C. P. GILPIN, DE[illegible],
Chestertown M[illegible]
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OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M. [illegible] P.M.

Teeth extracted by local anes[illegible] and comparatively without pain.
Having enlarged my office and ad[illegible] many new conveniences, I am able to of[illegible] patients much greater comfort wh[illegible]der treatment than in the past [illegible]tf.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TW[illegible]EY,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

having enlarged and otherwise added to the con-veniences of my office on Main street, am pre-pared to perform operations in advanced [illegible]en-tistry in the most approved style.
EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT P[illegible]N.
To prevent needless delays, patients may, in person or by mail, make engagements for any hour or date desired, if not already engaged.
I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mr. Bart[illegible] J. Wilkins Jr. All persons desiring first-class work are invited to call.
DR. CHARLES R. TWILLEY, [illegible]
Office on Main street, with Dr. J. T. Twilley.

EBEN F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY,
will resume the active practice of law. Business promptly attended to.
Money for several clien's to loan.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland
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CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Room 2, Glenn Building, 12 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md., will attend the regular terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.
All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

C. H. B. MASSEY,
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Chestertown, Maryland.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
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Chestertown, - - - Maryland.

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Nearly 30 Years at the Same Stand.
I respectfully call attention to my old-established Bakery business up town.
PIES AND CAKES OF ALL KINDS,
BOTH VA WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
CHOICE CONFECTIONERY
AT SPECIALLY LOW PRICES.
A call solicited. Resp'y, etc.
096 MRS. D. GRUBER.

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1 00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, NOVEMBER 26, 1896. VOL. XXXVI—NO. 29.

MELITOTA.

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Cheapest Cash Store
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300 RED CEDAR & LOCUST POSTS
THAT MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.

5 Tons First-Class Hay
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6000 Lbs. Corn Blades.
I can furnish
Pork at 5 Cts. Pound.
Those who need it will see me at once.

150 Test Water White Oil, at 12c. per gal.; the Best Brands of Salt at $1 per sack; the Blue Label Whitewash Lime, best on earth, $1.10 per barrel.

WE HAVE ON HAND
100 BARRELS OF THE BEST FAMILY FLOUR!
AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

Come and see us. I will take in exchange Eggs, Butter, Poultry, Hogs, Calves, Sheep and Cows.

M. M. RASIN,
June 25, 1896. MELITOTA, MD.

NEW STORE. NEW STOCK.
New Prices! New Methods.
THOMAS S. BORDLEY,
Having remodeled his store-room, has added an entirely new stock of
Men's, Boys', and Children's Clothing,
which from this date he will sell STRICTLY for the CASH. I have had nearly twenty years experience with the credit system, and find it does not pay. In the future I shall sell clothing only for the Cash, CONSEQUENTLY VERY LOW. Any man doing a credit business is compelled to charge more money to make up for the losses he necessarily sustains; but if he does a
STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS,
having no losses, he can afford to sell his stock for less money. This I intend to do, and will sell you a Suit or an Overcoat for less money than you have ever been asked before. For example, I have just bought for the spot cash one hundred Men's Suits in Black, Blue and Mixed Cassimere and Chevoit which I will sell for only
$4.69.
Such a price for such Suits has never been offered before in this town, and it will pay you, and pay you well, to look at them before buying. I have another lot, finer goods, in Single and Double-breasted, All Wool, which ordinarily retailed for $8.00, which I am now selling for
ONLY $6.00,
My stock of Finer Suits, which I am selling for $7.50, $8.00 and $10.00, must be seen to be appreciated.
A Splendid Line of Children's Suits for Only $1.50!
To see these su its will surprise you, for you have been accustomed to give far more money for inferior suits. A much better line for $2.00, $3.00 and $4.00.
A Full Line of Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings!
at correspondingly low prices. Come in and see what a LITTLE CASH will do for you.
Respectfully,
Thomas S. Bordley.

