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The Transcript,

Chestertown, Md.

Thursday, March 31, 1887

COUNTERPARTS.

"I cannot lure them—I, who cannot fly!"
With listless petals on the summer air
The drooping flower breathed a quivering sigh
For dainty butterflies, that would not care.

Upon her breast a touch of velvet wings,
Even as on the air her sigh arose,
Had come to her the restless, fluttering things,
Lured by the loveliness of her repose.

—Alice Rollins in Lippincott's.

AN ALCHEMIST.

I.

From a cosmic point of view a lovers' quarrel is not a very serious thing. But, then, nothing is very serious from a cosmic point of view; even a Franco-Prussian war is impotent to ruffle the serene face of the cosmos, and earthquakes and tornadoes indicate a mere passing irritability and are of no consequence. In the lofty state of mind induced by such reflections, Dr. Max Semmler was apt to neglect such trifles as fashions in hats and coats and neckties, which could not be brought into any possible relation with his science, and when stimulated by the criticism of his fiancee, Katchen Schrader, he resolved to conform to the whims of his age—his experiments in conformity proved always more disastrous that his unconscious originality. That, of course, led to scenes which were unpleasant while they lasted, but were "made up" in the usual approved fashion. For all that, something remained after these quarrels which tears and caresses failed to efface. It began slowly to dawn upon Max that some influence was at work tending to alienate Katchen from him; and after having vainly speculated upon it for a month, he asked her, with all sorts of cautious, lover like circumloculations, what was the matter. She shed a few preliminary tears, which, in Max's eyes, heightened her loveliness, and then exclaimed:

"What is the good of my concealing it any longer, Max?"

Max declared that he could see no good in it.

"I love you, Max," she cried; "you know that I love you; but how can I marry you when you are such a failure? My father insists upon it that I must break my engagement with you and marry Mr. Harbitsch, the broker. That's what makes me cry, for I cannot live without you to scold, Max; and yet, what can I do, when papa and mamma both throw it at me from morning till night that you can make no money—that you are a failure?"

"Failure!" cried Max, jumping up and rubbing his spectacles with his handkerchief. "I a failure! I, who have taken the great university medal in chemistry and am now a tutor, with a sure promise of a professorship!"

"Yes, but what is a professorship after all? Six or eight hundred dollars a year, with the prospect of $1,000 when you are too old to enjoy it. Mr. Harbitsch often makes that in a day, or even more."

"Yes, but how does he make it? By gambling and cheating. I have heard that his reputation on the bourse is very bad. If I wanted to cheat I could also get rich, and in a shorter time than Harbitsch."

"Well, could you now? My father says that you scientific men are mere nightcaps, who sit in your studies and meditate, but cannot turn your knowledge to any practical account."

Dr. Semmler began to pace the floor angrily, buttoning and again unbuttoning his coat as he went on. Suddenly he stopped before his astonished fiancee.

"Katchen," he said, seriously, "what is $1,000 more or less to a man who stands face to face with the infinities."

"I do not know what it is to a man, but to a woman who stands face to face with the infinities it is a good deal. She can get no end of things with it."

"Ah, my child," exclaimed Max, in despair, "what are things? Nothing at all. We are ourselves nothing at all. We produce scarcely a ripple upon the stream of time. Consider the immensity of the time that has preceded us, the immensity of the time that will succeed us, and the immensity of the space that surrounds us; the innumerable myriads and myriads of our kind that nature has poured forth, is pouring forth, and shall pour forth to all eternity; what, then, are you and I in this torrent of teeming, whirling, seething, inexhaustible life? What occupation is nobler and more dignified to a man, conscious of his place in this cosmic life, than to contemplate nature's grandeur, to investigate her serene and pitiless processess, to press his ear close to her breast and listen to her mighty heart beat? What is the occupation of a paltry, purblind, money changer compared to the calm and lofty scership of a priest in the temple of science who contentedly burns out the flickering lamp of his being in the service of the great mother who made him?"

"That is beautiful! That is grand, indeed," ejaculated Katchen, much impressed by her lover's eloquence. She put her arms about his neck and wept for a while contentedly upon his bosom.

"You are a great man, indeed, Max," she went on, sobbing; "I shall never say again that you are a failure. But," she added, hesitatingly, gazing up at him with an adorable, tearful smile, "if you only could make a little money—not on my account, you know, but on father's."

Max tore himself away from her and began once more to pace the floor.

"But you would not have me a mere miserable money making Philistine, who deserts science and invents baking powders and shoe blacking?" he dried, indignantly.

