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The Transcript,

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, December 30, 1886.

TENNYSON' NEW POEM'S.

The Bard Reviews Locksley Hall With a Show of Pessimism.

LONDON, Dec. 13.—Tennyson's new book of poems, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," will appear to-morrow. It contains the three-act play, "The Promise of May," produced in London some years ago. The greatest interest in the volume centres in "Locksley Hall," in which he reviews the life of mankind during the past sixty years and comes to the conclusion that its boasted progress is of doubtful credit to the world in general and to England in particular. A cynical vein of denunciation of democratic opinions and aspirations runs throughout the poem, in marked contrast with the spirit of the "Locksley Hall" of the poet's youth. Among the most striking lines are the following:

Hope the best, but hold the present, fatal daughter of the past;
Shape your heart to front the hour, but dream not that the hour will last;
Aye, if dynamite and revolver leave you courage to be wise,
When was age so crammed with menace, madness, written, spoken lies?
Envy wears the mask of love, and, laughing, sober face to scorn,
Cries to weakest as to strongest, "Ye are equals, equal born."
Equal born! Oh, yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat,
Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat,
Till the cat through that mirage of overheated language loom
Larger than the lion Demos, end in working its own doom,
Tumble nature heels over head, and yelling with the yelling street,
Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in the feet,
Bring the old, dark ages back, without the faith, without she hope
Beneath the State, the Church, the Throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.
Author, atheist, essayist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part,
Paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of art.
Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of your sewer,
Send the drain into the fountain lest the stream should issue pure.
See the maiden fancies wallowing in the trough of Zalaism;
Forward, forward, aye, and backward, downward, too, into the abysm.

Finally the poet asks:

Shall we find a changeless May after madness—after madness, Jacobinism and Jacquerie?
Some diviner force to guide through the days I shall not see?

WE FALL IN LOVE.

And the Sort of People We Fall in Love With.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Grant Allen says: We do fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble and the sickly. The prohibition of the church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother. Moralists have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces, but, as Herbert Spencer admirably put it (long before the appearance of Darwin's selective theory) "the saying that beauty is but skin deep is but a skin-deep saying." In reality, beauty is one of the very best guides we can possibly have to the desirability, so far as race preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. A fine form, a good figure, a beautiful bust, a round arm and neck, a fresh complexion, a lively face, are all outward and visible signs of the physical qualities that on the whole conspire to make up a healthy and vigorous wife and mother; they imply soundness, fertility, a good circulation, a good digestion. Conversely, sallowness and paleness are roughly indicative of dyspepsia and anæmia; a flat chest is a symptom of deficient maternity, and what we call a bad figure is really in one way and another an unhealthy departure from the central norma and standard of the race. Good teeth mean good deglutition; a clear eye means an active liver; scrubbiness and undersizedness mean feeble virility. Nor are indications of mental and moral efficiency by any means wanting as recognized elements in personal beauty. A good-humored face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Low, receding foreheads strikes us unfavorably. Heavy, stolid, half-idiotic countenance can never be beautiful, however beautiful their lines and contours. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigor in order to make up our perfect ideal of a beautiful human face and figure. The Apollo Belvedere is no fool; the murderers in the chambers of horrors at Mme. Tussaud's are for the most part no beauties. What we all fall in love with, then, as a race, is in most cases efficiency and ability. What we each fall in love with individually is, I believe, our moral, mental and physical complement. Not our like, not our counterpart; quite the contrary; within healthy limits, our unlike and our opposite. That this is so has long been more or less a commonplace of ordinary conversation; that it is scientifically true, one time with another, when we take an extended range of cases, may, I think, be almost demonstrated by sure and certain warrants of human nature.

Being a Boy.

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy. It requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl, if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he could not explain himself why, when he is sent to a neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other to do nothing.

But, say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place, he is to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office, and carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed that he was amusing himself and ilding his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. — *Charley Dudley Warner.*

How an Ex-Convict Worked the Governor of New York for $8.

From the Albany Argus.

When Gov. Cleveland was here in Albany a man came to the door of the Executive Chamber and said his name was Miller; that he was a Buffalonian, but becoming moneyless with his family he was embarrassed here in the city, and he wanted to see the Governor and state his case, hoping he would help him and his family to Buffalo. It was evening, and the Governor told the doorkeeper to let Mr. Miller in. The Governor looked sharply at the man, but he did not know him.