Here We Are for Business!
WATTIE McKNETT,
The Urieville Blacksmith, Wheelwright & Machinist,
announces to his fall trade that he is not to be outdone by any man in Kent county, in prices, quality of work or promptness.
Repair Work a Specialty.
Horseshoeing 50 Cents;
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
WATTIE McKNETT,
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SUCCESSOR TO H. MIDDENDORF,
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Gents' Fine Footwear,
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Gas and Oyster Shell **LIME** GAS LIME.
Oyster Shell and Gas Lime and Oyster Shells sold in 1 ton lots and upwards, delivered to any point by rail or water.
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The CHEAPEST and Best FERTILIZER FARMERS can use. *Write for Prices.*
J. W. APSLEY, Agent for Kent Co.

OUR Made-to-Measure Suits
AT $10.00,
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
MORTON C. STOUT & CO., Baltimore & Liberty Sts., Baltimore, Md. **MERCHANT TAILORS,**

YOUR WIFE'S HUSBAND
Is a good sort of a fellow; he's proud of his wife, delights in his family and enjoys the comforts of home. But he does not always give the necessary thought to his Children's Clothing—he leaves that to his better half.

Now, as he knows how good the Men's Clothing is at Oehm's Acme Hall, is it not reasonable that the children's wants are not overlooked. Let him give his wife a hint, or better still, come with her and see this fine new establishment of ours.

Quality higher than ever, style and fit as it should be. Price? Well, let us describe.

A Boy's Suit,
(Lot No. 7881) and then see how the price strikes you; we with our years of experience thought these exquisitely made garments a most wonderful bargain.
These are Double-breasted Jacket and Pants Suits for boys, 6 to 15 years old. The cloth is from the famous Dickey Mills, Weathersville, Md., and is guaranteed absolutely all wool, and finely lined with strong serge. The coat has 4 outside pockets with flaps, and 1 large inside pocket; the facing is deep and the stitching, even to the buttonho'es, done in silk. Pants also have a patent waistband. The material is a Brown Cheviot, and the Suit was made expressly for a School Suit to sell for $4.50. We bought these suits at a low price and we can afford to offer them to you for $2.65. All sizes

Child's Cape Coats.
Here's another, lot No. 8492, Cape Coats made of Blue Kersey. The large and deep cape has three rows of braid around it; the coat is double-breasted and has a kilted skirt; for warmth and comfort we know of nothing better; lined with good quality serge and silk stitched throughout. Sizes 4 to 6 years. Worth at least $8.00, our price $5.00 the garment.

Men's Suits.
On the third floor the prices on Men's Suits are specially low for this time of the year.
Suits that were they made by the "merchant tailor," would cost $20.00 to $25.00, are sold on our third floor for $10—fit, fashion and fabric guaranteed right.
Which means, if, for any cause or no cause, you wish your money refunded you, it's yours for the asking.
We bought quite recently at a manufacturer's sale a number of roll's of very superior Hair-lined Worsted, which we had made into Men's Trousers, and now offer at $2.50 the pair.
The quality of the cloth is such that, had we paid its real value, $5.00 would not have bought a pair of these elegant, well-fitting and stylish Trousers.
To match these Trousers, and put a high-grade suit of clothes within your reach at an extremely low price, we have marked down a number of Clay Diagonal Coats and Vests (winter weight) to $8.25.

The Entire Suit $10.75.
Not to be duplicated for $15.00.
Half Satin-lined Blue or Black Kersey Overcoats $12.00, made to sell for $15.00. Don't forget to see them.

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We have still all sizes in that popular English Bull Dog Toe Shoe we are offering at $3 50. It would be good value at $5.00.

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REDUCTION! REDUCTION!
COME, COME, COME.
Review Our LATEST BARGAINS, It Will Pay You.
6 Blocks Best Phila. Oleine Soap 25c.
For Monday next:
1 Crown Washboard, 1 lb. Washing Soda, 1 Box Blue, } All for 25c.
Full supply of the best grade American Granulated Sugar.
Glass Jars and the best Pickling Vinegar.
The best 5c. Muslin you ever saw. Full yard wide—really worth 6c.
All Summer Ginghams 7½c. that were 12½ and 10c.
There is hardly anyone left but who knows that our Douglas Shoes are the cheapest and the best Shoe sold in this county. Boys, come and get a pair.
Shirts and Overalls reduced.
We keep the best Tea in Kent county. We know this by the sales all over this county.
Slippers Reduced!
OF ALL KINDS.
SOAPS—Well, they speak for themselves. 3 bars White 5c. Toilet Soap now 10 cents.
2 bottles 6-oz. Yeast Powder worth 10c. for 9c.
Saturday will be our great sale day on Slippers. Come for the bargains.
WESTCOTT & DODD.

