LPIN, DENTIST,
stertown Md.,
OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.

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racted by local anesthetics and thout pain.
Having ...ed 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.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,
Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

having enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.

EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

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. Bartus J. Wilkins, Jr. All persons desiring first-class work are invited to call.

DR. CHARLES R. TWILLEY,
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 clients to loan.
Office in the same building as the TRANSCRIPT. s6 2m.

HENRY W. CATLIN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland
Office opposite Court House.

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,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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WILLIAM W. BECK,
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Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

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—WITH—
LONEY & CO.,
Successors to Wright & Loney.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Live Stock
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities for this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced.
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Reliable,
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XMAS GOODS
At Reduced Prices
DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON.
WE have placed in stock a charming line of XMAS TOYS for the Children, and Beautiful Goods in great variety suitable for Holiday Presents. Our
Dolls and Christmas Tree Ornaments
are such as would delight the little ones, and the Beautiful Linen Scarfs, Linen Bureau Sets and other Christmas Articles, would be peculiarly appropriate as a season's greeting from friend to friend. These goods have been carefully selected from the largest and handsomest stocks in the country, and are rich in design and of unsurpassed quality. And remember,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!
during the Holiday Season. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to call and examine. Respectfully,
Misses Cora and Hattie Reed,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 31, 1896. VOL. XXXVI—NO. 34.

MONEY versus CLOTHING!

The Largest Stock of Clothing in Chestertown

MUST BE IMMEDIATELY TURNED INTO CASH.

There is only one way to do it, and that is to convince the people that at

T. S. BORDLEY'S CASH CLOTHING HOUSE

you can buy Clothing for LESS MONEY than you can buy it anywhere else. During the balance of the season we will sell our entire stock of Fine, Perfect-Fitting Suits and Overcoats, for the Spot Cash, and at prices which have never before been quoted in this town. We quote a few prices below, in order to give you some idea of how we have cut prices:

FINE ALL WOOL CLAY WORSTEDS,	Former Price	$12 00, now	$8 50
BLACK ALL WOOL THIBETS,	" "	10 00, now	7 50
PLAIN ALL WOOL HAIR-LINEN,	" "	12 00, now	8 50
ALL WOOL, MIXED CHEVIOT,	" "	8 00, now	5 99
ALL WOOL CASSIMERE.	" "	10 00, now	7 50
DICKUP ALL WOOL KERSEY,	" "	6 00, now	4 75

OVERCOATS.

Blue and Black Kersey Overcoat, former price $10.00, now $7.50. I have nearly 100 Men's Overcoats in Cassimere, Chinchillor, Cheviot, Plain and Fancy Weaves; Blue, Black and Mixed Colors, which have been selling from $7.50 to $13.50. These have all been placed in one pile, and you can have your pick for $6.50. The great bulk of these Overcoats, at this price, is far below the cost of the material, and upon examination, will prove the lowest-price Overcoat you have ever seen. I have a full line of Double-Breasted Pea Jacket, both coat and vest, all wool, silk velvet color, stitched with silk and splendidly made, worth $7.50, I have reduced them to $5.00 for both coat and vest.

Children's Clothing.

We have about 200 Children's Suits and Overcoats, the price of which we have cut all to pieces. For example, we have bunched together about forty suits that have been retailing for $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, and now only ask $1.50 for your choice, either for Suit or Overcoat; and our All Wool, Double Seat and Knee Suits, cut in proportion.

Never before in the history of this town has Clothing been offered so remarkably low as I am offering it now. If you want to convince yourself of this fact, visit every clothing store in the town, get their lowest prices, and then come to me and let me quote you the Lowest Cash Prices you have ever had.

I must turn my entire stock into money before the season is over, and there is only one successful way to do it, and that is to undersell all competitors. If you must have Clothing this season, don't put it off too late, the prices I am now quoting won't let them stay long, the best styles and patterns are soonest to go, and the sooner you come, the better choice you will have.

Respectfully, etc.,
Thomas S. Bordley,
Dec. 10, 1896. Cash Corner Clothing House.

