The Transcript,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

Thursday Morning, July 7, 1881.

S. E. SULLIVAN. C. G. WOODALL.

SULLIVAN & WOODALL,

Editors and Proprietors.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Comptroller of the Treasury:

THOMAS J. KEATING,

OF QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTY.

AT THE LATEST NEWS received before going to press, President Garfield was still alive.

His condition was reported as better, and there was beginning to grow a stronger hope that he might live.

His condition, however, was still regarded as critical, and the chances for life were at least balanced by the possibility of death.

A THRILL OF HORROR ran over the land last Saturday, when the telegraph flashed East, West, North and South, that President Garfield had been shot. Party feeling died into insignificance, and grief filled all breasts, regardless of political bias. In striking down the President of the Republic, the assassin had committed a crime that touched every citizen throughout the land. Every household grieved as though violence had been done to one of its members. Since the news of the foul deed was first received, fifty millions of people have been in a state of tension between hope and fear. Will the President live? Will he die? From hundreds of thousands of hearts silent prayers have been offered that he may be spared.

It is one of the hopeful signs of the permanency of our Republic, that when the head of the Nation is struck, party divisions are forgotten, and a universal grief is felt. It proves that no matter how bitter a political contest may be, when it is over the people feel that the man who has been elected, is not the President of the party that elected him, but the President of the whole people. He is the President,—the acknowledged head of the people who voted against him, just as much as he is the President and acknowledged head of those who voted for him.

When violence is done the head of the Nation, it is not the one party that grieves, and the other party that looks indifferently on, but party lines are wiped out, and the people mingle in an undivided sorrow. When this shall cease to be, it will be time to fear for the permanency of our government. When party feeling shall grow so rank, and patriotism shall sink so low, that any part of the people will feel indifferent when the President of the nation is murdered, then it may be known that national decay has set in. But this is not yet. The intense grief that has overspread the land in the last five days, proves that patriotism is yet strong enough to step over party lines.

AMONG THE FIRST to express the horror felt at the violence done the President of the United States, were the cities of the South. From all over the South there went out a wail of anguish when the news was heard. In dozens of Southern towns, the people assembled, and passed resolutions expressing the horror and grief they felt that the President had been struck down. The cities of the South were among the first to send messages of sympathy to the President's afflicted family.

Ever since the war the disloyalty of the South has been urged in campaign speeches, intended to inflame the North.

IF THE PRESIDENT DIES, there will be a turning around in the management of the Government, that few people will consider to be for the better. Vice President Arthur has never been considered a man of any special ability. He had never filled before his election, a higher office than collector of the New York custom house. Added to this is the fact that Senator Conkling has made him, and at best he is but the tool of Conkling. Remembering the enmity that has recently been stirred up between Conkling and the Administration, it may be well understood that if Conkling and Arthur come into power, matters will be wonderfully changed.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the ports of England ranked: London, Boston, Southampton, Lincoln, Lynn, Hull. Eighty years later, Boston, London, Hull. Toward the close of the sixteenth century Lynn was the most important port; then came Hull, Yarmouth, Exeter, Bristol, while Boston had gone down to number ten in rank, and Newcastle was looming up.—Fifty years later Bristol was winning the race, to have her nose put out of joint in another half century by Liverpool.

A St. Petersburg correspondent writes that in the latest budget of the Russian empire, the division allotted to the household expenses of the late Czar includes fifteen hundred roubles for providing birch brooms (Ruthen Besen) for cleaning the Winter Palace. Estimating the cost of each at the retail price in St. Petersburg, he finds that no less that eighteen thousand of these brooms have been used every year for the Winter Palace! Nearly fifty must then have been worn to the stump every day in the late reign.

THE PRESIDENT SHOT.

THE DREADFUL WORK OF A CRAZY OFFICE SEEKER.

On last Saturday morning, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, President Garfield was shot in the Baltimore Depot of Washington, by one Charles Guiteau. The assassin fired twice, the first ball entered the left arm, the second ball entering above the right hip, and passed through the liver and kidney. At the time of the shooting, the president was walking arm in arm with Secretary Blaine, and expected to take the next train for a trip north in company with members of the cabinet.

Guiteau is said to have exclaimed when caught, "I did it. I am a Stalwart and Authur is president."

