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# The Transcript,

*Chestertown, Md.*

**Thursday, November 18, 1886.**


## THE ERA OF MILLIONAIRES.

### NEW YORK THE MECCA OF THE BUILDERS OF FORTUNE.

**The Rise of Henry M. Flagler, of the Standard Oil Company—His Enormous Wealth and Unbounded Generosity—A Modest Millionaire Who Accomplishes Much Good—Unknown Men of Great Wealth.**

Millionaires are as thick as hops. There are hundreds of them in New York of whom the general public never heard. There are half a hundred worth from two to five millions each of whom the general public know nothing, and at least a score whose individual wealth may be reasonably estimated anywhere from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000, concerning whom the ordinary citizen is absolutely ignorant. Yet they are men of affairs, men whose transactions affect commercial relations that belt the globe; whose business conduct has something to do with every known industry in which mechanics, oil, light and fuel are factors. It used to be said throughout New England, 'the young men go to New York to seek a fortune.' Now it is said 'the men of the country, from the golden shores of California and the snow-clad hills in the Sierra Nevada range, from the cattle kings of the great middle lands to the coal barons and the petroleum princes of the Middle States, go to New York to spend their fortunes.'

And they do extraordinary things.

On the one hand we find a man presenting a near relative with a residence and fixtures that cost in cash $750,000. We hear of a man's laying upon the pillow of his sister's new-born baby $100,000 in United States bonds as a birthday gift, and again a Coal-oil Johnny rolling, like a scroll together, tangible evidence of $1,000,000, in heavy interest-bearing bonds, and tossing them into the lap of a female friend. We are told of a modest millionaire calling upon his pastor on a bright New Year's morning and handing him a check drawn to bearer for the princely sum of $100,000, to be distributed according to the clergyman's ideas among the poor and needy. In this great city, where one family's wealth aggregates $300,000,000; where a man, struck with a quick flash from eternity, dies, is buried and leaves to be distributed among his sorrowing heirs the extraordinary accumulation of $250,000,000; in this city where men who have lived here less than five years are known by their associates and by them alone, for the general public hash't hitherto been taken into their confidence, to be worth man after man $25,000,000, $40,000,000, $50,000,000, is it strange that public interest is awakened and general curiosity excited to know, first, how these men got these almost fabulous amounts of money, and second, what they do with it?

HOW ONE OF THEM BOOMED.

Euclid avenue in Cleveland is lined with residences of millionaires.

But a few years ago this one was a grocer, that a reporter, this an employee in a refining factory, that a hackman on the streets, this a cobbler, that a stone mason, this a pettifogging lawyer, that a ne'er-do well, living from hand to mouth; to-day every one rich beyond the dream of boundless avarice, competent to purchase sites, the cost of which would have seemed to them in years gone by an unattainable price, thereon to erect houses, residences, mansions, palaces, with furnishings sumptuous in detail, magnificent in design, with walls on which are displayed pictures worth display, with drawing-rooms and parlors fitted with every indication not alone of extreme wealth but of taste, all witnesses to the abundant opportunity afforded in this great country to the poorest and the humblest, so long as in his head are born ideas and in his hand rests that great quality, that enormous quantity, industry, perseverance, indomitable energy.

Not luck?

Oh, yes, much of it is luck. Two-thirds of the monumental fortunes enjoyed by these people may be traced to that one choice element in life, good luck, good fortune, a fortuitous combination of circumstances.

Public attention has recently been drawn to an extraordinary development, almost a caprice, in Fernandina, Fla., a hotel, amazing in proportions, extraordinary in material, extravagant in cost. It is in process of erection under the supervision and at the direction and expense of a former resident of Cleveland, now like many of his old-time associates a citizen of the Metropolis, Henry M. Flagler by name. If any one had told Mr. Flagler in his early manhood that the time would come when he could give his check in the sum of $100,000 for charity he would have enjoyed the joke as he might any tale from fairyland. Had any one told him twenty years ago that as an offshoot in a capricious mood he would devote $1,500,000 to the erection of a hotel, and a hotel in Florida at that, he would have thought his informant crazy, but these are incidents of his career. In 1865 he was a member of a firm, humble, poor, struggling, in which two companions, named Rockefeller and Andrews, were also engaged in the business of refining oil. Of the three Andrews had the largest endowment of natural ability, Rockfeller the most pertinacity and Flagler the most method. They might have continued refining oil to the day of their death and with little if any better results than those then attained had it not occurred to them, and the scheme is attributed to Mr. Flagler, to make if possible some arrangements with the railway common carriers by which in time they might control what was already a considerable industry, and which now is the creator of the greatest fortunes known to modern times. With Peter A. Watson and other representatives of the great railway companies, little by little these men consummated a program, a scheme by which, through the medium of rebates, lower tolls were charged them than to the general public or their competitors.