MELITOTA.

—HAS THE—
Cheapest Cash Store
—IN KENT.—

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

5 Tons First-Class Hay
—AND—
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.

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.
Sept. 3, 1896. URIEVILLE, MARYLAND.

FERD. H. PAAR,
SUCCESSOR TO H. MIDDENDORF,
MAKER OF
Gents' Fine Footwear,
No. 23 West Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

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.
GEORGE A. GEGNER,
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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.
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More Potash
in the fertilizers applied on the farm means larger and better yields of crops, permanent improvement of the soil and
More Money
in the farmer's pocket.
All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and will gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.
GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

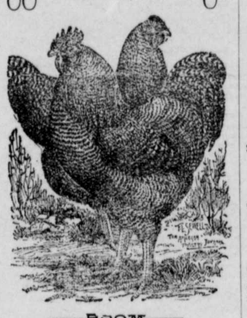
R. BERGEN'S
Great Cut Prices!
As Christmas is nearing, to reduce my stock I will sell all goods at a reduction of
25 PER CENT
consisting of
LADIES' CAPES
in plush and cloth.
Coats for Ladies & Children
MY STOCK OF
DRESS GOODS!
is very large, now is the time to buy a bargain. Also, a nice line of
PLAIDS FOR WAISTS!
A Large Stock of
Blankets, Quilts, Comfortables
The Balance of Our
MILLINERY STOCK
will be closed out at greatly reduced prices.
We have just received a big line of Fancy Handkerchiefs, Bureau and Stand Scarfs, and a nice assortment of other goods suitable for Christmas Holidays.
Remember, when in want of bargains, go to
R. BERGEN,
LEADING MERCHANT of Kent Co.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.
The best place in Kent county to buy these goods is in Chestertown, and the Safest and Cheapest Shop is
BARTLEY'S
—FOR—
Furniture, Carpets, Oilcloth
RUGS, WALL PAPER.
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, BRUSHES,
PUTTY, MACHINERY, OILS, TAR,
OAKUM, PITCH and COTTON.
JOHN BARTLEY.
Next door to Old Bank, down town

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,
O'CONOR
FASHIONABLE HATTERY
430 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

WAGNER'S
Green House Restaurant
West Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
J. L. & B. WAGNER. - Proprietor
The Restaurant is the oldest and most extensive in its accommodations of any in the city.

Munyon's
LIFE WORK.
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
Owe Their Health to Munyon's Improved Homœopathic Remedies.
Ask Your Druggist for Munyon's Guide to Health—Buy a 25-Cent Munyon Remedy and Cure Yourself.
Munyon's Rheumatism Cure seldom fails to relieve in 1 to 3 hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.
Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles. Price 25c.
Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up cold in a few hours. Price 25c.
Munyon's Cough Cure stops cough, night sweats, allays soreness and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.
Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.
Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Munyon's Female remedies are a boon to women. Munyon's Nerve Cure cures all forms of nervousness. Munyon's different cures for children are of untold value to mothers.
A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.
Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

Eggs for Hatching!

—FROM—
Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, Golden Wyandottes and Single Comb Brown Leghorns
$3.00 FOR 15
OR $5.00 FOR 30.
We also have a lot of Brown Leghorns and Golden Wyandottes running together on range. From this yard we can supply a few settings at 50c. if called for, or 75c. if packed and delivered to express office. I have sold all my Prize-Winning Indian Games to Mr. W. B. Megear, Smyrna, Del. If you need stock or eggs of that variety, write him.
No Sunday visitors allowed.
E. E. HUDSON,
KENNEDYVILLE, MD.