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

The following letter was taken from the prisoner's pocket at police headquarters:

JULY 2, 1881.—*To the White House:*—The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the Republic. Life is a fleeting dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear.

I presume the President was a Christian and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, any way. I had no ill-will toward the President, but his death was a political necessity.

I am a lawyer, a theologian and a poltician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men during the canvass. I have some papers for the press which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his cojournalists at 1420 New York avenue, and where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GUITEAU.

The following is an account of the affair as told by Secretary Blaine:

On Friday evening the President said to Secretary Blaine: "Well, I am off to-morrow morning, and as I know you are not an early riser, I will say good bye." "No," said the Secretary; "to show you that I am, I will be here to-morrow morning and take you down to the depot in my carriage."

The Secretary was as good as his word, and on Saturday morning called for the President. Secretary Blaine's account of what possibly was his last extended conversation with the President is a very touching one. It was substantially this: "I have," said the President, "now completed four months of the administration, and everything is going well. The Cabinet is each day becoming more wedded together.—There never, to this day, has been an unkind word said across that Cabinet table. The members are all working together in complete harmony, and plans are forming which will make the administration a wise and good one." "And," said Secretary Blaine, "the President's plans were broad, comprehensive, and just. He had commenced what would have been a brilliant administration. He proposed to do equal justice to every man, and I know that he had not an unkind thought in life against any woman, man, or child.

"We talked on in this way," said Mr. Blaine, "until we arrived at the station. The President, who was seated next to the sidewalk, got out first, and asked one of the policemen stationed at the depot (Mr. Kearney), 'How long will it be until the limited express goes out?'

"About fifteen minutes," was the respectful reply. Turning to Mr. Blaine, the President said, "Then I'll wait here with you."

"No," said the Secretary, with good-humored positiveness, "we will go in." They walked into the depot arm-in-arm, and proceeded through the ladies' room. Just as they were passing from the ladies' room into the larger room adjoining, Mr. Blaine was startled by a report—a very loud report—of a pistol, and then immediately another.—Scarcely had the second report rang out on the air when the President exclaimed, "Oh, my God!" Just then some one from the rear of the President rushed past and ahead of the President. Mr. Blaine, supposing him to be the person who had fired the shot, started in pursuit, but had proceeded only a few yards when he was recalled by President Garfield's groans, and turning, saw him lying on the floor, the blood flowing from two ugly wounds in the arm and groin.

It all happened with such startling rapidity that, strange as it may seem, this was the first intimation that the President had been the target for the two shots. In his own mind, he attributed the President's exclamation to the fact that he was startled by the shooting, and he did not dream of his being hurt.

GENERAL JAMES HEARS THE NEWS.

A few minutes before the train, which was to bear the President eastward, started, Secretaries Windom and Hunt and Postmaster General James, who were to accompany the President, and who had already secured seats, alighted and began promenading up and down the platform, smoking. Suddenly a young man stepped quickly up to the Postmaster General and told him, excitedly, that the President had been shot.

"Mr. James turned and said, 'What! There is no joke in a thing like that.'

"His informant earnestly replied, 'I assure you it is true.'

Without another word Mr. James turned and ran to the depot building, and all naturally followed him. The doors of the ladies' reception room, where the President fell, were being closed, and many rushed outside, hoping to obtain entrance from the B street side. Mr. James R. Young, of the Philadelphia Star, finally succeeded in climbing through a window.

SECRETARY WINDOM IN TEARS.

The first person he saw was Secretary Windom, with the tears running down his cheeks. Mr. young asked:

"Mr. Secretary, where is the President, and what does this mean?"

"He replied, 'There he lies in yonder corner in that group. It is as much of a mystery to me as it is to you.'

"The President was lying on a mattress which had been hastily brought from the sleeping apartments from one of the depot employes. There was probably thirty people around him, many of whom were women who had been waiting for the Southern train."

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Secretary Blaine had hold of one of the President's hands, and Postmaster General James was assisting to get him into a sitting posture. His face showed a deathly paleness, and he had a look of surprise, as if caused by pain and despair. He was vomiting, and seemed to have no control of himself, his coat and vest had been ripped from him and his trousers loosened. The matter he had vomited had fallen on his shirt below the bosom, which made it seem as if the ball of the assassin had penetrated the intestines. Near him was his son, a lad of sixteen, who was almost beside himself. He wrung his hands and cried in a piteous manner. With him were the sons of Colonel Rockwell and Secretary Hunt, who were trying to comfort him.