THE START OF THE GREAT MONOPOLY.

Obviously this enabled them to sell oil cheaper than anybody else, and as about that time the demand for oil grew to tremendous proportions and wealth poured in upon them, they had the brains, the sagacity to improve every opportunity to buy out or crush out their rivals and competitors, so that after a very comparatively brief space of time the Standard Oil Company, which was the creation, the outgrowth of their little Cleveland enterprise, became not only the greatest organization of its kind known to the world but the cruelest monopoly known to these days of civilization.

Nothing could stand before it. Nothing did stand before it. Rivals that were unpurchasable were beaten to the earth. Little refineries were swept away as with the breath of contempt. Money poured into them in such quantities as to first astonish, then amaze and finally weary. In their weird fancy they chose odd favorites. A hackman known perfectly well upon the streets of Cleveland as a touter for late fares, dependent much upon the generous impulse or rather the reckless indifference of his inebriated patrons late at night, was selected by one of the oil men as his particular pet and to-day with $5,000,000 in the bank rides and drives and walks, the proud possessor of one of the finest establishments in the West. And by the way, that beautiful and charming city of Cleveland affords an extraordinary illustration of the ups and downs of men in this wonderful country.

Take the case of Brush, the electric light man.

A few years ago he was a $15 a-week reporter on a little Ohio paper. A Mrs. Carey, living in Cleveland, for some reason or other loaned him $10,000 with which to start his electric light scheme. Intelligent men know the marvelous success that attended it and to-day this man, one of the wealthiest in the country, has the pleasure of seeing the original investment made by his patroness Mrs. Carey turn into her coffers a monthly profit of $10,000. The growth, the marvelous progress of the wealth of these oil men is paralleled only by that of the Pacific Railroad men in California.

SOME OLD TIME SACRAMENTO FOLKS.

Charles Crocker, who like all the other rich men of the West has come to New York to live, once kept a little retail store in Sacramento, where the grace and agility with which he yarded off cambrics, muslins, diaper and what not were equalled only by the cordial greeting, the effusive welcome bestowed in his great big, good-natured, free-and-easy way upon the wives and daughters of the miners, who came down from 'up country' to sell their gold dust in the little bank of D. O. Mills & Co. and spend the proceeds thereof for trousers and coats in the Cheap John store of the Wormser Brothers or calicoes and furbelows in the thread-and-needle bazaar of Charles Crocker.

Where are they to-day?

D. O. Mills one of New York's rich men; Charles Crocker one of Gotham's richest men; the Wormser Brothers at the head of one of Wall street's most substantial institutions are fair types of (with the exception of Mr. Mills, who had, as did his wife, capital with which to begin) of what industry, perseverance, saving and good luck combined enable people to become in this country.

Phenomenally rich and extraordinarily quiet about it, like all the others, like the oil men and the iron men and the soap men and the stock speculators in California they they have come to this city as to a place of refuge, a place large enough to insure quiet, a place crowded enough to make desirable privacy certain. It is a curious fact that the men who will to-morrow night occupy their boxes in the Metropolitan Opera House, it being the initial night of Brother Stanton's season, are the actual possessors—not the representatives, mind you, but the actual possessors—of property; that is, real estate, bonds and stock of various names, estimated modestly in the stupendous sum of eight hundred millions of dollars, while millionaires and quintuple millionaires will be as plentiful in the opera house to-morrow night as pebbles in an aquarium.

But to return to Mr. Flagler.

