The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 22, 1898. VOL. XXXVIII—NO. 33.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpareil type) 3 or less insertions, $1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly Advertisements at Moderate Rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

10 South Street, Room 35, Baltimore, Md., will attend the jury terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.

All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

DR. J. G. EMERSON,

DENTIST.

☞ Ex-Demonstrator of University of Maryland.

ROCKWELL BUILDING,

Chestertown, - - Maryland

DR. H. BENGE SIMMONS,

HOMOEPATHIC Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house recently vacated by Mr. W. O. B. Knight, opposite Market Space, Chestertown, Md. a28-3t.

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.

☞ I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mrs. Abe Casey.

Office 115 Main street, with Dr. J. T. Twilley.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,

Chestertown Md.,

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.

OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

☞ Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.

Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past Nov. 29-tf.

MEDICAL ANNOUNCDMENT.

I take pleasure in announcing to the friends and patients of the late Dr. T. H. Cooper and to the public generally, that I have purchased all of Dr. Thomas H. Cooper's SPECIAL REMEDIES and offer them to the public. The merit of these remedies are widely known and I am in full possession of his receipes. Any one needing these remedies will find me at

344 High St., next door to McFeely's Furniture Store, each day in the week.

DR. F. W. HODGKIN,

April 7-tf. Chestertown, Md.

LEWIN W. WICKES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, - - - Maryland.

WILLIAM W. BECK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, Maryland.

Office opposite Market Square.

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. B. PROBERT

COMEGYS BROWN

—WITH—

LONEY & CO.,

Successors to Wright & Loney.

FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

COMMISSIONMERCHANTS,

No. 215 S. Charles Street Baltimore, Md.

☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Established 1877.

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Live Stock

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

30th & Market, Philadelphia.

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.

Jan. 16, 1896.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 121 Callowhill Street, PHILADELPHIA

GEO. E. LAMBERT

—WITH—

WM. B. McCADDEN & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

ALL KINDS COUNTRY PRODUCE

Fish, Crabs, Oysters and Terrapin Specities.

5 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.

Daily returns in cash or by check. [m31-y.

G. W. ROEDER & CO.,

General Commission Merchants,

S. E. Cor. Charles and Camden Sts., BALTIMORE, MD.

Grain, Fruits, Vegetables, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Hides, Wool, Furs, Feathers, Tallow, Beeswax, Oysters, Fish, Crabs, &c. Returns sent daily.

REFERENCES.—Traders National Bank, Bradstreet's and Dunn's Mercantile Agencies, and the Business Community.

Stewart Fruit Company,

WHOLESALE

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

FRANK WRIGHT & Co

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

304 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

Having removed to No. 304 South Charles St., in the centre of the jobbing trade, and having ample room on the first floor to handle Produce of every description, we respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors, and from shippers generally a trial, we guarantee top market prices and prompt returns.

Yours respectfully,

FRANK WRIGHT & CO.

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.

STEVENS BROS.,

Members Chamber of Commerce,

Grain, Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

206 S. CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFERENCE-Merchants National Bank

SAMUEL ROLPH WITH

A CALL

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.

I WISH to say that I am still in the ICE CREAM Business at 342 Cannon street. We are prepared to make and furnish

ICE CREAM, WATER ICE AND FROZEN CUSTARD

by the plate or gallon at prices to suit the times. We pack any quantity, from 1 quart to 10 gallons. Special prices to church entertainments, picnics and camps.

Terms Cash. Don't forget the address,

HARRISON JENKINS,

m9-tf. 342 Cannon St., Chestertown, Md.