CARRIAGE EMPORIUM.
At Massey's, Maryland,
A. F. HUEY, Prop.
BUGGIES, Fine Quality, Cheap.
SURREYS,
CARTS, WAGONS,
CARRIAGES, DEARBORNS
The Best to be had anywhere.
Farming Implements
of all kinds.
A. F. HUEY,
MASSEY'S, MD

FIRE. FIRE. FIRE.
LIGHTNING! LIGHTNING!
Those desiring protection from FIRE or LIGHTNING, call on or address
H. L. BOYD,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
—AGENT FOR—
ÆTNA, of Harford, Con
Assets $11,000,000.
PHŒNIX, of Harford, Conn.,

Shoe Your Horse for 10 Cts.
CASH.
I do not make any money at this price, but I want your trade, and if low prices will get it I am going to have it.
Points for Oliver Chilled Plows 25 cents cash.
No. 40 Plows $8.50 full rigged wheel and jointer.
No. 19 $7.50, wheel and jointer.
I will hoop your Carriage Wheels for 35 cents apiece. No extra charge for tire bolts. All other work in proportion.
Come and see me, I'm a living, breathing mechanic.
JOHN MEDDERS,
Sept. 3, 1896. Kennedyville, Md

RINGING THE NEW YEAR CHIMES.

AT SLUICE CITY.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY BY J. FREDERIC THORNE.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

"Say, boys, them two kids didn't hev no Christmas; but, by thunder, they has got ter hev a New Year. Jest cause they ain't got no mother's no reason they should be counted out of the deal."

"Now yer talkin!"

"Right you air, Pete."

"Them's my sentiments to a tee."

"Been so long sence I knowed what New Year's was I've most forgot thar was sech a thing."

"You don't hev ter know. All you wanter do is ter chip in."

"Bet yer life I kin do that. Mosey along the hat."

"Mine'll do."

The crowd of men lined along the bar in the little frontier town had soft hearts beneath their rough exteriors,

"FOUND 'EM A-CRYIN BY THE SIDE OF THE BED."

and the hat did not have to make a second trip to be comfortably filled. Indeed, as the last man threw in his contribution it made a sum that guaranteed "no slouch of er New Year," as Yank Hawkins said. The man at the end of the line dropped in a Colt 45, and in answer to a look of surprised inquiry waved his hand and said, "Busted."

The "two kids" had arrived in the town a month before with their worn-out, weary and, as was easily to be seen, dying mother. She was looking, she said, for her husband, who had left her nearly a year before to try to carve out a better fortune than was the lot of a Methodist minister in a small eastern town.

Whether he had stuck to his calling or had tried his hand at more secular work she did not know, but she had heard that he had started for Sluice City and had come there to seek him. Life away from him was nothing, she added.

The disappointment at not finding her husband seemed to sap what little strength she had left.

The morning after the arrival one of the denizens of Sluice City, passing the tumble down cabin in which she had installed herself, heard the children crying. He stopped, listened, made as if he would investigate, and then, muttering "It's a shame!" passed on. He had not taken ten steps, though, until he suddenly turned back, and, walking to the open door of the cabin, peered in.

What he saw made him uncover his head and stand staring at the bed.

There the little woman lay, and it needed no second glance to tell Pete that she had passed beyond all earthly sorrows.

The two little tots were standing by the side of the bed, crying and calling for their mother to give them something to eat. But that cry failed to reach her ears. They were past all mortal sound.

A lump came in Pete's throat, he swallowed hard two or three times, and then, for want of knowing what else to do, swore softly to himself.

Pete's experience with children had been limited, and he gazed from the two children to that silent form and back to the children again.

The contingent who were taking their morning "eye openers" at the bar gasped in astonishment as Pete stalked into the room with a tear stained baby on either arm.

"Startin a family?"

"Yours?"

"Didn't know you was a married man."

"Was you ever a parson, Pete?"

"Concluded ter run up, hev you?"

"You fellers shet up! The little woman's dead, and these yere two kids is left all alone. Found 'em a-cryin by the side of the bed, an her a-layin there stiff an cold."

An awkward silence fell upon the group at this, and Pete continued:

"A couple of you fellers go out an dig her a grave while I git these kids somethin ter eat."

Pete set the two children on the bar and with the help of the bartender, Vitriol Jim, soon had them eating heartily of bread and milk, wholly forgetful of their bereavement. At 3 and 5 our troubles are but summer clouds.