Assortment!
The stock of goods we have just placed is complete and gratifying in variety. We have all the lines, and all these lines full to overflowing, so that a customer cannot leave the store without being able to find anything and everything that a progressive merchant should carry. We do not dust over and sort up old goods, and try to make them pass for new ones, when a season comes in. We carefully select and order the best and newest the market affords, secure enough to meet all requirements, and look to it that every class and grade is represented. You will find what you want here, if anywhere, in all its variations of mode, finish and price.
WE SELL ALL STYLES AND ALL GRADES OF
Fine, Medium and Heavy Shoes,
For Men, Boys, Youths, Ladies and Misses.
THOMAS G. WROTH,
The Shoe Man,
UNDER STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.
FINEST LINE OF RUSSET AND PATENT LEATHER GOODS EVER SHOWN.
ALL KINDS OF SHOE DRESSINGS.

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THE BABY'S COMFORT, THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.
Over one trial says Mrs. Collie in 30 minutes; cures cord or sour stomach, relieves all forms of indigestion, can be given to babies 1 day old. Will prevent Cholera Infantum and keep the baby in good, healthy condition through the period of teething. An over dose does no harm; nothing injurious in it. 25 cts. at druggists.
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Trial bottle sent free if you mention this paper.

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Lea's Flour
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The best place in Kent county to buy these goods is in Chestertown, and the Safest and Cheapest Shop is
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Next door to Old Bank, down town.

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FOUR KINDS.
Some of the best ever made for the price. Call and examine them.
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TWO KINDS.
From 1500 to 6000 pounds capacity.
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CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.
At Massey's, Maryland,
A. F. HUEY, Prop.
BUGGIES, Fine Quality, Cheap.
SURRAYS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
CARRIAGES, DEARBORNS.
The Best to be had anywhere.
Farming Implements
of all kinds.
A. F. HUEY,
MASSEY'S, MD

THANKSGIVING.

BY JOEL BENTON.

I.
The fields a dull, dead russet wear.
A frosty chill has stung the air.
Vine and leaf and flower have fled,
And yonder woods, ungarlanded,
Stretch bare arms unto the skies,
Stripped by summer's pageantries.

II.
Where are now October's flame,
May's fair promise, summer's fame?
All have gone, as bright things must,
Into vaporous air or dust;
But the wealth of barn and bin
One more year has gathered in.

III.
For all the autumn's harvest yields—
Spoil of orchards, wealth of fields,
Cellared products, mows of hay,
Stacks on hillside and highway,
Herds that month by month increased—
We spread this day our annual feast.

IV.
May none in gilded hall or cot
Go unrewarded or forgot.
We who have good things to spare
Should give to want a bountous share;
Put gladness in the face of woe,
Till all some stream of bounty know.

V.
Then the laughter of the spring
Shall not be a mocking thing,
And the pride of hill and plain
Not have proved a pageant vain;
But all the circling year's increase
Turn to thankful joy and peace.

PROF. HUGO'S THANKS

BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

[Copyright, 1896.]

It was a cry for help.

Professor Hugo laid down his geological hammer and put the specimen he had just chipped off carefully away in his knapsack, and then straightened up, listening. He never did anything in a hurry.

Again the cry sounded. It was a girlish voice, and it sounded from down the mountain. He was half way up the side. 'Help! Help! Quick!"

"I better go, maybe," muttered the professor in his queer German speech, and then he raised his voice and shouted: "Fear not! I come!"

One could not say he hurried even then, but there was no hesitation, and there was not a misstep.

Presently he stopped and listened. Hearing nothing, he called out: "Where you are now? Call out to me again!"

"Right here. Oh, come quick!" answered the voice, only a few yards to the right. Stepping around a bowlder that was lodged on the mountain side, he saw a young girl lying flat on the grass. Before she could speak he understood her peril.

