Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 10, 1868. NO. 21.

JUST OUT.

THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

and confidently offer it to the people of Kent county as the *best* and *cheapest* Cooking Stove in the market.

Call and examine our new stock of Dwelling, Church, and School Stoves, which we always *guarantee* to be as represented.

DORGAN & CO.,
S. E. cor. Light and Lombard sts.,
Sept. 5, 1868—4m. BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the establishment of a Mart where all kinds of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Findings could be had; where they could see and compare the workings of one machine with another, and select from the different makes, the Machine best suited to the use to which they desire to apply it.

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore Street.

☞ Sewing Machines repaired and adjusted by skillful mechanics, and a fair remunerative compensation only will be charged for the time and skill expended in the work.

The Great American Combination Button Hole Overseaming and

SEWING MACHINE,

Is warranted to execute in the best manner every variety of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering, Quilting, Over-seaming, Embroidering on the edge, and in addition makes beautiful Button and Eyelet holes in all fabrics. It has no equal, being absolutely the best Family Machine in the world, and intrinsically the cheapest, for it is two Machines combined in one by a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore street,
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

BOWER'S

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,

PHILADELPHIA,
MADE FROM

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who have used it, also by distinguished Chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
39 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
70 South Street,
July 18. BALTIMORE, MD.

660 Tax Payers Take Notice!

YOUR Tax Bill for 1868 are now due, and in my hands for collection. I am not only anxious to collect the bills and settle the books during the present year, but parties owing their claims for payment, which cannot be delayed longer than the 1st, of January next. A prompt settlement, therefore, is asked. The subscriber will be at MASSEY'S CROSS ROADS on Wednesday mornings; SASSAFRAS on Wednesday afternoons; CHESTERVILLE, Saturday mornings; MILLINGTON, Saturday afternoons; and at Galena on Mondays. And will continue to visit said places on the days named, in each week, until further notice.

E. E. MILLER, Collector,
1st Dis. Kent Co.
August 1st, 1868.

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia,
AND
No. 95 South Street, Baltimore.

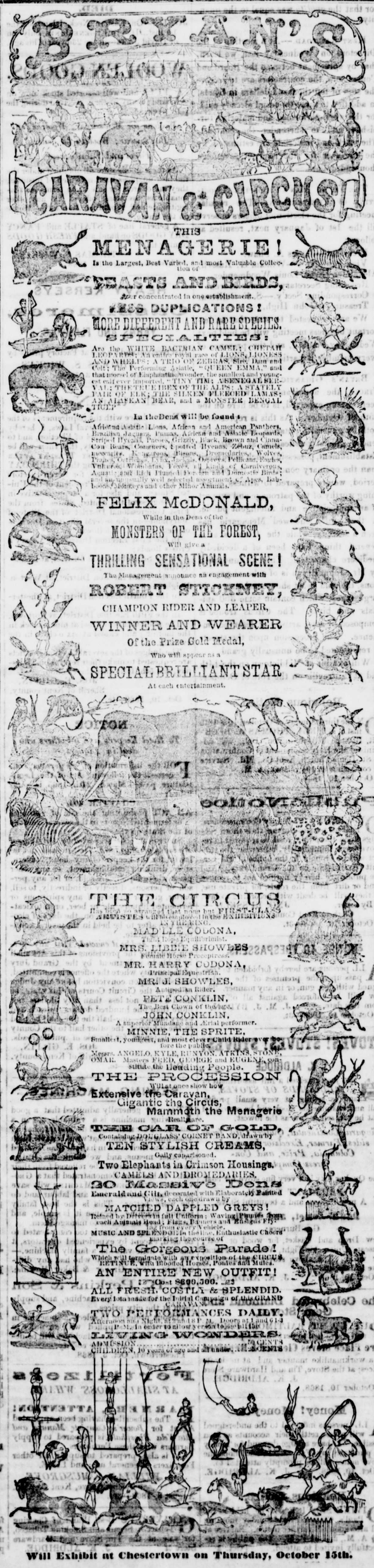
And by Dealers in general throughout the Country.

The SOMBRERO GUANO of which MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE is and always has been manufactured, (and of which he has sole control for the United States,) contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone, therefore it is more durable. The addition of Ammonia gives it greater fertilizing value.

Over seven years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

Price $56 00 per ton, 2,000 lbs.
Discount to dealers.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.
Philadelphia, August 29, 1868—3m.



HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint.
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with rum, Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised, for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 28, 1866.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates st.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not let any one persuade you to allow the druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Original Story.

For the Transcript.

THE INDIAN AVENGER.

BY THOMAS B. HARRIS.

Among the early settlers of Texas was a man named John Stradley. He took up a piece of rich, high intervale land upon the Rio Grande River, and built him a snug cabin, into which he put his wife and two children. He was a bold, hardy man, but not reckless. He loved his wife and little ones too well to hold his life lightly, and he was contented to live in peace if he could be so permitted. But peace was not natural to that section at that particular time. The Indians in the mountain regions were cruel and revengeful—far more so than those who dwelt upon the margins of the lakes and rivers—and to plunder the white man was one of the chief objects of their expeditions. John's nearest neighbor was William Jones, who lived some two miles distant, near the western shore of Allen's Pond.

One evening, as John Stradley was returning from Allen's, whither he had been on business, he heard the cry of a child not far from his path. At first he thought it might be the wail of some wild animal, but upon listening more attentively he became assured that it was really the voice of a child, as he could plainly distinguish the tones of terror and entreaty. But this was not all. He discovered it to be the voice of one of his own children—his little Anna—who was in the habit of coming to meet him when he had been away. He heard her beg to be allowed to go home—he heard her pray to some one not to kill her—and then he heard a gasping, gurgling sound, as though her mouth had been stopped. By this time he knew what had happened. He knew that his little Anna was in the hands of an Indian, and as soon as the first shock of horror was passed he was nerved to action. He bent his ear to the ground, and soon satisfied himself that there was but one savage, for he could hear the footsteps plainly over the dry twigs. Quickly but cautiously he crept through the bushes, and finally he saw the red man, not far distant, hurrying away through the deep wood. The Indian was tall and powerful, and bore the light form of the child under his arm as though it had been a mere feather's weight. The little thing had ceased struggling, for one of the great hands was pressed hard over her mouth, and she seemed nearly exhausted.

It took John Stradley a few moments to consider. Should he follow the savage until he could rush upon him and bear him down, or should he trust his nerve to a trial of his rifle? If he took the latter course there was a bare possibility that his child might be injured; but if he pursued the former the chances were vastly more against him; for, should the savage be alarmed before he could reach him, of which there would be a strong probability, the life of his child might be sacrificed in a moment. So he determined to trust his rifle. He hurried forward until he reached a point whence he could command a good aim, and then he raised the trusty weapon to his shoulder. He covered the red man's head with his sight—then he breathed a quick prayer to God for support—and in a moment more a sharp report rang through the forest. Without waiting for the light smoke to clear away, Stradley sprang forward, and found the savage just gasping in his death-struggle, while the child lay senseless by his side. The father caught her up in his stout arms; and in a few moments he found that she lived; and in a few moments more he was assured that she had not been hurt. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to stand alone her father put her down, and reloaded his rifle, and examined the fallen Indian. From the dress and the ornaments John judged that he had been a warrior of some note; but he was dead now, and would fight no more battles.

Anna was now sufficiently recovered to realize the good fortune that had attended her in the presence of her father, and when she was once more clasped to his bosom, and had thrown her arms about his neck, she told him how she had been captured. She had left the cot to come and meet him, and when she had gone a short distance the Indian sprang out of some bushes by the side of the path, and seized her. She did not see him until he was upon her, and when she tried to cry out he stopped her mouth with his hand; nor did he remove it until they had gone so far that her voice could not be heard by those at the cot.

The sun was just sinking when Stradley reached home, and though there was much fear and terror from what had happened, yet there was cause for gratitude also, for the loved one was well and safe. But Mrs Stradley took occasion to urge her husband, as she had several times urged him before, to leave their present home, and remove to the settlement near the pond; and he promised her that he would think of it. His crops were nearly ready for the harvest, and as soon as they were gathered he would find nearer neighbors. On the following morning he went out to the place where he had left the dead Indian, and he found that the body had been carried away. He found tracks about the spot, and he knew that the corse had been removed by some of its living friends; so he went home with the determination to keep his eyes open, and his rifle ready.

