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The Transcript,

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, December 23, 1886.

THE WHITE HOUSE AS IT IS.

Beautiful in Spots and Very Cheap and Common in Other Spots.

From the Cleveland Leader.

The White House is truly beautiful, and it should be, for it has cost since the beginning nearly $2,000,000. Amid all its magnificance, however, there are many bits of the common-place, and in that part of it which is daily viewed by the public eye it is in places actually shabby. In this letter I want to describe the business part of the White House as it strikes the average caller. It is a great white building of two stories and a basement, with a *porte cochere* in its front and an iron railing tipped with brass gilding at the side. It has a big lawn in front of it, and there is a fountain spouting up a spray in the center of this. The front door is reached by a crescent of asphalt drives, in the top of which lies this *porte cochere*. This asphalt is cracked in places, and it gives back all the rays of the sun during the heat of summer months. Along its side runs a foot walk as wide as an ordinary pavement, and the material of this is plain sandstone in blocks about two feet square.

The landing under the *porte cochere* is of the same ordinary sandstone, and as you go up to it you can look over the iron railing and see the President's servants ironing his shirts and other unmentionable family garments in the laundry of the basement. Raising your eyes you note that Holland shades of a cream color cover the windows of the east room, and walking up to the sandstone steps you reach the front door, and here note that its step is also of sandstone, a part of which is painted brown. In front of this door lies a big straw colored mat of cocoa, laid there for you to wipe your feet upon before entering. The front doors of the White House are of walnut. They are double doors, and into each is set oval piece of glass with pannels of mosaic glass about it. Through this oval glass the doorkeepers can see who wish to enter, and if they are objectionable can refuse to open the door. In one of them on the inside a card hands of tin and upon it in black letters is painted:

OPEN, 10 A. M.
CLOSED, 2 P. M.
CLOSED.

It was after 2 o'clock when I called, and the house was closed to visitors. The door bell of the White House is at the right of the entrance. It is of bronze and rather pretty.—The door knob was especially designed for this door. It is as big round as a base-ball, and it has an American eagle cut into its brass face.

Entering the White House through these big front doors you stand in a great vestibule or hall. This is a conglomeration of the grand and the cheap. The floor is of tiled mosaic, and probably cost several dollars a square foot. The wall before you was made by Tiffany. It shuts you off from the grand corridor where the guests promenade at the state receptions, and in which the portraits of all the Presidents hang. It is a splendid piece of glass mosaic which shines like so many jewels in the evening. The chaudelier in the center of this vestibule is a beauty, and the walls and the ceilings are frescoed. Thus far the room is beautiful. But look around you. Two cheap, rough cocoa door mats lie upon the mosaic floor. The woodwork of the vestibule has been grained to represent black walnut, and varnished, and this varnish is cracked like an old picture. Besides the door entering the hall, which leads to the second story, there is a walnut umbrella stand, which would be dear at $5, and in the hall beyond, at the foot of the stairs lies a Smyrna rug, which long ago saw its best days. This hall, and indeed the stairs which lead to the President's offices as well, are carpeted with an old piece of Brussels, which was good once, but which would not now bring 50 cents at auction. Against the wall sit a couple of $3 wicker chairs, and over the desk at the foot of the stairs hangs a calendar bearing at its top the advertisement of a railroad. This carpet has been patched to fit. It has been sewed and resewed, and at the edges of the breadths the nap is well worn away. A strip of the same carpet, with a six-inch border sewed to each side of it, covers the stairs, and this stair carpet is fastened by silver-headed nails.

Ascend the stairs. Each step is worn threadbare by the tread of thousands of office seekers, and at top of the landing a white path of the well-warn Brussels marks the road to the President's reception room. Stop here a moment and look before you. There is a window looking out on Lafayette Park. This is ornamented with a lambrequin of green silk which was fine once, but which is now faded, stained, threadbare and shabby. It looks as though it might have been bought at the auction of a second class boarding house. A Holland shade within it hides its shabbiness from the street.