He is not only very rich, but very charitable. His pastor is the Rev. Dr. Paxton—and by the way Paxton is an interesting feature in metropolitan life. He was a private during the war, given somewhat to exhortation. Old Simon Cameron ran across him some way or other, and, becoming interested, invited him to Harrisburg and made him pastor of the Presbyterian Church, where the Camerons attended. Simon was never particularly noted for his religious bent, but he is a kindly man, and when guests visited him among his show pieces was the young man whom he had put on his parochial feet and it afforded him great pleasure to take his guests to hear the young orator expatiate. When Don Cameron went to Washington as Senator he secured a pastorate in the capital for Mr. Paxton, who became in a short time one of the notables there. Later on, when Cameron went abroad to be gone some time, Dr. Paxton was called to New York, and here he is to-day at the head of one of the most successful and most useful of all religious organizations. Among his parishioners is Bro. Flagler, a modest, respectful worshipper who is not only able but desirous to distribute largely of his goods among the less fortunate of his kind.

SOME OF FLAGLER'S FANCIES.

It is reported that on a recent New Year's morning he handed his pastor a check for $100,000 to be distributed according to the clergyman's own idea, no report of which was to be made this side the stream of Time. It is said he has given away in the past five years not less than $1,000,000 in charity, not a report of which has ever been made, concerning which no flattering echo has rolled about his social circle. Unassuming in manner, easily approached by people in need, thoughtful and considerate, mindful of his own humble beginnings, he goes along weighted with an enormous burden of money with which he knows not what to do. So he seeks odd and unique channels of investment, abstaining thus from 'starting a morning paper' or 'backing an evening journal,' and therefore maintaining his grip upon his enormous fortune more vigorously than under some other circumstances he might. One of his fancies has been to build up the town of Fernandina, Fla., and down there he is regarded with a reverence just this side of superstitious awe. No eye-protruding, scale-covered alligator, basking on the banks or opening wide his all devouring jaws, could attract more attention than this quiet-mannered man did when, desiring to find a site for a hotel enterprise, he went from place to place in that town, holding his own counsel and conferring to no great extent with any one but himself. Having made up his mind that he wanted a certain plot of ground which was then occupied by a church he offered the congregation $2,400 if they would have the building moved. It was done. Shortly thereafter a meeting was held to raise funds for liquidation of the debt hanging over the church, and Brother Flagler was in the audience. A collection was about to be taken up when he, rising, said he would make up the deficiency whatever the amount might be after the collection was taken up and the amount ascertained. They needed about $2,800 I believe, and the collection amounted to only $400 or $500, whereupon, in addition to the $2,400 he had already given, he planked down his check for $2,000 more. In that way he has endeared himself to the people of that section and his hotel project has now gotten so far under way as to warrant public notice. It will cover about two acres of land. It is built of sea shells and cement, a combination which becomes after exposure to the elements a short time of the consistency of solid rock, and its estimated cost is $1,500,000.

He cares nothing for outside show, yet he buys pictures of great value and statuary of note. Although careful and cautious in all business matters, his expenditures along the line of friendly entertainment are phenomenal. He cares nothing and knows less about horses, yet his equipages are very fine and his stables well stocked. In spite of the biblical assertion that it will be harder for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven than for a camel to get through the eye of a needle, he is, as is intimated above, a Christian gentleman of direct moral purpose and continuous outworking along the line of charity. About his gifts he holds his tongue. Even the extraordinary offering made through the hands of his pastor was never spoken of by him, and comes to us from the lips of those who knew of it perfunctorily, and the best of it is that it is but an index of his helpfulness all along the shore of human endeavor. To hospital, to church, to Sunday school, to charitable men, to organizations banded together for the purpose of making hard life easy, his right hand is a continuous dispenser of notable bounty, and, as his left hand knows nothing of what his right hand does, there is a double offering, for the left hand is reputed quite as generous as its brother. If giant monopolies produced this kind of man continually, much of the opposition now manifested against them in spirit and in fact would be killed. Unfortunately, Mr. Flagler is not a product of the Standard Oil Company. On the other hand, that cruellest, severest and least merciful of monopolies is his favorite child.—HOWARD, *in N. Y. World.*

## Mike McCool and the Naygur.

*From the West Baton Rouge Sugar Planter.*

The death of Mike McCool, the noted pugilist, recalls to mind a little incident that occurred some years ago in this parish. Mike had been on a prolonged spree, and on sobering up applied to one of our planters for work as a ditcher, which was given him. In the same community at that time resided a negro who bore something of a reputation as a pugilist along with his unenviable character as a cut throat, thief and desperado. The negro, it seems, had become convinced in his mind that he could whip the dougty Mike, and announced his intention of doing so at his earliest opportunity. Accordingly, with this object in view, he started out one afternoon, and, approaching Mike, who was busy cleaning out a ditch bottom, said:

'Is dis heah Mike McCoo'?'