"Yes, yes, I would," she responded enthusiastically. "Do invent something; shoe blacking, for instance, warranted not to crack the leather, because that's just what I am in need of—Semmler's Shoe Shine! S. S. S. in all the newspapers and on the street corners. Motto: A child can blacken itself with this blacking!"

She laughed with delight at her idea and clung once more caressingly about his neck.

"But I should be a very unhappy man if I deserted science and engaged permanently in any such pursuit," he demonstrated, gravely.

"Well, then, desert science temporarily; but only do make some money," she coaxed.

He stood long pondering, and a tremulous shiver passed through his frame.

"How long will you wait for me?" he asked, with a stern resolution in his face.

"Oh, I could wait forever," she answered, tenderly; "but let us say a year," she went on, as the worldly reflections began to predominate.

"Well, then, a year."

"But tell me," she urged, as he approached the door, "what do you mean to try?"

"An experiment in profitable transgression."

II.

The renowned millionaire, Leander Harkness, sat in his office in San Francisco writing dispatches to his brokers in New York and Chicago, when a note was handed to him by a messenger.

"Dear sir," he read, "I approach you with some hesitation, knowing perfectly the objection which you will naturally have to entertaining the proposition I am about to make to you. I have no guarantee to offer you that I approach you in good faith, except the fact that I can in no way be benefited by the experiment which I propose to make, unless it is absolutely what it pretends to be. I have made a great discovery, which I will divulge to you on certain conditions, if you will grant me an interview of not less than half an hour. Yours respectfully,

"HEINRICH WACHTMEISTER."

"Tell him to get out," said Mr. Harkness to the messenger, as he flung the letter into his waste paper basket. He scribbled on for a few minutes in silence, then leaned over to consult the tape upon which the "ticker" behind him was printing the market quotations. Suddenly his face brightened. "By jingo!" he exclaimed; "Union Pacific at 86. That's $200,000 in my pocket!"

His humor was much improved by this piece of good luck, and as he strode through the outer offices he felt the agreeable exhilaration of a man at peace with the world. When he was accosted at the door by a round shouldered, youngish looking man, with blonde beard and spectacles, he did not repeat his invitation to "get out."

"Are you the fellow that wrote the letter?" he asked.

"With your permission, I am," the young man replied, with a marked German accent. "I think you would find it to your own advantage not to refuse me the interview."

"All right; come in."

He turned around briskly and passed through the ground glass door to the inner office, leaving the German to follow. Mr. Harkness was, like most of the bonanza men of the Pacific coast, of a sanguine and adventurous temperament, but scantily equipped with education. He was ready for anything in which there was money, and no proposition in which money was involved was too daring for his consideration. He was young and already twenty times a millionaire. To his visitor he seemed the very incarnation of the hearty, generous, slam-bang recklessness of the Pacific coast. It would have surprised him, no doubt, if he had suspected that this spectacled, unpretentious looking foreigner had made a complete inventory of his characteristics from merely seeing him in the street and from hearing the rumor of his daring maneuvers on the stock exchange.

"Well," Harkness remarked, "fire away. I've got just fifteen minutes."

"Half an hour," said the German, firmly.

"Well, fire away, man. Time at this hour of the day is worth a thousand dollars a minute."

"All right. Then I will be brief. My name is Heinrich Wachtmeister. I was two years ago tutor in chemistry at the university of Utrecht. In that capacity I was led to make certain experiments which resulted in my discovering what thousands have sought for in vain—the secret of making gold. You open your eyes, no doubt, in wonder. So did I. The gold was found in my possession, together with a number of metallic plates and instruments, which the stupid officials concluded were intended for counterfeiting. They would not believe my story, of course, that I made the gold. For counterfeiting I was accordingly tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. I have just now served out my sentence."

"You are a jailbird, then. It's a pity you didn't stay longer."

"Wait a moment and you will see."

Dr. Wachtmeister here entered upon a detailed explanation of his chemical experiments, declaring that gold had never been proved to be an element, and that, if it was a compound, there was no reason why it should not be made. Science had solved many riddles in modern times which to the past were insoluble. He begged Mr. Harkness to grant him the privilege of proving to him and five of his friends, whom Mr. Harkness should himself appoint, that his statements were true. He asked for no salary or emoluments, but only desired to associate Mr. Harkness' renowned name with his own in the enterprise, which, if he carried it on alone, would expose him to fresh difficulties with the law. There was such a ring of sincerity and earnestness in his speech that the millionaire was more than half persuaded. He declared that he would let him know in a week whether he could grant his request, and instantly cabled to Utrecht to ascertain whether the story relating to the imprisonment and trial for counterfeiting were true. He received the next day a cablegram corroborating the story in all particulars. A second appointment was accordingly made, and the test in the presence of witnesses agreed upon. Wachtmeister begged as a favor that some of these might be scientific experts, whose judgment had weight. This, too, was readily conceded.