Now walk along the path of the office-seeker. Go through those wide doors of walnut which are fastened back at the bottom by 5-cent iron hooks, and you stand in the presence of Col. Loeffler, the man who receives the cards of visitors and takes them in to the President. There are no seats here to speak of. Loeffler sits on a walnut swivel chair before a flat walnut desk, and the only furniture about him consists of two high backed chairs, painted red, which look as though they were intended for a lawn or front porch. Up two or three steps at the right is another landing, leading to the office of Col. Crook, the disbursting clerk of the White House on the left hand, and to Col. Lamont's on the right. A yellow Brussels carpet covers the floor of this, and a $12 walnut table serves as a desk for Arthur, the messenger of Col. Lamont. In one corner stands a little four-gallon black water cooler upon a cheap oil-cloth. Under spiggot sits a common tin slop bucket to catch the drippings, and over the knob at the top is turned a jelly tumbler with a thick and ragged rim. It is used as a drinking glass.

Col. Crook's room is large, airy and well lighted. It has a good carpet, two or three desks, and a little safe, in which is kept the money which runs the White House. A fire blazes in the fireplace, and in front of this lies another Smyrna rug, the binding of which is sadly frayed.—Who sleeps in this room I do not know, but a folding bed, with a plate-glass front, arranged so that it looks like a wardrobe, stands in one corner of the room, and a close inspection will show the bedclothes looking out between the cracks.

Col. Lamont has a very fair room, and it is moderately furnished.—There is a bookcase at one side, and at different parts of the room two revolving bookcases made of walnut which probably cost $16 apiece. There are china spittoons in this room, and the furniture is upholstered in red leather. Lamont has a chair of state big enough for the fattest king that ever sat upon a throne. His desk is a big flat walnut one, and it is usually covered with papers, and the Colonel is a very hard worked man. Beside him at another desk sits Col. Henley, the assistant private secretary, who is always writing or opening letters. He opens hundreds of letters a day, and if he had a cent for each word he writes he would be one of the richest men in America. Into Col. Lamont's room there are doors entering from the Cabinet room at the right, and the clerks' rooms at the left. The clerks' rooms look like well furnished law offices, and two or three clerks are here constantly busy. Col. Lamont has a little den in a room off from Col. Crook's, where there is a telegraph office and a telephone, and a man working at the type writer. When Lamont is very busy he shuts himself up in this, and he is as hard to get at as though he were out of the city. The Cabinet room and that of the President are, of course, better furnished than those I have so far described. President Cleveland works behind a desk which was a present from Queen Victoria, and around him hang beautiful pictures, and at his right hand blazes a bright fire. At his back are windows giving a magnificent view of the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and in the shelves of the bookcases around the walls is a White House history.

There is an elevator in the White House, though few people know it, and the old house has as many curious nooks and corners as you will find in the curiosity shop of some "Old Mortality." The old house has outlived its usefulness as a place of residence. It should be turned into offices and Congress should give an appropriation big enough to refurnish the business part of it. The President should have a residence apart from it, and he should have a chance to get away from his work like any other man of business.

THE BUFFALO BILL SHOW.

How the Bucks, Squaws and Papooses of the Wild West Show are Taken Care Of.

Half an hour after Cowboy Orator Richmond and the other wind powers have stopped their production of the mimic cyclone that makes such an impressive finale to each of the Wild West performances, the lights in the vast auditorium are extinguished, except here and there where a flickering flame is left to guide the watchman's footsteps. During that half hour the Indians sit around in the boxes and bunk at the lights, stare at the forest scenery, gaze with wonder at the huge interior of the building and doubt less believe themselves to be thinking. In this period of self communion the warriors are seldom seen in groups, preferring to sit alone, each buck wrapped in his dignity and his blanket, but the squaws cluster along the balcony rail chattering and laughing, while their jolly, fat little red papooses tumble playfully on the floor behind them.

When the great auditorium is steeped in deep shadows the show resolves itself into a camp. In addition to the regular watchmen of the building, there are cowboy patrols who have their fixed tours of duty and reliefs, just as they would have in a real camp on the plains, a guard of ex-United States soldiers at each entrance and two unwearying Indian policemen, appointed by a council of the chiefs, who glide about all night long in a stealthy, mysterious, ghost-like fashion, appearing in the most unexpected places and vanishing again. All the others in camp, over 200 in number, go to bed.

