THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORN R 16, 1871. NO. 17.

TIME TABLE
KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST. A. M. P. M.

April 30, 1871. J. K. HINES, Superintendent.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Ligh St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

Consignments respectfully solicited.
January 19, 1870—y

TO THE LADIES.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, FOR Beautifying and Preserving the Complexion and Skin. Mr. Laird has every confidence in recommending his Bloom of Youth to the Ladies as being the only perfect and reliable Toilet article now in use.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*
January 7, 1871.

CARD.

[redacted]

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
For sale at WICKES' DRUG STORE.

LUMBER,
For Sale at Buck Neck Wharf.
Nov. 20, 1870. J. BELL & BRO

WOOL WANTED.—People's Popular Store, will pay cash for Wool, or exchange for merchandise, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest Dry Goods in this market.
Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

LUMBER!

AN assortment of **LUMBER** always on hand.

Buyers will find it their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
February 25, 1871.

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING.
VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

MYERS BROTHERS,
DEALERS
IN
WALL PAPERS,
WINDOW
SHADES,
VENITIAN
BLINDS, &c.,
No. 39
NORTH GAY STREET,
Opp. Odd Fellows' Hall,
BALTIMORE.
Sept. 9, 1871—y

H.A. Gable, N. Runkle, G. Housel, H. Beard.

H. A. GABLE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
DOORS, SASHES,
BLINDS,
STAIRS, STAIR RAILING, BALUSTERS AND POSTS,
Mouldings,
Rope Mouldings, Mantels, etc.
MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
DEALERS IN
LUMBER,
LATHS,
SHINGLES,
AND
MARBLEIZED
SLATE MANTELS.
CORNER OF
Howard and Fayette Sts.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Sept. 9, 1871—6m.

THE
EUREKA
FANNING MILL.
The Greatest Invention
OF THE 19th CENTURY!

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention of Farmers and Mechanics is particularly directed to the combined economy, utility and practicability of the Eureka Mill, and to the many other advantages it possesses over every other Fanning Mill which has been introduced to the public. It is the fruit of long and patient investigation by the inventor, who has made it his constant study for over twenty years. He has secured several patents for Mills, and has always been rewarded with the best of success. But not feeling satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and he now believes that his new invention will warrant him in exclaiming in the joy of his heart, like the philosopher, Phythagoras, EUREKA, signifying in the Grecian language, "I have found it." This has given the name to this new Mill.

In this Mill are all the former improvements, to which have been added several more, adding still greater advantages than were at first anticipated, or even thought possible by the inventor himself. It embraces the three great essentials necessary in every invention.

It combines Utility, Economy and Practicability!

THE EUREKA MILL

Is small and lighter, and is capable of doing more and better work in a given time than any other Mill ever invented. It is the only Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of: for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of NOLAND & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.
June 17, 1871—tf.

Exposition
AT
T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

BAZIN'S AND BARNES' MAGNOLIA & FLORIDA WATER, the most agreeable and refreshing of all perfumes for use on the handkerchief, at the toilet, or in the bath. Jan. 7.

Selected Poetry.

THE COMING MAN.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I wonder when I will be a man,
And wear a stove-pipe hat?
Or sport a jaunty little cane,
And marvelous cravat?

I've spoken to papa about
These things, but he declares
I'm rather young to be a man,
And musn't put on airs!

'Twas but the other day he said,
When I proposed a hat,
"There's time enough for that, my son,
There's time enough for that!"

Ah, me, he seems to think I might
Find pleasure in a toy,
And not aspire to be a man,
While nothing but a boy!

I'd like to try my skill upon
A fine velocipede,
A gallant horse that don't require
A bit of hay or feed.

I'd ask for Dexter—but I know
Papa'd odject of course;
For he don't keep a Ledger, and
He cannot keep a horse.

I'd like to mention all my wants,
But don't see how I can,
And represent one-half the joys
That tempt the Coming Man.

Ye who have passed the boyhood stage
And reached to man's estate,
Can understand how hard it is
To suffer—and to wait.

The coming man will drink no wine;
Will neither smoke nor chew;
And no one knows exactly what
The Coming Man will do.

But I will take papa's advice,
And do the best I can,
And strive to settle in my youth
The future of the man.

THE MANIAC ACTOR.

BY NED PAGETTE.

The name of Nelly Percy had filled the house to such an extent that at half-past seven o'clock there was not even "standing-room" for the praise of the beautiful Scotch vocalist had reached every corner of the great metropolis.

After a great variety of frantic flourishes, supplementary to a splendid performance of the "Caliph of Bagdad," the orchestra subsided, and a moment later the mystic tinkle of the mystic bell, and the heavy green curtain disappeared as if by magic among the border lights.