Mike answered that it was, and inquired of the negro what he wanted.

'Well,' answered the darky, 'I'se been hear'n tell o' you a long time, an' I jes' believe I can lick you in a pair o' minutes.'

'Away with ye,' retorted Mike in disgust, resuming his digging.

But the negro was spoiling for a fight, and in order to precipitate hostilities struck Mike a stinging blow. Seeing that the man was determined to have a fight, Mike crawled out of the ditch and waded into the negro. The battle was of short duration, but it resulted disastrously to one of the combatants. Prone on the ground lay the negro, his front teeth gone, his eyes closed, his lips swollen out of shape, while his general appearance was that of a man who had collided with an express train. Mike was unhurt.—Standing over his fallen adversary he queried:

'Say, naygur, be ye livin'?'

A weak, imploring voice answered in the affirmative.

'Thin,' said Mike, 'let me give ye a bit of advice. Never come round abothering of a respectable gentleman loike meself because Oi haven't got toime to fool with the loikes of ye.'

Saying which McCool resumed his ditching as if nothing unusual had occurred.

THE young man sat in the parlor dim,
A-hugging his Lizy Jane;
The old man came and he looked at him
And shook a heavy cane,

The young man rose and he said aloud:
"This meeting gives me pain,
For two is company, three's a crowd,
So good-by, Lizy Jane."

—*Washington Critic.*

WILD GEESE are being slaughtered by the thousand at Beaver Lake, in Northwestern Canada.—Two men recently killed 1,000 and dried the meat for winter use, and it is not unusual for the local gunners to bag 50 and 100 in a day's shooting.

THE Canadian Indians at Whitefish Lake and Lac la Biche are dying in large number from an epedemic or measles. So virulent is the disease that the agents have not dared to pay the annual treaty money.

THE old story of the faithful dog comes anew from North Sydney, N. S., where a pet dog followed the remains of its dead mistress to the grave and stayed there until it starved to death.

## THE RUSE OF A PERSIAN PRINCE.

**How he Convicted the Murderers of an Englishman.**

*From the St. James' Gazettee.*

On the side of the high road to Shiraz, thirty miles before the city is reached, going north, stands a bare pole. This marks the place where the body of Sergeant Collins was found after his murder.

Sergeant Collins was an inspector of the telegraph line, a man of great personal bravery. Accompanied by his wife, two servants, and two muleteers, he started on his inspection duty. Collins was hardly convalescent from a fever attack when he started, and he had no choice in traveling but to lie on a mattress flung on a loaded mule.

At early dawn one day a muleteer suddenly cried, "Sahib, they have blocked the road;" and looking ahead, the Sergeant saw some men in front who were covering him with their guns. At the same moment these men ordered him to dismount. Now, the Sergeant was the best shot in Persia. "Be off!" he shouted, firing his revolver twice. The robbers rushed in, firing as they came; and Collins was hit in two places, death being instantaneous. After beating the lifeless body with their iron-headed sticks, the robbers blindfolded and carried off the wife and two servants, detaining them in a dell till after midnight.

At the persistent instigation of the English Minister at Teheran, the Persian authorities arrested the three principal robbers. Another of them committed suicide to avoid capture; another had died from a gunshot wound, apparently inflicted by Collins. But the Persian authorities, though they had got the criminals in jail, seemed very loth to bring them to justice. But at length Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, C. S. I., our agent at Shiraz, succeeded in goading the Prince Governor, H. R. H. Zil es Sultan, into trying the prisoners.

The proceedings were very curious. There was no doubt of the guilt of the men, but there were no witnesses of the murder. The Sergeant was dead; his wife and his two servants had been frightened out of their wits, and the muleteer declared that he could remember nothing. The Zil-es-Sultan, finding that the English Minister would not remain satisfied, ordered the robbers to be brought before him. The Prince-Governor himself embodied the law. Half a dozen courtiers lolled against the wall, their arms respectfully crossed upon their breasts. Seated on a silk mattress in a corner of the room, his back supported by gold embroidered cushions, the young Prince twiddled his moustache, or played with the jewelled hilt of his sabre, or toyed with the buckle of priceless brilliants which formed the central ornament of his plain leather waist belt.

