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Wedding Presents,

Engagement Rings,

WEDDING RINGS.

We have the largest stock to select from ever seen in Chestertown, and our prices are rock bottom.

All Purchases Engraved Free,

J. H. SIDES, Jeweler,

OPPOSITE STAM'S HALL.

Bring us your Repairing.

"GOING."

Nothing to impede the progress of

Such Bargains.

If you or the boy need a suit, don't wait, but come look before they are all disposed of. The profit to us now is like this advertisement—SHORT.

Respectfully, MOODY & LUSBY, Square-Dealing Clothiers.

1894. Trunks and Valises. | Christmas Novelties FOR | 1895. Window Shades.

THE HOLIDAYS!

Now Opening at Prices to Suit the Times.

ATTRACTIONS IN

DRY GOODS, AND NOTIONS.

THINGS NEEDFUL:
Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Muslins, Flannels, Tickings, Cassimeres, Kerseys, Table Linens, etc., Quilts, Comforts, Blankets. All-wool Red Flannel for 19c.

Obliged to Wear:
Boots, Shoes and Slippers for Men, Women and Children, young or old, small or large. Prices way down. Men's Leather Boots for $1.25 per pair; Gum at $1.99. Boys' Gum Boots $1.75 per pair. Gum Shoes, small or large, Arctics.

Can't Do Without:
Carpets, all-wool and half-wool; Jute, Rag, etc. Floor Oil Cloth and Table Oil Cloth. Rugs, Mats, etc., lower than ever.

Money Well Spent:
Trunks and Valises, Pocket Books, Purses, etc.

Not Out of Place:
Mattings, Jointless, from 10c. per yd up. Worth 15c. for 10c.

Necessary to Have:
Flour by the barrel at $3.00. A good article.

Must Have:
Underwear for Men, Women and Children. Handkerchiefs by the Thousand, Table Napkins, Table Cloths, Towels, etc. Handkerchiefs by the dozen for 25c. Oh, how cheap!

Everybody Wants:
Queensware, Glassware, and Lamps. Dinner Sets. Good Tea Sets for $3.99. Chamber Sets for $2.55. Just think of it!

All Ladies', Misses' and Children's COATS will be sold regardless of cost to close out.

Respectfully,

R. F. PARKS.

GEORGE W. DILL,

Agent for Kent County for the

Singer Sewing Machine,

THE NEW VIBRATOR.

Fifty-four first awards gathered at the World's Columbian Exposition. Other manufacturers not in it. Do not spend your money upon worthless machines, but invest it in a Singer, which has a guarantee for durability and satisfaction. The leading people of this county use the Singer and those who are now using unsatisfactory machines of other makes can make a satisfactory exchange for the reliable Singer. A card addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention. New machines sold on easy monthly payments

Respectfully,

GEORGE W. DILL,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

dec 13, 1894.

Wm. P. Howard to the Front.

Important notice of removal to the stand lately vacated by P. B. Darrel, on Front street. Something remarkable—tender beef in Chestertown. Having secured larger quarters I am now better prepared to handle the general trade. Our stock is New and Fresh, and consists of

GENERAL GROCERIES,

INCLUDING FRESH BEEF,

which will always be tender. Smoked Sausage received daily, while our Hams and Breakfast Bacon are the pride of the household. Flour by the barrel or sack. Coffees, Teas and Sugars, and at rock bottom prices. Choice lines of CONFECTIONERY. Also the leading Brands of TOBACCO and CIGARS. Maryland Biscuits and Hot Rolls always on hand, and orders for special use quickly and promptly filled. Very busy now, more to say in this paper later. Give me a call, and don't forget my removal.

Jan. 3, 1895. WILLIAM P. HOWARD.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES!