The conditions of the camp are widely different from yet stikingly akin to those maintained on Staten Island last summer. Down there the tepees were carpeted with the green sod, and over them the forest boughs rustled, the winds sighed and sometimes the rain poured. Here they are all reared, both tepees and tents, just as they were in the Erastina woods, but instead of being scattered about as they were there, are ranged along on both sides and across one end of the upstairs hall, on the Madison avenue end of the building, where the Japanese village was. The ceiling is just high enough for the tepees poles. In the middle of the room is an enormous stove that, with the opening of the tops of the tall windows, enables the maintenance of a healthful temperature and an abundant supply of pure air. Through the open flaps of the tents valuable property is to be seen carelessly exhibited to the gaze of all. There are costly specimens of the most exquisite bead work, fire arms and accoutrements, and many expensive prettinesses of civilized life, all full of fascination to Indian eyes, but such a thing as invasion of private property rights among these Indians is unknown. Each family has a tepee to itself, but the bucks pack in—eight or ten together—in the tepees set apart for them, and so the whole lot of seventy-two Indians are disposed of for the night.

The cowboys and Mexicans have bunks erected for them in the second and third floor rooms at the southeast corner of the building, and also erect for their accommodation nightly several tents in what may by courtesy be deignated as 'the stage,' where the prairie fire has leaped and the cyclone howled during the evening. The cowboy band bunks in a big room cut off from what has been on ball occasions the ladies' dressing room in the Madison avenue end of the building, where Jumbo and Alice used to hold their levees. The [illegible]

who sleeps at the Hoffman House, and Arizona John Burke, who makes his home at Joe Schmitt's.

At 6 o'clock in the morning a bugle sounds and all rise. Inspection of quarters is held half an hour later by Buck Taylor, Sergeant Bates or some other one of Buffalo Bill's lieutenants, who take turns as officer of the day, and, in the exercise of the functions of that office, are held responsible for the cleanliness and sanitary condition of the camp, good conduct and appearance of the people, &c.

Breakfast is served in a series of rooms on the same floor with the Indian quarters at 7 o'clock and two hours later there is another critical inspection of the entire camp, including the arms, accoutrements, animals, stores and everything else by Buffalo Bill in person. After that little is done except in repairing, shoeing horses, preparing new things and cooking until dinner is served at 12½ o'clock. On matinee days (Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays) it is time to get ready for the performance as soon as dinner is over. On other days bands of the Indians are sent out with guides to see objects of special interest or to make tours of observation through the city during the afternoons. This is in pursuance of a fixed policy of Buffalo Bill, who believes in educating the Indians under his charge by the most practical means to a knowledge of civilized life, and its attainments for the betterment of existence, that when they return to their reservations each may be an effective educator and an influential factor in the progressive civilization and education of his people. With this end in view great care has been exercised in selecting the most intelligent and receptive Indians of each tribe represented in the show. As a body they entirely disprove the correctness of the popular idea of the Indian's enthusiastic devotion to firewater. All their chiefs are sternly opposed to the use of intoxicants, and the warriors it is believed even if not controlled by their unquestioning obedience to the will of the chiefs, would show sufficient individual prudence and self respect to refuse whisky if it were offered to them. Absolute sobriety is the law, and it is never violated.

Supper is served at 6 o'clock. The daily meat consumption of the camp amounts to about 650 pounds of beef, mutton, hams and bacon. The Indians do not like mutton, care little for fish and indeed have little desire for any other meat than beef or veal. They are very hearty eaters, especially when they first join the camp. Three square meals a day is to them then an amazing novelty. For a time each meal that is enjoyed seems to their minds to increase the improbability of another of like dimensions occurring in the near future, and they do all they can to improve the opportunities they are sure of. In this way they frequently make themselves sick with overeating. When Crow's Ghost joined the camp he got away with seven huge beefsteaks at his first meal, and when warned that such excessive indulgence if persisted in might make him sick he replied: 'That's all right. To die from eating too much would surely be a happy death. I am willing to try it for once, any way"—and he took a couple more steaks.

But after they have been in camp a short time they grasp the idea of a seemingly inexhaustible commissariat, and then they eat no more than any other vigorous man would. It takes but a little while, too, for them to become acquainted with such a range of fruits and vegetables as they had never before imagined the existence of, and to demonstrate a fondness for them. They live as well as boarders in at least second-class hotels, and in some respects even better, for their bill-of-fare is carefully regulated so as to preserve their health. Illnesses among them that cannot be conquered by some of Mrs. Whitaker's homely remedies are very rare indeed, and the office of camp physician, at present held by Dr. Putnam of this city, is almost a sinecure.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dancing with Healthy Girls who were Brought Up on Mountain Air.

