"Down on the Farm"

Down on the farm, 'bout half past four,
I flip on my pants and sneak out the door;
Out to the yard I run like the dickens,
To milk ten cows and feed the chickens,
Clean out the barn, curry Nancy and Jiggs,
Separate the cream and slop the pigs,
Work two hours, then eat like a Turk,
And then by heck, I'm ready for work
I grease up the wagon eand put on the rack,
Throw a jug of water in an old grain sack,
Hitch up the horses, hustle down the lane
Must soon get the hay for it looks like rain,
Look over yonder, Sure as I'm born,
Cattle's on the rampage, cows in the corn.
Start cross the medder, run a mile 'r two;
Heaving like I'm windbroke; wet clear thru,
Get back to the horses, then for recompense
Nancy gets a-straddle of the barbed wire fence,
Joints all a-creakin' and muscles in a jerk,
I'm fit as a fiddle for a full day's work.
Work all summer till winter is nigh,
Figure up the books and have a great big sigh.
Worked all year and didn't make a thing;
Got less cash than I had last spring.
Some people tell you that there ain't no hell,
But they never tried to farm, so they cannot tell.
When spring rolls around I'll take another chance,
While the fringe grows longer on my pair of pants.
Give my 'spenders a hitch and belt another jerk,
And, by heck, I'm ready for a full year's work. —Unknown.



The Tire Shop's Auto doctor says

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Gentle Maiden Sees and Enjoys Football Game

Oh, that fullback got his face kicked in. Oh, how sweetly pretty! I just know he's happy. Now he can lie still in the hospital and read and hear the birdies sing and be glad, oh, so glad.

Oh, goody. Those two big Swedes are jumping up and down on the quarterback. Just like boys at play. How glad the Swedes look. And how happy the little quarterback must be that he can make them so glad. Oh, football is so lovely, so bloody lovely, reports Outing Magazine.

Oh, joy! No wonder the birdies sing and the flowers are gay. They have knocked the center cold. See, his left leg is broken, quite broken. And oh, rapture! I think his neck is hurt, too. How pleased all the others are. They are singing and cheering. They're so happy.

Oh, what a delightful picture! That big blond giant just kicked at the ball and missed it and his great foot landed in that other player's stomach, quite lost from sight. The band plays. No wonder. There! He has got his foot out again. Now they can both be glad.

Likes and Dislikes for Various Kinds of Food

Many races, many foods, many fads. The luxury of one people is the bane of another. An attempt is being made to introduce snails as an article of food in certain London restaurants. The French, of course, regard snails as a delicacy, while Britishers almost shudder at the thought of eating them! Yet English folks eat mussels, whelks and winkles, which in some countries are regarded as being unfit for human consumption. In England the eel is relished by many people, but in Scotland it is detested by nearly everybody. Rabbits are looked upon as vermin in some parts of America and Australia and are seldom served at table. In Britain rabbit pie is a favorite dish. Swede turnips are often eaten in Scotland and Canada with other vegetables, whereas in some parts of England they are cordially disliked and given only to cattle. Turnip-tops in Scotland, again, are not considered worth cooking. But in Covent Garden they sell by the ton.—London Mail.

Growth of Jellyfish

The manner in which a jellyfish produces its "children" is really wonderful.

In most cases the beginning is an egg, which, lying on the bottom, produces a beautiful tree-like growth. The "tree" fastens itself to the bottom and brings forth buds which, when ripe, drop off and develop into jellyfish. The latter, in turn, lay eggs and the process is repeated, as told in London Tit-Bits.

Most of the very large species have a different way of reproducing themselves. The egg is set free in the water and develops into a pear-shaped larvae, which for a while swims about rapidly, being provided with hair-like appendages that serve the purpose of ears. Then the larvae settles down, anchors itself to the bottom, increases in size rapidly and finally splits up into thin, flat discs which swim off and grow up into large jellyfishes.

Horses Repay Kindness

It is said the Arabs were the first to appreciate a horse's intelligence and to treat him accordingly. They kept the history of their horses written on tablets of ivory and traced their parentage back to the time of the pharaohs. They were extremely thoughtful of the comfort of the horse and it was even said they took better care of their horses than they did of their families. Constant companionship made the Arabian horse quick to understand the meaning of words, and kindness made them fearless, brave and obedient. The intelligence of the horse varies just as it does in other animals, or even people, and is developed or retarded according to man's treatment of him, says a bulletin of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Almond's Queer Habits

The almond tree has peculiar whims. It seems to prefer California as its habitat, as 98 per cent of the almonds grown in America are produced in that state, and in a rather restricted territory at that. The bulk of the crop is grown around Banning, says Nature Magazine. It seems to require the spots where extremes of cold and heat are present in their respective seasons, and photographs have been taken of an orchard with snow on the ground on the first of February, and again with the trees in full bloom by the 26th of the month. The same variety will not fertilize one another. Growers must plant alternating rows of hardshells and papershells in order to insure a harvest.

