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.

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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

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April 7-tf. Chestertown, Md.

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C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
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MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Chestertown, - - - - Maryland.

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.

WILLIAM W. BECK,
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You Want Your Pictures FRAMED,

call and see our selections of Moulding before going elsewhere. They are the finest in town. We can be found at the old stand formerly occupied by P. T. McFeely.

Yours for Business,
W. L. FOWLER,
March 30, 1899. CHESTERTOWN, MD

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, NOVEMBER 30, 1899. VOL. XXXIX—NO. 21.

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We can save you this amount on many purchases, especially in

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The finest assortment anywhere. See the WATER PROOF ROBE, best for rainy or muddy weather.

Husking Pegs and Gloves, Stove Pipes, Oil Heaters, Fodder Yarn, Guns and Ammunition, Hunting Coats, Lard Presses and Meat Choppers.

On all of these goods I am prepared to name you SPECIAL PRICES.

OUR STOCK OF CARRIAGES

is as complete as ever, and to move some of these goods before winter, will make SPECIAL inducements.

Do not forget we carry a full line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

and a FINE SELECTION of

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Isaac Robinson,
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☞ Horseshoeing!

This is our speciality. We give more attention to this Branch than any of our great business. We do not claim to do unreasonable things for you in this line, nor do we boast we can do all things, but if you want a good job we claim to do it. when you want to do your horse a favor, call at our place and have him shod. we are always glad to see you at

HACKETT'S
Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing Parlor,
Still Pond.

MILLER BRO'S,
ROCK HALL AND EDESVILLE.
Ready But Not Waiting.

WE HAVE ON HAND NOW
THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED
STOCK OF GOODS

ever offered for public inspection by us. To inspect our goods, means to buy them, and you have a cordial invitation to come and see us at once and get the CREAM OF OUR BARGAINS, which cannot last always at the rate they are now going.

Our Line of UNDERWEAR

is a warm one. Men's Shirts and Drawers to match, from 25c. to $1.00 A special bargain in one at 39c., all sizes. This is as good as the average 50c., and heavy ribbed and fleeced lined. Our 50c. will sell at first sight. It is very heavy, double-breasted and fleece-lined. One of the best 50c. Red Flannel Shirts with Drawers to match, ever seen for the money.

$1.00 buys something nice in Red Flannel Shirts and Drawers, any size.

Ask to see our $2.00 All-Wool Double-breasted Blue Flannel Overshirt. It's a beauty.

Infants and Children's Vests and Pants from 10c. to 75c.

Ladies' Vests and Pants to match, 25c. to $1.00.

38c. buys a lovely fleece-lined Egyptian Vest.

50c. buys one of the best fleece-lined Ribbed Vests and Pants on the market.

$1.00 gets a beauty in all wool.

Look at our Men's 10, 15 and 25c Mitts, if you want something to keep your hands warm.

Gum Boots, Leather Boots, Blankets and Comforts, Oil Clothing, Clothing for all from the little tot to the jumbo.

Robes, Harness and Whips. In fact, most anything you need, but remember, we are as we said in the beginning, ready, but not waiting.

Come early and often, is the cordial invitation from

Yours sincerely,
MILLER BROS,
Rock Hall and Edesville.

P. S.—1000 Doz. Eggs wanted before Oct. 25th.

Creeping Consumption

Do not think for a single moment that consumption will ever strike you a sudden blow. It does not come that way.

It creeps its way along.

First, you think it is a little cold; nothing but a little hacking cough; then a little loss in weight; then a harder cough; then the fever and the night sweats.

The suddenness comes when you have a hemorrhage.

Better stop the disease while it is yet creeping.

You can do it with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You first notice that you cough less. The pressure on the chest is lifted. That feeling of suffocation is removed. A cure is hastened by placing one of

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster over the Chest.

A Book Free.

It is on the Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Write us Freely.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address,

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL FALL Millinery.