'I am in the lumber business in Buffalo,' began Miller, 'and I am anxious with my family to be in Buffalo to-morrow. The train leaves in an hour and I have not enough to pay the fares. If you will only help me, I will send the money back to-morrow. Nobody knows me here or I would get a check cashed. I also own a farm near Buffalo, and I shall keep the Executive mansion stocked with apples all winter.'

Miller was neatly dressed and intelligent in appearance. All the time he conversed with the Governor he kept pulling a handkerchief over an apparently bruised wrist. Meanwhile the doorkeeper in another room had looked up the Millers in a Buffalo directory, and there was a Miller in the lumber business in that city with the initials Miller gave when he presented his card. The fact was communicated to Gov. Cleveland upon a card unknown to Miller, whom the Gov. had kept in conversation.

'I have not a great deal of money with me,' said Gov. Cleveland, handing Miller eight dollars. 'This is all I have, and you are welcome.'

'Thank you,' said Miller. 'That will just let me out nicely. I'll send it back to you to-morrow night, and half a dozen barrels of apples with it.'

That night Grover Cleveland went home without a cent in his pockets. But before he went home something aroused a suspicion in his mind that Miller was a fraud. He summoned one of the clerks, told him the circumstances, gave a description of the man, and ordered him to write to a certain State prison and see if such a party answering Miller's description, with a bruised left wrist, had not been discharged a day or two before he came to the Executive chamber. In forty-eight hours back came a letter from the prison, giving a perfect description of Miller; that he had a small abscess on his left wrist; detailed the exact color and shape of the clothes he wore when he left the prison, and when he left town he bought a ticket for Albany. It seems Miller was not his name, but in twenty-four hours after he left prison, where he had served a sentence of five years, he presented himself to the Governor and victimized him out of eight dollars. This was superhuman cheek. Grover Cleveland has never yet seen his eight dollars or the six barrels of apples.

How the Girls Do Fool the Boys!

From the San Francisco Chronical.

There are two young ladies in town who have been rivals. They are both handsome, and both have lots of admirers. Like all rivals in love the world of young men, they finally dropped their affections on one man. He was the devotee of one, and the other naturally wanted to capture him. She did, and in the course of the eventful conversation she wanted to know what key he wore on his chain. Being violently enamored, he told her that it was the key of a padlock bracelet clasped on her rival's arm.

'You can't love me. I won't have anything to do with you. Go back to that mean girl.'

'I swear I don't care anything about her.'

'Will you send that key back to her?'

'Certainly. Here, if you don't believe me, I'll let you take it back to her.'

'Oh, how good of you. I'll see she gets it.'

And the next day she went to call on the rival.

'I've got such news for you, Ida.'

'Yes, what is it.'

'I'm engaged.'

'You don't say. To whom?'

'To Henry Smith.'

'Henry Smith?'

'Yes. I know, of course, he's been an old flame of yours, and—well—I couldn't naturally, my dear, allow him to keep the key. I know what it is, and so I brought it to you.'

She watched her rival's face very closely. But the rival had given too many mean thrusts in her time to meet this unprepared. She smiled.

'Oh, you needn't have troubled. You might have let him keep it.'

'I couldn't think of it. How could you get the bracelet off?'

'That key doesn't open this bracelet. Try it.'

She put it in the lock. It turned around with a little click, but the padlock did not open.'

'No, see here. Here are three like it. You won't tell on me, dear, will, you? But the fact is, I was so pestered by those boys begging me to let them lock this bracelet that I went and got a dozen keys that would go all around the lock and never open or close it, and George Simpson got one, and Harry Jones, and Sam Johnson, and—I don't remember who all. The man who's got the real key is in New York.'

And the disgusted rival went back and told Henry Smith she didn't intend to marry a born idiot.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS, the daughter of Jefferson Davis, is a different woman from what would be imagined by reason of the sentimental interest surrounding her. In the first place, she is a grown woman, born during the war, at least twenty-four of twenty-five years ago. Of delicate health all her life, she has naturally become more soberly inclined than most young women, and this tendency has been increased by her long and close companionship with her father. Mr. Davis was in a great measure her tutor during her girlhood, and kept her sequestered until she went to Europe to finish her education. She dresses with extreme simplicity, and seems to concern herself very little about the modes. Her face is of the far Southern type—dark complexioned, brown eyed, and oval, and her hair is jet black. She is tall, and holds herself very erect. Her voice is soft and musical, and her movements are very graceful. She is interesting and intellectual rather than pretty, though she becomes pretty when she smiles.—Study is at once her pastime and vocation, and it is said that she astonishes all who talk with her by her wide range and confident grasp of knowledge. Her friends say that she expects to adopt literature as a profession.