Heart Massage Is One of Surgical Marvels

The heart is a pump, and its work can be done for it quite well for a little while by hand, while its own power fails, and it takes a rest. One has to remember that, normally it never has a rest from the moment of life until death. And what happens in cases of heart massage is that the surgeon rapidly makes his way to the organ, and, taking it firmly and gently in the hand, squeezes it so many times to the minute, thus keeping the stream of the blood circulating. If all goes well, the heart gradually recovers itself, and begins to beat of its own accord.

Thus it practically amounts to this—that a person may actually die and be brought to life again.

There was a time when it would have been thought madness to touch the heart. Yet wonderful things were done in the World war in removing bullets and shrapnel and in repairing heart rents, though often it is better to let sleeping dogs lie undisturbed, and the surgeon is still very chary of touching the great vital organ. For, though the heart is not so fragile as we once fancied, it has a queer temper. Its nervous mechanism is not a little touchy, and easily thrown out of gear.—London Times.

Hens That Laid Golden Eggs

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

THE little row of cottages that lay out Mount Vernon way might have been picked up from some old English lane and transplanted to American soil, so closely did they resemble those artistic bits one gets from overseas by way of postcards.

Jack Danvers and Ted Everly were living in one for the summer because Jack had had an accident to his foot and needed country air by way of speeding his recuperation. Ted was ministering to his chum during the hours before dashing for his train to business and following his return in the evening.

In the next garden, separated by a glorious hedge, lived Irma Westlake with other members of the Westlake family, intent on enjoying their summer holiday.

And last, but not least, there dwelt the hens that laid the golden eggs, not in their own coop, where any well-trained hen should deposit her eggs, but anywhere they happened to be inclined. The hens belonged to Danvers and Everly, having come with the cottage they had rented.

The first intimation that Irma had that there were hens in the neighborhood was when she caught sight of one busily engaged in procuring a fresh salad for her breakfast in Irma's lettuce bed.

An irate Irma flew down the garden path and a disturbed hen squeezed swiftly through the hedge into her own domain. Irma repaired the bed and would have tucked that hedge well along with brambles to prevent further pilgrimages of hens had she not seen Jack Danvers, good looking, but a bit fragile, recuperating in the sun.

A likely looking young man in the next garden was no small attraction out in the country away from all one's friends, and Irma set about luring the hens into her garden.

It was not long before she found two fine big eggs in a nesty part of the hedge—her own side of it. Irma had not hoped for such luck.

"I can hardly keep my neighbor's eggs," she told herself. "It would not be honest and, besides, he looks as if he needed all the fresh eggs he could eat."

And because they were two bachelors trying to keep house for each other, Irma decided it would be better to cook the eggs before returning them. She had a wonderful way of beating them up with milk and butter and putting them in the oven to bake.

A half-hour later, just at lunch time, and before Jack had pulled himself out of the hammock swing to go in and rummage for food, a small girl entered his garden carrying a dainty tray.

Jack was so astonished at the wee fairy godmother, who deposited her tray swiftly and ran more swiftly out of his sight, that he was tonguetied. He could only watch her go as quick movement was impossible with his lame leg.

However, Jack sniffed the delicious eggs. There were bits of crisp buttered toast accompanying, and Jack had not enjoyed a repast so much for many a day. He was curious beyond words as to the good angel's identity, but that she could cook daintily was an evident fact.

He told Tom about it in the evening and Tom only grinned.

"Some of these mothers of the world are looking out for you, old man—take care that she doesn't catch you—by way of your interior."

"Anyway," laughed Jack, "you just keep your eye open for a wee golden-haired girl about here."

Two days later at high noon the gate opened cautiously and Jack sat up eagerly in his hammock. The little girl again stood before him, and would have put down her tray and escaped except that Jack with a swift movement put an arm about her and held her squirming but firmly.

On the tray was fresh salad made from hard-boiled eggs mixed with lettuce and old-fashioned dressing such as his mother used to make. Also a large slice of home-made layer cake.

"Now little miss," admonished Jack, "you are to stay here until you tell me who is being so very kind to me. I know where there is a little blue Persian kitten who would just love to belong to a wee girly like you."

Bonnie snuggled against Jack's arm confidingly. "I just love kittens," she said softly against his coat. "But Irma told me not to tell. She is my big sister, and we live next door, and your hens came into Irma's garden and laid their eggs." She looked wide-eyed up at him. She promised me a little black puppy—if I didn't tell."

"No, honey, I won't tell, and you shall have the kitten just as soon as I can get it."