MISSES C. & H. REED,

THE LEADING MILLINERS OF KENT COUNTY,

thank one and all for the generous patronage extended to them during the year of 1894. During 1895 our place of business will be headquarters for all that is fashionable in our line, while the prices for material, such as Trimmings of all kinds will be moderately low. The Millinery Department is our specialty, and we guarantee satisfaction always to ladies in the purchase of Hats. In stock we carry a line of

FANCY GOODS,

unsurpassed in the county. Also a line of Notions, including Fine and Medium Merino Underwear, Corsets, Neckties, Handkerchiefs, Laces, etc., and in fact everything to complete a first-class Millinery department. TRIMMING OF HATS OUR SPECIALTY.

Jan. 3, 1895. MISSES C. & H. REED, Chestertown, Md.

G. W. CLARK,

Crumpton Wharf, on the Kent Side,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, NOTIONS,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

FLOUR, CONFECTIONERY, Etc.

at prices that defy competition, because we sell

ONLY FOR THE CASH,

consequently, no high prices are known at this establishment. We want to impress upon the people of this neighborhood that by dealing here they will save about 20 per cent. on their purchases.

EXTRA NOTICE.—We are now opening a splendid line of

Christmas Candies for the Holidays

and as they will be sold for the Cash only, that in itself is a guarantee that the prices will be Lower than those who do a credit business. Give me a call and I'll save you money.

Respectfull, etc.,

GEORGE W. CLARK,
CRUMPTON, MD.

Dec. 13, 1894.

THE GOSPEL'S POWER

REV. DR. TALMAGE REFERS TO MUNICIPAL REFORM.

He Preaches a Powerful and Eloquent Sermon In New York, Taking For His Subject the Points of the Compass—The Rest at Last.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—The hearty welcome accorded to Dr. Talmage at the Academy of Music, New York, Sunday before last, on the occasion of the eminent divine's introduction to the metropolitan pulpit, was additionally emphasized by the immense throng that greeted him this afternoon and which filled every seat from orchestra to top gallery. The singing was led by Professor Ali's cornet, and the services opened at precisely 4 o'clock with the singing of the long meter doxology. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "Points of Compass" and the text Luke xiii, 29, "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down."

The man who wrote this was at one time a practicing physician, at another time a talented painter, at another time a powerful preacher, at another time a reporter—an inspired reporter. God bless and help and inspire all reporters! From their pens drops the health or poison of nations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus. For short he was called Luke, and in my text, although stenography had not yet been born, he reports verbatim a sermon of Christ which in one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the millennium. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down."

Nothing more interested me in my recent journey around the world than to see the ship captain about noon, whether on the Pacific or the Indian or Bengal or Mediterranean or Red sea, looking through a nautical instrument to find just where we were sailing, and it is well to know that, though the captain tells you that there are 32 points of division of the compass card in the mariner's compass, there are only four cardinal points, and my text hails them—the north, the south, the east, the west. So I spread out before us the map of the world to see the extent of the gospel campaign. The hardest part of the field to be taken is the north, because our gospel is an emotional gospel, and the nations of the far north are a cold blooded race. They dwell amid icebergs and eternal snows and everlasting winter. Greenlanders, Laplanders, Icelanders, Siberians—their vehicle is the sledge drawn by reindeer, their apparel the thickest furs at all seasons, their existence a lifetime battle with the cold. The winter charges upon them with swords of icicle and strikes them with bullets of hail and pounds them with battling rams of glacier.

The Gospel In the Arctics.

But already the huts of the arctic hear the songs of divine worship. Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the sun of righteousness begins to be felt through the bodies and minds and souls of the Hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla, down from Spitzbergen seas, down from the land of the midnight sun, down from the palaces of crystal, down over realms of ice and over dominions of snow and through hurricanes of sleet Christ's disciples are coming from the north. The inhabitants of Hudson bay are gathering to the cross. The Church Missionary society in those polar climes has been grandly successful in establishing 24 gospel stations, and over 12,000 natives have believed and been baptized. The Moravians have kindled the light of the gospel all up and down Labrador. The Danish mission has gathered disciples from among the shivering inhabitants of Greenland. William Duncan preaches the gospel up in the chill latitudes of Columbia, delivering one sermon nine times in the same day to as many different tribes who listen, and then go forth to build schoolhouses and churches.