WHAT MINISTER CAMACHO SAW.

Senor Simon Camacho, minister from Venezuela, to the United States, was an eye-witness of the shooting of the President. He saw the assassin fire both the shots, and prevented his escape from the depot. Senor Camacho says:

"A more brutal, revolting and cowardly act was never done on this earth. Like Lincoln, the President was first shot from the rear; but, unlike Lincoln, he struggled and staggered away before he received the other shot. It was frightful. Right among a dozen strong men to be shot down like a dog!" Mr. Camacho was going to New York on the train. He was waiting the arrival of some ladies at the B street door when the carriage containing the President and Secretary Blaine drove up. The carriage was dismissed, and they entered the ladies' waiting room. As the President's carriage drove away another one drove up, and a man with a pale, set face jumped out, told the driver to wait, and followed the President and Secretary Blaine into the room. "Let me say right here," says Mr. Camacho, "that the man did not look insane. He had a hard, determined look, but was not at all wild, and acted throughout with amazing coolness." Mr. Camacho continues:

"The President had one hand behind him and was listening attentively to Mr. Blaine, who was speaking upon something of apparent importance, for he was very decided in his language and emphatic in gesture. The President and Mr. Blaine had advanced about twenty feet into the room when our eyes met. We raised our hats and I stepped forward to speak, when the man who had alighted from the second carriage jumped forward and shot the President from behind.—Blaine on the impulse of the moment jumped aside, and the President, without a word, half sprang, half staggered forward, and turned half around to face his assailant. The man, without a muscle moving in his pale face, advanced two steps in a half crouching position, deliberately pointed his pistol at the President, and fired another shot into his body. My God, it was horrible! Garfield fell forward on the floor, and Blaine, after making a convulsive start after the assassin, dropped on his knees beside Garfield and tried to raise him. The assassin turned after the second shot and sprang forward at the first shot, and was nearer the door than he, so when he started for it I waved my arms and he darted back. His carriage was at the B. street door, with the door open waiting for him to enter. When I drove him back he started for the Sixth street door, intending, I suppose, to run around the corner of the building and enter his carriage that way. At this moment Blaine jumped to his feet and sprang after the man. But before the assassin had gone ten feet he was pounced upon by half a dozen men and secured. Blaine shouted to have the doors closed, and they were at once barred by the employes. The assassin was as cool as any man I ever saw, and as determined and defiant looking as possible. Don't understand me that he looked like a mad man, for I assert positively that he did not."

THE ASSASSIN AND HIS DRIVER.

Mr. George Haupt, a citizen of Boston, says: "I was standing near the B street entrance when the President arrived. I have been in the capital a number of times, but had never seen the President before so I waited outside for his arrival. When he alighted from his carriage I looked at him with considerable curiosity as he went in arm in arm with Mr. Blaine, and then I threw away my cigar and was going in after them. Just then another carriage drove up. I am sure there were two horses, and one thing I noticed particularly, and that is that the man in the carriage had an understanding with the driver, because when he jumped, or rather, stepped from the carriage, he purposely left the door open and turned to speak to the driver. The driver, as though anticipating his remarks, waved his hand impatiently, giving one the impression that he knew exactly what he had to do and would do it. I don't think anything was said between the men, and a moment later I heard the shots. I have an impression that the driver rattled off after standing there a few minutes, but I couldn't swear to it."

THE PRESIDENT'S FORTITUDE.

HIS AMAZING CHEERFULNESS—MRS. GARFIELD'S ARRIVAL AND MEETING WITH HER HUSBAND.

Washington, July 3.—The fortitude of the President under his intense sufferings yesterday excited the astonishment of all who saw him. After the President had been conveyed to the White House, Mr. Blaine approached his bedside, and, relieving one of the attendants who was fanning him, performed that labor of love himself. Suddenly the President seemed to arouse from his stupor, and, looking up, smiled pleasantly. "How good you are," he said gratefully. Then, in a moment, Mr. Blaine bowing his head toward him, the President placed his arms around his neck and said, with an impulse of manner touching and as tender as a woman, "You know how well I love you. People whose motive was both mischievous and selfish have sought to prejudice me against you and MacVeagh and Windom, and perhaps others, and though I have been compelled from the nature of things to give them audience, it has never touched me here," pointing to his heart.