The three men were dressed as villagers usually are, in tall felt caps and long felt coats. When they were hustled into the hall of audience they were still heavily ironed, for these men are often desperate criminals, and would not hesitate for a moment to murder their jailers if they thought they would thereby secure a chance of escape. On entering the royal presence they bow almost to the ground. 'Salaam!' they shout in chorus; your villager or tribesman never speaks, he always shouts. 'How do you like prison?' says the Prince, nodding to them with a smile. In reply the bandits assert their innocence, calling at every sentence upon Heaven and the Prophet. 'Are we not harmless tribesmen, we who live in your Royal Highness' shadow? May we be your sacrifice?' The Prince still smiles blandly, 'Ah, my friends,' says he, 'I, too, am a Mussulman. We are all Mussulmans here; and—and in fact—an unbeliever more or less doesn't much matter. You have truly done a good deed. I shall not really punish but reward you. That you killed the Feringhi there is, of course, no doubt; and I must punish you nominally. What I propose to do is to cut off a joint of one finger of each of you. But what is that? Nothing. Your dresses of honor are ready. You will put them on and will be instantly liberated. And now, my children,' says the smiling Prince, 'tell me all about it. How did you manage it, eh?'

The astonished prisoners received this speech with a burst of joy. All shouting at once, they hastened to give the Prince full particulars.—The European fired twice from one pistol—may we be your sacrifice!—and then we all fired together, rushing in on him. He was but a European—may your shadow never be less! We trust in the clemency of your Royal Highness! May we be your sacrifice!"

The smile faded from the face of the young Prince Governor, his likeness to the Shah, his father, becoming very apparent as his countenance darkened into ferocity. He had got at the truth; and, without more ado, nodded with appropriate significance to his chief of police, the Farrashbashi, a burly black-bearded man who stood behind the criminals. The prisoners were removed; they were hurried into the public square, in which the palace stands, and there their throats were cut. The bodies lay exposed till sunset, a terror to evil doers.

A red granite tablet in one of the Christian churches at Julfa, subscriben for by the engineer officers and non commissioned officers in Persia, commemorates the death of Collins.

## The Favorite Food of Some Noted Men.

*From the Pall Mall Gazette.*

The meals of Charlemagne consisted never of more than four courses, and his favorite dishes were eggs and roast meat, particularly venison, which was served on long spits by his foresters. Luther preferred Torgau beer and hock to all beverages. As a young man, Melanchthon was very fond of barley soup, and he would often exchange a diet of meat for a bowl of barley soup. Small fish, vegetables and all kinds of farinaceous food he liked, but large fish and meat he disliked, and he hated all public meals and drinking bouts. Torquato Tasso was very fond of preserved fruits and all kinds of fancy sweets.

Henry IV. was often ill from eating too many melons or oysters. His favorite drink was vin d'Arbois. Peter the Great liked nothing better than Limburg cheese. Charles XII., King of Sweeden preferred a piece of bread and butter to anything else. Voltaire, like Frederick the Great and Napoleon I., was very fond of coffee. His favorite food was oat cakes, but he preferred oranges to any other kind of food. The Dutch lady scholar, A. M. Schurmann, ate spiders as a delicacy. Lessing preferred lentils, and Klopstock, who was a real gourmand, fed on salmon, mushrooms, pastry and smoked meat. Of vegetables he liked peas best and grapes as dessert, together with a bottle of good claret or hock.

Kant retained till his old age a preference for pork, all kinds of pulse, and stewed fruit. He devoted three hours a day to his dinner. Schiller was in his youthful days very fond of ham. An old note book belonging to a Stuttgart restaurant contains some items about 'Meals for Dr. Schiller in 1782,' from which it appears that, besides a bottle of wine, ham was every day among the dishes on Schiller's table. Matthisson confessed a preference for peas, beans and pork; Lord Byron for Chester cheese, with ale or porter; Pope was 'greatly interested' in venison, Jonathan Swift in turbot and Sir Walter Scott in roast goose.

## Manners for Boys.

In the street: Hat lifted when saying 'Goodbye' or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with anyone you walk with. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask her if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door: Hat off the moment you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first also, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor: Stand until every lady in the room, also older people, are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and remain standing until she takes a seat.