Alaska, called at its annexation William H. Seward's folly, turns out to be William H. Seward's triumph, and it is hearing the voice of God through the American missionaries, men and women as defiant of arctic hardships as the old Scottish chief who, when camping out in a winter's night knocked from under his son's head a pillow of snow, saying that such indulgence in luxury would weaken and disgrace the clan. The Jeannette went down in latitude 77, while De Long and his freezing and dying men stood watching it from the crumbling and crackling polar pack, but the old ship of the gospel sails as unhurt in latitude 77 as in our own 40 degrees, and the one starred flag floats above the topgallants in Baffin's bay and Hudson's strait and Melville sound. The heroism of polar exedition, which has made the names of Sebastian Cabot and Scoresby and Schwatka and Henry Hudson immortal, is to be eclipsed by the prowess of the men and women who amid the frosts of highest latitudes are this moment taking the upper shores of Europe, Asia and America for God. Scientists have never been able to agree as to what is the aurora borealis, or northern lights. I can tell them. It is the banner of victory for Christ spread out in the northern night heavens. Partially fulfilled already the prophecy of my text, to be completely fulfilled in the near future, "They shall come from the north."

The South For God.

But my text takes in the opposite point of the compass. The far south has, through high temperature, temptations to lethargy and indolence and hot blood which tend toward multiform evil. We have through my text got the north in, notwithstanding its frosts, and the same text brings in the south notwithstanding its torridity. The fields of cactus, the orange groves and the thickets of magnolia are to be surrendered to the Lord Almighty. The south! That means Mexico and all the regions that William H. Prescott and Lord Kingsborough made familiar in literature; Mexico, in strange dialect of the Aztecs; Mexico conquered by Hernan Cortes, to be more gloriously conquered; Mexico, with its capital more than 7,000 feet above the sea level looking down upon the entrancement of lake and valley and plain; Mexico, the home of nations yet to be born—all for Christ. The south! That means Africa, which David Livingstone consecrated to God when he died on his knees in his tent of exploration. Already about 750,000 converts to Christianity in Africa. The south! That means all the islands strewn by omnipotent hand through tropical seas—Malayan Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia and other islands more numerous than you can imagine unless you have voyaged around the world. The south! That means Java for God, Sumatra for God, Borneo for God, Siam for God.

A ship was wrecked near one of these islands, and two lifeboats put out for shore, but those who arrived in the first boat were clubbed to death by the cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed on, and one of that very crew was wrecked again with others on the same rocks. Crawling up on the shore, they proposed to hide from the cannibals in one of the caverns, but mounting the rocks they saw a church and cried out: "We are saved! A church, a church!" The south! That means Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and Bolivia. The south! That means the torrid zone, with all its bloom, and all its fruitage, and all its exuberance, the redolence of illimitable gardens, the [illegible] of boundless groves, the lands, t[illegible] night by night look up to the southern cross, which, in stars, transfigures the midnight heaven as you look up at it all the way from the Sandwich Islands to Australia. "They shall come from the south."

Christ In the East.

But I must not forget that my text takes in another cardinal point of the compass. It takes in the east. I have to report that in a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries divinely blessed are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China will leave the last wall of opposition flat in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. We hold up our hands in amazement at the massacre at Port Arthur, as though Christian nations could never go into such diabolism. We forget Fort Pillow! We forget the fact that during our war both north and south rejoiced when there were 10,000 more wounded and slain on the opposite side. War, whether in China or the United States, is hell let loose. But one good result will come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict. These regions will be more open to civilization and Christianity than ever before. When Missionary Carey put before an assembly of ministers at Northampton his project for the evangelization of India, they laughed him out of the house. From Calcutta on the east of India to Bombay on the west there is not a neighborhood but directly or indirectly feels the gospel power. The Juggernaut, which did its awful work for centuries, a few weeks ago was brought out from the place where it has for years been kept under shed as a curiosity, and there was no one reverentially to greet it. About 3,000,000 of Christian souls in India are the advance guard that will lead on the 250,000,000. The Christians of Amoy and Peking and Canton are the advance guard that will lead the 340,000,000 of China. "They shall come from the east." The last mosque of Mohammedanism will be turned into a Christian church. The last Buddhist temple will become a fortress of light. The last idol of Hindooism will be pitched into the fire.