The camp buried the mother with all the solemnity due the occasion and set up a rough headboard which read: "A Parson's Wife. She Has Gone Before to Blaze the Trail."

Then Sluice City adopted the two orphans. Pete insisted that they should be under his personal supervision, and as what Pete said "went" in Sluice City the two children slept on one side of his cabin and he on the other. The swearing, drinking, shooting six footer ger a hot fusillade from the revolvers of Sluice City.

It was a triumphal procession that entered Sluice City with Pete and the "New Year fixin's" at their head. They crowded around the bar and kept Jim busy supplying their demands. Independent Ike, stretched out on a bench, raised up on his elbow and announced with emphasis that he "wa'n't so badly hurt but what he could still take licker." The "licker" revived him so that he took a prominent part in the heated discussion that arose as to whether "the kids" should have the presents unfolded to them that night or in the morning.

The argument ran high and trouble was brewing when a soft voice broke in upon their wrangling with:

"What is the trouble, my friends? Maybe I can make an impartial judge for you. This is not the time of year for quarrels between brother men."

Pete and his companions whirled around and faced the speaker who had had the temerity to interfere in their argument.

He was a small, thin man, with hollow cheeks, large, blue eyes set far back in his head and a clean shaven face. He

"CAN YOU SPARE ME TIME ENOUGH, FRIENDS, TO ANSWER A QUESTION?"

was dressed in an old, black frock coat, shiny with wear and showing its age by the bald spots at the elbows and along the edge, black trousers which bagged at the knees and hung in fringes around his dilapidated shoes and a nondescript hat that had once been black also, but now showed green from the weather.

"Can you spare me time enough, friends, to answer a question or two? I am looking for a woman and two children, my wife and babies, whom I heard had come this way. Can you give me any information in regard to them?"

Pete started forward with an angry light in his eyes as he thought of the woman who had died and the two children who had been left helpless on account of this man's desertion. But the man's next words disarmed him:

"I was coming here, but fell ill and lay two long weeks in the hospital. The first day I was able to sit up they handed me a letter from my wife, in which she said that she was starting for here to meet me. I started that very afternoon. It is a long walk from Prescott here."

"Two hundred miles, as I'm a sinner!" ejaculated Pete. "An through the Injun country too! Give me yer hand! You're a man, after all!"

The next morning the parson mounted an empty whisky keg, kindly loaned for the occasion by Vitriol Jim, and, turning to his congregation, who, with bared heads and respectful attention, were grouped around him in front of the saloon, he spoke, while the tears rolled down his thin cheeks and dropped on to the shiny coat:

"My friends—I do not know what to say to you—the words choke me when I attempt to express my gratitude and indebtedness to you. I—I—I will speak this morning from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, the fortieth verse, 'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me!'"

and he did not have to make a second trip to be comfortably filled. Indeed, as the last man threw in his contribution it made a sum that guaranteed "no slouch of er New Year," as Yank Hawkins said. The man at the end of the line dropped in a Colt 45, and in answer to a look of surprised inquiry waved his hand and said, "Busted."

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CIRCLED AROUND THE SPOT.

at a shout from their leader, they dashed toward him, yelling and firing with all their might.

"Well, I guess it's goodby, kids; but I'll jest take a few of them devils along with me fer company. They'll make pretty ornaments fer the cabin."

As they came within range Pete opened fire. Two dropped, and they were checked for a moment; only for a moment, though, and it would have been goodby for Pete, when "Whoop! Yi-yi-yi-oop! Give the devils hell!" and

in another moment the government pets were scurrying for their lives un-

FURS SIGMUND —OF— BALTIMORE
Fur Manufacturers.
Established 1846.
Write for Estimates
ON REMODEL AND REPAIR WORK.
ALBERT SIGMUND & SON,
103 East Baltimore Street

A NEW YEAR BUDGET

SEASONABLE ADVICE, TOASTS AND SOME GOOD WISHES.

