Chestertown Transcript.
THURSDAY, JAN. 13, 1881.

THE LEAN AND HUNGRY EDITOR AND THE SUBSCRIBERS WHAT WOULDN'T PAY.

A Story with a Beautiful Moral to it.

Once upon a time, about the beginning of the year 1881, there lived a lean and hungry country editor. All through the year 1880 he had worked hard, and had lived for the most part on turnips, dried apples and herrings. Thanksgiving day and Christmas day had come and gone, and on those occasions the editor had worked off the very best jokes he could get up as to turkeys and cranberry sauce. He got up these jokes mainly for the purpose of making the general public believe that he dined sumptuously on those occasions. But the fact of the matter is, the only change of diet the editor had on each of those days, was that he mixed his turnips and dried apples together, and called the mixture by a beautiful French name. It is true that the editor was not able to eat much of his new dish, even after he had given it a beautiful name. But this did not matter much. He calmly ate his herring and congratulated himself that this French delicacy of his was a dish that few of his acquaintances had ever set down to.

But we must go on with our story. As we have remarked before, our narrative commences with the beginning of the year 1881. Of course that is a long, long time ago, and of course the editor about whom we are now telling has long since died and gone to heaven. But perhaps some among our oldest readers may have heard their grandfathers speak of the winter of 1880 and 1881. How it snowed and blowed and frozed, and then took a fresh start and frozed and blowed and snowed. How boats were frozed up in the rivers, railroad trains blocked in the middle of forests by impenetrable banks of snow, and the cattle upon a thousand hills compelled to eat straw under a shed,—and yet it kept on snowing and blowing and freezing. There lived about this time a weather prophet by name of Vennor. Many people, including the editor, believed that Vennor had much to do with creating the miserable state of the weather. Whether Vennor was responsible for the weather, or whether it might have more properly been ascribed to Herbert Spencer's "differentiations of definite, coherent heterogeneity," we are not able at this time to determine. Whatever may have been the cause of the winter, we will simply state that it was almost as bad as any that had ever occured within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

On the morning on which our story commences, the editor was sitting moodily in his sanctum. The devil was endeavoring to make the fire burn, just as a well instructed devil should. But the editor was meditating. He was thinking of the past, of the present and of the future. He had just finished making out a long list of bills, and he was thinking sweetly of all those blessed subscribers who had payed him in advance, and against whom he had no bills. And he was thinking mournfully, regretfully, almost bitterly of those who hadn't yet squared up. And yet he was thinking hopefully of this latter class, for it was principally upon them that he depended for his future rations. He knew there were lots and lots of good fellows among them, who would not let him starve to death while they could raise one dollar and fifty cents. The editor had spent all of his advance subscriptions keeping up his rent, in buying his dried apples, his turnips and his herrings, in paying for the material and other cost of running his paper, and in feeding and clothing his devil. On this morning as the editor sat in his sanctum, he was completely bankrupted. That is, he was not completely bankrupted,—he had fifteen cents left. But all of his turnips were gone, and he only had four pounds of dried apples and nine herrings remaining in his larder. The editor took his pencil and made a calculation. These four pounds of apples he calculated, when boiled, would amount to just four bushels. Allowing himself to eat a peck a day, these four bushels would last him just thirty-two days. But as it took him a herring a day, the nine herrings would only last him nine days. This was a gloomy outlook. The editor glanced at his feet and saw that his toes were beginning to show, and as he thought of the cold weather, he remembered that he ought to have a new pair of shoes, a shirt, another pair of stockings, and an ulster overcoat. As the editor thought upon these things, his mind grew desperate. He jumped up from his seat, struck a theatrical attitude, shut one eye, and shook his fist at the devil. This scared the devil almost to death, for he thought the editor had discovered another typographical error in the last issue. But when he found that the editor was only about to make a speech, he stood and listened, just as a well-conducted devil should.

Said the editor—"Have I not worked faithfully during the past year, to collect all the news of the county, and to condense into brief form the principal news of the country, for the benefit of our readers?"

The devil said, "To the best of my knowledge and belief, you have."

"Have I not," said the editor, "when locals were scarce, have I not set here upon this venerable chair and invented accidents, and created locals out of misty nothing?"

The devil said that he would bet his chewing gum that the editor here told the truth.