She was almost at the edge of a cliff not less than 40 feet in height, and below her was a mass of jagged rocks. The slope on which she lay was steep, and the short grass that covered it was so dried and burned by the sun that it was as slippery, almost, as ice. Moreover, the soil in which it grew was hardly more than a sheet of forest mold over a smooth rock, and there was no chance for her to get even a slight hold by digging her fingers into it.

"You are hurt? No?" he asked quickly.

"No, sir," answered the girl as coolly as if she had been lying on a sofa. "But every time I try to move I slip a little nearer the edge, and there is nothing to keep me from falling over if I slip any farther."

"That is right," said the professor, "and it is good for you that I hear. Lie still now, and I will soon up get you."

It was not so easy, however, as it looked and as he at first thought it was. On either side of her he could get within some 20 feet of where she was without venturing on the treacherous grass himself and so losing his own foothold. But, though he could have held out a stick or improvised a rope that she could reach across that distance, it would not do to pull her along the edge without some stay from the upper part of the slope, and that was fully 50 feet above her.

"I could go for a rone," he said presently, after he had studied the situation a moment, "but how far away is some house? I do not know."

"It would take you an hour to go and get back," said the girl. "Can you not do something else? If I had only a little thing to hold on to, I could crawl back, but I dare not"—

"No, no, Franklin!" interrupted the professor. "You must lie still. I will something do."

Opening his knapsack, he fumbled inside of it for a moment and drew out a stout gray flannel shirt. This he tore into strips, and, knotting the strips together, he had in a little while a string long enough to reach across the dangerous slope. As he worked he chatted with the girl, who was cool enough now that some one was near to aid her.

She had been picking berries, she told him, and, although she knew the ground well and understood how treacherous the grassy slopes were, after the late summer sun scorched them, she had slipped from pure carelessness, and, falling, she had slid out of reach of the bushes. Struggling to rise, she had slipped farther and farther toward the edge until she realized that her only chance of safety was to lie still and call for help.

"And I was so thankful when I heard you answer," she said, "for I did not know but I would have to lie here till they missed me at home and came out to search for me."

"Yes, it was good that I study the rocks today," said the professor. "But now lie still some more till my rope shall touch your fingers. Then do not too hard pull it, for it is not so strong. But it will help you a little, and you can up the hill creep

HE UNDERSTOOD HER PERIL.

came back with his daughter he shook his head gravely, fearing that his help was too late. He could do nothing, however, but wait till his son should come up with the neighbors, for whom he had sent. And when they had carried him to the Bascom farmhouse and the village doctor had come and examined him and set his bones they found that they would have him to care for for several weeks.

"It seems kind o' hard it should be so, Maria, bein as you've got about all to do 't you can stand," said Mr. Bascom to his wife, "but I don't see as 'twould be decent not to care for him."

"Why, we've just got to, John," said Mrs. Bascom. "And dear suz knows we can't grudge him nothin. If it hadn't 'a' been for him Ella might 'a' been killed."

But if the Bascom household was poor in worldly goods, as it certainly was, and if it was a serious tax on the family purse to provide the medicines the sufferer needed and a drain on the strength of the mother and daughter to nurse him as assiduously as they did, no hint of these facts appeared. The professor was not allowed to want for anything that could be had, nor did he see any but a cheerful countenance in the house. He was not blind, however, nor was he backward about asking questions when he recovered sufficiently to talk.

He went straight to the point with a directness that would have seemed grossly impertinent in a neighbor, but which appeared childlike simplicity in this queer foreigner who spoke such twisted English.

"What for do you stay where the land so poor is?" he asked one day. "You are a farmer. Why do you not sell and to the

THE PROFESSOR'S EYES GLEAMED.

west go? There you will do better as here, where your fields are all tipped on one side up and rock full."

"Well, I've had a sort o' hankerin to go west for a long spell," said Mr. Bascom, "but 'tain't so easy to sell when there ain't anybody seekin to buy. I stay here because the farm's mine, an there ain't nothin else that is. I never could get forehanded enough to make a start, and it's all I can do to make a livin here."

"But the boy," said the professor, "will he all his life stay here also and be poor?"