We wish to announce to the public that our stock of

Fall Millinery

is now ready for inspection. It represents the latest styles and daintiest creations of the millinery world, carefully gathered after a personal inspection of the great centres of fashion and good taste.

BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, and Beautiful NOVELTIES

in every department, are to be found at our emporium of fashion.

An invitation is extended to the ladies of Kent and Queen Anne counties to call and inspect our goods. Respectfully,

MISSES CORA & HATTIE REED.
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ALWAYS WORK FOR RESULTS.

You may obtain them by using

LEA'S Best, Clifton, La Plume
—OR—
Blue Bell
FLOUR.

Now for Sale by All Merchants.

The Voshell House.

Remodeled and Improved.

HAVING rented the Voshell House, one of the old and most widely-known hostelry on the Eastern Shore, I wish to announce to the public that this old and popular hostelry will be conducted in the most approved and up-to-date way. The house will be thoroughly heated, remodeled and otherwise improved for the accommodation of guests.

The Table

will always be served with the best the seasons afford, temptingly prepared and served under the personal supervision of my wife.

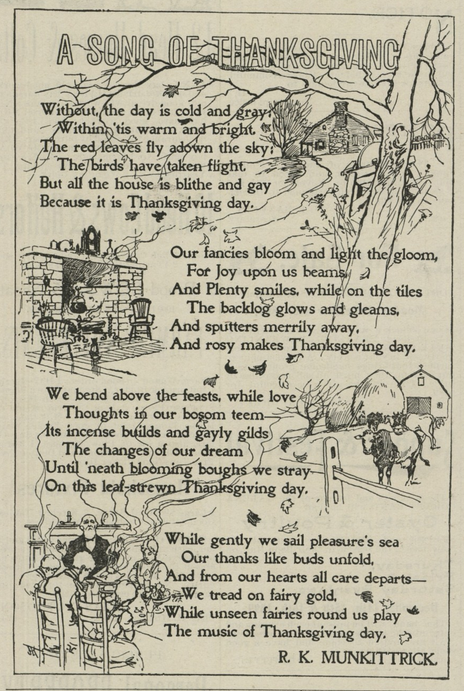
The rooms, bed and beding will be kept airy and sweet, and everything done with an eye single to the comfort and convenience of my old friends and patrons, the traveling public. A cordial welcome will be recorded to all who call. Very truly,

GEO. E. LAMBERT.

BUCKWHEAT.

Messrs. Westcott & Dodd have received their annual invoice of the choicest Buckwheat. Quality the best, and prices right.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING



Without, the day is cold and gray;
Within, 'tis warm and bright.
The red leaves fly adown the sky;
The birds have taken flight.
But all the house is blithe and gay
Because it is Thanksgiving day.

Our fancies bloom and light the gloom,
For Joy upon us beams,
And Plenty smiles, while on the tiles
The backlog glows and gleams,
And sputters merrily away,
And rosy makes Thanksgiving day.

We bend above the feasts, while love
Thoughts in our bosom teem
Its incense builds and gayly gilds
The changes of our dream
Until 'neath blooming boughs we stray
On this leaf-strewn Thanksgiving day.

While gently we sail pleasure's sea
Our thanks like buds unfold,
And from our hearts all care departs—
We tread on fairy gold.
While unseen fairies round us play
The music of Thanksgiving day.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PLAYING THE PART OF THE PRINCE

A THANKSGIVING STORY
BY HOWARD FIELDING

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY C. W. HOOKE.

When Clifford Ridley, millionaire's son and in his own right richer even than his father, went to ask Deacon Brastow for the hand of his daughter in marriage, he felt a consciousness of rectitude that was distinctly agreeable. Ridley's attentions to Angela Brastow had excited the gossips of the little down east town, but he was going to make that all right on this Thanksgiving afternoon.