On the morning of the day succeeding, as John Stradley stepped from his cot, he saw something lying upon his door-stone, and on picking it up he found it to be an arrow, with the skin of a rattle-snake wound about it. He knew enough of Indian signs and tokens to know that this was a fatal signal. The man who had left that snake-bound shaft at his door had sworn to kill him. At first he thought of keeping this intelligence from his wife, but upon reflection he concluded it would be better to let her into the secret, for she might then not only help him keep watch, but she could keep the children within safe distance of the cot. So he went back and told her what he had found. Her first impulse, as soon as she understood what her husband told her, was to hasten to the settlement.

"That would hardly be safe," returned John, "for this avenger may be even now watching near the cot, and were we to start out I might get a rifle ball through my body."

Mrs. Stradley was sorely frightened, but she had sense enough to see that her husband was right; and she urged him point no more. During the whole of that day they remained in doors, but saw no signs of Indians. The children were suffered to play in the yard before the house, but they trusted themselves no further away. During the succeeding night the husband and wife took turns in keeping watch, and on the following morning John ventured to the door. Near the stone step he saw another arrow, and attached to the head was a roll of birch bark. He picked it up and carried it into the cot, and upon unrolling the bark he found three drawings upon it. The first was made to represent a dead Indian, and from the peculiar hieroglyphics attached to it he knew that it was meant for Mo-ne-ton, a noted brave of the mountain tribe. The second figure was of an Indian, with a drawn bow in his hand, and an arrow just speeding from it. Beneath this was the name of An-ga-wam. The third figure was of a white man, with an arrow piercing his bosom. John had no difficulty in making this out. He had often heard of Mo-ne-ton and An-ga-wam as two stout, warlike brothers; and he knew that the former of these was the man he had slain. An-ga-wam was bent upon revenge, and he had thus made known his purpose, and Stradley knew enough of the Indian character to know that he would not swerve from his vengeful plan till the deed was done, or till he fell in the conflict.

"There may be a lot of them skulking around the cot," suggested Mrs. Stradley.

"No," said her husband. "Such a brave as An-ga-wam would never suffer that. I have slain his brother, and he alone will seek revenge. I know the character of these red savages too well. What I have not seen with my own eye, and understood from my own observations, I have gathered from others. This avenger will hang around my path till he accomplishes his full purpose, unless I can contrive to circumvent him. He has given me fair warning, and all the rest will be done in the dark. He thinks he has put me upon the rack, and now he will take the first opportunity to send a rifle-ball through my heart."

"And cannot we send to the pond for help?" asked his wife.

"No," replied John with a dubious shake of the head; "we may rest assured that no one will be suffered to go to the settlement."

It was a perplexing situation. The stout man was fairly imprisoned in his own cot, and by an unseen foe. It might be possible that the avenger was not yet upon the track, but it was not at all probable. In fact, he had all the advantage upon his side. He could move as he pleased in the dense wood about the cot, while Stradley could not even step out into his yard without being seen, and marked for a bullet.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Mrs. Stradley went to the Spring, at a short distance from the cot, after a pail of water. When she came in she was pale and tremulous, and it was with difficulty that she bore her burden to its proper place. Her husband asked her what was the matter, and she told him she had seen an Indian—she saw his red face peering from bushes beyond the spring. She saw him when she first stepped from the door, as he raised his head, and yet she had gone to the spring and got her water without betraying, by even a sign, that she had observed him. She pointed out the spot where she saw him, and John viewed it from one of the small loop-holes between the logs. The bushes were a thick clump of white-wood, just at the edge of the clearing, and not over eight rods from the cot. He could see no Indian, but he could see a place where an Indian could very well hide, and he had no doubt that there was one there.

"What will you do?" the woman cried, in an agony of fear and suspense. "The moment you dare step outside of the door you will be shot. Oh! if we could get word to the——"

"Stop!" interrupted John laying his hand quickly and nervously upon his wife's arm. "If I go out I am sure to be shot; but suppose something should go out that only look like me!"

Mrs Stradley gazed up into her husband's face, but she did not comprehend his meaning.

"We'll send out a 'man of straw,' pursued John, "and if the Indian fires at it, I can fire at him in turn, for he will be sure to show himself when he has discharged his price. Do you understand?"

The wife said she thought she did.

"Then let us go to work as quickly as possible, before the Indian changes his lurking-place."