"No!" exclaimed the father almost angrily. "Not if I'm spared long enough to care for his mother till he gets a start. He's bent on schoolin, and his mother and I are goin to see't he gets it. He'll have to work his own way, though," added the old man, with a little sigh. "We can't help him much."

"Yes, that is good," said the professor. "It is better as a boy his own education get."

And after that he talked with young John. The boy was shy at first, but under the professor's blunt questioning he soon warmed up enough to talk of his ambition. He wanted to be a civil engineer, he said, and the professor found that he had laid a good foundation for an education in the village academy and had bought and mastered a few good books.

Moreover, he was observant. One day when the professor was almost well he was looking over the specimens in his knapsack when John came and looked on. "There's a good deal of that kind of rock on the east side of the farm," he said, pointing to one of the chips.

The professor started a little, but he spoke as deliberately as usual. "You shall show to me that east side," he said, "when I can climb those hills some day."

"I guess you can get there now," said the lad. "It isn't much of a climb, and there's a smooth path."

So they went out together, and the professor's eyes gleamed when he saw the ledge John pointed out. He said very little, though, and after he had taken some measurements and collected a few specimens they went back to the house.

Next day he said he was going away, and he asked Mr. and Mrs. Bascom how much he owed them for his board and his medicines.

"Land sakes, professor," said Mrs. Bascom, "you don't s'pose we could take your money, do you? What little we've been able to do for you is little enough for what you did for us." And the farmer himself spoke as earnestly, so the professor said no more about money. In fact, he seemed so well pleased that Mr. Bascom remarked it when he was alone with his wife.

"'Pears to me that there Professor Hugo's almighty skimpy about money," he said. "He was tickled to death cenamost when he found he didn't have to pay nothin."

"John Bascom," exclaimed the good woman, "you don't mean to stand there and tell me you would take money from the man that saved your own daughter's life?"

"Don't be a fool, Maria. 'Tain't likely I would, but I'd 'a' thought more of him if he'd 'a' tried a little harder to pay."

But there was another one in the family who had no such thoughts. When Ella Bascom bade the professor goodby, she said, "I never have really thanked you as I want to, and I don't s'pose I ever can, but I want you to know that I never can forget what you did and what you have suffered for me."

"Pish, pish!" said the professor carelessly, though he was well pleased. "It was nothing only my own stupid foot that all the trouble made. And I did for you very little. Only I am glad, fraulein, that I study the rocks that day." And he kissed her goodby.

"But you will come again to see us?" urged the little maiden. "Won't you come Thanksgiving?"

"Maybe, maybe," he said. "That is a good day, that Thanksgiving. You to the good Lord give thanks because he so good to you is. And you have one great dinner. Maybe I thank him, too, that he kill me not. And you I thank that you take of mother good care. And maybe I take dinner that day with you."

It was several weeks, however, before Thanksgiving day came, and in the interval, as the hard New England winter came on, things went badly with the Bascoms. Ella developed a slight cough, that made her mother turn pale when she heard it. She had learned to know how easily consumption attacks young people in the rigorous climate of upper New England, yet she dared not speak to Mr. Bascom about sending the girl south for the winter. The means were lacking. The crops were poor. One of the two pigs they had fattened died before killing time. Mr. Bascom himself, growing old before his time, seemed no longer able to look on the bright side of anything, and the anxious wife and mother could only pray a little more earnestly and a little more frequently than before. To work harder was impossible. And John could only study later and rise earlier to make up for his father's failing strength. Nothing was heard from the professor, and, as the family realized more and more every day how heavy the odds were against them, they ceased to talk and almost ceased to think much about him. He had saved them from a great sorrow, he had been a great care and a burden for a time, and then he had passed away to be only a memory.

It was therefore entirely a surprise when, a few days before Thanksgiving, John brought home a letter from the village postoffice addressed in a queer foreign handwriting to Miss Ella Bascom.

"It must be from the professor," she said, and after they had all agreed to this and had examined the envelope and the postmark and had wondered sufficiently about what he could have to say, as people do who do not often receive letters, she opened it.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRAULEIN—I have not forgotten that you asked me to go to see you again on Thanksgiving day, and I will go. I will to see what is the great holiday of the American people in the American people's home.

Your brother John, he is a good boy, and he will be a good man. He will give thanks, maybe, that I did get him a place in New York where he can study and be an engineer and will earn money—not very much, but enough.