The Christ who came from the east will yet bring all the east with him. Of course there are high obstacles to be overcome, and great ordeals must be passed through before the consummation, as witness the Armenians under the butchery of the Turks. May that throne on the banks of the Bosporus soon crumble! The time has already come when the United States government and Great Britain and Germany ought to intone the indignation of all civilized nations. While it is not requisite that arms be sent there to avenge the wholesale massacre of Armenians, it is requisite that by cable under the seas, and by protest that shall thrill the wires from Washington and London and Berlin to Constantinople, the nations anathematize the diabolism for which the sultan of Turkey is responsible. Mohammedanism is a curse whether in Turkey or New York. "They shall come from the east." And they will come at the call of the loveliest and grandest and best men and women of all time. I mean the missionaries. Dissolute Americans and Englishmen who have gone to Calcutta and Bombay and Canton to make their fortunes defame the missionaries because the holy lives and the pure households of those missionaries are a constant rebuke to the American and English libertines stopping there, but the men and women of God there stationed go on gloriously with their work. People just as good and self denying as was Missionary Moffat, who, when asked to write in an album, wrote these words:

My album is in savage breasts,
Where passion reigns and darkness rests
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there,
To point to worlds both bright and fair,
And see the pagan bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight.

In all those regions are men and women with the consecration of Melville B. Cox, who, embarking for the missionary work in Africa, said to a fellow student, "If I die in Africa, come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write for your epitaph?" said the student. "Write," said he, "these words: 'Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up.'"

Worldly Reform In the West.

There is another point of the compass that my text includes. "They shall come from the west." That means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific oceans to be brought within the circle of holiness and rapture. Will it be done by worldly reform or evangelism? Will it be law or gospel? I am glad that a wave of reform has swept across this land, and all the cities are feeling the advantage of the mighty movement. Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is extirpated. About 15 years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper said to me in his editorial room: "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes?" I said, "I will," and in company with a commissioner of police and a captain of police and two elders of my church I explored the dens and hiding places of all styles of crime in New York and preached a series of sermons warning young men and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgments of God whelm this city with more awful submergement than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. I received, as nearly as I can remember, several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for undertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation, double leaded, and with captions in great primer type, entitled "The Fall of Talmage," or "Talmage Makes the Mistake of His Life," or "Down With Talmage," but I still live and am in full sympathy with all movements for municipal purification.

But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half way. The law never yet saved anybody, never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other cities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly fortunes it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York today is the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and the life and uplift the tone of moral sentiment and make men do right not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard, of anything except the gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that regenerated heart rectify the life. Execute the law most certainly, but preach the gospel by all means in churches, in theaters, in homes, in prisons, on the land and on the sea. The gospel is the only power that can revolutionize society and save the world. All else is half and half work and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands and tens of thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars to go scot free, while some who were merely the cat's paw and agents of bribery are struck with the lightnings of the law. It reminds me of a scene in Philadelphia when I was living there. A poor woman had been arrested and tried and imprisoned for selling molasses candy on Sunday. Other lawbreakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the grogshops were open on the Lord's day, and the law, with its hands behind its back, walked up and down the streets declining to molest many of the offenders, but we all rose up in our righteous indignation, and calling upon all powers, visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell no woman should be allowed to sell molasses candy on Sunday.

Party and Politics.