He felt like the fairy prince whose duty in the story is to make every one happy. Poor old Deacon Brastow would feel that he had sailed out of all his lifelong worries, and for Angela it would mean a change from the little frame house for which her father hadn't been able to afford a coat of paint in 20 years to a veritable palace and a time of Thanksgiving indeed.

The young New Yorker had an idea that the first part of the interview might not be altogether agreeable, so he had prepared a somewhat hasty declaration of his intentions, but the deacon's unexpectedly prompt and cordial "How de do?" knocked it all out of his head.

"Glad to see you looking so well and so thankful," exclaimed the deacon. "Santiago malaria can't stand this down east air. You ought to give a good account of our climate when you get back to New York."

"I shall," said Ridley, "and of the down east people as well."

"I guess we can return the compliment," rejoined Brastow. "You've made yourself pretty popular hereabouts, except with some of the old ladies. They regard you as a base deceiver."

"I'm afraid my conduct has been open to criticism," he said.

"Yes, it has," replied the deacon. "You got well when all the old women in town had said you were going to die. They'll never forgive you."

"Indeed!" said Ridley, much relieved. "I'm afraid I must plead guilty to that. But it doesn't worry me. You see, I'm not interested in the old ladies, but in one of the very young ladies."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the deacon. "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"It is extremely serious," said Ridley, and then he paused. He did not know just how to take the deacon, who was of a different type in conversation from what he seemed on a casual view.

Ridley had rather avoided him up to this time. Lounging upon the front steps of the deacon's house with Angela and other young people, he had frequently seen Brastow come home to his dinner or supper, but on such occasions the deacon had always hurried by, with an apologetic manner, for the New England parent never intrudes upon his children.

So Mr. Ridley of New York had made the mistake of supposing that Deacon Brastow was of a timid nature and would be embarrassed in his presence. He had expected also that his prospective father-in-law would have a magazine dialect, whereas he pronounced the language with great accuracy, as became one who had been a member of the school committee for many years.

"Serious, is it?" said the deacon. "You don't mean to say that you're in love with Angela?"

"I mean just that," replied the young man earnestly. "I have thought that you might doubt the sincerity of my intentions, and so"—

"Oh, bless you, no!" said the deacon. "I didn't know you had any; that's all."

"Let me assure you, then," said Ridley, "that my mind is thoroughly made up. I want her for my wife."

The deacon drummed a weird and slow little tune on the desk beside him.

"Too bad, too bad!" said he. "I gave Angela just a bit of a hint that she might

"DO I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU OBJECT TO ME?"

be encouraging you too much, but she said you never got silly. I'm sorry, very sorry, if you're going to feel bad on her account."

Ridley shifted from the wooden arm-chair in which he had been sitting to another which he found to be equally uncomfortable, so he stood up. The fact is that he was beginning to be nervous. Apparently the character of prince in the fairy story was harder to play than he had supposed. The deacon did not seem particularly thankful to him for the Thanksgiving day blessing he offered. And as for Angela, well—

"Do I understand," said he, "that you object to me as a son-in-law?"

"Object is hardly the word for it," replied the deacon. "If I knew you better, I might object to you, and I might not. I can't say."

"I am pretty well known in New York," rejoined the young man.

Deacon Brastow shook his head.

"Nobody is well known in New York," said he. "I've been there, a good many years ago, but I don't suppose the place has changed for the better. It's got big ger, and that's a disadvantage. Now, for instance, who are your next door neighbors?"

"I live in a bachelor apartment house," replied the young man. "It's more convenient for me, as my father's house is closed most of the time. My people are in Europe or Newport or somewhere else eight or ten months in the year."

"Well, who are some of the other bachelors in this place where you live?" inquired the deacon.

"I don't know many of them," answered Ridley.

"Quiet, sober, respectable people?" asked the deacon.

Ridley could not suppress a smile, for Brastow's adjectives were not precisely those that he would have chosen in describing the tenants of the Cecil apartments.