From the San Francisco Call.

One morning a man rode up and said there was to be a dance that night at a public house on the divide and that we were wanted. Accordingly about 7 o'clock we blacked our boots, brushed our hair, left ten on guard, and started on horseback. Bill was mounted on the old veteran who turned the windlass at shaft. We were minus kid gloves, swallow tails or white cravats, but ready for a lark. The dining room of a small avern on top of Table Mountain was the ball room. The girls proved to be splendid specimens of physical development. They had grown up in the mountain air. The belle of the occasion was dressed in the American flag. She had taken the prize at the games in Sonora for bareback riding on the previous Fourth of July, and she danced with all her might. Two fiddlers furnished the music. As in the case of the more popular parties in town, the supper room was open all the evening. This was a shed across the way, lighted by candles which were mounted on a pedestal of their own grease. The refreshments consisted of crackers, cheese, sandwiches, cigars, and five kegs of beer on tap. This "layout," as they styled it, was free to all comers.

Primitive as the affair was, it was in every way decorous, and everybody had a good time. Coming from the city, the writer was enabled to dance with the belles everal times. This unusual privilege was extended, no doubt, for the sake of its reflex influence on some young spectator who lived in the neighborhood, rather than as a mark of partiality for her partner in the dance. In New Mexico they say it is sure death to dance more than once with the belle of the evening. Fortunately, they were less bloodthirsty in the region around Table Mountain.

The President's Wager.

From the Phila. Press.

Mr. Boileau, when he was presented to the President, realized that it was no ordinary political occasion. After the hand shaking he stepped back a pace and thus addressed him:

"Mr. President, I have called merely to pay our respects and offer our congratulations to you upon the success of your Administration. To-morrow we will return to our people. We will probably come back in a couple of months after Congress adjourns to ask you to give us a Democratic Postmaster for the city of Easton. Without desiring to anticipate the purpose of that visit, I may perhaps be permitted to say, Mr. President, that we will then present to your consideration the name of a sterling Democrat—a wheel horse of the party, whose appointment will be satisfactory to every man, woman and child in the city of Easton."

"I'll bet you ten dollars it won't," interrupted the President. "I have no doubt you honestly think so, Mr. Boileau, but the weight of my experience has been decidedly the other way."

They all three joined in the laugh which followed, and the rest of the interview was on a less oratorical plane.

A VIRGINIA PET COON.

He Drank Coffee Regularly, and Tickled the Children's Feet at Prayers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Many tender recollections have been awakened in the mind, not to say in the heart, of the writer by an article in the *Sun* headed 'Habits of the Coon.' While the following true history of this most remarkable member of that almost unknown family may not greatly assist the naturalist in his researches, it may help to prove that this species of the brute creation is possessed of wonderful intelligence, and is thoroughly susceptible of domestication.

This coon was well known, if not respected, in a large number of some of the most aristocratic homes of 'Old Virginia,' and there still lives many a man of note there who can remember, and would tell you various incidents in his life. He was purchased from an old negro on the roadside by a lawyer (who afterward became one of Virginia's most distinguished judges), and was brought home for the amusement of his children. Great was their delight as this strange visitor jumped from the carriage and dashed in among them. At first he seemed somewhat shy, as he stood taking a survey of his surroundings, but soon he made himself entirely at home.

How long a course of civilization he had enjoyed in the cabin of his sable friend we never knew. He soon constituted himself one of the chief heads of the household, literally having a finger in every pie, as his mistress knew to her cost, for she declared that he could dash into a store room and taste more preserves and devour more delicacies than any child in the land. He was specially fond of coffee, a large cup of which, well sweetened, was daily placed on the dining room floor, and this he always drank before eating his breakfast. His imitative powers were remarkably great. On one occasion and often afterward on seeing his mistress place a basin of water on the floor in which she washed her hands, he dipped his paws in, rubbed them well together and then wiped them on the towel as she did. On another he watched her as she sewed, and when she placed her work on a chair he went to it and pulled the needle through with his teeth—we children of the nursery always believing, and so it is handed down to this day in old Virginia as a tradition, that he also stuck his paw into the thimble. This, I fancy, your correspondent would place among the 'things which would bother the old coon hunter to prove.'