Let ladies pass through the door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room: Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, ring or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be excused before the other, unless the reason is imperative.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and remain standing until they are out. If all go together, the gentlemen stand by the door until the ladies pass.

A Milwaukee woman hid thirteen five-dollar gold pieces in the sugar box, and in the hurry and worry of canning fruit forgot about them.—She afterward found them all in the preserves.

**Napoleon's Meeting with Marie Louise.**

Suddenly the noise of wheels was heard. A carriage preceded by a outrider and followed by several other vehicles, arrived. Napoleon quivered with joy. It was she! Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria, empress of the French, queen of Italy, the wife who would bear him a son and heir to his immense empire. Pride and intoxication mingled with joy in the heart of the conqueror.

The carriage stopped. The horses were being taken out. Napoleon rushed to the door. He would fain have remained unnoticed for a few moments longer, but the Equerry d'Oudenarde, who could scarcely believe his eyes, at this juncture called out: "The emperor." The happy husband threw himself into the arms of his young wife, who was overcome with emotion and surprise. He was enchanted with her at sight. This superb child, all radiant with freshness and youth, with strength and health, with her pretty fair hair, her blue eyes, her innocence and candor. She is the companion whom he needed. She is the empress of his dreams! And how the first words she spoke to him flattered him, and touched him, and went direct to his heart. After having looked at him for a long time she said, in a timid, sweet voice: "You are much better than your portrait."—Memoirs of Marie Louise.

**Tupper's Precious Manuscripts.**

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper's autobiography contains a store of interesting anecdotical matter. Indeed it is quite the most readable thing the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" ever wrote. In speaking of the dangers to which a writer's manuscripts are alwayi open, he tells us of a faithful maid arranging his study and always putting his papers in awful confusion. "Upon my cautioning her," he says, "not to detroy anything, I was horrified by the unconscious Audrey's instant reply: 'Oh, sir, I never burns no paper but what what is spoiled by being written on!'" And he goes on to say that in "prehistoric days when we sported with loose powder and shot and paper wadding, I was a guest for some days in September with James Maclaren at Ticehurt, and recollect his horror at finding that the luncheon sandwiches were wrapped in some of his most precious MMS.—for he was writing a treatise on finance, and those leaves were covered with calculations—and that his shooting-party were ramming down their charges with the recorded labor of his brains."—The Argonaut.

**America's Water Works.**

In the pamphlets of statistics of American water works prepared by J. J. R. Croes, it is stated that there are in this country 1,008 cities and towns supplied with a water works system. Of these, nearly one-half are owned by the municipalities and 500 by private corporations. In about 200 cases the system is arranged so as to pump the water directly into the mains which gives the best satisfaction, where the supply will permit it.—Boston Transcript.


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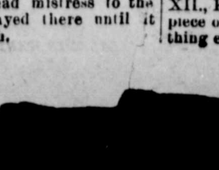


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DAILY TRIPS AS FOLLOWS:
Leave Chestertown 6 p. m., Burchinal's 6.30 p. m., Quaker Neck 8 o'clock p. m., Long Cove 9.30 p. m., arriving in Baltimore 2.30 a. m.
The Fairchild has been thoroughly repaired and is in excellent condition. Our facilities for handling fruit cannot be surpassed. We shall run a LARGE TUG BOAT AND SCHOONER from Corsica Creek and other points daily, connecting with Fairchild at Long Cove, going and coming, to deliver freight the Fairchild may have for Corsica Creek and different wharves.
If the weather is too stormy for the Fairchild we have engaged this large tug to assist her, and it will be always ready if any accident should happen. Freight received daily at Pier 12, Light street, and receipted for.
J. T. TWILLEY, President
Aug. 5.

THE BLATCHLEY
Is carefully made by men who know how to construct a
PUMP
When desired they are lined with specially heavy Porcelain or Copper, or with Drive Well Cylinders, at small additional cost.
When ready to buy, Insist on seeing and examining them. Use your own judgment, and don't be persuaded to act contrary to your own interests.
They are sold by some good house near you.
C. G. BLATCHLEY,
MANUFACTURER,
308 MARKET STREET,
Philadelphia.