A wild flourish from the orchestra now brought on the lovely canttrice, who, with modest majesty, advanced to the footlights and courtesied to the stormy reception by which she was greeted; then all was quiet, insomuch that the falling of a leaf would have been audible.

For a moment her voice thrilled and trembled over the music in such perfect harmony with the orchestra accompaniment that, but for her attitude and the expression of her face, I should not have known that she was singing, but suddenly, as if weary of the lower realms of melodies her clear, full and silver voice ranged aloft to the most incredible height. So suddenly and beautifully executed was the transition that it brought many of her more susceptible auditors to their feet.—A bright smile swept over her face as she witnessed the wonderful influence of her vocal powers, but while the heavy, measured undulation of her bosom proclaimed her science, the trembling and swelling of the veins and pipes of her throat told of the effort it cost her to reach those dizzy heights.

Suddenly a deathly pallor swept over her face, she stepped back a pace or two, raised her snowy, trembling hand to her throat, while a look of deadly terror contorted her sweet features, and looking toward the wing, she cried in a faint voice, "Elmer!" With that word a torrent of blood gushed from her lips, and, with a wild shriek which froze the blood of all who heard it, she sank to the floor, writhing in the agony of strangulation.

The stage was instantly thronged with actors and actresses in all styles of fantastic array, and among the last came Elmer Percy—the husband of the unfortunate young vocalist. The crowd made way for him, and sinking on his knees at her side, he lifted his soul's idol in his arms. Seeing in whose arms she was she threw her own around his neck, and clung convulsively to him, as if she believed he could stay the crimson tide upon which her sweet young life was fast flowing away, but no mortal hand could stay that flood. A hand unseen, however, came to the relief of the suffering daughter of Thespia. The rich, warm blood of sweet little Nelly ceased to flow, her temples ceased to throb, the look of agony left her face, the pulsation of her heart gradually died away, and all was still. The awful silence of death reigned there, and Elmer Percy knew that the lovely form he clasped so closely to his heart was lifeless.

Slowly and tenderly he laid her down; not a tear came to his relief—not a moan escaped his lips. One fond kiss he pressed upon her marble brow, and one upon her blood-stained lips—removed a hawthorn blossom from her brow and hid it near his heart, then he pleaded for death, in that "resistless eloquence of woe" which comes only from the profound depths of a breaking heart.

The voice of Elmer Percy had thrilled ten thousand hearts before, but none who heard it will e'er forget the strange pathos he threw into the speech:

"Farewell to all that made life fair!" Then sinking down, he pillowed his head upon the still bosom of his dead wife.—Never before or since was there seen such a tableau as that upon which the curtain now went slowly down.

Not a word—not a whisper—was heard as the audience silently and sorrowfully departed.

On the day after the interment of Nelly the sorrow riven Elmer disappeared. No one could say at what time or in what direction he had gone.

On entering his room at the Shakespeare House, his trunks were found packed, locked and strapped, and on the table a letter addressed to myself, which read as follows:

"DEAR NED:—Please send my trunk to the following address: "Lucille Holmes, Memphis, Tenn." Answer every inquiry with a truth "don't know," and come to no conclusion yourself concerning your friend, ELMER."

I complied with every request in every particular, and, knowing the futility of groundless speculation, waited on "dilatory time" to unravel the mystery and doings of my bereaved friend. A month passed, and nothing was heard of him, and the excitement incident to the sad occurrence, of which this is a record, had died away and the names of the ill-starred Thespians, though not forgotten, were scarcely mentioned, and I had just settled down in the belief that I should never see nor hear from my poor friend again, when one morning after rehearsal, the manager handed me a latter with the precautionary "Mum." I retired from the stage and opened it, and must leave you to imagine my surprise at the following:

"DEAR GALBRATH:—Announce me for 'The Stranger' and 'Michael Erle' on the night of the 14th. Yours,
ELMER."

Flaming posters, bearing the name of Elmer Percy, soon appeared all over the city, and great was the excitement arising therefrom.

The night of the 14th came, and with it Elmer. At six o'clock I met the manager on the stage, and asked,

"Is Elmer here?"

"Yes," he replied, "yes, Ned, and, *entre nous*, I—I—well, I rather wish he wasn't."

"Why?"

"Go to the green room and see for yourself. If he doesn't do something desperate to-night, I'll admit that I'm no judge of a madman."

I went to the green-room and there found Elmer. He was idly picking a guitar when I entered, but on seeing me he laid down the instrument, and extended his hand, which I took in my own, and could not suppress a shudder as I felt his cold clammy fingers closing around my own.