But where would he place this fact? So mischievous and trouble some did this beloved of the young folks' hearts become that, hard as it seemed, it was determined in family conclave, to present him to a neighbor and great admirer who had long looked upon him with envying eyes. He was present, as usual, during these arrangements, when the lady caressed him, and agreed to send for 'his Majesty' that evening. When the messenger arrived the coon was nowhere to be found. The visitor joined with weeping eyes in the search, and after all his usual haunts had been explored in vain the old negro Butler at last discovered him in the attic, a place to which he had never been known to go, hid under the contents of a clothes basket, and when the effort was made to take him out he clung with such affrighted pertinacity to the sides of it that our hearts failed us, and we could not banish him.

Still another incident in his life—and this the young folks ever considered a 'practical joke' on his part. It was exercised upon an elderly maiden lady who had incurred his displeasure. He went to her house, entered her room and quietly ensconced himself in her feather bed, his head resting upon her pillow! Great was the commotion over this shock to the old lady's nerves.

The coon was not a very reverential coon, and many were the reprimands given to the children during prayers which properly belonged to their four-footed friend, who made it a point to go around and tickle the feet of each one in rotation.

His self-appointed task it was to awaken them in the morning, at about the same hour, rushing into the nursery, jumping upon the beds, burying his nose under the children's throats, pulling at the covering, nor 'would he be comforted' until he got them up.

He lived, it is thought, far beyond the usual span of a coon's existence, dying of sheer old age, partaking to the very last of his daily cup of coffee, and otherwise receiving such dainty attentions as his loving friends could bestow.

OLD DOMINION.

FARMER HILLMAN of Sharon, Ga., looking for gold on his farm found a spot where the soil was curiously discolored. He set his negro hired man to digging, and he found that he had struck simply a clay bed. No gold was found, but the negro, who was rheumatic, discovered that when he dug in the clay his pains ceased. He excavated quite a pit, and now persons in that vicinity declare that the soft clay of the pit is a sure cure for rheumatism; and it is reported that invalids who go there on crutches, after applying the clay to the affected parts, go away unaided.

GEORGIA paper publishes as truth the story [illegible] county farmer who became satisfied [illegible] tapeworm. So he carefully baited [illegible] tied a short line to it, swal-

lowed the hook and tied the line to his buttonhole. Then he waited for a bite. By and by he thought he had one and yanked the line; the hook caught in his throat and had to be dug out. He didn't catch the worm.

A SAN DIEGO citizen bought a ticket for San Francisco and sat down on the pier until the boat should be ready to start. He became much interested in seeing the work going on, the passengers hurrying down, the gangplank pulled in and the lines cast off, and expressed pleasure at the sight of the big steamer as she left the pier. Then he remembered he wasn't on board, but that his baggage was, and his language was something shocking.

AS A Salvation Army soldier in Fredericton, N. B., walked out of a store with a dozen eggs, his foot slipped, and he and the eggs went down with a smash. He never said a word when the boys laughed, though he looked mad, and in the evening at the meeting he told how the devil had got into the eggs just to try and get him to swear. And then there was great rejoicing when he told how he got the best of the devil by keeping his mouth shut.

JAMES H. GREEN, an intelligent colored man, graduated from the Jeffersonville, (Ky.) High School two years ago with honor. He took charge of a flourishing school two miles from the city, but when the negroes of the neighborhood found that he was a Democrat, and always voted the straight Democratic ticket, they boycotted him, and he now has but two pupils, and will probably have to give up the school.

A DEADWOOD justice of the peace was called upon to marry a young couple, and did so. Hardly an hour had elapsed before a female friend of the new-made bride came and explained that the latter had been married to spite a lover with whom she had quarrelled and had since made up the tiff, and therefore desired to be divorced. The 'Squire was sorry he had to refuse the request.

A ROME, N. Y., girl filled three stone beer jugs with wet sand, corked them tightly and set them in the oven to heat, so that she could warm her bed with them. The heat generated steam from the wet sand, and an explosion followed, which filled the room with flying sand and fragments of beer jugs. The girl and the rest of the family were badly scared, but unhurt.