At one time yesterday afternoon, while Secretary Blaine was sitting at his bedside, the President, turning his head, said: "Blaine, what motive do you think that man could have had in trying to assassinate me?" To which Mr. Blaine replied, "I do not know, Mr. President. He says he had no motive. He must be insane." To this the President smilingly answered: "I suppose he thought it would be a glorious thing to emulate the pirate chief." At another time, when one of his sons was sobbing at his bedside, the President said: "Don't be alarmed, Jimmy; the upper story is all right, it is only the hull that is a little damaged." Again he said to his weeping son, "Jimmy, my son, hope for the best. When Colonel Rockwell announced to him that Mrs. Garfield had started on a special train from Long Branch he said, with evident feeling: "God bless the little woman; I hope the shock won't break her down."

"CONCEAL NOTHING FROM ME, DOCTORS."

The President talked considerably during the day. According to Dr. Bliss, he was at times jocular, and the vein of his conversation was of a light character and calculated to cheer up his friends and attendants. A short time after he was put to bed a messenger was despatched to a neighboring establishment for one bottle of brandy. The man brought two, and the President, perceiving it, joked with Dr. Bliss about a double allowance. The President informed Dr. Bliss that he desired to be kept accurately informed about his condition. "Conceal nothing from me, doctors," said he, "for remember that I am not afraid to die." Toward 4 o'clock when the evidence of internal hemorrhage became unmistakable and all the indications pointed to his dissolution, the President asked Dr. Bliss what the prospects were. He said: "Are they bad, doctor? Don't be afraid; tell me frankly. I am ready for the worst."

"Mr. President," replied Dr. Bliss, "your condition is extremely critical. I do not think you can live many hours."

"God's will be done, Doctor; I'm ready to go if my time has come," firmly responded the wounded man.

CABINET OFFICERS DISTRESSED.

Of all the Cabinet, Secretary Blaine, was, to all outward appearances, the most distressed. He was very pale, and evidently was making a strong effort to keep up his strength. When Mrs. Garfield alighted from her carriage, weeping, followed by her daughter, Mr. Blaine broke completely down and wept for several minutes.

Secretary Lincoln, who, with his wife and little girl, remained in constant attendance at the White House from the time the President arrived, seemed to feel the blow more deeply, perhaps, than any one except Mr. Blaine. The memories of that terrible night sixteen years ago, when his father was assassinated, were evidently uppermost in his mind, and he referred to that sad event several times.

"My God," he exclaimed, when the news was brought out from the doctors that the case was wellnigh hopeless. "How many hours of sorrow I have passed in this town."

Postmaster General James here interposed and said to Mr. Lincoln, "Do you remember how often General Garfield has referred to your father during the past few days?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, "and it was only night before last that I entered into a detailed recital of the events on that awful night."

Secretary Kirkwood said very little during the day, except to refer to the remarkably good spirits of the President yesterday. "I never saw him so light-hearted as yesterday afternoon. We had a long cabinet session, and the President was the life of the meeting. He interspersed the proceedings with anecdotes and jokes. He especially referred to the convalescence of Mrs. Garfield and the anticipated pleasures of his visit to his old Alma Mater, the meeting with old schoolmates, and his trip to New England."

MRS. GARFIELD WITH HER HUSBAND.

Shortly after seven o'clock Saturday evening a carriage rolled up to the White House entrance, and Mrs. Garfield alighted. With her were her daughter and Mrs. and Miss Rockwell. She hurried to the bedside of the President, who recognized her at once, and she began to converse with him in a low tone. She exhibited great self-control while in the sick room, and did not betray the slightest evidence of emotion. The President spoke to her in a whisper that was audible at the other end of the room. The physicians, who were then holding consultation in an adjoining room, decided it unwise to allow the interview to last beyond a few minutes, and persuaded Mrs. Garfield to take her leave for the time being, at least. She readily assented, and was escorted out by two of the doctors. When she had left the room she completely broke down, and sobbed aloud almost piteously. Mrs. Garfield pleaded for a second interview with her husband, which was acceded to by the physicians. The room was cleared at her request, and she, with some other members of the family, remained thirty minutes with the President. During this period the first favorable symptoms were exhibited, and from that moment up to 12 o'clock everything looked brighter.