A few weeks ago, after I had preached in one of the churches in this city, a man staggered up on the pulpit stairs, maudlin drunk, saying, "I am one of the reformers that were elected to high office at the last election." I got rid of that "great reformer" as soon as I could, but I did not get rid of the impression that a man like that would cure the abominations of New York about as soon as smallpox would cure typhoid fever or a buzzsaw would render Haydn's "Creation." Politics in all our cities has become so corrupt that the only difference between the Republican and Democratic parties is that each is worse than the other. But what nothing else in the universe can do the gospel can and will accomplish. "They shall come from the west," and for that purpose the evangelistic batteries are planted all along the Pacific coast, as they are planted all along the Atlantic coast. All the prairies, all the mountains, all the valleys, all the cities are under more or less gospel influence, and when we get enough faith and consecration for the work this whole American continent will cry out for God. "They shall come from the west."

The work is not so difficult as many suppose. You say, "There are the foreign populations." Yes, but many of them are Hollanders, and they were brought up to love and worship God, and it will take but little to persuade the Hollanders to adopt the religion of their forefathers. Then there are among these foreigners so many of the Scotch. They or their ancestors heard Thomas Chalmers thunder and Robert McCheyne pray. The breath of God so often swept through the heather of the highlands, and the voice of God has so often sounded through the Trossachs, and they all know how to sing Dundee, so that they will not have often to be invited to accept the God of John Knox and Bothwell Bridge.

Then there are among these foreigners so many of the English. They inherited the same language as we inherited—the English in which Shakespeare dramatized, and Milton chimed his cantos, and Henry Melville gospelized, and Oliver Cromwell prorogued parliament, and Wellington commanded his eager hosts. Among these foreigners are the Swiss, and they were rocked in a cradle under the shadow of the Alps, that cathedral of the Almighty in which all the elements, snow and hail and tempest and hurricane, worship. Among these foreigners are a vast host of Germans, and they feel centuries afterward the power of that unparalleled spirit who shook the earth when he trod it, and the heavens when he prayed—Martin Luther! From all nations our foreign populations have come, and they are homesick, far away from the place of their childhood and the graves of their ancestors, and our glorious religion presented to them aright will meet their needs and fill their souls and kindle their enthusiasm. They shall come from amid the wheat sheaves of Dakota, and from the ore beds of Wyoming, and from the silver mines of Nevada, and from the golden gulches of Colorado, and from the banks of the Platte, and the Oregon, and the Sacramento, and the Columbia. "They shall come from the west."

Invited to Sit Down.

But what will they do after they come? Here is something gloriously consolatory that you have never noticed, "They shall come from the east, and the west, and the north, and the south, and shall sit down." Oh, this is a tired world! The most of people are kept on the run all their lifetime. Business keeps them on the run. Trouble keeps them on the run. Rivalries of life keep them on the run. They are running from disaster. They are running for reward. And those who run the fastest and run the longest seem best to succeed. But my text suggests a restful posture for all God's children, for all those who for a lifetime have been on the run. "They shall sit down!" Why run any longer! When a man gets heaven, what more can he get? "They shall sit down." Not alone, but picked companionship of the universe; not embarrassed, though a seraph should sit down on one side of you and an archangel on the other.

There is that mother who, through all the years of infancy and childhood, was kept running amid sick trundle beds, now to shake up the pillow for that flaxen head, and now to give a drink to those parched lips, and now to hush the frightened dream of a little one, and when there was one less of the children, because the great lover of children had lifted one out of the croup into the easy breathing of celestial atmosphere, the mother putting all the more anxious care on those who were left, so weary of arm and foot and back and head, so often crying out: "I am so tired! I am so tired!" Her work done, she shall sit down, and that business man for 30, 40, 50 years has kept on the run, not urged by selfishness, but for the purpose of achieving a livelihood for the household. On the run from store to store, or from factory to factory, meeting this loss and discovering that inaccuracy and suffering betrayal or disappointment, nevermore to be cheated or perplexed or exasperated, he shall sit down, not in a great armchair of heaven, for the rockers of such a chair would imply one's need of soothing, of changing to easy posture or semi-invalidism, but a throne, solid as eternity and radiant as the morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit down."

The Heavenly Rest.