AN SPECIAL BETWEEN-SEASONS

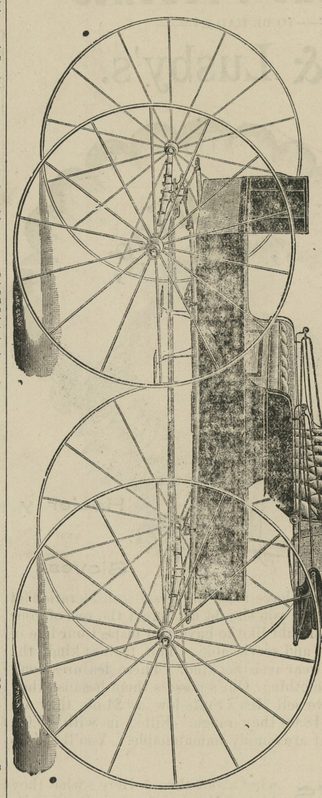
SALE of CARRIAGES.

—AT THE—

STILL POND

Carriage and Implement House,

Still Pond, Maryland.



I am compelled to make some improvements in my Carriage Repository before putting in my fine stock of Vehicles for 1899, and in order to clean out my present stock, I will, for the next 60 days, offer the people of Kent county some of the greatest bargains that it has ever been their good fortune to have offered them.

I have only a few jobs, but the prices on these will be cut, regardless of cost, until they are cleaned out. All must go. It will pay you to call, even though you do not need a Carriage very badly, and secure some of these bargains while they last.

☞ Some very special bargains to those here first. ☜

We Also Have in Stock the Following

SEASONABLE GOODS

COAL.—Free burning white ash, } At Hepbron Station.
WOOD.—Good seasoned Oak, }

Corn Shellers, Grindstones, Stock Troughs, Water Barrels and Trucks, &c.,

All at the Lowest Living Prices.

Call and see me, I can save you money.

Isaac Robinson,

TOWN HALL, STILL POND, MD.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT---1898!

☞ Farmers, Look at Your Grain Drills. We REPAIR ALL KINDS OF DRILLS

At The Kennedyville Agricultural Headquarters of

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

And Sell the BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILL.

Genuine Oliver Chilled Plows and Castings,

DISC HARROWS, TWIN HARROWS, SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS, LAND ROLLERS, WHEEL AND HAND CULTIVATORS, Etc., Etc.,

Carriages, Wagons, Buggies, Dearborns, Road Carts and Daytons. Carriage and Wagon Harness, Barbed and Plain Wire for Fencing. Coal and Whitewash Lime.

INSURANCE NOTICE:—I am prepared to give Best Rates in Fire Insurance in the American of Philadelphia, one of the best companies in the country.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

Sept. 1,8 198. Kennedyville, Md.

FARMERS AND LAND OWNERS

Why not Look to Your Interest

In the Improvement of your lands, while grain is a good price and the indications have an upward tendency. Does it pay to let your land sour and degenerate for want of a stimulant? We answer no. The question arises how are we to get the best results from our crops and at the same time raise the standard of our land? We answer by the use of lime. Well, what Lime do you think will give the best results? We think

The Celebrated Kerr's Wrightsville Lime,

which has stood the test for many years by our oldest and most prosperous land owners. We can furnish you with other limes as you may wish, all of which will be delivered to any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay R. R. at short notice on reasonable terms. Last but not least is the well known

Standard Lime and Stone Company's Lime,

which has been the greatest selling Lime on the market; this Lime runs 97 per cent. of pure Carbonate of Lime. We can deliver this Lime by water to any point on the Chesapeake Bay or tributaries on reasonable notice, We would be pleased to have you call on or write us before placing your orders.

COAL AND WOOD.

Building and White Wash Lime, Cements, Baled Hay, Roofing Felt and Terra Cotta Piping, all of which will be sold at city price. Hoping you may favor us with your orders and we will promise to try and please you. Thanking you for past favors, I remain, yours for business,

J. D. BACCHUS,

March 3, 1898. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

In Pain?

In the Back? Then probably the kidneys.
In the Chest? Then probably the lungs.
In the Joints? Then probably rheumatism.

No matter where it is, nor what kind; you need have it no longer. It may be an hour, a day, or a year old; it must yield to

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

Immediately after applying it you feel its soothing, warming, strengthening power.