GUITEAU, THE ASSASSIN.

HIS FATHER SAYS HE IS POSSESSED OF THE DEVIL.

Boston, July 3.—The following is an extract from a letter dated March 30th, 1873, from the father of the assassin to John W. Guiteau, his brother, in this city, in which he refers to his son Charles as follows: "I have been ready to believe him capable of almost any folly, stupidity or rascality. The one possible excuse I can render for him is that he is insane. Indeed, if I were called as witness upon the stand, I am inclined to think I should testify that he is absolutely insane, and is hardly responsible for his acts. My own impression is, that unless something shall stop him in his folly and mad career, he will become hopelessly insane, and a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Before I finally gave him up I had exhausted all my powers of reason and persuasion, as well as other resources, in endeavoring to control his actions and thoughts, but without avail. I found he was deceitful, and could not be depended upon in anything, stubborn, wilful, conceited, and at all times outrageously wicked—apparently possessed of the devil. I saw him once or twice when it seemed to me he was willing to do almost anything wicked he should happen to take a fancy to. You will remember, perhaps, at the last conversation we had about him, I told you to keep clear of him, and not have anything to do with him. Should anybody ask about him now, I should be compelled to say to them that I thought he was insane; or, at least, a monomaniac, and should there leave it, and say no more about him. His insanity is of such a character that he is as likely to become a sly, cunning desperado as anything. Could I see him, I might possibly make another and vigorous effort to change the whole channel of his thoughts and feelings. If I could not do that, I should have no hope whatever of being able to do him any good. I made up my mind never to give him another dollar in money until I should be convinced he was thoroughly humbled and radically changed. I am sometimes afraid he would steal, rob, or do anything before his egotism and self-conceit shall be knocked out of him, and, perhaps, even all that will not do it. So, you see, I regard his case as hopeless, or nearly so, and, of course, know no other way but to dismiss him entirely from my mind, and leave him entirely in the hands of his Maker, with a very faint hope that he can be changed either in this world or the next."

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. GARFIELD RETURN THANKS.

The Secretary of State furnishes the following, with a request that it be given the widest possible circulation:

EXECUTIVE MANSION WASHINGTON, July 4—11 P. M.

To the Press—On behalf of the President and Mrs. Garfield, I desire to make public acknowledgment of the very numerous messages of condolence and affection which have been received since Saturday morning. From almost every State in the Union, from the South as bountifully as from the North, and from countries beyond the sea, have come messages of anxious inquiry and tender words of sympathy in such numbers that it has been found impossible to answer them in detail. I therefore ask the newspapers to express for the President and Mrs. Garfield the deep gratitude which they feel for the devotion of their fellow-countrymen and friends in this hour of heavy affliction.

(Signed.) J. G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

THE greatest of recent social events in London was the Old English Fair, which for three days occupied the immense building known as the Royal Albert Hall. Nearly all the women keeping stalls belonged to the aristocracy, and many of them were titled. They are described as possessing a good average of beauty, and they dashed about in their quaint and elaborate costumes as if they were in the period form which their titles came; and as for what the more prudish middle classes might think they evidently didn't care a pin. The hall was made to represent an old English village, with quaint inns, and many of the scenes of an ancient fair; but the devices to get the visitor's money, and the persistent audacity of the saleswomen, were wholly modern. Moncure D. Conway tells how, in one case, the biters were bitten. A good looking young fellow came up to a stall and said: "Do you think you have any pretty things here that I might buy for my wife?—it's her birthday." He was instantly the centre of a dozen beauties, and two dozen fair aristocratic arms, roseate through lace, proffering knick-knacks. He shook his head and passed on. Word was sent to the next booth that a great buyer of birthday presents was coming, and all the attendants thereof swarmed around the adventurer.—He inspected their toilets closely, then passed on. All the booths were notified; all the beauties surrounded him; he got a good view of the aristocracy, and in the end bought a shilling cigar holder. He was a newspaper reporter, and had cleverly brought about a dress parade to aid him in his work.