John's plan was clear now and they proceeded at once to carry it into execution. The garments which he usually wore were well stuffed out with bedding, and a proper looking head was fashioned from a small pillow, upon one side of which was tacked a piece of bear skin to represent hair; and when the hat had been received in its proper place the whole formed as respectable a looking effigy as could be well gotten up; and so well had it been proportioned, that the good wife declared that, had she seen it in the woods for the first time, and caught a side or back view of it, she should certainly have thought it to be her husband.—When the thing had been fashioned, a broom-handle was secured beneath the right arm, so that it could be held in an upright position, and Mrs. Stradley practised upon it until she could move it about with the appearance of life. John now took his rifle, and having poured fresh priming into the pan, he took his station at the loop-hole which looked towards the cover of the Indian, and as soon as the muzzle of the piece was in its place and he was sure of his aim, he gave his wife the signal.

Mrs. Stradley opened the door very slowly, at the same time lifting the effigy out upon the stone with its back towards the lurking Indian. In a moment more John saw a human head pop up above the whitewood bushes. He saw the face of the red man plainly, and he covered the right eye with the sight of his rifle. A light wreath of smoke curled up from the bushes, and at the same instant Stradley discharged his weapon, so that both reports were simultaneous. He saw the Indian avenger leap high into the air, and then fall, and then he hasten to the side of his wife, who had dropped her burden, and sank back upon a stool. He examined the effigy, and found that a bullet had pierced it through and through, taking its course just where the heart would have lain in a human bosom!

John Stradley waited a while, and then he went out to the whitewood bushes, where he found the vengeful An-ga-wam dead, with a bullet-hole through the brain. He felt safe for the present, for he believed that this attempt upon his life had been planned by An-ga-wam alone; but he feared that he would not be safe long so far removed from his white neighbors, especially since he had slain two noted warriors of the enemy; so he made arrangements as speedily as possible for removing to the settlement which he did on the following day, much to the gratification of his wife, and to the safety of himself and children. And he moved not a bit too soon, for on the morning of the very next day a party of Indians attacked his cot, and when they found it empty, and the furniture gone, they burned it down and destroyed such of the crops as were handily destructible. But the the stout settler cared little for the loss. He had saved his more precious treasures, and he was content.

For the Transcript.

From Galena.--An Earnest Appeal.

Brethern,—I feel alarmed! I enlisted in the army of God 17 years ago, as a private, and am still one. I have always fought in the ranks, and only there. I joined company A. and still belong to that company. I might have advanced if I had been a faithful soldier in the cause. Perhaps, to-day I might have been a captain in company B. or C.; but when I could have benefited the cause of Christ, I have made excuses, and would not obey orders from my superiors.

I now fear and tremble when I read "you know your duty but do it not."—Brethern I see "the hand writing on the wall" against me, and like Belshazzar of old I tremble. I have not been as faithful a servant as I might have been, I am sorry for it. "Oh that God may return unto me the joy of his salvation, and uphold me with his spirit &c."

I say these things to you Brethern, for I feel that I have been remiss in my duty, and perhaps others may feel, after my candid confession, that they have not exerted all their talents. Now it is plain to me that the bible warns us against sins of omission as much as commission, and perhaps more. The parable of the ten talents points that way, and indeed all the parables seem to say, we sin as much against God by *neglect* of our duty as by open acknowledged sin. If this is so brethern, how unfortunate must be the case of some of us, who sit in the corner and groan, and have long faces whilst in the house of God, but are careless and indifferent to the cause Zion when they get out of the house of worship. Remember our Savior once said, when you fast have not long faces, and when you pray, do not stand like the Pharisee on the corner, with trumpet going before. I know that you all attend Church pretty regularly when it is good weather, but give yourselves no particular trouble when it rains or even is likely to rain. Brethern, is this right? Is it following the Scriptures, which say "work now whilst it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work? Is it right for you when you know we are going to have church, to stay away just because you don't know who is going to hold service? I know your own conscience will tell just as well as I can, and better.

And now beloved Sisters, as the time is coming on to begin our protracted meetings, let us lay aside all bickerings and fault finding, and go earnestly to work in the cause of fallen man. No matter who may be our class leader for a time. I hope all of them do their best in the cause of Christianity. Sisters learn to bridle your tongues a little, and show all the good of religious women, and none of the evil of worldly women. Let us remember that woman is man's guardian angel, and that she is the right hand of religion. Woman has always been the leader of all good in the world, although mother Eve tempted Adam, Mary was the first at the tomb, the last at the cross.

AN OLD SIDER.

THERE is a Yankee 'out West' so thin, that, when the sheriff is after him, he crawls into his rifle, and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

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