It quiets congestion; draws out inflammation.

It is a new plaster.

A new combination of new remedies. Made after new methods. Entirely unlike any other plaster.

The Triumph of Modern Medical Science.

The Perfected Product of years of Patient Toil.

Placed over the chest it is a powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the treatment of all throat and lung affections.

Placed over the stomach, it stops nausea and vomiting; over the bowels, it controls cramps and colic.

Placed over the small of the back, it removes all congestion from the kidneys and greatly strengthens weakness.

For sale by all Druggists.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TO THE PEOPLE of Kent and Queen Anne Counties.

I have now on hand the most Complete stock of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS

that have ever been shown in this town, embracing all the latest style toes and widths, all of which have been selected with the greatest care, and I defy competition on the same lines of goods. All I ask is an inspection of them to convince you that a regular Shoe Store is the place to buy.

Men's Shoes and Boots	$1.00 to $5.00
Ladies' Shoes from	.90 to $3.50
Misses' and Children's Shoes from	.25 to $2.50
Rubber Shoes from	.25 to .75

Also the W. L. Douglas Shoes $2.00, $3.00, $3.50 and $5.00; Boys', $2.00.

Some Shoes require a lot of talk to sell them, but we have in our $2.00, $3.00 and $3.50 line of Men's Shoes that after you have seen them does not repuire much talking, because they speak for themselves. We have them in Box-Calf, Willow-Calf, Russets and Patent Leather, for a strictly dress shoe, on the new English Toe, Golf cut with back stay Double Sole, right up to date. Inspect this line and satisfy yourself.

Boys', Misses' and Children's SCHOOL SHOES.

A fine line to select from.

See what $1.00 buys.
See what $1.50 buys.
See what $2.00 buys.
See what $3.00 buys.
See what $3.50 buys.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

We believe in so treating customers that they will not only feel grateful to us but will send others to us about the Shoe question.

If they come again, that's clear gain; if they bring others, that helps swell the average. In any event, it now begins to look as if people knew where the Shoe Store is. Large lot of Shoe findings, such as Slipper soles, Over Gaiters, Shoe Laces, Cork Soles, Brushes and all the different kinds of Polish.

DON'T GO TO THE CITY

to buy until you have given your home merchant at least a chance to show you what he keeps.

T. G. Wroth,

The Shoe Man Under Stam's Hall.

KENT COUNTY'S

LEADING LIVERY,

GEO. B. McWHORTER, Chestertown, Md.

MY TEAMS

are First-Class in every particular, and satisfaction always given to my customers. Traveling salemen conveyed to all parts of the Peninsula at moderate prices. Teams for private parties furnished at short notice.

Give me a call. Resp'y, etc.,

GEORGE B. McWHORTER

1886—x. Chestertown

ALAS AND ALACK!

'Tis better to give than receive: I
The words make a poor fellow grieve
A fellow so smitten,
I gave the coquettish young thing
My heart and a diamond ring;
She gave me the mitten!

A POSTPONED CHRISTMAS.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

THE story of the postponed Christmas is a tradition of the Preston family; but, like most traditions, it requires a few words of explanation to make it clear how such an unaccountable thing could happen.

Seventy years ago, when Henry Preston, the patriarch of an important Canadian family, settled in Kemoka, the strangely directed energy of Colonel Talbot was changing the wilderness on the northern shore of Lake Erie into a fruitful province. Year by year shiploads of peasants came from Great Britain to take up land in the territory where he was almost an absolute monarch, and with them came many younger sons of noble families who were ambitious to make their fortunes in the new world. Among the latter came our hero, and it was in the first year of his exile that the little adventure occurred that all who enjoyed his acquaintance often heard him describe.