"Have I not," continued the editor, "used my utmost exertions to keep patent medicine advertisements out of our paper, and have I not always refused to put in personal puffs unless they were paid for in advance?"

The devil said, that he was not dead sure upon this last point that the editor had made. He thought the statement sounded very beautiful and very eloquent, and he had no doubt but that it was poetically correct,—but only poetically so.

"Have I not," said the editor, "hunted up tid-bits of scandal? Have I not pried as much as possible into people's private affairs for the benefit of the general public?"

The devil grinned, and winked knowingly at the editor, and said that all this was too true to be denied.

"And finally," said the editor, "have I not during this cold and sleety weather, stood upon the street corner, with my pencil in one hand, and my note-book in the other, and have I not watched the beautiful, beautiful damsels, the airy, dainty damsels, the rollicking, jovial damsels, as they jauntily tripped over the icy pavements. And when the dainty heels of these jovial damsels have flown up into the air, and and these beautiful damsels have come down hard on the pavement, have I not given a picturesque and minute account of the scene?"

The devil was so much impressed with this part of the speech, that he called the journeymen, and got the editor to say it over again. The editor said it over again word for word, and the devil and the journeymen said it was the finest piece of eloquence they had ever listened to. They furthermore said that they would swear before a court and jury that it was every word true.

This served to calm down the editor very considerably, and he again took his seat and engaged in the contemplation of his subscription bills. There were a great many of them for only one year, and these were $1.50. There were a large number for two years, and these were $3.00, and there were some that had even run for three years, and they amounted to $4.50,—that is, supposing that in all of these cases, only advance rates were charged. Then he cast his eye over his books, and noted those blessed subscribers who had paid in advance. These he found to be more than twice as many as all the others together; but, as we have before remarked, the editor had already spent these. Though he gave them the best affections of his heart, he fully appreciated that he could not look to them for his supply of dried apples and turnips through the coming year.

Now comes the tragic part of our story. The editor after working over his bills all day, went home to his supper. It was nine o'clock when he sat down to his evening's meal. This was his usual time for supping. As we have said before, his turnips were all gone, and he had eaten his day's herring for dinner, so that he had only three quarts of dried apples left for his supper. These he peacefully and serenely ate. [Some may be inclined to think that the quantity of food which the editor consumed is overstated—that three quarts of dried apples was too much for his supper. In reply to this, we would simply state, that editors have to eat a great deal more than other people in order to supply their brain power.]

Having finished his supper, he pulled his chair up to the fire. He had borrowed two bushels of coal that day, and therefore had an uncommonly good fire. Having pulled his chair to the fire, he turned his lamp low down to save the oil. The turned down lamp cast a twilight shadow over the room, and the well filled fire cast out a comforting glow of heat. These two conditions, together with the fact that the editor had eaten a hearty supper, made him feel a little drowsy. Soon he lapsed into that state which may be described as not asleep, and not awake—a kind of half-and-half condition.

The clock struck ten and eleven, and still the editor sat in his darkened room, and enjoyed the comforting glow of the fire. The clock struck twelve—and as the last chime died away, there was a mysterious change came over the editor's surroundings. His lamp went out and he was left in total darkness. His stove expanded and spread until it became a mighty furnace of glowing fire. The flames roared and blazed and flashed until the editor trembled in dread. Suddenly there sprang from the fire a mysterious personage. It was the devil. Not the editor's own devil,—not the individual who did all the dirty work in the office, and who had to bear all the blame for the bad spelling and other mistakes that occurred in the paper,—no, no, not this devil, but the real, simon pure, bona fide devil,—the same as held intercourse with Dr. Faust, some three hundred years ago. [The printer's devil, it will be understood, is only an imitator of the real devil.] The editor glanced at his cloven foot, and immediately recognized him.

"What may it please you to want?" asked the editor.

"You are poor," said the devil.

"I am," said the editor.

"You have got subscribers what won't pay up," said the devil.

"I have," said the editor.

"Some owe you $1.50, some owe you $3.00 and some owe you $4.50," said the devil.

"You state the case correctly," said the editor.

"You would like to have all of these subscriptions," said the devil.

"I would," said the editor.

"You would like to be rich," said the devil.

"I would," said the editor.