Howells and Louise Stockton on the Good Old Times—Fawcett on Encouraging American Authors—Jennie June, Clara Lanza and Captain King.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]

If it were not for the peculiar sanguinity of human nature, we should hardly welcome the New Year's as completely as we do. But

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

The excitement of writing a new figure at the end of the date is born of it, and there is more thought bestowed on the vanished pain of old scars than the probability of new wounds.

The season is a good one, after all, for every crusty fellow will stop to wish his neighbor a happy New Year's, and it is nothing like as unwelcome as one's birthday. The coming of the new year does not signify advancing age, but merely a chance of better times, a renewal of vigor and a leaving behind of past annoyances and worries. Mankind always was curious about futurity and ready in its search to trust itself rather to what may come than undergo a second edition of past experiences. Hamlet was not an ordinary mortal. We of the busy, everyday world never say in doubt, "Aye, there's the rub!" but go ahead and chance it like the cheerful gamblers we are. Win or lose, we must play, and there is always the chance of winning. And so sincerely and gladly it has come to be, "Ring out the old, ring in the new!" None voiced our spirit better than Bryant when he wrote:

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
That speeds thy winged feet so fast.
Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
And all thy pains are quickly past.

"What do you think of this?" I said to Junius Henri Browne. "What of the New Year's and its observance, in your opinion?" A reply be dated to me from cosmopolitan New York contained the following words:

New Year's day has had an excellent effect in inspiring careworn minds and weary hearts with fresh hope and renewed strength to continue the battle of life. New Year's sounds well. It baptizes old Time afresh. It yields expectations which, though wholly delusive, are delightful nevertheless. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Mr. Browne never fails to keep up the standard of his excellent literary reputation. He has always something to say and can say it in good, plain, well chosen English.

When I asked Julian Hawthorne to pen a bright little something exclusively for this subject and occasion, he wrote from Pelham Manor the following concise motto:

Make your new year new—not the old year with a new name. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

How much there is in this too! Resolutions run quicker than time.

The feather'd thing
Whilst I praise
The sparkling of thy locks and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

That which follows the clever pen of Louise Stockton wrote from her busy desk after a protracted absence abroad. This is what she calls her creed:

To me it seems that one of the great duties we owe our future is to store our hearts and memories with the pictures that when we need them will

"Flash upon the inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

and so comfort and entertain us. LOUISE STOCKTON.

The beautiful Marquise Lanza de Mercato Bianca, the only daughter of ex-Surgeon General William A. Hammond, dates from one of her residences—The Elm, New London, Conn.—the following quaintly clever New Year's wish:

With the birth of the new year let the disappointments of the past become the hopes of the future. CLARA LANZA.

La Marquise, not content to be famous through her title alone, is the author of many successful novels and noted besides as the most accomplished mandolinist in New York. The marquis, her husband, was in childhood a page to the queen of Italy and subsequently won uncommon honors for his bravery and daring in battle.

From the General Federation of Women's Clubs Jennie June writes me:

The beginning of a new year is not the arbitrary lot of January found in the almanac. That is often dreary, lonely, hidden in clouds and darkness. The true New Year's comes with every new and real experience to the human soul; with every fresh apprehension—the equivalent to the individual of a revelation, of a truth or a principle; finally with every conquest over self and acquisition of spiritual light, which means harmony and peace. JENNIE CUNNINGHAM CROLY. (Jennie June.)

Mrs. Croly has discovered in the foregoing the reason why mankind does not dread the actual first day of another twelvemonth.

William Dean Howells, in responding to my request for a thought of his on New Year's, sounds a note of reminiscence that suggests "April Hopes." Dating his letter from his beautiful city home in New York, Mr. Howells says:

The new years are always welcome, but I wish we could have a few of the old ones. W. D. HOWELLS.

You see, this author also confirms the fact that the new years are generally welcomed, and yet he regrets being off with the old and on with the new. The sad parting never occurs unless something "has been" which we wish again.