"I really know very little about their private life," he confessed. "We let each other alone, as a rule."

"You don't know them, and they don't know you," said the deacon. "Now, merely for the sake of the argument, we'll suppose that you wanted to be a burglar or a highwayman. Would any one of them know anything about it?"

"Not till they read about it in the newspapers," said Ridley frankly.

"How does the man who lives right in the next room to you spend his evenings?" queried the deacon blandly.

"Heaven knows!" exclaimed the young man. "I haven't seen him in six months."

"Such a thing couldn't happen here," said Brastow. "Here every one lives in the sight of his neighbors, and his reputation is founded upon every act of his from boyhood up."

"But I also have a reputation," responded Ridley warmly. "Inquire of my business acquaintances on the street and see if you can hear of any act of mine that has not been strictly honorable."

"There is a young man who keeps a store across the street," said the deacon. "His name is Sargent, Samuel Sargent's son. I have an idea that he is rather sweet on Angela and may come some day to see me, as you have done. Suppose I knew no more about him than what the clerk in his store sees between 8 o'clock in the morning and 6 in the evening. Would I feel sure that he was a proper husband for Angela?"

Ridley felt the perspiration starting out on his forehead. He realized that he was engaged in a struggle where defeat was not to be thought of. He had a passing vision of Angela, and it helped him.

"I did not make New York," said he, "nor ask to be born there. Would you deny marriage to all its inhabitants?"

"They might marry among themselves," said the deacon gently. "I don't mean that to be offensive, but you and I on such a subject as this must say what we think."

"As for myself," said Ridley, "I cannot do the impossible, but if you will come to New York I will give you every opportunity to look me up. Here and now I can only say that I have no skeletons in my closet and that I love your daughter. I might speak of certain material advantages, but"—

"Why not?" asked Brastow. "They are important. You are a very rich man, and you could do a good deal for Angela. If this were a matter of business, there would be only one answer I could make. But it isn't. My daughter has never lacked food or shelter, and while I am spared she never shall. Neither has she lacked good, healthy, moral surroundings, and while I have any voice in choosing them she never shall."

"Amen!" said Ridley heartily, and then there was a pause while the two men faced each other in the gathering shadows.

"Deacon Brastow," said Ridley at last, "what shall I do to convince you that I am the right sort of man?"

"I don't know," said the deacon slowly. "You might come down here and live a year or two among us."

"I'd like nothing better," said Ridley, "but my business interests"—

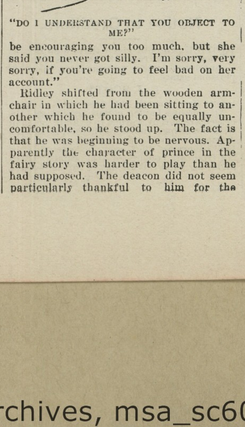
"There it is again," the deacon interrupted. "In New York it is all business. You will live in one world and your wife in another. How many men in New York go home to break bread with their families in the middle of the day? How many pass two evenings a week at their own firesides? You have no homes there unless among the poor."

"My parents are happily married, and"—

"And spend from two to four months a year under their own roof. Where are they enjoying this day of thanks, if it's a fair question?"

"My mother and my younger sister are in Italy or on their way across," said Ridley, "my other sister has gone to Smith college, and my father is in San Antonio, Tex., on a little matter of business."

"I don't think Angela would like that kind of Thanksgiving day, that way of



ANGELA DROPPED THE TONGS.

know what it is, you are alone in that. The air knows it. Every object in this room is aware of it. The very chairs are listening, and the eyes of your great-grandparents up there on the wall are looking straight through my heart. I love you, and I want you to promise to be my wife."

Angela dropped the tongs upon the iron hearth, and they made a noise that was echoed in the old square piano in the corner. For some occult reason these homely sounds assumed an alarming character in the young man's ears, but Angela picked up the tongs very calmly and put them in their proper place with great deliberation.