Her Northern visit has been treated as a semi political one, but nothing could be farther from her plan or inclination. She is simply resting and enjoying a needed change of scene, and has accepted long repeated invitations of old friends in order to do so. She is the guest of a playmate of school days, Mrs. J. Harvey Dew, a famous belle in the South, who, before her marriage, was so intimate with the Davis's as to be almost a member of their household. Miss Davis says that since she left Richmond she has seen more of Northern than Southern folds, and that all have treated her with hearty friendship.

A SPORTING MANDARIN.

Enjoying Life in the United States After Making a Fortune in China.

From the Omaha Herald.

I dined with a Chinese mandarin the other night. He lives over a restaurant in Twenty eighth street. He is very portly, weighing in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. He wears European garments, and displays magnificent diamonds bought by himself in Amsterdam. Every mandarin has a peacock feather and a peculiar button worn on the crown of his hat. This mandarin keeps his feather in a long tin case and his button in a jewel box. He is known in China as a mandarin of the blue button. The button is a sapphire of considerable value. Occasionally the Chinese official exhibits the insignia of his office to his friends, and at rare intervals he appears in full vestments. His silken robes set off his manly proportions to great advantage. His eyes are keen and sparkling and have the Tartar bent of expression. The hands are plumb and hairy, the fingers are covered with jewels and the face is plump and dumpling-like.

For years this mandarin had charge of the imperial arsenal at Tsin-Tsin. He had served a practical apprenticeship with a noted American machinist, and he was endowed with remarkable skill and ingenuity. He drew the plans and constructed several Chinese cutters and men-of-war. The machinery was made under his supervision and the vessels were models in naval architecture. Some of them are still afloat on the great rivers of the Celestial empire. The mandarin's ingenuity, however, was not confined to the modelling of maritime craft. He made Dahlgren guns and Remington rifles for the Chinese army and navy. He invented machinery for the manufacture of cartridges and shrapnel shells, and turned out bayonets by the thousand. Ward and Burgevine found his aid invaluable in the great Taeping rebellion. He warned Bergevine of the danger of leaving the imperial service for that of the rebels, and Bergevine died regretting that he had not taken his advice. Before being flayed alive the adventurer sent his final farewell to this stanch mandarin, who remained loyal to the reigning dynasty in the darkest hour of the revolt. In detailing reminiscences of the civil war that cost China 10,000,000 lives, the mandarin tells a thrilling story of the fate of a young Englishman who was captured with Bergevine. The Briton was reserved for a death more horrible than that of his leader. He was packed to his waist in a barrel of unslaked lime. When hungry he was fed on salt fish, and when thirsty gourds of water were passed to him without stint. The condemned man was left in the hot sun, where no breeze could fan his brow. On the fifth day he died in fearful agony.

Eighteen years ago the mandarin left China and came to the United States with over half a million in gold. Here he has resided ever since, spending his summers in a seaside cottage near Milford, Conn., and his winters in Florida. He is an accomplished fisherman, and he owns a wonderful assortment of rods, reels and flies. His fishing tackle alone is valued at over $5,000. Ten years ago he owned the right to catch salmon on a well-known stream in New Brunswick. In those days President Arthur, Billy Florence, Larry Jerome and other well-known solmon killers occasionally accepted invitations to wet a line in his preserves. Nor were his rations of saki, tea, ginseng and sharks' fins despised. Many an Oriental dinner was discussed near the salmon pools. The entertainments were rendered all the more enjoyable from a mental preparation which served to deaden the bites of the black flies and mosquitoes. Of late years, however, the mandarin has given up these northern expeditions, but he retains probably the finest selection of salmon flies in the country. He spread out his collection before a brace of amateur fishermen the other evening after dinner. There was a bushel or more of 'Jack Scotts,' 'fairies,' 'silver grays' and other flies made in England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Canada and the United States. He named not only each fly at a glance, but also its designer and maker.