In those days a Canadian winter had many terrors that have since become a memory. The autumnal rains changed the level country into a series of vast swamps, and when these miry reaches were frozen to a depth of several feet the winter had a foundation on which to build. In consequence, from the 1st of December to the middle of March there was almost uninterrupted cold weather, when the thermometer remained steadily at a point it cannot now reach without the aid of a cold wave from the northwest, but the swamps are now drained, the forests that held the snow have been cleared away and a variable climate has taken the place of the earnest weather that was then the rule. Even worse than the cold, however, was the almost unimaginable loneliness. When the winter had fairly set in, the intense frost put a check on all communication, even though it solidified and improved the roads that were usual-

LETTERS THAT WERE NOT REDEEMED WERE EXPOSED IN THE WINDOW.

ly quite as bad as those of Scotland "before they were made." As neighbors in the early twenties often lived ten miles apart visits were infrequent, and during the dreary winters not a few of the hardy pioneers went mad from sheer loneliness. And to this desolation was added a suffocating feeling of being buried alive. The dark forests rose on every side and travel where they might the pioneers could find no relief from the inclosing walls. For almost 100 miles in every direction there was no elevation sufficiently great to overlook the forest and gladden the eye with a view that would give the imagination the sense of freedom it craved. What wonder that in such a situation the pioneers were sometimes known to climb the loftiest trees at the risk of their lives so as to gain a wider prospect such as they were accustomed to in the civilized and pleasingly diversified countries from which they came.

But this distressing state of affairs is now a thing of the past. Instead of the isolation that tortured the pioneers there is now a danger of overcrowding, instead of monotony there is overmuch variety, where lumbering stagecoaches toiled once a week over corduroy railroad trains pass every hour, and a Canadian winter is now a season of leisure and enjoyment.

The village of Kemoka, where Preston kept store and was the postmaster from 1820 to 1830, was one of the dreariest spots on the continent during the long winters that then prevailed. It was deep in that forest that gave a name to the Longwoods district, and the settlers who patronized the store, blacksmith and inevitable tavern were scattered over a large territory. In such a place, where companionship was so necessary, it was but natural that a man who had been gently nurtured could not find it, and during his first winter young Preston was often on the verge of despair. In his position as postmaster the poverty of the pioneers was brought home to him more keenly than in any other way. At that time the young colony was so misgoverned and every department of the public service was so scandalously conducted for the benefit of private individuals that the extortionate fees charged by officials frequently made letters cost from 5 to 7

"HOW DID YEH GET INTEH THE WRASSLE WITH MELCHISKEDEC?"

shillings when they reached the office at which they were to be delivered. Letters from home were naturally the greatest source of pleasure to these lonely people, yet many were so poor that it was impossible for them to pay these fees. Letters that were not redeemed were exposed in the window of the office, and it was no unusual sight to see some of the unfortunates to whom they were addressed gazing at them with hungry eyes. Sometimes they recognized the handwriting as that of a loved one beyond the sea, and then the disappointment was all the more bitter.

To escape from the thoughts and feelings provoked by such surroundings and social conditions the young postmaster often put on his skates and found relief in the exhilaration he derived from skimming through the forest along the glassy streams, just as a business man of the present time escapes from his cares by retreating to his yacht and racing over the water under full sail. On one of these occasions about the middle of February of a forgotten year he plunged farther into the wilderness than ever before, attempting to trace a frozen creek to its source, and about noon suddenly emerged into a little clearing of whose existence he had not previously been aware. Knowing the hospitality of the pioneers, he decided to visit the little log hut that stood on the edge of the clearing and get his dinner before returning to his office.

After unstrapping his skates he started toward the house, from the stone chimney of which a cheerful smoke was ascending. He had proceeded but a few steps when he was confronted by an aggressive apparition that startled him into headlong activity. Just in time to escape a gnarled and twisted pair of horns, he sprang nimbly to the top of a stump. Beneath him stood the strangest creature he had ever seen. The head and horns were those of a sheep, but instead of a woolly fleece the animal wore a kind of overcoat made of hempen canvas sewed roughly with cords of basswood bark. A careful examination convinced him that his assailant was the venerable leader of a small flock of sheep, though he could by no means guess the meaning of his masquerading appearance. Having satisfied himself that the creature was not supernatural, he jumped down from the stump intending to proceed to the house, but before he had taken five steps he was sent headlong into a snowdrift. He was blinded and

"THAT'S THE LITTLE MAN THAT GOT MELCHISEDEC INTO TROUBLE."

half smothered by the dry snow, and as he partly rose to his feet, spluttering and clawing, he was bowled over again by his aggressive enemy.