"You and I," said she, "would never be happy. We shouldn't get along well. Marriage is a very intimate relation," she continued, with an air of maturity that would have been comical in less serious circumstances. "Married people are too much together. They must get dreadfully tired."

Ridley laughed nervously.

"Your father," said he, "seemed to think that we shouldn't be together enough."

"My father is an old man," she replied. "The world has changed since he was young."

"It has, indeed," answered Ridley, "and in no respect more than this of marriage. Married people lead a freer life nowadays. They know the value of an individual existence. You need not be afraid of being tied too closely to me. You shall have every opportunity to lead your own life. You shall have your own apartments, of course, your own servants, your own separate income, and I will come to you or leave you at your lightest word."

She looked at him steadily for a moment, and the glance went through his heart like an icicle. It waked him. He remembered in a flash that this girl was the daughter of the shrewdest race on earth. He saw that by the simplest strategy she had made him disclose what the word marriage had always meant to him, and in the same moment he saw her draw away from him. Then for the first time he was perfectly calm. He was one of those men who are at their best in the worst emergencies.

"I can't imagine a life," said he, "that would be harder for me, but if I can win you on no other promise I will stand by what I have said. Yet let me tell you what I really want. It is a home with you. I don't care where it is or what it is like, but I want it to be ours. You must want me always to be there, and I must fly to it like a bird to the nest. That is the life I want and the life I ask you to share."

If all this had not been true, Angela would not have believed it, but it was true, and she did believe it. Then there was a real love scene, which began in the impulse of two strong young hearts and ended very conventionally in the displaying of an engagement ring. It bore a diamond which to Angela's astonished eyes looked as big as the fire whose light it reflected. But it did not dazzle her.

"I do not want that, Clifford," she said. I want something you have worn and cared for, something that you will miss when it is mine, so that both of us will remember. If it is a ring, you might give me that gold one on your little finger. You've had it so long that it's worn thin."

So the time that was to have been such a time of thanksgiving to the deacon and his daughter was equally as great a time of thanks to the millionaire fairy prince who gave his love a little gold ring worth about $3 and a promise as old as the world. And the deacon when he was informed of the facts said his daughter had acted for the best. At least he hoped so.

The Cavalry Horse.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out, he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service, he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst and have done with it as soon as possible. A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse.—Buffalo Horse World.

A Terrific Tumble.

Most marvelous of all the stories of great falls is the account of Charles Woolcot's terrific tumble from a height of no less than 3,000 feet. It was in Venezuela, and he was making a parachute descent. The parachute refused to open till within 100 or 200 feet from the ground. Then it spread out suddenly and split.

The unfortunate man crushed both ankles and both knees, broke his right thigh and hip, dislocated his spinal column and suffered other injuries. Yet after a year in a hospital he recovered sufficiently to write an account of what was probably the most fearful accident mortal man ever survived.

THANKSGIVING TIME AMONG THE INDIANS.

AN IROQUOIS CUSTOM

BY ◆ SAM ◆ H. COON.

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With the first new moon after the corn is fairly ripe is celebrated the Indian Thanksgiving day, or harvest festival. It is particularly an Iroquois custom and is still observed by the now scattered and depleted tribes of that once powerful confederacy known as the Six Nations, though not with all the rites and ceremonies that characterized its observance in the pristine days of the nation's greatness. It may be that the Indians think that they have not as much to be thankful for as they had in the old days, but still they are thankful.

Though differing in date and in the method of its announcement, the Indian Thanksgiving in September is observed in much the same spirit and manner as we observe our Thanksgiving in November. With them, as with us, there are thank offerings and prayers—paeans of praise, crude, it may be, but sincere—feasting, merrymaking and joy. Instead of families meeting separately for the Thanksgiving dinner, all the members of the tribe come together for a great feast at the council house.