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE
HAS PROVED TO BE
THE REMEDY
FOR RHEUMATISM.
MANTON, IND., Aug. 13, 1886.
My wife was so afflicted with Rheumatism in her shoulder and arm that she could do nothing for herself, and could not sleep in bed, but had to be bolstered up in a rocking-chair. Physicians prescribed, many patent medicines were used, but the pain still got worse. I sent for the Russian Rheumatism Cure, under a cloud of doubts. It was used according to directions for one week, and my wife was cured. It was one of those agreeable surprises that you meet once in a lifetime. It is now over four months since the cure was effected, and she can wash, iron, hoe in the garden, and do all kinds of work as well as ever, and has no symptoms of the old disease. We have no hesitancy in recommending the cure to all similarly afflicted, as SAYLER SUMS.
Truly yours,
H. J. FISHELL.
Thousands of others have been cured.
PRICE $2.50.
For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free.
For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Chester River Steamboat Company

FALL AND WINTER SCHEDULE.

On and after Monday, Sept. 20th, the steamers of this Company will run as follows:

Steamer EMMA A. FORD

will leave Chestertown for Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock a. m., stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, will leave pier 7 Light Street Wharf every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 o'clock a. m., for the above landings.

Steamer CORSICA

will leave Crumpton every Tuesday and Thursday at 3 o'clock p. m., and on Saturday at 12 m., stopping at Spry's, Deep Landing, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck and landings on Corsica river.

☞ Will leave Chestertown Tuesday and Thursday at 5 o'clock p. m., and on Saturday at 3 o'clock p. m.

Returning, will leave pier 7 Light Street Wharf at 11 o'clock p. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the above landings.

GEO. WARFIELD,
Sept. 23, 1886. PRESIDENT.

FALL AND WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Tolchester Line.

Steamer PILOT BOY

will leave Tolchester every Tuesday and Friday at 9 A. M. and 4.30 P. M. Leaves Baltimore Pier 15 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

☞ Passengers by this route have the use of a comfortable waiting-room at Tolchester. Can have their teams cared for, and have three hours in Baltimore to transact business and return on the same day.

Freights carried at the lowest possible rates. For further information apply at office

TOLCHESTER STEAMBOAT CO.,
Pier 16, Light Street, Baltimore.
Sept. 23, 1886.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS.

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Merchant Tailors.

33 Hanover Street,

BALTIMORE.
Sept. 17, 1885.

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This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

Pine KINDLING WOOD for sale low.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
Rising Sun, Saloon, Chestertow

LIME! LIME!

No. 1 Wood Burnt Lime,

—FOR—

BUILDING AND WHITEWASHING
LOWEST PRICES
J. B. SAPPNGTON,

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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THE GREAT
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For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
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1887.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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1887.

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1887.

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HOMEOPATHIC,

Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M. Sundays excepted.

Special attention given to women and children.
July 22, 1886—t.

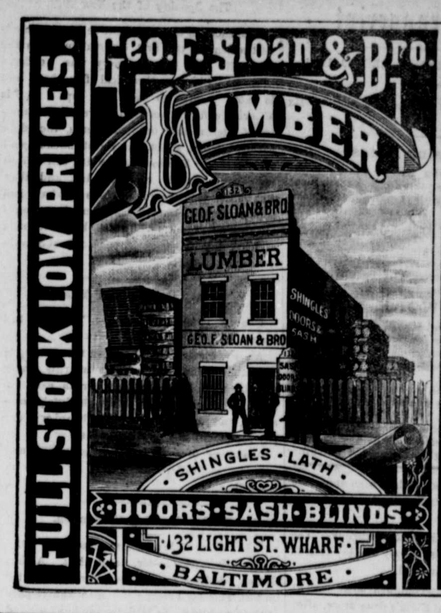
WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF BOOTS AND SHOES, and will make it to the interest of buyers to call and examine goods and prices before purchasing.

J. H. SIMPER & [illegible]

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.

Geo. F. Sloan & Bro.

LUMBER



WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

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

THE DIFFERENCE.