There is a growing doubt among the ablest biologists as to there being any fixed relation between brain structure and mental function. Sir J. Lubbock has pointed out that though the anthroppoid apes ranked next to man in bodily structure, ants claimed that place in the scale of intelligence. Once he had watched an ant working, and it worked from 6 in the morning to 10 at night without intermission, carrying one hundred and eighty-seven larvæ to its nest. Prof. Calderwood said that it became apparent that anatomical structure was not in itself an adequate guide in determining comparative importance in the scale of organic existence, and that even comparative brain structure could not be taken as a sole test of the measure of intelligence. The whole order of ants presented quite exceptional difficulties for the theory of evolution, and also for the theory of intelligence, which seeks to account for it by complexity of brain structure.

Canada has unwittingly gone into an arrangement by which the United States gains population at the cost of the Canadian treasury. The government made a bargain with a steamship line running to Montreal to pay twenty-five per cent. of the fares of all emigrants who intended to settle in Canada. This reduction is commonly taken advantage of, it has been discovered, by persons really bound for this country.

A carman, says the City Press, recently driving at an immoderate pace along Fetter lane, London, ran against a truck that was standing by the pavement; the truck spun round and caught a ladder standing against a house; the ladder fell and hit a dog; the dog ran foul of a lady who was passing at the moment, whose foot was trodden upon by a passer by, and she had to be put into an omnibus and sent home.

A French paper says that besides the well-known noble houses there are in France 305,000 families who between 1200 and 1789 received letters patent of nobility. In a large number of cases, however, their descendants seemed to be ignorant of this circumstance, and in some instances have even been prosecuted for carrying armorial bearings to which they were in truth fully entitled.

False ears, says the London Lancet, are the new "fashionable adjunct" in Paris, and have already been noticed in the London drawing rooms. They are described as "pearly" and "shell-like." The hair is allowed to cover the ugly things made by nature.

The twenty million cinchona trees planted in Ceylon in 1880 are expected to yield in six years ten million pounds each year, but it is believed that the demand will fully keep up with the supply, so that prices will not decline.

The French crown jewels are to be sold in London. It is asserted that Mrs. Mackey is resolved on having the "Regent" to present to the Pope, while Mme. Blanc of Monaco wants it for her daughter, Mme. Bonaparte.

A Philadelphia guardian charged $500 for administering an estate of $469. The ward was a girl, and he wanted her to pay him the difference out of her own earnings. The court cut down his bill to $85.

Most of the English papers announced the death of Mr. Thomas Ascott (A. Scott) President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Such is fame.

It is asserted that Dr. Carnelly of England has by a patent process produced ice of such intense coldness that it would burn the toucher.

Rats ate all the signatures off a will, at North Adams, Mass, and the mutilated document is, therefore, the subject of litigation.

A California girl of 10 performs all the feats with a rifle that Carver, Paine, and Frayne have made familiar.

GOOD NEWS.

No more Chills and Ague in this section. Our Druggist is selling an article called "AGUE CONQUEROR." It is about the only satisfactory preparation sold for the cure of Fever and Ague, Dumb Chills, Intermittant or Bilious Fevers. The Proprietor of the AGUE CONQUEROR has used but little energy to make this medicine known, and yet its sale is immense in Ague Districts. It purifies the blood, Liver, and other Secretory organs so effectually that the Chills do not return even when persons have had them for years. Entirely vegetable preparation. Price 50 cents and $1.00 per Bottle. Two doses will stop the chills.

MARRIAGES.

HURD—COHEE.—On the 5th instant, at the M. E. parsonage, Chestertown, by Rev. T. H. Haynes, CHARLES H. HURD and Mrs. ANNA E COHEE, both of Kent county, Md.

MORRIS—GOODING.—At St. James' Parsonage, June 22, 1881, by Rev. F. T. Little, B. FRANKLIN MORRIS and MISS MARY J. GOODING, both of this county.

DIED.

HEWITT.—On the 3d of July, CLARENCE SMITH, son of Samuel J. and Letitia Hewitt, aged 6 months 2 weeks and 1 day.

REED.—In Worton, on the 3d of July, FLORENCE ISABELLE, daughter of S. Amos and Sallie A. Reed, in the 4th year of her age.

DARROUGH.—In Chestertown, on the 23d of June, of dropsy, ANNIE E. DARROUGH.

Handsome NEW AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATED PICTURE CARDS

GIVEN TO EVERY PURCHASER OF

Higgins's German Laundry Soap.