III.

The momentous day at last arrived. In Harkness' office half a dozen of the millionaire's dependents were gathered, all pledged to absolute secrecy, on the penalty of losing their patron's favor. Wachtmeister arrived at the appointed hour, carrying a starch box under his arm and followed by a boy who carried a small blast furnace, about the size of a plumber's melting pot. He was introduced to each member of the company, among whom there was one who had been induced to personate the scientific expert. For Harkness, who like most men of his stamp, had small faith in scientists, had concluded that no such a one might readily steal the secret (which he was now convinced was well worth stealing), and he had, for this reason, made, for the nonce, a professor of chemistry out of one of his clerks named Sawyer. Watchmeister immediately engaged this gentleman in conversation, and measured in an instant, the extent of his scientific acquirements.

The little introductory speech which he made I have not the space to repeat; but it was very clever.

"Now, gentlemen," he said in conclusion, "I must commit myself to your honor. I beg of you to examine carefully the contents of this box. You see that it contains some black sand—a very common article, which is found in abundance round about in the state. Here I hold in my hand a small bottle of sulphate of iron. * * * But, pardon me! I came near forgetting. I merely wish to convince you that my process is above board—without suspicion of fraud. You will not require of me that I shall explain it to you."

He thereupon stepped behind a screen and divested himself of all his clothes, which he handed out to the company, begging them to make sure that they contained no particle of the noble metal. One by one his garments were returned to him; then the furnace, the box and the bottles, each after having been subjected to a rigid examination. It was obvious that everything was fair and square. There was an almost solemn silence in the room while the alchemist labored behind the screen. Every insignificant little sound was listened to with excited interest. The crackling of flames was heard, and the steady blowing of the little bellows; then at last little cautious hammer blows, and before thirty minutes had elapsed Wachtmeister stepped forward holding a large bar of yellow gold in his hand. A chorus of excited oaths and exclamations greeted the gleam of the precious metal. Harkness seized it eagerly, scratched it with his nail, cut it with his knife, and, having satisfied himself that it was genuine, passed it around until all had had a chance to examine it. The bar was then sent to the assayer, with the request that he return his analysis at the earliest possible moment. A banquet had been conditionally arranged for the party in the evening, and as soon as the assay was found to be satisfactory (the bar being valued at $1,100, Mr. Harkness and his guests repaired to a fashionable hotel, where the great event was appropriately celebrated. The whole future of humanity was revolutionized and all social problems solved by this discovery. The conversation and the toasts turned chiefly upon the necessity of limiting the production, so as not to give too severe a shock to the commercial world.

For three weeks Wachtmeister now labored steadily in a dingy little laboratory which he had improvised in an empty back room in the Harkness block. He delivered to the millionaire from time to time small bars of gold which the assay proved to be genuine; but he complained greatly at being obliged to work under such disadvantages, with imperfect light, and no facilities for extended production. He dined almost daily with Harkness, who, as he came to know him, was more and more dazzled by his brilliant talk, scientific acquirements, and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes.

"You be on the look out, doctor," he said to him one evening as they sat sipping their Chartreuse and smoking high flavored Havanas; "if you see anything that'll suit you for a laboratory, you just let me know and I'll plank down the cash."

The Teuton betrayed no emotion at this proposal; but about a week later, when there was a tremendous excitement on 'change at the revelation of a corner in Harkness's favorite stock, he rushed breathlessly into the latter's office with a copy of The Alta in his hand.

"Look here," he cried; "here is the very thing we want: 'For sale—The property of G. L. Perkins, Esq., at Oakland.' I've just been out there, and Solomon Sayles has got the refusal of it at $42,000. They are about to close the bargain. Now, if we can offer $45,000 cash it's ours. It is dirt cheap, but Perkins has got squeezed on 'change and can't raise money in any other way for margins. He has got to have the cash by 2 o'clock. Now, if you'll run out there with me'——

"I run out there—are you cracked, man?" roared the millionaire. "Don't you know that there's something very much like a panic on 'change?"

"Why, no, I hadn't heard of it. Well, then, send out some agent of yours with your check for $45,000 or the right to draw on you for that amount."

"The deuce! I hain't got no time to bother."

He scratched his head angrily, then drew a check for the required amount and handed it to Wachtmeister. "You run out and settle the thing yourself," he said. "I know the property. It is worth the money. I know, too, that Perkins is in a tight place. You'd better hurry."

"But couldn't you send Lawson along with me?"