Bonnie deposited a butterfly kiss on his chin and slipped away.

Jack called up Tom in the city.

"Scour the town for a blue Persian kitten and bring it home tonight," was his order.

On the train that night, returning from town, a blue-eyed girl sat down with a black puppy and a young man with a blue Persian sat down beside her. They got to talking about the animals. Tom told her all about his pal Jack, and Irma had the grace to blush.

"He is one of the finest," said Tom. "I wish you could pop in and see him—he finds it a bit dull."

So, while the eggs were not really golden they proved to be worth far more than gold—to two happy persons.

They All Talk

A young man talks with pleasure, and an old man talks with ease; an orator talks like some men walk—six days, go as you please.

The preacher talks of sins and things, of hell's eternal fury; the lawyer hurls his jawbones at a mad but helpless jury.

Thus each one talks and talks and talks, each of his own speech proudest, forgetful of the patent fact that it's money that talks loudest.—A. P., Boston Transcript.

Marriages That Led to Odd Relationships

Mysterious muddles sometimes arise out of second marriages. A Corsican girl married a man whose first wife was the sister of the girl's grandmother. This makes her her own mother's grand-aunt and her grandmother's sister-in-law. To her brother and sisters she is great-aunt. Finally, she is her own grand-niece. Her husband is the brother-in-law of his grand-nephews and grand-nieces.

An elderly American became the grandfather of his six children, and his first wife's stepfather. He divorced his wife and married his mother-in-law. The widower who married in succession seven sisters contracted various relationships, says the Montreal Family Herald and Star. This man started by marrying the eldest of the sisters, and subsequently went right down the line. Finally he led the seventh and last sister to the altar.

A German village is puzzled over the relationships resulting from the double marriage of a father and a son. The father, a widower, married the village belle. She thus became a stepmother to her husband's forty-year-old son. The son, in his turn, met the girl's mother and married her. Consequently his father is now his son-in-law and he himself is his own grandfather. In the meantime, the village belle presented her husband with a baby daughter. Clearly this child is sister-in-law to her grandmother!

Swing Plays Part in Hindu Religious Rites

One often finds in the near vicinity of a Hindu temple, says a writer in an Indian paper, two high stone pillars, sometimes 30 feet high, with a stone crosspiece, from which hang iron chains. These swings play an important part in the various festivals of the year, especially for the young people.

The very act of swinging on this sacred structure is pleasing to the deity of the temple, and when it is possible to combine both pleasure and worship, then it is not unnatural this form of exercise should be greatly appreciated. In certain seasons, especially the harvest season, the swing is in great demand, and religious ceremonies are performed by the priests of the temple. On the top bar of the swing it is not unusual to find a number of earthenware chattels, which are the home of the sacred pigeons connected with the temple.

These swings are often built in the middle of the street, and they not infrequently constitute a real obstacle to traffic. But the authorities would certainly have great difficulty in persuading the temple people to agree to the removal of them.

Death in Triumph

Edouard Remenyi was a famous Hungarian violinist who made several world tours and settled in New York for some years. He died of apoplexy on the stage of the Orpheum theater, San Francisco, on May 15, 1898. This was his first appearance on the vaudeville stage and he was enthusiastically received on playing two or three classical pieces. He responded with "Old Glory," which created tremendous applause. Then he commenced to play Delibes' "Fizzicati," but after a few measures he leaned over and then fell forward on his face, dead. It is interesting to know that at one time the composer, Brahms, traveled with Remenyi and acted as his accompanist.

Hard to Fit

A city man, driving his automobile along a little-used country road, heard something rattle beneath his car, stopped, looked back and saw a bright metal object lying in the road a short distance behind. It was a plowpoint, evidently lost by some farmer.

It was fully half an hour before the next car came along, and its occupant, seeing the first man flat on his back under his vehicle by the roadside, stopped and asked what the trouble was.

The city man emerged and held up the plowpoint.

"This blooming thing dropped off my car," he said, "and I've been hunting for half an hour to find out where it belongs."—Exchange.

Chinese Societies

Chinese tongs are organizations, with an element of secrecy, of groups of Chinese for mutual protection and assistance. Basically, they are of a commercial character, the members being engaged in business, and they are thus rival trade associations. This rivalry occasionally breaks out into open warfare when aggressions by one tong against another, consisting of unfair commercial practices, boycotts, etc., gives the rival tong cause for offense. The tongs in the United States are branches of wider organizations, having their main headquarters in Shanghai and Peking, China, and branches exist in other nations besides the United States.

Machine Puts on Record Development of Plants

A wonderful machine has been invented which measures the growth of plants. A small thread connects the plant with the apparatus, which consists of an electrical battery and a drum which revolves slowly.