The mandarin departs for Florida January 2. Sixteen winters has he spent on Indian river. He owns a trim yacht, which he boards at Mosquito Inlet, and on which he passes the winter months. Gen. Francis E. Spinner, Gen. Chas. L. McArthur of Troy, Congressman Charles Dougherty, Frederic de Barry, Arthur Benson of Brooklyn, Washington E. Connor of Wall street and other distinguished gentlemen have met him in Florida and enjoyed his hospitality. He is as well known on the Eastern coast as any of the natives. The Minorcans all swear by him, and the Crackers, including the collector at Fort Capon, are all delighted with his whiskey. Last winter the Hon. Mathew Quay, of Pennsylvania, joined him in an expedition up the north prong of the St. Lucie river, on a hunt for sea cows, the St. Lucie being a feeding and breeding ground for the manatee. Commodore Thomas B. Asten, of New York, afterward joined the mandarin in a trip to Jupiter Light. Asten was both pleased and astonished by his experience. The mandarin rigged up artificial flies on piano wire, and the Commodore enjoyed the finest fly fishing of his life. Salmon rods were used for casting, and bluefish and cavils weighing from three to eighteen pounds were taken by these flies on every incoming tide. The most gamy fish of all, however, Commodore Asten says, was the lady fish. It is from two three feet long and shaped like a pike. It takes a fly ravenously. When struck by the hook it springs repeatedly from the water and dashes away like a race horse. It requires an experienced fisherman to land one.

Mr. Asten was especially astonished by the mandarin's success in hooking pompano. For years, as in the case of the shad, it was supposed that fish would not take the hook. The mandarin was the first to dispel this illusion of Jupiter Light. He brought down some strong hooks of his own manufacture not larger than trout hooks.—These he baited with soft calms. The bait was sucked in so gently by the pompano that the hook was skinned without warning, and the fisherman had his trouble for his pains. The mandarin outwitted the fish finally by tying the bait to a hook with a fine silk thread. The fish sucked in hook, thread and bait and all, and after a desperate fight jumped into the boat. From that day to the present pompano fishing is considered the finest sport on that coast. The pompano is undoubtedly the liveliest of all sea fishes. It has been known to jump eighteen feet clear. Commodore Asten is to join the Chinese mandarin at Mosquito Inlet this winter with yacht built expressly for Florida waters. The two gentlemen are to emerge from the Indian River at Jupiter Inlet, and make a run around the Southern coast, where their display of lily irons and fishing tackle will probably attract great attention.

SCIENCE IN BETTING.

Things the Professional Better and the Bookmaker Keep in Hand.

From the Chicago Mail.

There is, so says Dave Pulsifer, who ought to know, a scientific way of betting on horse races. Like all other scientific methods, however, it is hard to attain and not easy to keep up. Horses, when they start in at the beginning of the season, belong, according to their merits, to different classes. There are in the 2.20 horses, and the 2.30, and the 2.40, and the 3 minute horses among the trotters, and among the runners there is the same sort of difference. Bookmakers must have their heads filled with horses, with weights, and, besides, with a great lot of data regarding their performances and their condition. The outsider, because a horse is a winner of one race, usually makes a favorite of him for the next. The bookmaker doesn't always do that. And especially is it true that a horse which wins several races hand running will become a prime favorite with the outsiders, while bookmakers and professionals, for this very same reason begin to put their money up against him. As a rule, the winning of one race by a runner makes the winning of a second difficult; and, as races are run, the chances of success next time decrease in a certain proportion. This is because of the addition of weight. The racer finally overweighs himself by his many successes, and he then loses

On the other hand, owners of slower horses trail along from circuit to circuit losing races; their runners having weight each time taken off until, at some course or other, the horse runs light, is in first rate form, his owner backs him to win, and win he does. The public does not keep these things in mind. The poolseller and bookmaker never forgets them. They are his stock in trade. There are, of course, a great many other influences besides that of weight. Hard running and the winning by close scratches pulls the best racer down.

The condition of the horse must be borne as carefully in mind as the weight.

'If a horseman will familiarize himself with all these things,' says Dave Pulsifer, 'he can bet on horse races and make money, but it will take his time. He can't bet on horse races and win money and do much else besides.

Florida's Most Famous Orange Grove Sold.