"My friend," said the devil, "I will make you as rich as Jim Gordon Bennett, on one condition."

"And what is the condition?" asked the editor.

"Simply that you will serve me here, and hereafter," said the devil.

"Can't do it," said the editor.

The devil frowned at him for throwing away such a good chance, but came forward with another proposition.

"Give me the influence of your paper during your lifetime," said the devil, "and I will guarantee you ten thousand subscribers who shall pay up promptly the first Saturday in every January."

The editor revolved this proposition in his mind. He wondered whether the devil might desire to go to Congress, or to the State legislature, or whether he might desire to run for Clerk of the County or Sheriff. For any one of these positions he concluded that he would not be willing to support him. He therefore respectfully declined his offer.

"Well," said the devil, "I see that you do not know when you are well off. But I will make you a third and final proposition."

"Go ahead with your proposition," said the editor.

"I will collect all these subscription bills on this conditon," said the devil. "You are to put them in a bag, shake them thoroughly, and draw out one at a time. Every tenth bill is to be mine, the other nine I will collect for you. You transfer one tenth of your bills to me,—I collect the other nine tenths for you. Do you understand?" asked the devil.

"I do," said the editor.

"Do you accept the proposition?" asked the devil.

The editor reflected. "What do you propose to do with your tenth of the subscribers?" he asked.

"Ah, what," replied the devil,—"that's the question. But that's none of your business."

"I can't accept," said the editor.

"You're a fool," said the devil; with which he disappeared in the furnace.

The furnace faded away. The editor rubbed his eyes and there was his own stove, glowing with a white heat. The clock struck 1. He turned the heat off his stove, relit his lamp, and went to bed.

MORAL.

Of course all this occurred a long, long time ago,—in the beginning of the year 1881, but editors are pretty much the same set of dish-rags now that they were then, and the above story therefore teaches several things.

It teaches firstly,—that an editor would not sell his soul to the devil for $20,000,000. It teaches secondly,—that he would not sell his influence to the devil, for ten thousand cash subscribers a year. It teaches thirdly,—that he would not transfer one tenth of his back subscription bills to the devil, even though the devil should collect the other nine tenths. Should such a man as this be allowed to live on dried apples and herrings, and to go all winter without a new pair of shoes, a new shirt, and a new ulster overcoat? Can any subscriber who owes a newspaper man one year's subscription or three years' subscriptions, have the hardness of heart to withhold the amount?

Orphans' Court, TUESDAY, Jan'y. 11, 1881.—Present, Judges Nicholson, Shallcross and Willson.

George Bolton, administrator of Charles Hawkins, returned an inventive and appraisement of the personal estate of said deceased, which was received and ordered to be recorded.

On application, letters of administration on the personal estate of John Maslin, were granted and committed unto Samuel Cacy, who filed his bond in the sum of $500, which was approved and ordered to be recorded, and S. M. Bean and George W. Jacoby were appointed to appraise the personal estate of said deceased.

Eugene Gooding, guardian to Miers S. Jester, returned his first guardian account, which was examined and passed as stated and ordered to be recorded.

On application, letters of administration on the personal estate of James A. Morris, were granted and committed unto S. M. Bean (Mary E. Morris, widow of said deceased, first renouncing) who filed his bond in the sum of $300 which was approved and ordered to be recorded, and George W. Jacoby and J. J. Spear were appointed to appraise the personal estate of said deceased.

On application, letters of administration on the personal estate of Thomas Baker, were granted and committed unto Charles H. Baker, who filed his bond in the sum of $4000 which was approved and ordered to be recorded, and H. M. Thomas and John A. Graves, were appointed to appraise the personal estate of said deceased.

On application, letters of administration on the personal estate of Lewin Usilton, were granted and committed unto Harriett M. Usilton and Joseph R. Usilton, who filed their bond in the sum of $6000, which was approved and ordered to be recorded, and A. L. Vannort and George A. Stephens were appointed to appraise the personal estate of said deceased.

The Leaders of Fashionable Dress and Low Prices.—C. N. OHNE & SON, proprietors of the largest one-price double Clothing House, Baltimore, now occupy two entire three-story buildings with their splendid stock of Men's, Youth's, Boy's and Children's Clothing. Having bought and manufactured their entire stock before the great advance of woolens, they are selling great bargains in every department for spring and summer wear, which none can afford to overlook. We feel it our duty to call the attention of our readers to this truly famous and reliable establishment, corner of Pratt and Hanover Sts. No one in need of clothing, ready-made or made to order, should fail to call on OHNE & SON and see the low prices at which the most choice and perfect fitting garments are selling.