Above this drum is a pen worked by electricity. As the plant grows the thread slackens, and causes a connection between the battery and pen. The latter drops onto the drum and makes a mark. At the same time a small rod is pushed up, which tightens the string again. Thus the drum shows the growth of the plant over a given period, and information is obtained showing the effect of heat and light upon various specimens.

It has been proved that most plants grow more rapidly at night, and this fact has been of great assistance to those engaged in forcing the growth of flowers and vegetables.

The Transcript $1.50.

Russian Children Have Brief Carefree Moments

Presently there came to us the sound of a tambourine and the singing of youthful voices. The children who had been standing in groups listening to their wrangling elders dashed joyously into the street. Nikifor hooked his arm into mine and bade me follow him. Soon there passed before us a procession of young people headed by the village band—an accordion and a tambourine. The girls followed directly behind the players. They were in holiday attire, white waists, neat little aprons, some in big shoes, others barefooted. They walked arm in arm with one another. The boys, also in Sunday clothes, trailed after them. They were all singing in lusty resonant voices an age-old melody of a Cossack killing a gipsy who threatened to steal his sweetheart. It was to me a beautiful and thrilling sight—these boys and girls, barefoot, many of them, in old though freshly laundered clothes, walking briskly and in step, oblivious or unmindful of the cares that pressed with brutal agony upon their fathers, and giving themselves with joyous abandon to song and play, and it made me forget for the moment the ugly mud, the dingy hovels and the multitude of embittered souls wailing with sullen piteousness at the fate that had befallen them.—Maurice G. Hindus in the Yale Review.

Co-Operative Movement Growing

According to the United States Department of Agriculture, there is a steady increase in the co-operative movment and as a substantiation of this statement it cites figures showing that 50 of the largest co-operative farmer's organizations in the country today, have a larepr membership and do a much larger volume of business that the 5,424 co-operative associations which were included in the ferderal survey made in 1925.

The 5,424 associations reported a membership of 650,200 farmers and an annual business of $635,000,000. The federal census of 1919 reported 624,000 afrms in co-operative selling or buying, with a total co-operative sales and purchases of over $8,000,000. The Department of Agriculture, in a survey, ofllowing the passage of the Capper-Volstead Act in 1912 receive reports from over 10,000 co-operative associations having an estimated membership of 2,025,000 farmers and doing an annual business of more than $2,000,000,000.

Edwin H. Brown, Esq., editor of the Centreville Record, has been nemad president of the Delmarvia Press Association.

Mrs. Nickerson Regains Health

Praises Chiropractic Method!

Mrs. Sam Nickerson, who lives near town, is the happiest woman in Kent county. A great many people claim to be happy, but Mrs. Nickerson is so happy that she wants to tell everybody about it.

One year ago she was a ghostly shadow, suffering from a form of ulcerated stomach and a fallen stomach. Nothing she ate would hold on her stomach, and she became so weak that for many months little hope was entertained for her recovery. She consulted famous stomach specialists, but her condition got worse instead of better. Finally, in desperation, she consulted Dr. Dill, the Chiropractor.

Dr. Dill made a careful examination and at first it was his opinion that the case was too far advanced to be helped. However, with a great deal of confidence in his method he decided to try, believing that where there is life there is hope.

Today, instead of a thin looking shadow, Mrs. Nickerson is in perfect health and eats everything. She states very plainly that it was Chiropractic and nothing else that did it, because Dr. Dill forbid her to take anything. Mrs. Nickerson today compares with any other woman in Kent county as regards to health. This is a case that shows the wonderful work of Chiropractic and is the answer to those who call Chiropractic a fake.

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The Transcript $1.50 per annum.

ORDER NISI

In the matter of the estate of Simon Dishong, deceased.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Maryland.

Upon the aforegoing petition and affidavit it is ordered by the Orphan's Court of said Kent County this 25th day of November 1924, that the sale of real estate consisting of forty-four acres of land more or less situated on the east side of the pubilc road leading from Melitota to St. James M. P. Church in the third election district of said Kent County, made by the said Sarah J. Dishong and the heirs at law of the said Simon Dishong to Martin L. Ochs and Ella M. Ochs, his wife, be ratified and confirmed unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 2nd day of February next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some weekly newspaper published in said Kent county at least once a week for three successive weeks before the 31st day of December next.

EDWARD A. SCOTT.
J. HENRY THOMPSON
W. K. HUDSON
Judges Orphans' Court

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Leave Rock Hall 7.15 a. m., for Baltimore.
Leave Baltimore for the following points:
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Arrive Rock Hall 4.00 p. m., and 6.30 p. m.
Arrive Chestertown 4.30 p. m., and 8.00 a. m.
Arrive Church Hill 5.00 p. m.
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