Tell your papa I have, maybe, some good news for him, and tell your mamma since I come to dinner I have the great liberty taken to send my dinner. And I kiss your hand. HUGO.

Such news was too wonderful, and yet it was tantalizing. There was no end to the speculating, and it was later that night than it ever had been before when the Bascoms went to bed.

The next day, however, brought a still greater surprise. Word came from the railway station, two miles away, that there were several large cases there for Mr. Bascom, expressage paid. The old gray horse was astonished enough at the speed at which he was rattled along, but his feelings were nothing to those of the family when the cases were brought home and opened.

If there was anything known to the grocery or delicatessen trade that wasn't represented in those cases, it was because the professor couldn't find it. And there was the biggest turkey Bascom ever saw, with a box of fresh vegetables, and everything else needed to cook with it. And of everything else there was enough to last all winter.

Mrs. Bascom was stunned. She could say nothing, but the children made up for her silence, and Mr. Bascom, after he had recovered a little from his bewilderment, said, "Well, Maria, if that's the professor's dinner, he must have a leetle the best appetite of anybody I ever knowed of."

Next day the professor came himself, fatter than ever and jollier than they had ever seen him. "It is nothing," he said

when Mr. and Mrs. Bascom undertook to remonstrate with him for sending them such a wealth of stores. "It is nothing. I have never your Thanksgiving kept before, and I thank you so much for your to me kindness when I was suffering."

"But you said you were a poor man?" said Mr. Bascom.

"Ach, yes! They call me in the city poor, but always I have a few thousand dollars."

And again they sat up half the night discussing John's future, which now depended on himself. And only the mother remembered to cry silently even while she reproached herself for ingratitude, because there was in all the good fortune no way yet open for sending Ella away from the winter storms. But the next morning, when the mother and daughter were in the kitchen and John was busy outside, the professor said:

"I wrote in my letter, Mr. Bascom, I have some good news for you maybe. It was this: Your son John he showed me good stone on your farm. It is for building most excellent. It is the stone for which I was looking when the little fraulein for help called. I have in one great quarry company a small interest, for I am what you call stockholder, and for them I was looking. They want that kind of stone. So when I returned to the city I said, 'The stone is found.' Then they would to send somebody to buy your farm cheap, and I said no. When they were angry, I said: 'Very well, gentlemen, then I tell you nothing. You go and yourself find the stone.' So they were angry some more, but I make them offer you $10,000 for your farm or a contract for $1,500 a year. It is better you take the contract, I think, so I have the paper, and if you sign they $1,000 bonus pay you." And he produced the paper.

And that was how the Bascoms spent the happiest day they ever had and the professor saw his first Yankee Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE ANNUAL HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Its Origin and Ancient Manner of Observance—Its Modern Significance—The Country Feast—A Tempting Banquet. The Perfect Form of Giving Thanks.

An annual harvest festival of Thanksgiving has been by no means peculiar to this country or even to modern ages. Indeed the Hebrews had their harvest festivals, the principal one being the autumn feast of ingathering (feast of the Tabernacles), a thanksgiving for the whole produce of the wine press, of the fruit orchards and the cornfields. Similarly, too, the Greeks and Romans had festival seasons in honor of Demeter, or Ceres, the goddess of agriculture. All these were sanctioned by religious rite, games and joyous indulgence in the pleasures of the table. So our Thanksgiving day has a noble descent in history, and the Puritans of Massachusetts not only showed their piety, but their scholarship, in some of the old sermons still extant. A discourse of the celebrated Dr. Cotton Mather on Thanksgiving is curious in its learning concerning the prototypes of the Puritan festival among the nations of the past. It shows how well the fathers knew they had linked themselves with a great historic observance.

However the day has become shorn of its religious quality in the minds of the masses, who sacredly enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey, its connection with worship is always earnestly enjoined by state and federal proclamations. It is indeed the sole religious festival observed in the United States by virtue of civil authority. The annual practice in New England during colonial times was imitated after awhile by the Dutch and English governors of New York, and the continental congress proclaimed the festival annually during the great war struggle. It remained afterward, however, a purely state affair till, in 1863, President Lincoln began the practice of proclaiming an autumnal Thanksgiving annually.