Ask your Grocer for them. [July 7—4t

WASHINGTON COLLEGE

THE COMMENCENENT EXERCISES

Will be held at the Court House

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 13, at 10 o'clock.

ADDRESSES will be delivered by members of the graduating class, and the BACCALAUREATE DEGREE conferred.

The public are invited to attend.

WM. J. RIVERS, Principal.

July 7, 1881.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

THE ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

Before the

Mt. Vernon Literary Society,

will be delivered in the Court House on TUESDAY EVENING, July 12th, at 8½ o'clock, by

MILTON W. AUDOUN, ESQ., of Baltimore.

The public are invited to attend.

July 7, 1881.

FAMOUS TONIC ROOT BEER!

FIVE CENTS PER GLASS.

THE MOST HEALTHFUL AND DELIGHTFUL DRINK IN THE WORLD.

AS a Beverage and Blood-Purifier it has no rival, being made from those excellent Herbs and Roots, viz.: Dandelion, Sassafras, Burdock, Sarsaparilla, &c., all of which have a salutary action on the Liver and Kidneys. The well-known merits of this Beverage are sustained by the ablest Physicians.

For sale by T. W. WICKES, Druggist.

June 30, 1881.

THOMPSON'S FREIGHT & PASSENGER LINE For BALTIMORE.

On and after June 27, 1881, the

STEAMER L. G. CANNON,

CAPT. WM. A. THOMPSON,

Will leave Chestertown every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 P. M.; Quaker Neck 4 p. m.; Hooper's Wharf, Centreville, 5.30 p. m.; Emory's Wharf 5.45 p. m.; arriving in Baltimore at 10 p. m.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Wednesday at 3 p. m. and Friday at 6 p. m., stopping at above landings.

Mr. Wm. Coursey will convey freight and passengers to and from Centreville.

☞ Freights received every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at foot of Commerce st., Baltimore.

☞ *Specially—handling and caring for freight.* Charges moderate.

FARE 75c. Round Trip tickets $1.25. State-rooms extra.

Freight on grain 4c. per bushel.

JOS. W. THOMPSON, Manager.

June 30, 1881—tf.

STONE MILK PANS, Jars, Earthen Flower Pots, Terra Cotta Stew Pans, Tin Milk Pans, Water Pots, &c., for sale by THOS. L. HINES & CO.

CALL and see our good Cigars, 2 for 5. J. A. PERKINS

This Invitation Is From John Wanamaker.

On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the *Grand Depot* well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful *Picture Gallery*, to which admittance is free.

The *Pneumatic Tubes* carrying the money through the air, and the *Electric-Light Machinery*, are also worth seeing.

There is a *Lunch-Room* in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in Ladies' Waiting Room.

Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.

NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

STILL AHEAD, Splendid Results Obtained.

—BY USING—

BAUGH'S Double Eagle Phosphate.

Send for Circular showing guaranteed Analysis.

BAUGH & SONS, Sole Manufacturers,

20 South Delaware Ave., Philadelphia.

103 South Street, Baltimore.

June 30, 1881.

E. T. Comegys,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

LOCUST GROVE,

MARYLAND.

NEW WHEAT WANTED,

For which I will pay THE highest market price

☞ I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers, who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

E. T. COMEGYS,

June 23 Office at Locust Grove.

E. T. COMEGYS,

Locust Grove, Md.,

DEALER IN

GRAIN, COAL, LIME, FERTILIZERS,

Agricultural Implements, &c., &c.

SOLE AGENT, for Kent county, for THE CELEBRATED

McCORMICK SELF-BINDER AND IRON MOWER,

The BEST and SIMPLEST machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,

LOCUST GROVE,

June 23, 1881. KENT COUNTY, MD.

T. W. WICKES,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

IS dispensing a purer article of SODA WATER, from his handsome new fountain than is ordinarily purchased in the city, for these reasons: 1st. He has the advantage of home spring water, which is better than hydrant water; 2d. He has the new improved block tin lined steel fountain, which makes any metalic contamination of the beverages impossible; the copper fountains, tin washed, are liable to poison; you are taking a great risk in drinking a beverage which when you discover the poison may be too late to remedy.

Ice Cream Soda Water and all the popular syrups. T. W. WICKES.