Another word or two about the Bills.—We did not send out all of our subscription bills last week. We could not get them all made out in time. We finished up this week, however. Those of our subscribers who felt surprised last week at not receiving any, we hope will feel all right this week when they get their "little bill." We repeat what we said last week about putting the money in an envelope and mailing it. Don't put it off, if you do you will forget it. We will remail you a receipt immediately on receiving the amount.

Resigned.—Miss Lottie Spencer has resigned her position in the Chestertown public school and Miss Alice Crane has been appointed in her place.

A Story with a Moral.—There will be found at the beginning of our local columns a story, that is perhaps not much of a story, but it has got a powerful moral to it. Read it.

A Number of cellars in Chestertown have been filled to a depth of several feet with water from the melting of the heavy snows. One young man wrote to Vennor, making inquiry as to his designs in bringing about such a state of weather.

Henry A. West, the accomplished young man who skipped at the Baltimore centennial with a considerable amount of money belonging to Mrs. Dr. Power, of Millington, is to be tried in Baltimore next Wednesday.

Resigned Command.—Capt. H. W. Vickers, of the Kent Guards, has sent in to Adjutant General Watkins, his resignation of the command of the company. The resignation of Capt. Vickers will be a great loss to the Kent Guards. He has been asked by the Adjutant General to withdraw his resignation.

Thanks.—Quite a large number of our friends to whom we sent bills last week, have either called or have mailed us their subscriptions.—To them we extend our thanks. Those who have forgotten, we remind of the matter again, and ask them please to attend to it immediately. If it is not convenient to come to town, put the amount in an envelope and mail it to us. We are sure it will come straight, and we will remail a receipt immediately. We do not mean to keep up an eternal talk about our bills. We simply desire to close our books up for the year, so that we may have to say nothing more about them.

The Second District Registration Case.—United States Commissioner G. Morris Bond has dismissed the charge against L. A. Pennington, register of voters of the second district of Kent county, for refusing to strike off names on the registration list, which a supervisor of registration pointed out as improperly on the list. The register had struck off a number of names of voters at the instance of the supervisor, and among them were several which were rightly on the list, one of them of a man living in the register's neighborhood. Finding he had gone wrong in following the supervisor, the register refused to strike off other names at his direction.

Presentation of a Bible.—A large, elegant and costly family Bible was presented to Mr. William B. Usilton by the teachers of the Methodist Protestant Sunday School, last Tuesday night. The presentation took place at the chapel. Rev. W. J. Neepier, in some very appropriate remarks, on behalf of the teachers presented the Bible. The matter having been kept a profound secret Mr. Usilton was really taken by surprise, but he nevertheless made a happy and fitting response. The occasion was altogether a very pleasant one.

Mr. Usilton has been the superintendent of the school for the past seven or eight years, and has by unanimous request, consented to enter upon the discharge of the duties of the position for another year.

The Census Department has finally settled that Kent has a population of only 17,100. This is only an increase of 600 in ten years. Chestertown alone had an increase of 600 in its population from 1870 to 1880. In all the other villages of Kent there was from 50 to 100 per cent. of increase. This, of course, if the present census returns be correct, indicates that Kent county has dwindled in population outside of the towns.

If the number of people who get married is any criterion by which the general population may be judged, Kent county has increased very decidedly in population during the last ten years. For the year ending Dec'r. 31st, 1870, there were issued in Kent county 135 marriage licenses. For the year ending Dec. 31st, 1880, there were issued 172 marriage licenses. The census of 1870 gave a population to the county of 17,102. Allowing the population to increase in same proportion as the increase of marriages, 1880 would give Kent county a population of 21,874.