From the Florida Herald.

The famous Dummitt grove on Indian river was sold on Monday last for $34,000. The grove contains between 3,000 and 4,000 bearing trees. Judge J. C. Maroy said to a *Herald* reporter:

"The grove has quite an interesting history. It was first settled nearly forty years ago by an old pioneer Georgian named Dummitt, who left his own State with his family, his negroes and his cattle, and, liking the location, he settled here and remained undisturbed for many years. After his death the property went to his heirs, who sold it to a Mrs. Schuyler, a wealthy lady of New York; but she soon got tired of the isolation, and she disposed of it to the well known duke and duchess of Castellucia, whom everybody in this State will remember. The Duke, who was an Italian, conceived the idea that if he purchased the property he could import a number of his countrymen over here from Italy and then run a sort of little dukedom himself. To this end he brought over quite a number of immigrants, but the scheme didn't work, for when those fellows came over here they saw that their noble landlord did not pay them as much for their labor as the American orange growers, so they left the Duke and went with the Americans, and the ducal dreams of Castellucia vanished. After that the property by sundry conveyances came into possession of the Florida Fruit Company, who gave a mortgage of $50,000, upon which foreclosure proceedings were instituted as you already know. This, you see, then, is a condensed account of the famous Dummitt grove, whose oranges are known over the world for their wonderful flavor."

DON PEDRO, the elephant, who died of rheumatism in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens the other day, was a mean beast, and as cunning as mean. During his latter days it was very difficult to give him medicine. So the ruse was adopted of filling a scooped out apple with the remedies and feeding it with a dozen or more sound ones. The dodge worked for a while, but Don soon found it out, and after that each apple was carefully examined, and the deceptive one always thrown out.

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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.

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GEO. WARFIELD,
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MR. G. B. ULMER, of 1631 N. 12th St., Philada., wrote four months after he had been cured by the Russian Rheumatism Cure (waiting to see whether it would not return), saying he was bedridden with the disease, and thought he would lose his reason from the agony he had to endure; and inside of two weeks he was cured by this remedy, although he had his home physician, and used other remedies without result, previous to trying this wonderful remedy.

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July 22, 1886—tf.

1887.

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1887.

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1887.

Harper's Bazar.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Bazar combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and the most useful family reading. Its stories, poems and essays are by the best writers, and its humorous sketches are unsurpassed. Its papers on social etiquette, decorative art, house-keeping in all its branches, cookery, etc., make it indispensible in every household. Its beautiful ashion-plates and pattern-sheet supplements enable ladies to save many times the cost of subscription by being their own dressmakers. Not a line is admitted to its columns that could shock the most fastidious taste.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR;

HARPER'S BAZAR	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 0
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Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

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UNDER TOWN HALL

May be found a large and varied assortment of Bronzes, Vases, Bisque Figures, Russian Terra Cotta Ware; A few Character Sketches from Cable's "Old Creole Days," executed in Terra Romana Ware; Placques, Brasses and some especially fine pieces of Porcelain Painting.

JOHN F. STRATTON,
49 MAIDEN LANE. NEW YORK.

Importer, Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in all kinds of Musical Merchandise, Musical Boxes, Band Instruments. Stratton's Celebrated Russian Gut Violin Strings.

Nov. 25, 1886—y.

DO YOU WANT YOUR HORSE SHOD?

We have a First-Class professional Shoer. Mr. Lambert has recovered his health and will personally superintend the Shoeing Department.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Books for Children.

coicest selections from English and American authors. The low prices will astonish you at

STAM'S DRUG STORE

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.
LUMBER
SHINGLES · LATH
DOORS · SASH · BLINDS
132 LIGHT ST. WHARF
BALTIMORE

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.

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

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 $4,304,140 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, Registered 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

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,
208 MARKET STREET,
Philadelphia.

T. J. MANN

Has Enlarged His Store,

and keeps on hand a Larger and More Complete Stock of Goods than formerly. His stock embraces not only

DRY GOODS

of all kinds,

HARDWARE. NOTIONS. BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,

WOOD and WILLOW-WARE, but New Orleans Molasses, the best Syrups, Broiling Salt, Flour, Meal and Feed. Canned Goods a specialty. All goods will be sold at bottom prices for cash or trade.

T. J. MANN,
opposite Kent National Bank
Feb