"You just clear out. Do you suppose I can spare Lawson on a day like this?"

"All right. You'll hear from me tomorrow."

Wachtmeister folded the check, put it into his pocketbook and rushed out as breathlessly as he had come. It was the last time Mr. Harkness had the pleasure of gazing upon his countenance. He learned by chance the next day that the Oakland property had not been sold and that no bid had been made for it by his Teutonic protege. But a man of $20,000,000 consoles himself easily.

"A smart chap," he said to himself, nodding approvingly; "on the whole it was not a bad investment. The mere experience was worth $45,000, with the fun thrown in."

IV.

It was in the early winter of 1882 that a visitor was announced to Miss Katchen Schrader. She gave a few decorative touches to her person before the mirror, rearranged her hair with a critical eye, and then burst with headlong ardor into the adjoining room and flung herself into the arms of her visitor. She became conscious, however, before regaining the perpendicular state, that his enthusiasm was scarcely equal to her own.

"Well, Max," she said, concealing her disappointment, "tell me the story of your adventures."

Instead of answering Max pulled from his pocket a package of papers which he unfolded and carefully spread out upon the table. They were United States bonds of the aggregate value of at least $50,000. Katchen's eyes grew big and radiant as she contemplated the possibilities of happiness contained in these prosaic figures.

"Oh, Max, my dear Max!" she cried delightedly; "you are a rich man. How I do love you! But tell me how you made so much money."

"I made my experiment in trangression."

"Yes, but how did you make it?"

"By the aid of my science."

"Now, don't be provoking! What did you do?"

"I asserted the power of an intellect, the value of which, for practical purposes, you had the kindness to question."

"Oh, I shall go mad, Max, if you don't tell me," exclaimed the girl. "Do have pity on me!"

"Very well, I will tell you, not because you deserve my confidence, but in order to prove to you that the poverty to which the devotee of science dooms himself is a voluntary one, and on that account sublime. The stricter moral law which Mr. Harbitsch and his like ignore with impunity, I, too, could ignore and be wealthy as they. To be a scoundrel and go to jail for it requires no great intellect; but to make a safe and profitable experiment in transgression is quite another thing."

The story was then told, a part of which we have already heard; how Max happened to cross in the steamer with a Dutch professor, who had served a two years' sentence for counterfeiting; how he had assumed his name after possessing himself of all the facts of his history, and in San Francisco successfully played the part of an alchemist. He had invested his paternal inheritance of about $3,000 in the experiment; had bought metallic gold, which he had reduced to a precipitate with sulphate of iron, and represented it in a finely divided state as a black sand, which an expert would readily have recognized as gold, but which would easily deceive men with no chemical knowledge. When he related the story of the check and the exactness with which, by his insight into human nature, he could predict the actions of a man and allay his suspicions, Katchen's eyes sparkled with amusement.

"Oh, Max, my dear Max," she ejaculated, laughing, "I never dreamed that you were so clever."

"But I," he responded with uncomfortable seriousness, "I gave you credit for being a great deal cleverer."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You seem to have forgotten that this was a mere experiment in transgression."

"Do you mean to say you won't keep the money?"

"Yes; I have already telegraphed to Mr. Harkness informing him that the sum of $45,000 will to-morrow be awaiting his order in the Imperial Bank of Germany."

"Oh, Max, you don't mean it!"

The pretty, laughing face became suddenly a picture of dismay.

"There is a copy of the cablegram."

Max flung with visible disgust a piece of paper on the table, then gathered up his bonds and put them in his pocket. Katchen seized the paper and read:

"Undersigned hopes you forgive rough practical joke. Amount of check awaits order Imperial bank. Wachtmeister."

"Then you have gained nothing at all by your cleverness," she said, brushing a tear from the corner of her eye.

"Yes," he replied with pitiless gravity; "I have been saved from the mistake of sharing my life with one who dispised my noble calling and was ready to wink at transgression."

Dr. Max Semmler made a profound bow and backed out of the door.—H. H. Boyeson in The Epoch.

The Jansenites of Judaism.

The Slavonic novelist, M. Sacher-Masoch, has recently given an interesting lecture to a Paris audience on the Jewish sects in Galicia, in the course of which he described the Karaites, who acknowledge only the first book of Moses as their religious guide. The Karaites, said the eminent Jewish author, are the Jansenites of Judaism. They base their beliefs on the love of the divine; they are virtuous for virtue's sake. Where reason and revelation agree, they say, we accept them as two excellent things, but where they disagree we must hold with revelation, for if reason had been sufficient revelations would have been superfluous.