A Railroad Accident from which several Kent county citizens made a lucky escape, occurred on the P. W. & B. railroad at Lamokin, on Thursday evening of last week. The Lamokin train was laying off on a switch, waiting for the 5:15 train from Philadelphia to pass. The switch-tender at Lamokin thoughtlessly left the switch open. When the Philadelphia train came down, running at a speed of 35 miles an hour, it of course crashed into the train lying off on the switch. Judge Shallcross, of our Orphans' Court, was in the smoker of the down train. In an instant after the crash came he found himself thrown violently back in his seat, and almost immovably wedged. When the engine of the down train had struck the standing engine, the reactionary force had smashed the engine and tender, and driven the baggage car into the smoker. The roof of the baggage car, driven through the smoker, struck against the Judge's left shoulder, forcing his head back and pinning him to his seat, which sank down under the pressure. Mr. J. Vansant, who sat one or two seats back, escaped unhurt. He supposed the Judge was killed, and went for help to get his body out of the wreck. But while he was gone, the Judge began to exert himself and found that he could move a little. He finally succeeded in twisting himself out of his perilous position. As soon as he got out, the roof of the car closed in so tightly on his overcoat, which he left lying on the seat, that he could not draw it out. He did not sustain any very serious injuries, fortunately, notwithstanding the very narrow escape he made from being killed. He has suffered somewhat from his left shoulder, and sustained a number of bruises and scratches.

There were others who did not escape from the accident so fortunately. A road carpenter was instantly killed, and a number of others were seriously injured.

Annual Meeting for Election of Officers.—The Kent County Agricultural Club held its annual meeting for election of officers, at the club room on the fair grounds at Worton station, on last Monday, the 10th inst. There was a fair turnout of members. The meeting was called to order, the president, J. H. Hossinger, being in the chair. A resolution was adopted that a committee of three be appointed to draft resolutions of respect to Lewin Usilton. The president appointed the committee: Mr. Samuel Vannort, treasurer for the past year, made his annual report to the club, which was accepted and referred to the auditing committee. Mr. F. H. Harper, financial secretary for the past year, made his annual report, which was accepted, and referred to the auditing committee. The committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of Lewin Usilton, presented the draft of the resolutions to the club. The resolutions were adopted, and the secretary was instructed to transmit copies thereof to the family of deceased, and to publish the same in the county papers. [These resolutions will be found published elsewhere.]

The club then proceeded to the election of officers for the new year. Messrs. John P. Nicholson and Samuel Vannort were appointed tellers. The balloting for the respective officers resulted in the election of Thomas C. Parsons as president, Henry T. Massey as vice-president, W. T. Nicholson as recording secretary, Samuel Vannort corresponding secretary, Joseph H. Hossinger treasurer, E P. Janvier librarian, and John P. Nicholson financial secretary. The auditing committee are W. W. Stephens, John W. Corey and Thomas Massey.

The Association is in a sound and healthy condition financially and otherwise. It has gone somewhat upon the principle of going slowly and going surely. It has no piled up debt to meet, and has a perfectly clear headway. We understand that it is probable that the Association will during the coming season, make decided improvements on their grounds.

A Severe Accident to Captain Burchinal.—Captain W. D. Burchinal of Kent county, deputy collector of the port of Baltimore, fell at the corner of Read and Charles streets, Baltimore, on last Saturday night, dislocating his left hip and fracturing the thigh near the joint. He was taken into the office of Dr. Wm. Whitridge, where the dislocation was remedied and the fracture reduced by Drs. Whitridge and L. McLane Tiffany. He was removed to his home, No. 39 Pleasant street. Captain Burchinal was on his way to the house of collector John L. Thomas when the accident occurred. He sprang over a gutter and his left foot slipped on the ice-covered sidewalk, with the above result.

The Peaches.—From up and down the peninsula, there comes a wail that the peach crop is killed. It is believed that the extreme cold weather has destroyed the vitality of the buds. Here in Kent county growers differ somewhat in their opinions. One of the largest and most experienced fruit growers of the county believes the buds in his peach orchard are almost totally destroyed. All of the growers whom we have heard express an opinion, agree that the crop will probably be very light, and in some localities entirely destroyed. A moderately cold winter is generally considered beneficial to peaches, but when the thermometer sinks lower than five degrees below zero, it is thought to be disastrous.

"NOTES BY THE WAY."

