of the region and dressed in so nondescript a costume as to show that my city-made clothing, with all its "hard-up" appearance made me quite a different-looking figure from the average peach-picker. As we rested in the shade, we became acquainted. They said they had only a short resting-time at noon, beginning their work at 6 in the morning and being free at sundown. They expected to pick 12,000 boxes in this orchard. Their wages were $1 a day and "keep." Soon the call sounded and they left for work, but at the same time the young man came again and insisted that I should eat a meal, even if there was no work at present. "My father will be back before long and perhaps we may have to discharge some man to-morrow. I had to send one up from the orchard yesterday." I intimated that while I had picked a good many berries I was quite unversed in the technique of gathering peaches, to which he answered: "Oh, a man can learn soon enough if he will ask questions and get somebody to show him at first. But a fellow who won't obey what he's told to do and keeps putting green peaches into the basket I don't want to have anywhere on my place." A sentiment which appealed so strongly to my own ideas that I was minded to give him somewhat at length my own ideas on discipline and administration, but contented myself by saying that I had once been a school-teacher, but that the institution was closed now, though I expected to have some work in the fall, at any rate. I didn't want to crowd anybody out who was at work on the farm.

THE WOMEN FOLKS.

He led me to the back of the house, where, out in the pleasant sunshine and fresh air, a long table was generously spread. Overhead was a canopy of boards to keep off sun and rain. As the male workers had all been fed the "women folks" were now gathered about the table and showed interest and sympathy in my case, encouraging my fallen spirits and disappointed hopes by the cheeriest conversation, though the younger (and thoroughly sophisticated) members of the group were evidently wavering in their minds as to whether I was quite as much an object of sympathy as might appear. With all humility I devoted myself to the food spread before me, which was the best of its kind and unlimited in supply—fried chicken, boiled ham, new potatoes and other vegetables, coffee with cream, preserved pears—everything that the season offered except peaches.

At the close of my meal I said good-bye with heartfelt thanks, and wandered back to the highroad. I hope these kindly, sincere people may never think that the half tramp, half city-clerk whom they took in was a wolf in sheep's clothing or anything else very objectionable. Soon after I turned in to a little cottage beside the road and found in the yard its owner, an Irishman, with whom I struck up an acquaintance in my usual way—a request for a drink at his well. He was a well and cellar digger who lived alone in this cozy little place. For the day he had nothing to do, so I sat down in the shade with him and we compared experiences, for which purpose I called from memory a series of my adventures (strictly true) that made a consistent whole which would not conflict with my present appearance and purposes. As we sat talking, a large farm-wagon went by heaped with crates of peaches for the market. "Sure, you might get something to do where they was picked," said he, and directed me to a farm lying a mile back from the highway. Having said good-bye to this kind-hearted friend, I journeyed to the place to which I had been sent and found the owner busy with several workmen in the "peach house," boxing fruit for the Baltimore market. The proprietor looked me over fairly and made short work of my offer, whereupon I walked back to Church Hill—a considerable settlement.

I tried in every store to buy some peaches, but there was not one to be had. A store-keeper said: "If you want peaches you must pick them up in an orchard; it wouldn't pay to try to sell them." On intimating a certain awe of the moral code, not to speak of unchained bulldogs and enraged farmers, he assured me that no one would have any objection.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

A few miles out of town I came to a large orchard by the roadside; an open space between the bars of the fence made it easy to slip through; so, hastily dropping my knapsack and with furtive glances in every direction, I got through, picked up with all haste two or three peaches from the ground and then with hot blushes mantling my cheeks hurried back into the deserted road. When fairly out of sight of the place, I ate them stealthily, but the new experience was not altogether comfortable. Presently I met a farmer carrying a large load to a steamer landing, who invited me to get behind and ride. While on the way he told me some things about the cultivation of a peach orchard and how if not carefully attended to the crop, like any other, would degenerate. I said: "While I was at Church Hill I tried to buy some peaches, but was told that the only way to get them was to help myself and in passing some of these large places I have felt tempted (sic) to do so. What do you think about it?"