The Karaites consider that it is not allowed to discuss the fundamental basis of revelation. Another of their precepts is: "If you cannot do that which you would like to do you must be willing to do what you can." The life of the Karaites is very virtuous; they pray in Hebrew, with bent heads. In the east they never light a fire, and in Galicia, where the climate is more rigorous, they let Christians light it for them. The sect numbers about 40,000 in Galicia. One peculiarity by which they are distinguished from all other Jews is that they consider that commerce in goods which they themselves have not produced to be illicit, for which reason they are nearly all agriculturists or stewards. Until lately they were exempt from military service, but at present they are employed in the ambulances. M. Sacher-Masoch states, on the authority of a historian, that no Karaite has been condemned in any law court in Poland for the last four centuries.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Superstitions Concerning Toothache.

In some parts of Sussex, England, there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe and right trouser leg before the left you will never have toothache. To drink out of a skull taken from a graveyard, to take a tooth from such a skull and wear it round the neck, to apply the tooth to your own living but aching tooth, to put a double nut into your pocket, to pare your finger nails and toe nails and wrap the parings in a paper—all are charms against the toothache. In other parts of England there is a custom of calling the toothache the "love pain," for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration. Whether he or she fully consents to this may, perhaps, be doubted.—Iron Times.

Why He Gave Music Lessons.

Professor Zweibeer is a rather dissipated old man, who gives lessons on the flute for a living. Gilhooly, who feels a kindly interest in the old man, took him aside and said to him:

"Professor, if you were to quit drinking and keep sober you would be engaged to give lessons in some of the first familes in Austin and make a great deal of money."

"Dot ish all humbug," said the old man indignantly. "I give lessons so I can get drunk, and now you vants me to keep sober so I can give lessons. Dot ish all humbug."—Texas Siftings.

Would be Useful.

A cable dispatch says that a volcano in Russia has begun to throw mud. It is not stated which political party in that country has secured the services of this volcano.—Norristown Herald.

All patent medicines sold in Russia must be examined and passed upon by government officials.

It is reported on excellent authority that no pet dog is properly accoutred now unless he wears a silver bangle on his off hind leg.

A Feminine Bull Fighter.

In the next contest the fair Castilian was under an advertised obligation, while yet wearing the stilts, to kill the bull with a sword scarcely more than two feet in length. This was done by the toreadora at the time the animal was making the charge, the fatal thrust to be given while she was directly in front of and fairly facing the bull.

The animal selected for this contest was a beautiful specimen of his race. Black as coal, agile as a cat, savage and wild, he was no sooner within the arena than he was ready for the battle. After he had been permitted to make a charge or two to warm him to his work, the governor, who presided on the occasion, gave a signal and the bugle sounded the "death call." The senorita, with stilts of one foot in heigth securely fastened to her limbs, received the short sword, saluted the governor, and, turning to her enemy, gave a shout of defiance and waved her scarlet cloak to rouse his anger. At this time the distance separating the antagonists was almost 200 feet. Toro, quivering with excitement and pawing the earth in his rage, waited for no second invitation. With flashing eyes and head lowered to the ground, he started at full speed for the object of his hate. The brave girl waited until the beast was within twenty feet, when, bracing herself firmly, she held her sword at shoulder height, ready for his coming. When within about four feet she threw her body suddenly forward, gave a quick thrust with the sword, and, without waiting to see the effect of the blow, swung quickly around and again saluted the governor. In the twinkling of an eye she turned to face the bull, and as she did so he dropped dead, so close to her that, without moving from her position, she placed one foot upon the neck of her now helpless enemy.

The sword, directed by the strong arm of the self possessed girl, had severed the spinal cord and death was instantaneous and probably painless. It was a perilous feat, skillfully and fearlessly performed, and the slightest nervousness on the part of the performer would probably have resulted in her death. The great audience, in recognition of the skill of the brave toreadora, rose to its feet and for several moments there was a shower of gold and silver coins falling around the victorious girl.—City of Mexico Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Too Many Knives.

"I've got a good joke on ——," said a man a few days ago. "You know, the rich old chap."

"What is it?"

"He was out at a dinner party the other night, and it was very swell. There were six knives and six forks, you know, at each plate. After the soup the hostess observed that —— was not eating. "You are not eating, Mr. ——," she said. "Do you not like ——?" "I do," said he, "but to tell you the truth, I'm waiting to see what knife to begin with."