Orphan hours, the year is dead,
Come and sigh, come and weep,
Merry hours smile instead,
For the year is but asleep:
See, it smile as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse,
In its coffin in the clay,
So white winter, that rough nurse
Rocks the dead-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wail aloud,
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-swung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave;
And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

—*Shelley.*

The beginning of the new year is generally selected as the time for making good resolutions, &c. It is a very appropriate season, but vows made are seldom kept. When a man has got to take an oath or join church to break off from a bad habit, that man is either a hypocrit or he has a soft place about his brain.

So far we have had a severe winter, but not as severe as the winters of 1856 and 1857, and 1867 and 1868. We forget the past in a little time. The thermometer has come into general use the last few years. But few persons knew what the temperature was ten and twenty years ago, now the thermometer is looked at the first thing in the morning.

The lowest temperature we have recorded was on the morning of the 3d of this month.—Ten degrees below zero in Still Pond. The heavy frost was the cause of it.

We fear the extreme cold has destroyed the peach buds. The wood and buds are badly injured, but to what extent it is impossible to say. A failure of the peach crop would be the greatest calamity that could befall our farmers. A fair crop of fruit this year will relieve many a farmer from financial embarassment.

Every one should be interested enough to feed the birds that are about them. Unless fed great quantities of them must perish. The "insect destroying" birds should be cared for especially. Insects are rapidly increasing and the only way to destroy them is by having plenty of birds. We need legislation on this subject.

Those who have young apple and pear trees planted had better watch the rabbits, if they bark them the remedy is rosin soap, rub it on the trunk of the trees for about a foot above the snow.

The wild-fowl has flown to a more genial clime and no doubt southern sportsmen are feasting on our red-heads and canvass-backs.—The finny tribe are revelling in the deep waters of our creeks, rivers and bay. Fishermen are in excellent spirits, they say there is always a good run of fish after a protracted freeze.

From present prospects wintry weather will not be over for several weeks. Sleighing has been fine, and the young folks have enjoyed it.

Business has been brisk considering the scarcity of money. The bulk of the corn crop is on hand, and in many instances farmers could not meet their engagements. Some farmers have their corn in the field which is affording food to the crows.

"Sentinel," of the *News*, is confined to the house with a deep cold.

The general health of the community is good.

There is a disease among dogs which is killing them. R. T. Turner, Jr., and Max Price have lost valuable bird dogs.

Our young friend, Dr. J. B. Merritt, called to see us the other day. His arm is nearly well. He looks well, and is attending to his professional duties at Hanesville.

When an inquest is held it seems that the party who found the dead body should be examined by the jury. We have been informed that this was not done in the case of Charles Hawkins who was found on the shores of Turner's Creek.

Persons should not have the lackjaw now-a-days. If a limb is properly amputated and dressed with carbolic acid and linseed oil there will be no lockjaw as it is commonly called.

The Westminster and Kennedyville Presbyterian congregations have called the Rev. Mr. Reese, of Lewis, Del., to fill their pulpits.

George Jones, Esq., is proprietor of the hotel at Kennedyville. David Zenker, who has been living in Still Pond for many years, has moved to Capt. Rasin's farm near Tolchester. Archer Hepbron has moved to the Moffitt farm and Harry Casey to the Lewis Hepbron farm. John A. Miller has moved to Lynch's. The Misses Biddle have moved to still Pond. Wm. Parks, Jr., has moved to Hanesville. Ray Bowers has moved to the Kelley farm near Still Pond and Lewis Newcome has gone on the Timm's farm near Worton Station. James Severson has moved to the Stanley place.

We wish J. Thomas Kelley and lady a happy New Year and a prosperous journey through life.

Messrs. Editors, I wish you and the many readers of the TRANSCRIPT a happy New Year.

TECUMSEH.

Lynch's, Jan. 10, 1881.

A little girl was teaching her brother the Lord's Prayer the other night, and when she had said, "Give us this day our daily bread" he suddenly called out, Pray for taffy, sister, pray for taffy too; and she said you forget that I am going to give you some of SINES' TAR, WILD CHERRY and HOARHOUND for your cold, which is a great deal better than taffy.

Where are your Crutches, Uncle? Here they are—showing John a bottle of M. B. ROBERT'S EMBROCATION. You don't say that three quarters of a bottle of EMBROCATION has relieved you of your Rheumatism, so you can walk without your crutches? I do, and thank a kind Providence for leading me to read that advertisement in the paper last week.