I notice that the most of the styles of toil require an erect attitude. There are the thousands of girls behind counters, many such persons through the inhumanity of employers compelled to stand, even when because of a lack of customers there is no need that they stand. Then there are all the carpenters, and the stonemasons, and the blacksmiths, and the farmers, and the engineers, and the ticket agents, and the conductors. In most trades, in most occupations, they must stand. But ahead of all those who love and serve the Lord is a resting place, a complete relaxation of fatigued muscle, something cushioned and upholstered and embroidered, with the very ease of heaven. "They shall sit down." Rest from toil, rest from pain, rest from persecution, rest from uncertainty. Beautiful, joyous, transporting, everlasting rest!

Oh, men and women of the frozen north, and the blooming south, and from the realms of the rising or setting sun, through Christ get your sins forgiven and start for the place where you may at last sit down in blissful recovery from the fatigues of earth, while there roll over you the raptures of heaven. Many of you have had such a rough tussle in this world that if your faculties were not perfect in heaven you would some time forget yourself and say, "It is time for me to start on that journey," or "It must be time for me to count out the drops of that medicine," or "I wonder what new attack there is on me through the newspapers?" or "Do you think I will save anything of those crops from the grasshoppers, or the locusts, or the droughts?" or "I wonder how much I have lost in that last bargain?" or "I must hurry lest I miss the train." No, no! The last volume of direful, earthly experiences will be finished. Yea, the last chapter, the last paragraph, the last sentence, the last word. Finis!

Frederick the Great, notwithstanding the mighty dominion over which he reigned, was so depressed at times he could not speak without crying, and carried a small bottle of quick poison with which to end his misery when he could stand it no longer. But I give you this small vial of gospel anodyne, one drop of which, not hurting either body or soul, ought to soothe all unrest and put your pulses into an eternal calm. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and the south, and shall sit down."

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Some Speculations of the Aged as to What It May Be.

M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, the famous French scholar and politician who recently entered on his ninetieth year full of physical and intellectual vigor, has been telling the inevitable interviewer how it is his days have been so long in the land. It is, we are told, the effect of adherence to the old precept, "early to bed and early to rise," with steady work during waking hours.

Every grand old man seems to have a secret of his own. Mr. Gladstone, we believe, attributes his longevity to his habit of taking a daily walk in all weathers and to his giving 32 bites to every morsel of food. Oliver Wendell Holmes pinned his faith on equability of temperature. The late Major Knox Holmes swore by the tricycle, which, in the end, was the cause of his death. Dr. P. H. Van der Weyde, an American octogenarian, not long ago offered himself "as an example of the benign influence of the study and practice of music." Some aged persons give the credit of their long lives to the absence of tobacco, alcohol, meat or what not, others to their indulgence in all these things. One old lady, of whom we read not long ago as having reached the age of 80 or thereabouts, maintained that single blessedness is the real elixir vitæ, and she ascribed the death of her brother at the tender age of 90 to the fact that he had committed matrimony in early life.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps believed in horse riding. Mr. James Bayn complains that in his boyhood he "got a little bored with too much horse." The grand Francais seems to think that one can hardly have "too much horse." In a letter recently published M. de Lesseps delivered himself on the subject as follows: "I shall always feel deeply grateful to Larine, my riding master, who, from my earliest years, made me share his keen passion for horses, and I am still convinced that daily horse exercise has in a large measure been the means of enabling me to reach my eighty-fourth year in perfect health." Carlyle was also a great rider, almost to the end of his long life, and he not only rode, but, we believe, groomed his horse himself.

On the whole, it must be concluded that the real secret of longevity is a sound constitution prudently husbanded. The only general rules that can be laid down are those set forth by Adam in "As You Like It:"

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquor in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter—
Frosty, but kindly.

That is the whole secret of long life. Shakespeare knew it as well as any one, yet he died at 52.—British Medical Journal.

The Press In Turkey.