Well, I don't see much of a joke against the man, I'm sure; but it is a kind of reflection, I suppose, upon his breeding because he's rich. I can't see that there was anything against him except that he did not take any knife that it was comfortable for him to eat with. A man of sense does not waste his time fussing around to find out what the latest fad will be in eating. A man knows what a big knife is for and a little knife, but he does not need to be ashamed of not being acquainted with the little erratic fads which are being constantly introduced for fashion or effect. It used to be vulgar to serve a lot of vegetables all at one time; it then became vulgar not to do it. It used to be fashionable to pile your plate with a mixture of eatables; then it became the worst of taste. There is only one absolute rule of eating and drinking that all people need to observe—cleanliness—and the little extra kinks of fashion amount to nothing, and are not worth a man's while to follow and study. Good breeding consists as much in arranging things for the comfort of your guests as it does in knowing how to eat your dinner in a simple and cleanly way.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Great Sporting Preserve.

The greatest game preserve in the world will be held by the Cheat Mountain Sportsmen's club, a majority of the members of which are gentlemen of this city. Compared with it, Tuxedo park is a mere bagatelle.

The preserve lies in the heart of the wildest region in the mountains of West Virginia. It covers an area of 60 miles, and within its limits there is not a settlement. Bear, deer, wild turkey and other game abound, while the cool mountain streams are filled with the speckled beauties that make the heart of the angler leap with joy. The tract of land embraces 70,000 acres, and will be increased by 20,000 acres. It is fifty miles from the railroad, but is reached by a good macadamized road. None but the most intrepid hunters have traversed its solitary wilds, while only the merry moonshiner has resided within its confines. The bear and deer have had full swing, and the hardy hunters will find great sport during the hunting season in peppering buckshot into this noble game, while there are just enough rattlesnakes loitering on the hills to add the spice of danger to the fun.

During the year the preserves will be plentifully stocked with English pheasants imported from the old country, and wild boars will also be turned loose there.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Why Some People Have Sore Eyes.

I attribute the cause, primarily, to this fact: a great many people nowadays read newspapers fresh from the press, without thinking or knowing that the ink upon them contains a quantity of arsenic. "Well," the reader may say, "what has this to do with sore eyes?" Very much, I reply. By handling freshly printed sheets very minute quantities of the ink offsets upon the end of the fingers; perhaps not enough to soil them, but enough to deposit the arsenic thereon. Then, if there is a particle of itching of the eyelids, the persons so affected almost involuntarily rub their eyes with the tips of their fingers; and, as the arsenic is a poison, the result is, disease of the eyes ensues more or less. Now, my advice is that people wash their hands after handling such newspapers, or, if not convenient to do so, then keep their fingers carefully away from their eyes.—Cor. Hall's Journal of Health.

In High Flown Language.

When people are pestered too much for certificates to the good character of persons or things, they sometimes manage to get out of the difficulty by writing glittering generalities or ambiguities. One of the most remarkable cases I know of was that of a servant girl who received a document which she greatly treasured, abounding as it did in high flown language. It closed by recommending her to the forbearance of Christian people and her possible employers to the divine mercy.—Rev. J. E. Godbery in Globe-Democrat.

A Great Secret Revealed.

Since Miss Eastlake made her first appearance in this country, in her soft, clinging garments, swaying in harmony with every step of the wearer, producing a most graceful and picturesque effect, society has been on the qui vive to discover the secret, and gain, if possible, a tithe at least of the swish and sway and rhythmic movement which seemed to make the garment worn by Helle instinct with life and motion, and part and parcel of her individuality. The secret has been discovered, and the reigning belles in tip top circles in New York are waltzing in Helle dresses, and seem more captivating than ever before. These picturesque gowns are made of some soft, clinging material, and worn over divided skirts, i. e., a seamed petticoat, which by this means is divided to the knee line, making the dress necessarily conform to the gait of the wearer. The secret is said to have been discovered by the costumer of Rosina Vokes and imparted to a select few of his customers.—St. Louis Spectator.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion with Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and easily digested. The rapidity with which delicate people improve with its use is wonderful. Use it and try your weight. As a remedy for consumption, throat affections and bronchitis, it is unequalled. Please read: "I used Scott's emulsion in a child eight months old with good results. He gained four pounds in a very short time."—THO. PAIM, M. D., Alabama. "I gave Scott's Emulsion to a gentleman 65 years old troubled with chronic bronchitis, with the most excellent results."—J. C. Cason, Broken Arrow, Ala. Mar17-4t.

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THOROUGHBRED SOUTHDOWNS, YEARLINGS and LAMBS.

The above named Buck stands at the head o my flock of pure Southdown Ewes. The Year lings 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, Lent Co., Md.

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

YOU can be cured of RHEUMATISM by using RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE.

It is a cure-all. It cures nothing but Rheumatism, and this is a safe and sure cure for that disease. Thousands who have been cured will testify to its reliability.