At sunrise on the day of the feast the elders, or "keepers of the faith," light the "first fire," usually on some elevation near the council house. Upon the fire are placed leaves of tobacco and ears of corn as special offerings to the Great Spirit, and as the offerings are being burned his blessing is invoked upon the festivities. This fire is afterward extinguished and a new one built by the women who have charge of the public feast.

At an early hour the little clearing around the council house is filled with Indians, great and small, young and old, grave and gay. They come afoot, on horseback and in wagons and buckboards. The scene is a picturesque one. There are groups of young men testing their physical prowess in athletic feats and contests, bevies of young women and girls dressed in brightest colors, old men with tottering steps and elderly women with almost pathetic gayety slowly making their way to the council house, middle aged men pompous in the sense of their importance as lords of the feast and patient matrons busily preparing the corn soup and succotash, which is made in large iron kettles suspended over a glowing log fire, suggestive of cheer and comfort.

Suddenly there is a hush in the conversation. The young men and boys stop

THE HEAD SPEAKER BEGINS THE CEREMONIES.

their games, and a general movement of the assemblage toward the council house gives notice that the Thanksgiving ceremonies are about to begin. The women enter one door and are seated on one side of the hall, while the men enter another door and are seated on the opposite side, the musicians, with their turtle shell rattles, and the dancers, bedecked in paint and feathers, having already taken their places on the benches appropriated for them. When quiet prevails—and there is no congregation of people who remain so quiet and attentive as an assembly of Indians at a religious gathering—the "head speaker" begins the ceremonies with an invocation to the Great Spirit, the men, with uncovered heads, bowing reverently (the Indian never kneels) and the women looking solemn and serious as the speaker in low but distinct voice renders his prayer of praise and thanksgiving, which doubtless breathes a spirit of thankfulness as acceptable to the Deity as the prayers that fall from more cultured lips in more elaborate sanctuaries.

The Thanksgiving prayer is followed by exhortations by the "head speaker" and other wise men of the tribe, and then come the green corn dance and the great feather dance, accompanied by the "music" of the turtle shell rattles. These are a part of the religious services and are attended with the same spirit of devotion as the other ceremonies. They are performed by men especially chosen for the purpose, and it is regarded as a great distinction to be selected as a dancer for the Thanksgiving festival.

With the conclusion of the dances comes the feast, which is decidedly informal and lasts nearly all the afternoon. Before it begins the "head speaker" thanks the Giver of the feast, and all respond with an expression which corresponds to the good Methodist "amen." Instead of the turkey which forms so conspicuous a part in our Thanksgiving menu, the Indians have the fat dog, roasted on a spit and by no means unpalatable. The raccoon, that wily enemy of the ripening corn, is usually a part of the bill of fare, while other game—venison, bear or wild boar—is introduced when obtainable. When there is no game to be had, as is frequently the case in these latter days, when the white man has appropriated the red man's hunting ground, a lamb, calf or pig supplements the fat dog and raccoon. The principal dish is succotash—green corn and beans cooked together in iron kettles—which, by the way, is an original Indian dish. There are also green corn roasted on the cob, baked squash and corn bread very much like the good old Rhode Island johnnycake. On the whole, it is not a bad Thanksgiving dinner.

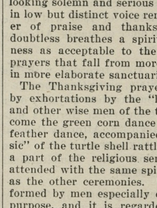
In the afternoon there are games of lacrosse, foot races, wrestling, jumping and other athletic sports corresponding to the tournaments and games which characterize the observance of the Thanksgiving day of their paleface brothers.

At night a great bonfire is built not far from the council house. Near it and lighted by its glowing blaze is a dancing pavilion, where the young people enjoy themselves, while their elders, seated around the blazing logs, smoke their pipes of peace and recount the stories and traditions of their tribe and tell over and again of the greatness and glories of the Six Nations.