In the Ottoman empire the press is not only controlled, but, it would be no exaggeration to say, edited by the censor. It is only a short time ago that the idea of newspapers was introduced into Turkey. At the present time, however, there are a large number published both in Turkish and Arabic, the most important of which are issued in Constantinople and Beirut. In the latter place there are about 15 journals, all in Arabic, but they contain little more than eulogistic articles on his imperial majesty the sultan and the high officials of the government. No free expression of opinion is allowed. The main reason of this is that the Turkish government is more afraid of the voice of the people—more especially the Arabic speaking population—than she is of the reproaches, complaints and protests of the nations of the west. Owing to this the sultan's advisers endeavor, by fair means or otherwise, to stifle the cries of his subjects against oppression and wrong.

The press in Turkey is a mere name without a substance. There is no lack of able writers, but moral courage and self sacrifice are entirely wanting, and this fact always destroys any chance of progress and success. One or two more daring spirits among the editors of the local papers strove to be patriotic at any risk, regardless of possible evil consequences; but, alas! the autocratic power which has for the last 600 years crushed the soul of enterprise, of ambition, of honor and of glory, crushed them likewise.—Nineteenth Century.

Juck's Sensitizing Process.

The sensitizing of canvas, silk and paper has been much simplified and perfected, according to a new process due to Juck of Berlin. A mixture of bromide and iodide of silver is precipitated at a temperature of 28 degrees C. in the presence of a trace of gelatin and is maintained at that temperature for an hour or so, with constant agitation, so as to prevent the precipitate from coagulating. Washing in a centrifugal machine removes the alkaline nitrate, and this is followed by mixing thoroughly with a cold solution of arrowroot which has been boiled in water until perfectly clear. The fabric or paper to be sensitized is now coated by means of a sponge in the darkroom and dried, and if the emulsion has not been washed it is soaked in water for an hour and dried again. Development takes place as for an ordinary gelatino-bromide emulsion. Prints so made, says Juck, lend themselves far more readily to finishing in crayons, oils or water colors than when the fabric has been coated with an emulsion in gelatin, as there is no risk of the whole film stripping off the canvas. Paper prints made with the arrowroot emulsion may also be finished with both chalk and the brush, which was impossible before.

The Guest Is to Blame.

Conan Doyle is right. The American waiter expects an absurdly generous tip. The English waiter is thankful for the customary slight gratuity. It is not so much the fault of the American waiter, however, as of the foolish and extravagant guests who have spoiled him beyond redemption.—Boston Journal.

English Railroads.

The staff of the English railroads is mostly made up of men who entered the service as lads, say, 14 years old, and necessarily in very subordinate positions—about the stations as porters and telegraph boys, in the offices as messengers and subordinate clerks, or in the shops doing such humble work as a boy can do.

These boys come largely from the farms. In fact, one old station master told me that the plowboys are the best material that he has. He himself having been a plowboy, and his general superintendent having been another, perhaps he is a little prejudiced, but he said these boys are less inclined to drink and to be saucy than city bred boys. They are healthier and more docile and have sounder brains.—Scribner's Magazine.

Her Descendant.

Bobbie—What are descendants, father?

Father—Why, the people who come after you. (Presently) Who is that young man in the passage?

Bobbie—That's one of sister's descendants come to take her for a drive!—London Million.

SUBSCRIPTION to the TRANSCRIPT, $1.

DR. F. A. WALLS, MILLINGTON, KENT CO., MD.

DENTIST.

Twenty years of uninterrupted success in the practice of Dentistry. Teeth extracted without pain by local application. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction, and at prices that will compare with the leading city establishments. I cheerfully refer to the leading citizens of Millington and its immediate neighborhood.

Respectfully,

Dec. 13, 1894. F. A. WALLS, D. D. S., Millington, Maryland.

F. S. BOTTOMLY,

MILLINGTON, MD.

ALWAYS IN THE FRONT. WE LEAD AND OTHERS FOLLOW. THE NEW YEAR SHALL BE A RECORD BREAKER FOR LOW PRICES.

OUR LINE EMBRACES

Groceries and Provisions,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS.