"What do I think about it? Why, help yourself, of course! There ain't anybody around here whose goin' to object to a thing like that." Soon he turned off into a side road and fortified by his encouragement I went resolutely into the very next orchard, where an open gate made it especially easy. This time there was more opportunity of choice among the hundreds of thousands of peaches upon the branches of the trees, and the long alpenstock came in for tapping any particularly attractive spheres which hung in the higher branches. Were they ripe, they fell at once upon the ground; if not, search was made for others. Having eaten as much as a hungry man wishes and with pockets filled, I set out again.

What are the criteria which differentiate a ripe peach plucked in the orchard from the ordinary fruit of commerce? I should say mainly two: its genial sweetness, which steals in upon the senses like a flood of autumn sunshine, and its charming perfume, a fragrance as delicate as that of a rose.

Before coming to Chestertown I passed the largest oak tree I have ever seen; in fact, with the exception of the tent-like banyan of the Calcutta botanical gardens, the largest tree of any sort which I know. It would take at least three men to span its girth, and its symmetrical and widespread foliage would shelter a large congregation. In our Chicago surroundings I believe we have nothing to compare with it.

It was long after sunset when I reached this city, well tired after the day's efforts. By an entirely conservative estimate I had made since morning twenty-six miles on foot, carrying a knapsack weighing ten pounds. The approach to Chestertown is over a long, low bridge over the Chester river, and the whole "motive" of the scene—with the moon rising across the water, the dark shadows and the odors of the salt sea—was precisely that of Longfellow's "Bridge." Despite great weariness, I was so charmed by the beauty of the picture that I leaned upon the railing and was long lost in reverie while gazing into the glancing waters, somewhat to the dismay, I fancy, of the fair "summer girls" who were promenading in airy squadrons up and down the moonlit bridge.

Chestertown is a large, beautiful town, charmingly situated, and a favorite summer resort for well-to-do Baltimoreans.

H.

The True Good of Living.

What a great gain it would be if we could put ourselves in the way of getting the true good of living—of living in our bodies—and in the world of nature and humanity—and yet he is insulated and protected from the harms and evils! I think that kind of life will become increasingly possible to us when the true good is what we set our hearts on; that is, when we care more for living in the divine order—when we care more for living wisely and well—than for everything else. Is not this what is meant by loving God with all the heart and soul and mind and strength? It is so very simple, and yet it was so sublime! There is a story of a queen who was asked in the height of her greatness and popularity, "Do you not find that all this worldly pomp and exaltation works against the meekness and humility of the Christian life?" "No," she said, "because I love God." Then came revolution and reverse; the queen was driven from the palace, stripped of crown and obliged to live in poverty and obscurity. Then they asked, "Do you not find your spirits depressed and your peace of mind impaired by these dreadful misfortunes?" "No," she still answered, "because I love God". Poverty can have no terrors for one who has stored up inwardly the treasures of the spirit—for one who realizes the possession of faith and love, and who knows that wisdom and goodness are imperishable.

A Favorite in Kentucky.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventive and cure for croup: no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough.

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

MEDICAL STUDENT—People don't want young doctors. How on earth do they get started? Professor—It's simple enough. They just sit in their offices and fret and worry over the rent until their hair turns gray, and then the patients come with a rush.

"WHAT would you do if your husband would join a club?" "I would buy one."

WHERE IS THE BABY?—AN OBSERVATION.

BY MRS. M. E. CARMICHAEL.

A few days ago it lay in the cradle, a pitiful wailing thing, its pinched little face having lost all sweet signs of budding babyhood and health. The stamp of disease had driven out all but suggestion of decline and decay. In baby's puny face, there was seen the repelling feebleness of an aged, dying man. We all know that look, ere mortality has put on immortality. But when we bend over cradles where the fell disease of mal-nutrition held fast the baby's little body, when there was seen ravenous clutching for food that never digested, nor even satisfied the organs within; when wasting muscles, purpling veins, premature wrinkles, glassy eyes and gray shades on face and hands—all betokened death, e'en at the dawn of life. Starvation in the midst of plenty! Oh! how glad we are when all is over, and the pure lines of death lie on waxen face and form effacing every sign of suffering! Then we ask, "Where is the Baby?" Ah! it is gone forever from earth's pains and coming sorrows, out into the eternities whence it came. The pure soul is freed from fetters of all possible future sins or blunders. Now it soars to God's presence, already basking in the unmarred felicities and fulness of the rays of our Great "Sun of Righteousness."