Now Preston had heard in his youth that when attacked by a butting ram one should lie still and wait for the brute to go away. He decided to try the plan, but he made the mistake of his life. He had barely flattened himself out on the ground when the ram landed on the small of his back with the force of a pile driver. The ram seemed inclined to use him as the circus clowns do the cushion on which they turn somersaults, and he quickly realized that though such a scheme might have been all right with a bellwether reared in the lap of luxury, it was a complete failure with this crook pated, cross grained old wretch who had taken to wearing a burlap overcoat and had a pair of horns that would have done credit to a dilemma. As soon as Preston recovered his breath he uttered a yell that roused the echoes for miles and grappled with his tormentor. He caught him by the horns and together they rolled through the drifts, collided with stumps and sent the snow flying in clouds, while Preston's yells mingled with the frightened bleating of the ram. The uproar brought the farmer on the scene, and with a few well directed kicks he made the ram lose interest in the battle and return to his neglected flock, with his coat trailing after him. The farmer helped Preston to his feet and inquired:

"How did yeh get inteh the wrassle with Melchisedec?"

"Beelzebub, you mean, don't you? I was coming up to your house when the freak hunted me."

"Well, yeh mustn't be too hard on him, if yeh ain't hurt. Yeh ain't, are yeh?"

"No."

"Yeh see, he's had a lot to try his speerit this winter. The wind may be tempered to the shorn lamb, as the sayin is, but it ain't by a long shot for a shorn ram, and I kinder guess the fit of his overcoat ain't exactly to his likin. But 'scuse me for talkin so much before wishin yeh a merry Christmas."

"A what?" asked Preston as he looked at the farmer with an air of bewilderment.

"A merry Christmas."

"Nonsense, man. This is almost the end of February. Christmas was over two months ago."

"Not by a long shot it ain't. Today is Christmas, I tell yeh. Yeh must have got twisted when havin it out with Melchisedec. He didn't hit yeh on the head, did he?"

"Now, see here, what sort of nonsense is this you are talking about Christmas?" asked Preston, with the air of a man who was ready to get angry.

"None at all. Yeh must come to the house and have Christmas dinner with us, and maybe that'll convince yeh."

Preston did what he could to remove from his clothing the effects of the encounter with Melchisedec and followed the farmer to his house. The man was one of those natural pioneers who had moved into Ontario because the settlements on the St. Lawrence river were becoming uncomfortably civilized—a man who was at home with nature and had a way of making the best of the rougher side of life. His wife was a woman who was in every way in accord with him, and when Preston was ushered into the one room of the hut she returned his greeting shyly, but still frankly.

"This is the new postmaster, Jane," the farmer had said by way of introduction, "and old Melchisedec went at him as if he'd been keepin back a registered letter, and do yeh know," he added, with a wink that required fully half of his whiskered face to execute, "he didn't know that today was Christmas until I told him."

The woman looked at her husband laughingly and, understanding the meaning of his wink, she chimed in:

"That is funny, but I don't suppose he'll object to havin his Christmas dinner with us just the same."

"Well," replied Preston, looking hungrily at a huge wild turkey that was browning in a heavy iron pan on the coals before the roaring fireplace, "you may be poking fun at me, but that old gobbler is no joke, and he smells appetizing."

The bill of fare, though brief, was of a kind to satisfy an appetite sharpened by vigorous exercise in the open air. The savory turkey was stuffed with chestnuts, and there was a large wooden dish full of steaming potatoes that had been saved for the occasion. These, with fresh scones of johnnycake, completed the homely banquet.