I sat down by his side and conversed with him awhile, now imbibing the manager's fears as to what the night might bring forth. There was a wild restlessness and unnatural brilliancy in his eyes, a nervous, spasmodic movement of his fingers that betrayed partial insanity, and knowing that a boisterous "reception" awaited him, I trembled for the result.—Taking his hand, I said:

"Elmer, my dear friend, you are not well, and are imprudent to continue to play while such is the case. Don't you think it were better that you abandon the stage—at least for a time?"

Looking me steadily in the eye, while the cunning twinkle of the maniac's was in his own, he firmly answered, "No."

I left him, and ascending to the stage, cautioned all I met to keep a sharp eye upon him, and there was no knowing what desperate thing he might do; then, passing through the procenium box, I took a seat in the parquette.

The music ceased; the curtain rose; and, at the right time, Elmer Percy appeared. With a firm and solemn step he advanced to the centre, where he paused in the attitude of one in deep thought.—The sable hue of his costume increased, by constrast, the fearful wanness of his face; he stood perfectly erect, his arms folded across his breast; his eyes glistened with an unnatural fire, and he kept them firmly fixed upon the gallery.

As I expected, his appearance was the signal for the most stormy reception (a favorite phrase with the profession,) I ever heard; and I was glad to see him bow it with all the composure of a stoic. The storm continued to shake the building "from turret to foundation stone" until he came down to the footlights, and extended his hand in token of desired silence. Instantly the most profound silence prevailed, and he went on with his part. His rendition of "The Stranger" was perfect up to the first 'meeting scene;' but from that to the end, his acting was cold and unnatural. At times his gaze was fixed upon the left centre, and at such times he trembled violently; then starting wildly away from some horrid spell, he would burst forth in the most impassioned strains of woe that ever smote the ear of man.

Many of those present knew that he wandered wildly from the author; and some attributed these flights to the right cause, though he made no direct allusion to the awful scene which I knew was constantly passing before him.

At the conclusion of "The Stranger" he was loudly called for, and at last appeared before the curtain, his eyes still fixed upon the gallery. Like a statue, he stood there amid the thunder of applause, the deafening cries of "speech! speech!" and the shower of bouquets that fell around him thick as hail. At last, without moving his eyes from the gallery, he gave his head a slow and negative movement, then turning he walked with faltering steps to the spot where Nelly had expired, and, sinking on his knees, stretched his hands heavenward, and looking up, broke forth a deep, piteous wail.

"Oh, Nelly—thou angel of my happy myself—I thought that I stood alone in my grief, but now I see the little song bird embalmed in the tears of a sorrowing city, and my heart swells with gratitude. But could you see the ghastly apparition by which my gaze is met on every hand, it would congeal your blood, freeze up your hearts, and paralyze your senses.—But enough of this. I have still work to do. Forgive whatever you may see in me that ill becomes an actor—pardon the wandering of an unsettled mind. Indulge me in a few brief rahpsodies through which to vent my surcharged soul of the wild, unmanageable agony that rankles there."

After a brief pause he walked slowly on. When the curtain went up on the third scene of the first of "Michael Erle," Elmer was discovered, crouched under a weeping willow tree, and attired in the fantastic array of a maniac. He wore a wig of long, black ringlets, in contrast with which his wan face assumed the hue of death. His deep-set eyes sparkled and flashed as he rolled them wildly fro side to side; with his right hand hand gathered his cloak about his breast, whi with his left he held his ringlets from h eyes and face. Still maintaining h couchant attitude, he advanced to th centre, and in a low, hoarse, but perfectl audible voice, commenced his speech:

"'Tis very cold—I have a magnificer palace," etc., and finally concluded th speech with a contortion of the featur painful to see, as he uttered the word "I saw her die."

The bitter anguish couched in thes four words—as he rendered them—sick ened every heart, and an involuntar shudder ran through the entire audienc

His acting was "fearfully perfect throughout the play, and many who, lik myself, could not overlook the semblanc of reality, were most heartily glad whe the scene was over.

When the curtain rose on the la scene I found myself worked up to an u wonted degree of excitement. Havi played the part myself I knew the cue and as the scene progressed my uneas ness increased. At last the persecut Mary wailed forth the cue:

"'Michael Erle,' where art thou? T next moment he rushed on, his long loc falling in wild confusion about his shou ders, his eyes flaming, and the dagg firmly grasped in his hand. He pause in a tragic attitude as Mary sank at h feet, and stretching his hand towar "D'Arville," exclaimed in a voice thunder:

"Thou dark monster at sight of who all Nature sickens, and the trembling kin of hell turns pale to see his deeds mos damnable surpassed. Remember Elle Mortimore and her sad fate—then look me, whom thou hast made a reckless wan derer o'er creation's face—look on thi prostrate girl, and then tell me: Say art thou fit to live?"