"Where is the Baby?" Its tiny frame lies under the grassy mound, resolving back its substance, and physical organism into earth's vast laboratory, that fruition may still go on. Baby is only helping God, giving back what He gave it. Baby owed the tribute and paid the debt. And our Great Creator bestows eternal peace on the little life that fluttered, faded and fled from tender touch and all loving ministrations of earth forever.

"Where is the Baby?" Its body is working out chemical transformations mysteriously wonderful, and its soul is free, roaming over God's great nursery in the spirit-world ministering and being ministered unto by myriads of other baby angels who are blissful and beautiful like its own sweet self.

"Where is the Baby?" Ah! it is working out a mission for weeping parents or friends far below, its sweet memory dropping like balm on wounded hearts and tearful eyes, drawing them by subtle influence to the throne of God in prayer and faith. Ah! there is where baby is, and that is what baby is doing. "A little child shall lead them."

AN UNCERTAIN GROOM.

Many characteristics of the Scotch are amusingly displayed in a series of stories published in Edinburgh some years ago under the title of "Scotch Folk."

"'Have you brought any witnesses?'" asked the Rev. Mr. Wood, of Bathgate, of a middle-aged couple who had come to be married.

"No, we ne'er thocht o' that. Is it necessary?"

"Oh, certainly, said the minister, "you should have a groomsman and bridesmaid as witnesses."

"Who can we get, Jen, do ye think?"

The bride, thus addressed, suggested a feemale cousin whom the bridegroom had never seen, and, after consultation a man also was thought of.

"Step ye awa' alang, Jen, an' ask them, an' I'll walk aboot till ye come back."

Jen set out as desired, and after some time returned with the two friends, the cousin being a blooming lass considerably younger than the bride.

When the parties had been properly arranged and the minister was about to proceed with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said:

"Wad ye bide a wee, sir?'"

"What is it now?" ask the minister.

"Weel, I was just gaun to say that if it wad be the same to you, I wad rather hae that ane," pointing to the bridesmaid.

"That's a most extraordinary statement to make at this stage!" exclaimed the minister. "I'm afraid it's too late to talk of such a thing now."

"Is it?" asked the bridegroom, in a tone of resignation to the inevitable. "Weel, then, ye maun just hang on."

It is not recorded that there was any feeling of elation on the part of the bridesmaid, or of jealousy on the part of the bride, and the ceremony proceeded.

Women's Physical Beauty.

The physical beauty of women should last until they are past 50. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of 35 or 40. Helen of Troy comes on the stage at the age of 50. Aspasia was 36 when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure 30 years thereafter. Cleopatra was past 30 when she met Anthony. Diane de Poictiers was 36 when she won the heart of Henry the Second. The king was half her age, but his devotion never changed. Anne of Austria was 38 when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe. Madame de Maintenon was 43 when united to Louis, and Catherine of Russia 38 when she seized the throne which she occupied for 25 years. Mlle. Mars was most beautiful at 45, and Mme. Recamier between the ages of 35 and 55.

The most lasting and intense passion is not inspired by two-decade beauties. The old saw about sweet 16 is exploded by the truer knowledge that the highest beauty does not dwell in immaturity. For beauty does not mean alone the fashion of form and coloring, as found in the waxen doll. The dew of youth and a complexion of roses sometimes combine in a face that is unmoving and unresponsive. A woman's best and richest years are from 26 to 40. Contentment and good humor will outrival all medical inventions as a preservative of youth. A woman, beautiful in all else, but wanting mirth, will grow old, sour, thin and sallow, while the merry, fun-loving woman will be fresh and sweet, despite life's happenings and sorrows.

The Best Plaster

Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm.

Fifty-cent bottles for sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.; J. P. Ireland, Galena, Md.; Dr. N. Comegys, Millington, Md.