The following, which Mr. Fawcett sends me from his town house, embraces the wishing element too. Its advice is practical, not unattainable or unworthy under the present state of affairs, or so our American writers aver. It smacks of the resolutions proper to a new year, and perhaps even a publisher may see it here in its just light:

I wish that our country, now more than a century old, would realize that she can no longer plead youth as an excuse for neglecting the arts. I wish also that she might be induced to begin the new year by deciding no longer to neglect the works of those brilliant living men and women who are her novelists, poets, essayists, dramatists, historians, and that she would cease bowing homage to inferior British authors, the sales of whose writings (so often second rate and even catchpenny) have already brought hosts of worthy authors in this land to a state bordering on starvation. If I could believe our country capable of striking out bravely on these reformatory lines, I should feel disposed to hope for her the happiest of happy New Year's. EDGAR FAWCETT.

By way of a change from all the seriousness written about the infant year, the popular army novelist writes to me on the subject thus:

SHORT ON SENTIMENT.

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,"
When we look aghast at Christmas bills
And swear off on our beer.
When life is real and life is earnest
Push and pull for cash—not heaven.
Hard lines we've had through ninety-six.
Here's to luck in ninety-seven!

Yours as ever, CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

So the captain ends this collection with a rousing toast that smacks of New Year's eve. But this morning the old fellow Ninety-six is out of the way, his infant successor so proudly and admiringly received that it would not be amiss to recall Charles Mackay's well known poem, "Small Beginnings," and all about the "nameless man" and the "thought at random cast."

"Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last."

And so is the new year a mere cradled thing today, and its might of good and its might of evil lie sleeping in the minds of all who saw the light this January, 1897. We may, if we will, move this parent of 1898 to a healthier and a stronger issue than its kin of the past. LILLIAN A. N...

NEW YEAR'S EVE SONG.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here!
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One little hour and then away!

The year whose hopes were high and strong
Has now no hopes to waste,
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One mirthful hour and then away!

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One grateful hour and then away!

Days brightly came and calmly went
While yet he was our guest.
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One golden hour and then away!

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid.
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One tender hour and then away!

Even while we sing he smiles his last
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past.
Oh, be the new as kind!
Oh, stay, oh, stay!
One parting strain and then away!
—William Cullen Bryant.

Church of the Nativity.

That Bethlehem is the city of Christ's nativity there is no doubt, but that the grotto in the rock is the spot where he was born there are many who question. They contend that the gospel gives no authority for this, saying that the manger belonged to an inn or khan; that it was because the rooms above were filled with guests that the holy family were compelled to take up their temporary abode in the court used to stable the mules and the horses. But until the doubters can prove that some other spot has superior claims to this the world will go on revering the little grotto beneath the Church of the Nativity.—New York Herald.

French Christmas Delicacies.

Liver puddings, well truffled and plentifully seasoned with garlic, together with the national poulet, are seen on every Christmas table in France, accompanied, especially in the south, by the celebrated Languedoc stew, which is composed, according to M. Colombie, of the following materials:

Take beef, lean bacon, a clove of garlic, a small onion in which is inserted one clove, the third of a quart of wine, a small glass of cognac and some salt. Cut the beef into square pieces, very small, and put the whole into a small earthen pot, the bottom of which is lined with thin slices of bacon. Cover the pot with thick paper closed at the edges by flour paste made with cold water, put a plate over all and let it simmer for six hours.—Exchange.

TESTIMONIALS.

From Citizens of Pennsylvania Who Have Been Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Mr. W. W. Spillen, drug clerk, with J. W. McConnell, Parnassus, Pa., says: "I was out all one night last winter and contracted a severe cold. I was so hoarse for a week I could hardly speak. Knowing how well customers of our store spoke of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I concluded to try it. One-half of a bottle cured me entirely."

J. A. Van Valzah, Hughesville, Pa., says "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has proven so valuable that I do not hesitate to recommend it to any one."

Dr. F. Winger, Ephrata, Pa., says: "Mr J. D. Kline, a cigar maker of this place, reports a complete cure of his cough with a 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy after he had tried others which had failed." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.

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