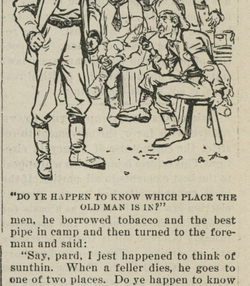
Thus passes the Indians' Thanksgiving day, and thus in all sincerity is expressed the Indians' gratitude to the Great Spirit for the return of the harvests.

THANKSGIVING AT RED HILL.

How Big Ben's Scheme For a Little Celebration Failed.



HERE were 200 miners of us at Red Hill, and, though times were hard and provisions scarce, we had laid ourselves out for something extra on Thanksgiving. On the forenoon of that day, as we were loafing around and waiting for dinner, a humpbacked, [illegible]



"DO YE HAPPEN TO KNOW WHICH PLACE THE OLD MAN IS IN?"

men, he borrowed tobacco and the best pipe in camp and then turned to the foreman and said:

"Say, pard, I jest happened to think of sunthin. When a feller dies, he goes to one of two places. Do ye happen to know which place the old man is in?"

"Why, in course not," answered Ben, "but ye've eaten like a hawg, and ye'll hev to take chances on that."

"Not much I won't, pard. I'm here and ready to be hung, but I'm not goin to take any chances of missin my dad, who's gone before. I'm as ready to jine him in one place as another, but I want to hit the right trail."

The foreman stormed and threatened, but the stranger proved to be a kicker. He was sorry to disappoint the crowd and all that, but really he could assist at no hanging unless he could be assured of a family reunion in the land beyond. The point was argued for half an hour, but he was firm. Of course we had to get even for the Thanksgiving dinner. He was turned over to a committee of eight, who booted him eight times apiece, but as the last one was through swinging his leg the stranger struck up a merry whistle and started off down the trail for Injun Bend.

And he took a good Thanksgiving dinner and the foreman's pipe with him.

A. B. LEWIS.

The Betrothal Ring.

The early history of the wedding ring is not easy to trace, as it was apt to be confused with the betrothal ring. This was once the more important of the two, for in the days of our forefathers the betrothal was the great ceremony and marriage only the ratification of the contract. Then a spouse was a betrothed person, and to espouse was to be betrothed. The ceremony of espousal or betrothal was celebrated with all possible solemnity as the contract of a future "eternal bond of love." No doubt the reason for thus solemnizing an engagement was that in times of violence and lawlessness the church thought it needful to protect the woman and therefore made the betrothal so sacred that a violation of the contract was punished with excommunication. A betrothal service was used, which still forms part of the French and Italian ritual, and, indeed, the first part of the Anglican marriage rite down to the woman's "I will" is simply the old betrothal service.

Remarkable Tumors.

Some remarkable records of tumors are given in The Lancet. The largest known is a uterine tumor that weighed 195 pounds, described by a doctor of Bucharest. Hunter removed one weighing 140 pounds from a woman whose weight without the tumor was 95 pounds. The largest solid tumor of this class weighed 106 pounds. The record for ovarian tumors is held by a Chinese patient, who had one weighing 169 pounds; without it she weighed 77 pounds. There is a New York one of 149 pounds and a German one of 146. For mammary tumors a case is on record where the growth in one breast weighed 64 pounds and in the other 40 pounds.

Didn't Know His Boss.

John I. Blair in his earlier days owned a western railroad along the route of which he established a series of lunchrooms, at which employees of the road were to be charged 50 cents and all passengers 75 cents. Mr. Blair once dined at one of these places and, concluding his meal, laid down a half dollar.

"Hold on!" cried the cashier. "You don't belong to this road!"

"I know that," replied Mr. Blair. "The road belongs to me."

Gotham's Millionaires.

At the present time there are between 500 and 1,000 men in New York who are worth $1,000,000 or more. In 1815, when New York had a population of 110,000, there were only 19 men who were assessed at $100,000 or more, and the highest assessment was only $200,000.

The cost of keeping up the drinking fountains and cattle troughs in London is $8,500 per annum. A single trough in a busy thoroughfare costs $250.

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