MR. G. B. UMPER of 1621 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 doubt 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 house physician, and used other remedies without result, previous to using this wonderful remedy.

MR. CHAS. A. COX American and Morris Sts., Phila., said: "My wife was bedridden, and her condition made me despair. Doctors and everything else failed. The Russian Rheumatism Cure cured her in one week."

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE. EVERY BOX HAS BOTH TRADE MARKS AND SIGNATURE. Twice the Size. None Genuine without this Signature and both Trade Marks. PRICE $2.50 PER BOX.

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. 319 & 321 Market Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED: WHEAT & CORN DAILY.

I am always prepared to pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE for any amount of Grain that can be offered in Kent county.

E. T. COMEGYS, AGENT FOR THE WM. LEA & SONS CO., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Del. Oct. 7, 1886.

STRAW WANTED

HAVING leased the Chestertown Straw-Board Mill, I am READY TO BUY ALL THE STRAW that farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up all the straw from stack-yards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 lbs. per ton for dry straw, only asking those wishing to see to take a little extra pains in stacking, and not put the chaff with their straw.

Mr. James Brice is my authorized agent to buy.

WILBUR ELIASON. Aug. 5, 1886.

FRAME HOTEL. LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.

MY TABLE will be furnished with the best the market can afford.

MY STABLES contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.

SAMUEL MALLALIEU, PROPRIETOR. Jan. 27, 1887.

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 Beef 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. 8, 1886. Chestertown

Grain Wanted.

SAMUEL B. FOARD, Chestertown, Md., Agent for L. J. COX & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Highest CASH Price Paid for GRAIN AT ALL TIMES.

Give us a call before selling.

SAM'L B. FOARD, AGENT FOR L. J. COX & CO. Oct. 14, 1886.

THE COMBINATION POLICY OF THE WASHINGTON LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF N.Y.

This new and attractive Policy of THE WASHINGTON provides a combination of advantages never before offered.

Like all real and permanent improvements, the COMBINATION POLICY meets a popular demand of society. It furnishes to the insurant a contract most carefully guarded against loss from forfeiture, combining protection for the full amount in case of death before the close of the period, and a CAPITAL SUM at maturity, equal to the sum insured. In addition to the CAPITAL SUM to be paid at maturity, this policy extends its protection over the whole subsequent lifetime of the insured, without further cost, for a sum equal to one-half of the Capital Sum paid by the Company.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

The Combination Policy affords ample protection for the family of the insured for twenty years, with annual dividends at the end of the first and each subsequent year, payable in cash or applied to augment the policy at the option of the insured.

It enables the insurant to secure to himself a competence for old age, being the full amount named in the policy, together with all accumulated dividends.

Upon the completion of the period, and simultaneously with the payment of the Capital Sum, the insured is also at once the possessor of a full paid-up insurance for one-half of the Capital Sum, which is an estate in reversion, without further cost, and payable at death.

It Guarantees—The payment of $30,000, together with all accumulated dividends, if the insured survive the period.

It Guarantees—The payment to the insured of the full sum of all cash dividends to its credit, if desired, should the policy be surrendered before the expiration of the term.

It Guarantees—To the policyholder who survives the 20 years' period, a paid-up life policy for $15,000.

ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS.

Under the Combination Policy of The Washington, the insured secures more protection than by any speculative scheme of insurance ever devised, by as much as the accumulated dividends would increase the amount of the policy.

Contrasted with the policy of any company whose dividends are deferred 5 years, 10 years, 15 years or more, during which the insured risks the entire loss of the surplus earnings of his premiums, and magnifies the hazards of his insurance, this policy of THE WASHINGTON is not only instrinsically more valuable, but is incomparably superior in the measure of the security it affords.

THE IDEAL CONTRACT.

As an endowment, the Combination Policy, being a positive contract, is better for the insured than any policy ever before issued. As an Endowment and Life Insurance Policy combined, it is the 'Ideal' Contract; and is superior to a 'Tontine,' or 'Distribution,' or 'Deferred Dividened Policy,' by as much as a *definite* is superior to an *indefinite* contract.

ITS LIBERAL CONDITIONS.

Protected by the unique non-forfeitable dividend system of THE WASHINGTON, with annual cash dividends, with provisions for surrender more liberal than the non-forfeiture law of the State provides, and with privileges of residence and travel unrestricted; with all these benefits united in the Combination Policy of The Washington, it is confidently recommended to the public as the nearest approach to a perfect life insurance contract ever devised.

H. L. BALDWIN, GENERAL AGENT, 8 Postoffice Ave., Baltimore, Md.

C. B. WARREN, AGENT FOR KENT COUNTY. Feb. 23. Kennedyville, Md.

1886. 1886. Established in 1868.