While they were at the table there was a sudden stir in the pieces of blanket that covered a large sap trough in the corner, and the querulous cry of a baby was heard. The mother hastened to take her child from its primitive cradle, and while she was hushing him the father explained to the guest:

"That's the little man that got Melchisedec into trouble and made us postpone Christmas."

"But I don't understand how," said Preston.

"Well," replied his host half humorously, half defiantly, "hardworkin folks like us never have time for Christmas, but when this little fellow came along it didn't seem just right that he shouldn't have one. But things wasn't ready just in time. Yeh know yourself there couldn't be no Christmas without baby havin socks to be hung up, so we had to shear old Melchisedec to get wool, and as the socks didn't get made till this week we just naturally had to postpone Christmas until we were ready for it."

Preston entered into the spirit of the occasion and added a handful of pennies to the little doll and string of glass beads that Santa Claus had left in the stiff little pair of stockings, and the shadows were long before he passed the guard of Melchisedec and returned to his lonely office.

The Need of Love.

The man who loves God enough will know exactly what is right and what is wrong. Otherwise there is a sort of moral obtuseness, based on lack of love and loyalty to God.—Bishop H. C. Morrison, Methodist, Louisville.

Christ and Our Infirmities.

Christ is the physician of the nineteenth century as well as of the first. He stands ready to bear our infirmities and our sicknesses. His mission is especially to remove moral maladies.—Dr. Stephen A. Northrop, Baptist. Kansas City.

The Sure La Grippe Cure.

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale at M. A. Toulson's Drug Store only 50 cents per bottle.

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

INTERESTING HOLIDAY CUSTOMS IN THE FAR EAST.

Festivities Over the Return of the Sun That Somewhat Resemble the Festivities of Christian Lands—The Angel of Light.

[Copyright, 1898, by the Author.]

SOME of the festivities popular at Christmas time are of great antiquity. The feast of Yule was held long before the time of King Solomon. To our Gotho-Germanic ancestors living in the north of Europe it was the festival of the winter solstice, when the days begin to lengthen and to hint at coming spring. The Yule log, the drinking bowl or horn, the boar's head, the holly, mistletoe and evergreen were then symbols of material rather than spiritual truths.

The American, Scandinavian, German and Englishman keep up the ancient custom, while the Latin races seem to know nothing about it. They celebrate New Year's day, and do it in the same fashion as we at Christmas.

The Chinese and Japanese came centuries ago from Mongolia and Siberia, their early if not original home. Living in a land whose winter brought snow and ice, they also noticed and rejoiced over the solstice and the return of the sun. Their merriment took the form of eating, drinking and generous hospitality and developed into a great festival like our own. By degrees it was transferred to their New Year's, where it still remains.

Yet even today the astrologers notice the solstice in their almanacs, horoscopes and tables, and in the last week of the month are two festivals, whose nature is charmingly poetic. About Dec. 25 is that of the genius of the north (who is the evil spirit of ice and winter's privation) and about Dec. 29 is that of the angel of sunlight. In the same week is the day of Chang Sin, the tutelary deity of parenthood, to whom young married couples pray for healthy male issue. The first and second are the equivalents of Yule, the pre-Christian Yule. The first contains an element of humor. The Mongolian is gladly bidding goodby to the cruel ice spirit. He does not wish the latter to see his hilarity lest spiritual vengeance be aroused and a cold spell in March or April ruin the crops. So he puts little cups of fragrant tea, plates of sliced boiled chicken and pieces of roasted spiced pork on a well carved table where the winter ghost can regale himself with comfort. But at the same time, to prevent his invisible visitor playing any pranks, John Chinaman pastes written talismans on the wall, burns joss sticks in groups of three at every point vulnerable to malicious goblins and even fastens a porcelain charm to his rooftree.