D'Arville turns, in mock serenity, an assumed astonishment, to ask:

"Who is this madman?" Michael an swers for himself:

"I am Michael—Michael Erle, he whom men call the maniac lover! I am h whom you so basely robbed of Ellen Mor timore—*he* whom your villiany deprive of reason, and whom, two nights ago you would have murdered, aye! and with this very dagger! but *now*—my time ha come—*revenge! revenge!*" and rushing upon the unsuspecting actor, he gave hin a wound which nearly proved fatal, the turning to the audience, with outstretch ed arms and upturned eyes, he exclaimed

"Farewell, oh, well beloved world farewell! At last, sweet Nell, thy death bed shall be mine! Then stabbing him self in the breast, he uttered a low moan and fell weltering in his blood, upon th same spot where Nelly had died.

Of course the little drama of the Maniac Lover was completely lost in the midst of so much tragedy. The players stood aghast, or at least some of them, while others bent over the prostrate forms of the wounded. I don't know how I got there, but I found myself at Elmer's side, with his cold, bloody hand in mine. Having assured myself that he was "wounded past all surgery," I looked up to the manager, who stood close by, and without one thought of the play said:

"The poor maniac is dying." That was the cue for the last speech. The dying actor heard his cue, and, like a true disciple of Thespis, responded, even though the pangs of death were rending him. Raising himself upon his right elbow, and, looking towards the first right entrance, he went on, in a low, broken voice, with the language of the text substituting the name of his wife for Ellen

"'Tis very cold—very. Bring me cloak! How now, slave, why do ye no obey me? Ah! Who is this? 'Tis she! my own Nelly! What would you Ah! she whispers—she beckons—she call me away! Yes, yes, Nelly, I'm coming —I'm coming! 'Tis very cold—very— and falling back expired. We laid him beside Nelly, and "Life's fitful fever o'er he sleeps well."

About a Pic-nic---Jenkins Relates His Experience.

Maria Ann had recently determined to go to a picnic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately. She had planned it to go alone, so far as I was concerned, on that picnic occasion; but when I heard about it I determined to assist. She pretended she was very glad; and I believe she was. "It will do you good to get away from your work one day, poor fellow," she said, "and we shall so much enjoy the cool morning ride on the cars, and dinner in the words."

On that memorable day Maria Ann got up at five o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed my slumbers and told me to come to breakfast. I told her I was not hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The sun was up; I had no idea the sun began business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half past six. Eat all the breakfast you can, for you won't get anything more before noon."

I could not eat anything at that time in the morning, and it was just as well I could not for I had all I could do. There was ice to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to be cut, and I thought I never should get the legs of the chicken fixed so that I could put the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up the groceries for me to pack, and gave directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and putting on her new dress all at once. There is a great deal of energy in that woman, perhaps a little too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the front steps with a basket on one arm and Maria Ann's water-proof on the other, and a pail in each hand and a bottle of vinegar in my coat pocket. There was a camp chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just how.

"Now," said Maria, "we must run, or we shall not catch the cars."

"M[illegible]nable idea,

ing save a furious scream, "Satan" made his leap. Forepaugh was expecting it and fell upon his knees, one of the tiger's claws removing a tuft of his hair and a piece of scalp from his head. The beast turned after his leap and attempted to seize the trainer's shoulder, but the red-hot iron was forced into his mouth, and he retreated with yells of pain and anger. He then allowed the trainer to advance to the center of the cage without resisting the act, but in a moment more he settled himself for another spring. As he shot through the air, the trainer leaped aside, and then gave the brute several blows with the iron beating him until he retired to the further corner.

Both parties then took a rest for a few minutes when the trainer advanced and opened hostilities. "Satan" made a rush for him, and this time seized Forepaugh by the thigh, and although beaten over the head with the rod, shook the man to the floor like a terrier shakes a rat. Then, letting go with his teeth, he placed his paw on the trainer's breast, uttering yells of rage. The attendants paralyzed with fear, finally rallied under the direction of Forepaugh, whose flesh was being pierced by the sharp claws, and made a simultaneous and vigorous attack upon the enraged animal, who was obliged to retreat to his corner. The trainer received a severe bite, and each of the claws left a bad mark, but he determined to give the animal no rest. Procuring another iron, he adopted the method of attack instead of defence. Just as the beast was preparing to spring again, the trainer rushed upon him, punching and pounding him with the hot iron bar, and actually drove the Bengal [illegible] eral times around the cage before s[illegible] After a moment the attack [illegible] the two rolling over and [illegible] the cage in the tiger's [illegible] by the neck, bu[illegible] cifully with [illegible] treat[illegible] si[illegible]

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