In the earlier time Thanksgiving day was the most important of American festivals, for Christmas was looked on with more or less suspicion by the rigid Puritans. Aside from churchgoing, shooting with the rifle at turkeys was the most widespread habit of the day. This is still practiced to some extent in the purely rural communities. Nowadays, however, the overshadowing feature of the holiday in the way of amusements is the prevalence of the great football and other games selected for that date. Our universities make it the occasion of their most brilliant athletic contests. Out of the cities where the more important of these friendly battles would naturally occur local games are arranged which perhaps evoke as much interest among the spectators. It is curious to observe that among all the strong and servile nations this tendency to connect national festivals with athletic contests has been all but universal. Among the Americans, Englishmen and Germans of today, the cognate branches of the Teuton family, this is specially noticeable.

The religious exercises of Thanksgiving nearly always look in some way toward matters of national gratitude rather than those of individual thanks. So we expect the church addresses to be largely of a political character, dealing with topics of public morals. Our ministers naturally avail themselves of this escape valve to discharge views of political questions once a year, and many a good stump speech, as well as some poor ones, have been thus shot from the battery of the pulpit. Not a few of the most powerful and eloquent addresses of Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Dr. Hall, Dr. E. H. Chapin and other preaching celebrities have owed themselves to this occasion. A sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Palmer of New Orleans on Thanksgiving day, 1860, is said to have aroused and crystallized secession sentiment scarcely less than Mirabeau's oratory did the revolutionary sentiment at the convocation of the French states general in 1789. So, while most of the Thanksgiving pulpit talking may lack pith and fire, it sometimes becomes a projectile of monstrous force and effect.

But, after all is said, one must confess that the true modern significance of Thanksgiving is that of the feast day—the family feast day. It gathers the scattered branches together from far and wide to sacrifice at the altar of family love, where are enshrined the Lares and Penates of the old home. There is something of this feeling, too, at Christmas, but it chiefly touches the individuals of each family branch. Thanksgiving seeks the gathering of the clan and becomes in many cases perhaps the most beautiful and delightful occasion of the year, full of the purest joy and sweetness, a veritable fountain of refreshment. The spectacle of three or four generations of a family assembled together from distant dwelling places under the ancient family roof-tree is charged with the heart's truest poetry. The significance is not that it surfeits the belly with toothsome and succulent dainties, but that it fills the soul brimful of love and sympathy, effervescing anew after long absence. This is the truest religious sacrifice of the day, and so the dinner table becomes perhaps the most consecrated shrine of all, though no blood of the grape is poured out in libation there.

It is in the country that the finest joys of Thanksgiving are found. They go with turkey and pumpkin pie, not with terrapin and canvasback; with sparkling apple juice, not with champagne. The crisp, pure air, the association of rural life revived again with exhilarating freshness, the warming of family ties, the homely, appetizing dishes, into whose concocting the cook has poured the purest love and joy of the heart as well as fragrant spices and sweets, make up something which no banquet of Lucullus could equal. Many a worldworn spirit has found in such an occasion a new sense flaming out of the ashes of ennui and weariness, that, after all, life is well worth living. And so may it be always.

We have said nothing in this article about the giving of thanks, which the name of the day emphasizes. Well, perhaps the indulgence of love and innocent joy and the new birth of all the best sympathies of one's nature are as perfect a form of thanksgiving to the great Creator of all as prayer and psalm singing within the walls of the chapel. Without the first named all else is but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

G. T. FERRIS.

Whenever the invention admits of a model, the inventor is required to furnish it, of a convenient size, to show properly and to the best advantage the working of the device.

How to Ward off an Attack of Croup.
In speaking of this much dreaded disease, Mr. C. M. Dixon, of Pleasant Ridge, Pa., said, "I have a little girl who is troubled frequently during the winter months with croupy affections. Whenever the first symptoms occur, my wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and the result is always prompt and satisfactory." This remedy is used by thousands of mothers throughout the United States, and in many foreign countries, and always with perfect success. It is only necessary to give it freely when the child becomes hoarse or as soon as the croupy cough appears and all symptoms of croup will disappear. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown.

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