When it comes to the festival of the angel of light, the observant traveler can see the spirit of Yule shine out in Chinese colors. In place of the Yule log, there is a steaming pot of tea; for the boar's head there is a young pig roasted; for the punch bowl and drinking horn there is a wicker covered bottle or a graceful wine pitcher filled with some strange but aromatic stimulant. The mistletoe and holly are replaced by bouquets and garlands of artificial flowers, and here and there are pots of blooming narcissi or even a rosebush.

On the family altar, and nearly every Chinaman, no matter how poor, has his own altar, before which he prays and makes silent repentance, are burning incense sticks, a bronze casket with smoldering sandalwood within, a lighted candle and often a flaming votive candle, gay in scarlet and gold. At the temple a throng visits the angel's particular shrine. Some explode firecrackers in her honor. Others ignite packs of joss sticks in gratitude for her favors the past year and in hope of their continuance during the harvest to come. Then come those who ask the angel to be present at the funeral of a parent or child, the marriage of a son, the setting out on a journey, the bedside of a sickroom. After prayer the poor priests and servitors of the temple are remembered in a few small coins. A bundle of prayer papers is burned in the great iron or bronze urn of the temple stairs, and the religious ceremony is over for the day. The good man or woman goes home content that the spirit of the north is disarmed and the angel of light placated. WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

The Christ Cure.

All the ills of the time have their root in evil. Prosperity comes by obedience to the law of Christ. The Son of Man knows what ails the world, and he is its only possible cure. One year of universal and absolute Christianity would transform every people under heaven. One year of absolute fidelity to the gospel on the part of its alleged Christians would bring any nation to a transfiguration.—Dr. M. Woolsey Stryker, Presbyterian, New York.

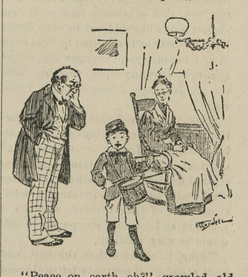
The Shakers of Mount Lebanon, a community of simple, honest, God-fearing men and women, have prepared the Shaker Digestive Cordial for many years, and it is always the same, simple, honest, curative medicine that has helped to make the Shakers the healthy, long-lived people that they are. The Shakers never have indigestion. This is partly owing to their simple mode of life, partly to the wonderful properties of Shaker Digestive Cordial. Indigestion is caused by the stomach glands not supplying enough digestive juice. Shaker Digestive Cordial supplies what's wanting. Shaker Digestive Cordial invigorates the stomach and all its glands so that after awhile they don't need help. As evidence of the honesty of Shaker Digestive Cordial, the formula is printed on every bottle. Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

Christmas In Oxford.

England, the land of the mediæval Yuletide festivities, is the home of many strange and interesting Christmas traditions. This is especially true of the town of Oxford, the place where Shakespeare and his company of fellow actors were wont to hold down the boards at Christmastide three centuries ago. The day of the strolling player has passed away, but the old time Christmas choral singers still go through the streets of Oxford singing from door to door their quaint old fashioned songs.

A strange old custom is kept up at Queen's college, Oxford, where each Christmas day a huge boar's head is carried into the big old dining hall, followed by the choir boys singing a Latin hymn of thanksgiving. The greens with which the head is dressed are afterward distributed among the guests present at the festival, and the head itself is given to the poor of Oxford town. The peculiar part of the ceremony, which has been held without a break for several centuries, is that the boar's head always appears with a New Testament in its mouth. Tradition explains this as follows: During the sixteenth century a pious fellow of Queen's college was walking on Shotover hill, just outside of Oxford, commendably engaged in reading and studying the New Testament as he strolled along. He was suddenly attacked by a wild boar and only saved his life by thrusting the New Testament he held in his hand down the throat of the fierce animal, which, when subdued, was conveyed to the college in triumph.

The Christmas Spirit.



"Peace on earth, eh?" growled old Crusty to his wife the day after Christmas.

"Peace on earth, eh? And you bought that boy a drum!"

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take Sold by M. A. Toulson druggist.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_28_1-0201