Family Supplies —AT— Special Low Prices!

We have laid in a good supply of Sugars, Coffee, N. O. Molasses, RICE, SUGAR-CURED HAMS, SUGAR-CURED SHOULDERS, BREAKFAST BACON, SHOULDER BACON, SUGAR-CURED SMOKED BEEF, CHIPPED BEEF, COOKED CANNED BEEF, CANNED TOMATOES, CANNED CORN, CANNED PEACHES, DRIED FRUITS, TOBACCO, from 30 to 80 cts. a pound. TINWARE, PLATES, CUPS & SAUCERS, BOWLS, and in fact everything usually kept in a first-class store.

Flour! Flour

We have Clifton F. F. F., Kirkwood, Occidental, Potapsco Superlative, Potapsco Family, Patapsco Extra, Orange Grove Extra, $4 to $6 a barrel. All the above brands also in bags, 12½ and 24½ pounds. Try our 3-cent Flour.

Sugars 5 to 7 cts. a pound, good Roasted Coffee 12 cts. a pound, also, Arbuckle's, Levering's, Enterprise and Ajax Roasted Coffees in pound packages at lowest prices. Rice, Cheaper than you ever bought. Head Light Coal Oil 15 cts. a gallon. Mackerel by the barrel, half-barrel and in kits. Domestic Dry Goods and Notions.

We want Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Bacon, Lard and country produce, for which we will give the best market price. Please call at the old stand on Cross street. Respect'y,

J. B. SAPPINGTON. June 17, 1886. CHESTERTOWN, MD

JOHN D. URIE. ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE ADJOINING STORE OF T. W. ELIASON, JR. Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's counties. sep16.

CIGARS! CIGARS!! Come and try our Edward Allen Pee CIGARS. M. A. TOULSON, Drugg. March 27

Maj. Gen. WM. E. W. ROSS, U. S. COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, FOR MARYLAND. 204 COURTLAND ST., NEAR LEXINGTON. PROSECUTES PENSION BOUNTY AND INTERNAL REVENUE CLAIMS

Rejected Pension Claims and Claims abandoned by other Attorneys will receive prompt personal attention.

Thousand of Pensioners are justly entitled to have their Pensions increased. Bring your Certificate and get advice free of charge.

PENSION VOUCHERS EXECUTED. MEXICAN WAR CLAIMS. March 24, 1887—4m.

Monuments! Monuments! Head-stones! Head-stones!

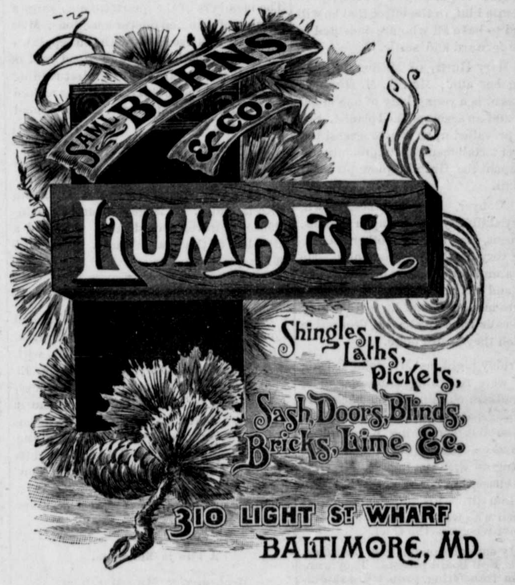
For Monuments, Head-stones, and Marble or Granite Curbing, For Slate and Marble Mantels, FOR TABLE & WASH-STAND TOPS, FOR IRON FENCING, CRESTING, AND GALVANIZED TUBING, For Everything in the Marble, Granite or Stone Line APPLY TO THE CHESTERTOWN

Monumental Marble Works!

A FULL LINE ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Since locating in Chestertown our business has steadily increased, and we are steadily increasing our facilities. We are prepared to do Fine Work lower than the regular market price in the cities, and we believe we can give invariable satisfaction. Designs furnished on application, and all orders by mail promptly attended to. Would respectfully solicit, that you visit or communicate with us before ordering elsewhere.

CHAS. H. MOORE, CHESTERTOWN, MD. July 29, 1886.



WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD! TO EQUAL THE NEW NO. 8 WHEELER & WILSON.

Only perfect family sewing machine. Accurate, simple, silent, swift, sure and strong. The only machine making a lock stitch without the use of a shuttle.

LIGHTEST RUNNING.

THE NEW NO. 8 Has more points of excellence than all other machines combined; gives better satisfaction and less trouble