POCKET BOOKS, Rubber Bands, Lead Pencils, Gum Rattles, Pens and Ink, very cheap—at STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Covered Glass Bowls,
Setts, Individual Butter Plates, Butter Dishes Bread Plates, Goblets, Mugs, and everything you need in the Glassware line, you can find at
Jy 15 SPARKS'S, opp. court house

NEW CURRANTS,
8 cts. per lb. HUDGINS' BAKERY.

FALL & WINTER ARRANGEMENT.
Chester River Steamboat Company

On and after Monday, September 13, the steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn Creek, Queenstown and Kent Island.
Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., stopping at the above named Landings.
GEO. WARFIELD, President.
Sept. 9, 1880.

Enterprise Combined Stuffer, Fruit, Lard and Jelly Press,
For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

1881---37th Year.
Eclectic Magazine
OF
Foreign Literature, Science and Art,
ENLARGED and IMPROVED.

The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE reproduces from foreign periodicals all those articles which are valuable to American readers. Its field of selection embraces all the Foreign Reviews, Magazines, and Journals, and the tastes of all classes of readers are consulted in the articles presented. Its plan includes Science, Essays, Reviews, Sketches, Travels, Poetry, Novels, Short Stories etc., etc.
With the number for January, 1881, the ECLECTIC MAGAZINE will be enlarged to such an extent as will give about
Two Hundred Pages additional reading-matter during the year.
This increase of space will afford the opportunity not merely for an increased quantity but for a much greater variety of reading-matter; and the publisher confidently promises that the opportunity shall be so utilized that the ECLECTIC will be *more valuable, more readable, and more satisfactory than ever before.* The same pains will be taken as hitherto to exclude articles which are trivial in character, or of merely transient interest; but larger space will be assigned to articles of a popular and entertaining cast, and with ample materials of the best quality at command, the ECLECTIC will be made the ideal Family Magazine.
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25 Bond Street, New York.
Dec. 9, 1880.

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TO BUY OR FREIGHT
50,000
OR MORE BUSHELS OF CORN.
WE are daily in communication with the Baltimore market, and are before the farmers competing with any and all buyers for the
PURCHASE OF GRAIN,
offering the highest market price—less charges or handling—and paying for same when delivered at our granary or on board vessel.
We are still Soliciting Freights o
GRAIN AND
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
Charges moderate—prompt and personal attention given to any business entrusted to our care.
Mr. Wm. H. Palmer is still at the wharf where he or I can always be found to attend to any business in our line.
Give us a trial. J. E. TAYLOR.
Feb. 27, 1879—tf

FINE SALT,
IN LARGE WELL FILLED SACKS, and for sale at very close figures, by
WICKES & BROTHER.
Chestertown, November 16, 1880.

Barber Shop.
THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by
WOOLFORD & BOYER.
Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1880.
STOVES CLEANED and REPAIRED, at short notice—at
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The Exelsior Cook with Reservoir, For sale by
Sept 23 J. K. ALDRIDG
Centennial and Victor Cook Stoves.
The best Cooking Stoves in the market—at
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GO TO THOS. L. HINES & CO'S. and examine his Fire-place Heaters and Cook stoves Sept. 16.

C. F. Stam,
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COMPOUNDS Physicians' Prescriptions with accuracy and despatch, from the purest Foreign and Domestic Drugs, and according to the improved methods of Pharmacy. Night bell promptly answered.
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FRESH MINCE PIES DAILY.
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Look around and price elsewhere; then give us a call, and we will sell you good goods at small profits. SPARKS, Opposite Court House.

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Cook Stoves,
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Heating Stoves and Fire-Place Heaters, a large assortment, and selling at small advance on first cost. Call and examine before purchasing.
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The leading Lamp Store in Chestertown is
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Opposite the Court House.
Bracket Lamps, Hall Lamps, Parlor Lamps, Bedroom Lamps, Kitchen Lamps, Church Lamps. Burners, Chimneys, Shades, Wicks, and every thing in the Lamp line. Give us a call and we will sell you a good lamp for a little money.
Liberal reduction to Churches.
Sept 30 SPARKS, opposite Court House
FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN!! We think the best and cheapest in this market—only 7 cts. a pound. Call and examine.
Sept 23 J. K. ALDRIDGE.
TRY OUR ROYAL 5ct. Cigar, as good as any. At SPARKS'S.