Suppose two Life Insurance Companies issue policies for $20,000 each, on June 1st, 1886, one company being *THE WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK*. The age is Forty years; the annual premium $626.00 in each Company. Suppose at the end of first year each Company declares a dividend of 20 per cent. on first annual premium, or $125.20. Suppose the assured omits to pay second annual premium, due June 1st, 1887, on both policies, and by illness or accident dies August 10th, 1887.

RESULTS:

The Washington Life pays the amount of its policy $20,000. The other Company does not pay its beneficiary a dollar, not even the $125.20 dividend declared. This is the Difference between the policy contract of The Washington Life and that of any other Life Insurance Company.

Don't misunderstand us: The Washington Life is the only Company in the United States that would pay one dollar under these circumstances.

This is the non-forfeitable dividend system of The Washington, that we wish to impress upon the insuring public. It is the difference between $20,000 and nothing, under the circumstances named, and this non-forfeitable dividend feature of The Washington Life would apply to any renewal period of a policy.

Within the last five years alone 2,053 policies insuring $4,304,14, have been saved to policy-holders of The Washington by Non-Forfeitable Dividends.

Sept. 9.

"OUR MOTTO."

FINE GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

E. W. F. SIMPERS,

SPECIALTY PLAIN & FINE GROCERIES

in part as follows;

Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Meats, Plum Pudding, Fruit Cake, Oat Meal, Gelatine, Chocolate, Cocoa, Corn Starch, Hominy Grits, Graham Wafers, Pickles, Chow-Chow, York State Cream Cheese, Teas, Sugars, Spices, Fine Green and Roasted Coffees, Jellies and Preserves, "Best" Sugar-Cured Hams and Dried Beef, Buckwheat, Flour by the bbl., sack or pound; fine stock of Tobacco and Segars, Lamps, Glassware and Crockery, Wooden- and Willow-ware. Full stock of Domestic Dry Goods and Notions. Prices low down:

We thank all of our friends for past favors, and can assure all when in need of anything in our line we will try to please in prices and quality. E. W. F. SIMPERS.

Chestertown, Jan. 14, 1886.

WORTON MANOR STOCK FARM.

Imported Ram J. J. Coleman No. 16, Regis. American Southdown Record No. 1001.

THOROUGHBRED SOUTHDOWNS, YEARLINGS and LAMBS.

The above named Buck stands at the head of my flock of pure Southdown Ewes. The Yearlings are ready to deliver at any time. The Lambs will be ready by August 1st.

A few choice Boar Pigs from my registered Chester White Hog.

Also, some Hereford Calves by our registered Bull Adventure, No. 12794.

JOHN GALE,
Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

☞ WOOL WANTED
AT GALE'S WHARF BY
JOHN GALE.
Apr. 29.

IF YOU
Want a Cook,
Want a Clerk,
Want a Partner,
Want a Situation,
Want to sell a Piano,
Want to sell a Carriage,
Want to buy or sell a Farm,
Want to sell house or Property,
Want to let House or Cottage,
Want to sell Groceries or Drugs,
Want to sell Household Furniture,
Want to sell Dry Goods or Clothing,
Want to find Customers for Anything,

ADVERTISE IN THE

CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

Advertising is the road to success,
Advertising will gain new Customers,
Advertising keeps old Customers,
Advertising liberally, pays Well,
Advertising makes Success,
Advertising gives Confidence,
Advertising shows energy,
Advertising evinces Life,
Advertise Continually,
Advertise skillfully,
Advertise Freely,
Advertise Here,
ADVERTISE
NOW.

Chestertown Plumbing House

CLEMENTS & YORK.

WATER, GAS AND STEAM, WINDMILLS AND PUMPS.

WE are now prepared to make contracts, and do all kinds of work appertaining to water, gas and steam; also, a full line of steam valves, faucets, stop and waste valves, and a full line of brass work and fittings for plumbing work. Pipe of all sizes, both plain and galvanized. Bath-tubs, kitchen sinks, hydrants, street sprinklers and water closets, terra-cotta pipe, bends and benches of all descriptions.

Work done by Practical Mechanics.

Repairing promptly attended to.

SANITARY PLUMBING, DRAINAGE & VENTILATION A SPECIALTY.

Estimates Made Free of Charge. Office—under *Kent News* office. Jan. 29

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP

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, be sure to see and examine 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