When we say this, we mean it, not a few pounds of goods but thousands. That's the idea; thousands, all bought at spot cash figures, and to you readers at spot cash figures. That means a saving to you of 20 per cent.

Note a Few of My Prices:

Florida Oranges, large	30c per doz	Coffee Crackers	5c per lb
Lemons	15 to 20c "	Peanuts	6c "
Bananas	10 to 15c "	Fruit Jellies	6c "
Raisins, cooking and eating, fine	6c per lb	Mince Meat	3 lbs for 25c
Currants	5c "	Ground Pepper, good	10c lb, 3 for 25c
Citron	15c "	Matches, 200s	10c per doz boxes
Ginger Snaps	5c "	Hominy	15c per gal
Nick Nacks	5c "	Beans	30c "
Trenton Crackers	5c "	Cucumber Pickles	8c per doz
Family Soda Crackers	5c "		

Special.—I pay cash for all kinds of Country Produce—Eggs and Poultry a specialty. Give me a call and be convinced that I am the leading and cheapest general store in Millington. Look out for change of advertisement. F. S. BOTTOMLY.

A BOMB

Thrown in Millington

WOULD NOT CAUSE ANY MORE EXCITEMENT THAN THE LOW PRICES AT WHICH

MESSICK & CO.

Are Selling THEIR GENERAL STOCK OF MERCHANDISE.

FOR SEVEN YEARS OUR TRADE HAS CONSTANTLY INCREASED FROM YEAR TO YEAR, AND TO-DAY WE ENJOY THE CONFIDENCE AND PATRONAGE OF OUR GENERAL COMMUNITY.

Just at this Season of the Year we Have Made Sweeping Reductions in Our Line of

CLOTHING & SHOES

and a call will convince all that a dollar spent with us is well invested.

Respectfully, etc.,

MESSICK & CO.,
December 6, 1894. MILLINGTON, MD.

Millington's Cheapest & Best Store

L. C. CLARK,

DEALER IN

GENERAL LINE OF GROCERIES,

CONSISTING OF

Coffees, Teas, Sugars,
Salted Meats, Poultry,
Confectionery,
Tobacco and Cigars.

The neighborhood of Millington should know a good thing when they see it, and a dollar invested at our store means a dollar well spent. Give me a call and be convinced.

Respectfully, etc.,

December 6, 1894. L. C. CLARK.

GRAET EXCITEMENT

IN MILLINGTON

would follow if we advertised as some do in a "harum skarum" way, but the people would soon discover that misrepresentations are not the proper thing to draw the solid trade. Twelve years of uninterrupted success at Millington

Handling a GENERAL LINE OF MERCHANDISE,

CONSISTING OF

MEN'S CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES,

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES

OF ALL KINDS,

And an Extra Room for Furniture,

where is kept a supply of Household Goods unequaled in the county as far as regards prices

EXTRA—Sweeping Reductions during the month of December will be made in for line of Clothing, Dry Goods and Furniture. Call and be convinced of this one fact, our every dollar spent we give a full dollar's worth of reliable goods.

Respectfully, etc.,

HENRY S. COOK.
December 6, 1894. MILLINGTON, MD

JOHN W. DOWNEY,
—SUCCESSOR TO—
JOSEPH DOWNEY, } ROCK HALL, MD.

Having bought the stock of goods of my brother at Rock Hall, I propose to conduct the business in the future under the name of John W. Downey, and respectfully call upon the people of this neighborhood for a share of the patronage. The stock consists of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

BOOTS AND SHOES

NOTIONS, TINWARE, CHINAWARE, HARDMARE, CLOTHING, OILS, etc., and everything usually carried in a well-equipped general store. These goods were bought low, consequently my customers will find some cheap prices not to be found elsewhere. The business will be conducted upon a square basis, never misrepresenting any article, and no empty penny advertisements will ever be used to draw trade. Remember, I am here to do business with the people, feeling assured that those who patronize me with their trade will be fully convinced that I only advertise facts. Resp'y, etc., JOHN W. DOWNEY, Rock Hall.