June 30, 1881.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE FIRM OF KENNARD & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent and full power conferred upon J. Frank Connelly and Thomas G. DeFord to adjust all outstanding matters connected with the business of the late firm.

C. W. KENNARD,
J. FRANK CONNELLY,
THOS. G. DEFORD.

MESS. J. FRANK CONNELLY and THOS. G. DEFORD will continue the business of manufacturing the Imperial, Sterling and other brands of Phosphate, together with Chemicals, &c., at the old stand, trading under the firm name of CONNELLY & DEFORD.

June 23, 1881—4t.

MESS. C. W. KENNARD & H. C. CHASE

Have this day formed a Co-Partnership for the purpose of manufacturing and dealing in Phosphates, Chemicals, etc., at Massey's X Roads, Kent county, Md., trading under the firm name of C. W. KENNARD & CO., with Office and Warehouse in Chestertown, Md.

June 23, 1881—4t

PHILADELPHIA

CREAM MEAD

Is the Most Popular Drink Now Sold.

T. W. WICKES, Chestertown.

June 30, 1881.

CORSETS.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET—Indestructible Hip. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE On Kent Island, QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY Virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Queen Anne's county, in equity, the undersigned as Trustees, will sell for the purpose of partition, at Public Sale, in front of W. C. Taylor's store, in Stevensville, on said Island, on

SATURDAY,

The 16th day of July, 1881,

between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, P. M., all

Those Valuable Tracts of Land,

KNOWN AS

"Kent Point,"

AND

Sedge Field,

OR WESTERN BAY FARM.

KENT POINT, or Farm No. 1, contains

175 Acres of Land,

more or less, and being the extreme Southern farm of said Island, is bounded on the South and West by the Chesapeake Bay, and on the East by the Eastern Bay, and on the North by the real estate of Thomas R. and John Cray, and at present occupied by James F. Cray.

The improvements consist of a GOOD FRAME DWELLING and necessary Outbuildings.

Nearly all of the land is arable, and most of the fencing is of CEDAR RAILS. The soil is fertile and productive, and adapted to the growth of grain, grass, vegetables and other produce, and is one of the most desirable farms on the island.

FARM No. 2,

"SEDGE FIELD," OR "WESTERN BAY FARM,"

Contains 170 Acres of Land,

more or less, is beautifully situated on the Chesapeake Bay, and at present occupied by James Cook.

The improvements consist of a FRAME DWELLING With Outbuildings in good repair and most of the fencing is plank. The land is productive and in a good state of cultivation. This property offers a splendid opportunity to persons desirous of purchasing homes or as an investment.

Terms of Sale.

FARM No. 1.—$500 of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in 3 equal instalments of one, two and three years, with interest on the deferred payments from January 1st, 1882.

FARM No. 2.—$1000.00 of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in three equal instalments of one, two and three years, with interest on the deferred payments from January 1st, 1882.

The deferred payments on both tracts to be secured by the bonds of the purchasers with sureties to be approved by the Trustees. Further particulars made known on the day of sale.

A. RANDOLPH WEEDON,
B. PALMER KEATING,
TRUSTEES.

JAS. H. COSTIN, Auct.

June 16, 1881—tds.

THE Standard Sewing Machine

—:0:—

This new machine is offered at about one-half the price of the old style Machines, and is warranted for three years.

It is an exact copy of the Singer Family Machine, and we will send to any person the $50.00 style for $20.00, with the privilege of a full examination before buying. We also keep in Store all the best makes of Sewing Machines, with a full assortment of Needles, Parts and Oil, and Repair and Improve all kinds of Machines in the best manner and at the lowest prices for good work.

Persons wanting Agencies or Circulars will please address,

BYLES & SMITH,
No. 638 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

June 24, 1881.

The Florence Sewing Machine Company's New Machine,

"THE CROWN."

is now ready for Agents and Dealers.

—:0:—

Old Style Florence Machines taken in exchange, or thoroughty repaired on reasonable terms. Also, the

FLORENCE OIL STOVES.

Agents wanted in every county. Address

BYLES & SMITH,
No. 638 Arch Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Jude 24, 1881.

GENUINE Imported dLucca Cream Said Oil, the finest bran manufactured—for sale by C. F. STAM.

THE Spring-Tooth Harrows, so highly endorsed, are sold by KENNARD & CO.

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