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Everybody reads THE SUN. The editions of this newspaper throughout the year to come everybody will find:
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IV. Honest comment. The Sun's habit is to speak out fearlessly about men and things.
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Dec 9, 1880—6t

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LAST year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the Blue Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this Quarry that the Limestone came which gave this Lime its high reputation.
This, and this only, is the
GENUINE RAMBO LIME.
I own ALL of the land on which this stone lies. This Quarry was discontinued only because a vein of earth cut off the face. I have cut through this and re-opened these Quarries upon the original stone which old Nathan Rambo quarried as long as he could find it.
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Robert McCoy bought of me my Blue Quarry—I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the blue stone worked by my father in his lifetime.
NATHAN RAMBO.
This Lime will be shipped by railroad or water to all stations and landings in Maryland and Delaware. For Prices and Terms apply to
B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown.
Office Under Voshell House.
April 1, 1880—1y

B. F. FLEMING,
DEALER IN
GRAIN, LIME, COAL, WOOD, PEACH CRATES AND BASKETS,
Schuylkill Lime a Specialty.
Mr. B. F. Fleming: I used Mogee's Schuylkill Lime on corn last spring. It slacked more to the bushel, acted quicker, and gave me the best satisfaction of any Lime I have ever used.
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This Lime will be delivered by cars or vessel to all Stations and Landings on the Peninsula.
TERMS VERY MODERATE.
Don't fail to come and see me before purchasing.
Orders by mail promptly executed.
B. F. FLEMING,
Office under Voshell House,
April 1, 1880—y Chestertown.

WANTED
TO PURCHASE
50,000 *Bushels*
OF
PRIME AMBER WHEAT,
delivered at the warehouse in Chestertown or at any landing on Chester River, for which the Highest Market Price will be paid.

FREIGHTING.
THE undersigned has made special arrangements for receiving and caring for goods in Baltimore. Receiving every Wednesday and Thursday at the foot of Commerce street. An agent will attend when the boats are away.
FREIGHT on all Grains 4 cents per bushel by weight.
GOODS, &c., PURCHASED at WHOLESALE PRICES when the cash is advanced. *Not responsible for orders when the money does not accompany them.*
Contractors, and others, buying in Baltimore, would save money to consult us.
JAMES H. THOMPSON,
Feb. 26, 1880—3m. Chestertown

A CARD.
MISS R. W. WATKINS respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at her residence, or, if desired, at their homes. Terms moderate.
BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.
It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss ROBINA WATKINS to my former pupils as Teacher of Music. I consider her highly qualified to give instruction on Piano and Organ, and am confident that she will give satisfaction to those who may employ her.
MRS. C. LAKE.
Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

1880.
ESTABLISHED 1868.
J. B. Sappington,
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Dry Goods, Notions, Boots Shoes,
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GROCERIES, PROVISIONS.
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FANCY and MEDIUM GRADES FAMILY, EXTRA and SUPER FINE FLOUR.
Please remember we have twelve years experience in the flour trade, and guarantee to give satisfaction to all.
Call and learn our Prices and Terms—wholesale and retail.
Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Jan. 1, 1880.
COAL HODS, SHOVELS and POKERS,
At J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

Ohio Chilled Plow.
For lightness of draught, durability and superior work, this Plow cannot be equaled and has never been by any yet introduced; this may be considered by some a broad claim, but a trial will soon convince as to the correctness thereof. All who purchased of us last spring were so much pleased that they seem to delight in talking about them to their friends, and this fact alone has made for us a number of sales even this early in the season, hence it can be truly said that the OHIO CHILLED advertises and sells itself.
The following parties can furnish any information:
W. W. Stephens, D. C. Blackiston, Isaac Matthews,
Wm. Stewart, Thos. P. Dixon, W. G. Skirven,
G. S. Biddle, Jas. T. Dixon, Samuel Brown,
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Farmers' Favorite Grain Drills.
The PIONEER DRILL of AMERICA.
These Drills are so well known and in such universal use that it is not necessary to advertise its many points of superior merit, and we simply insert this more as a notice of the change of agents than as an advertisement of the Drill. Call and see us before purchasing.
*Perry Spring T