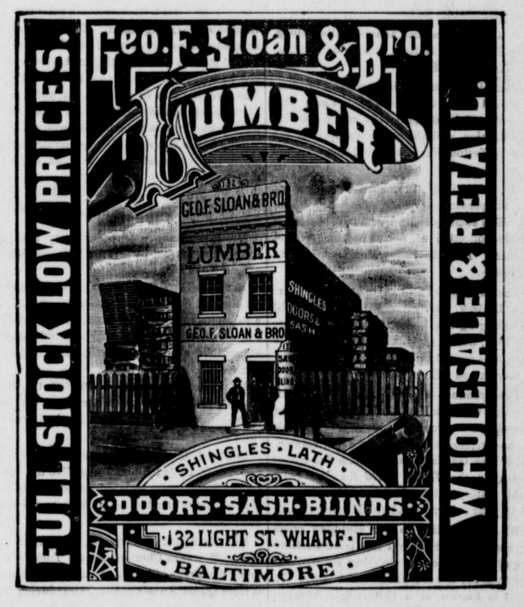
TO ALL PERSONS
Interested in Coal.
WE, having made arrangements by which we have our Coal shipped direct from the mines to Chestertown, perhaps it would be to your interert to call and see us before buying elsewhere.
J. T. TWILLEY & CO.
July 2, 1885.

NEW STORE
AT GALE'S WHARF,
where GOODS can be had at
City Prices for Cash.
FLOUR, FISH, MEAT, SALT,
MACHINE OIL, HARDWARE, &c
JOHN GALE.
June 24—tf.

DO YOU WANT
A GOOD FARM WAGON OR DEARBORN
Either Eleptic Springs or Platform? If you do call at CHAPMAN & LAMBERT'S and be surprised at the reduction in price befor buyin.

GLASS FRUIT JARS.
Mason Porcelain-Lined, also the Gem Jar Glass-top and tin-top Jelly Glasses. Stone Jars, all sizes, and Canning Sugar—all at low est prices at J. H. SIMPERS.

Peninsula Bone Fertilizing Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STAR BONE
PHOSPHATE
THE LEADING BONE PHOSPHATE IN THE MARKET. RELIABLE AND THOROUGHLY ESTABLISHED.
Planet Bone
PHOSPHATE.
Compared to Star Bone, differs only in analysis, and correspondingly low in price. It is intended to make Planet a leading brand with Star Bone.
PENINSULAR BONE FERTILIZER COMPANY,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS
Fertilizers and Fertilizer Supplies,
SMYRNA, DELAWARE.
Highest Cash Price Paid for BONES.
Circulars containing testimonials, &c., sent on application.
FOR SALE BY
JAS. E. HAMILTON, Chestertown;
F. H. HARPER, Still Pond.
July 15.




WM. B. TILGHMAN. C. C. TILGHMAN. M. T. EARLE.
Wm. B. Tilghman & Co.,
Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,
General Commission Merchant
No. 1 Bowley's Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Jan. 22, 1885—y.

SAML BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATHS,
PICKETS, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
BRICKS, LIME &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF
BALTIMORE

Seasonable Goods
WHITE WASH BRUSHES—a nice assortment.
ICE CREAM FREEZERS—several styles and all sizes.
REFRIGERATORS & ICE CHESTS—kept in stock.
DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS—made to fit all sizes.
DOOR AND WINDOW WIRE—all widths, very *Low.*
LAWN MOWERS—different sizes, the best makes
WATER COOLERS, FLY FANS, WIRE DISH COVERS.
Call on
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.
For Bird Cages, Hanging Baskets and Flower Pots, see
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.
OIL STOVES.
Now for the coming warm season, perhaps you need an Oil Stove.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.
have a *nice line.*
Field Kegs and Buckets at the Hardware Store of
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.
Call and examine the Patent Bush and Grass Scythe and Snathe, at
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO'S.
WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, and will make it to the interest of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.
J. H. SIMPERS.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS.
DOWNES & JENNING
Merchant Tailors.
33 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
Sept. 17, 1885.

WOOD! WOOD!!
Hickory, Oak and Pine.
THE subscriber has purchased 1000 cords of the very best seasoned Oak, Hickory and Pine that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $5 00 per cord for oak, and $6 00 per cord for hickory; wood sawed and split to order.
This Wood has all been culled over; full length, clear of knots and small sticks.
Pine KINDLING WOOD for sale low.
WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertown.

Canning Wax
AND
Jar Rubbers
—AT—
STAM'S DRUG STORE.
Aug. 26, 1885.