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The Chestertown Transcript.

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G. ALLEN JARMAN, D.V.S.,
GRADUATE OF THE
AMERICAN VETERINARY COLLEGE, N. Y.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office Main street, opposite Voshell House, can be found in office every day from 10 A. M. till 12 M., and from 7 to 8 P.M. Sundays excepted Special attention given to women andchildren. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, ADJOINING CAHALL'S STORE.
OFFICE HOURS:—8.30 to 12 A. M.; 1 to 4 P. M.
Having enlarged my office and added many new conveniences, I am able to offer my patients much greater comfort while under treatment than in the past. Nov. 29-tf.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
GENERAL
FRUIT AND PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Produce and Foreign Fruits,
118 E. PRATT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
ORDERS AND CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
We report all sales daily and send checks every Monday; oftener if desired. We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The People's Bank of Baltimore. Jan 1-y

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens.
STEVENS BROS..
Grain, Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
303 S. CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 309 North Front Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

RECORDS & GOLDSBOROUGH,
118 Light St., Baltimore, Md.
Wholesale LIQUOR DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
Wines, Brandies, etc.
PURE RYE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY

C. WRIGHT SPRY,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
seccessors to Wright & Sparks.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

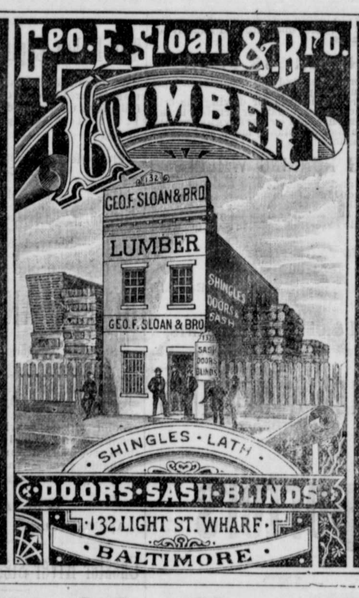
THE BEALL & BERRY FEED CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO
BEALL & BERRY,
General Commistion Merchants,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Flour, Mill Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Potatoes, Etc.
Office and warehouse, No. 4. Camden street (new number 15), Baltimore, Md.
Consignments solicited, upon which Liberal Cash Advances will be made.
Telephone 965. May 19—y.

You all know the consternation a baking of Bad Bread creates in the family.
Why do you have it? Why not use
LEA'S
CLIFTON F. F. F.,
KIRKWOOD
OR
OCCIDENTAL
FLOUR?
They are Always Reliable.
The Wm. Lea & Sons Co.,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Beautiful New Upright Piano, Rosewood Case, only $165. New Organs, only $31. Greatest Bargains Ever Offered. Est. 28 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A.

I. WILLIAM HINES,
OF CHESTERTOWN,
is now located in Baltimore, Maryland, with the well-known firm of
I. HAMBERGER & SONS
Fine Clothing and Tailoring,
122 East Baltimore St
ADJOINING B. & O. R. R. BUILDING,
and will be glad to see his friends and acquaintances. Sept. 26-1f

If you like to look at something Nobby, take a peep at A. FRIEDMAN'S NEW FALL SUITINGS for Men, Boys and Children. FALL OVERCOATS in variety.

FULL STOCK LOW PRICES.
Geo. F. Sloan & Bro.
LUMBER


WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Monarch! New Era!
BONE AND POTASH!

The advantage we now possess of greatly improved machinery, skilled workmen, better facilities for shipping, more storage room and less expense generally has proven to us how much better we can do business than heretofore, and the same view must be taken by the farmers, for never before have we sold such large bills and as many cash buyers. The people know our goods and believe in them. Those who have not tried them we request that they do so once, and they will again.
Please send orders in early.
C. W. KENNARD & CO.

FOR SALE BY
R. H. Corbaly, Masseys; Jas. Faulkner, Millington; Gus. Porter, Prices' Station, Q. A. Co.; C. C. Morgan, Kent; John McCloud, Kent.

WILLIAM H. CACY,
MANUFACTURER OF FERTILIZERS,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
Standard, New Life, Reliance.

The Above Brands of WHEAT FERTILIZERS
Have been used now for several years in this and adjoining counties, and have proved equal to anything on the market, both as Grain and Grass Producers, and Improvers of the soil. On many occasions they have been tried in competition with other well-known brands, and in all cases have given perfect satisfaction. My sales having increased so rapidly, I found it imperatively necessary to have increased facilities for manufacturing, so bought the factory formerly occupied by Messrs. C. W. Kennard & Co., and having made considerable alterations and improvements therein, am now prepared to fill all orders promptly and in First-Class Drilling Condition. For those wishing Special Formulas Compounded, we have on hand
LARGE STOCK OF RAW MATERIALS,
and am prepared to mix any required Formula in lots of not less than five tons, at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES. Respectfully,
Aug. 1, 1889. WILLIAM H. CACY.

WANGER & CO.,
ers of Clothing,
Baltimore St.

for FALL CLOTHING!
—AND—
Our Stock, like an abundant crop, is awaiting to be harvested.

Our Stock consists only of Goods that We Can Guarantee to Give Entire Satisfaction, and we Manufacture Every Dollars Worth of it ourselves. We save you the usual 30 per cent. middleman's profit.

A Good Honest Working Suit, - - $10.00
A Dress Suit, Worsted, Cassimeres or Cheviott. $15.00
Children's Suits from - - $3.00 upward
Overcoats at Correspondingly Low Prices.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,
10 AND 12 E. BALTIMORE ST.

Bradley's High-Grade Fertilizers.
SUPER PHOSPHATE,
NEW METHOD PHOSPHATE!

DETRICK'S AMMONIATED BONE PHOSPHATE,
PURE ANIMAL BONE DISSOLVED, SOUTH CAROLINA BONE, BONE AND POTASH.

NEAR ROLPH'S WHARF, Aug. 27, 1889.
MESSRS. SMITH & CLEMENTS—Gentlemen: In replying to your request, I can say I have used each year for eighteen or twenty years, Bradley's Super-Phosphate, frequently alongside of other high grade phosphates, and it has each time given me perfect satisfaction and compared favorably with any with which I have tried it.
Yours resp't, A. W. WELCH.

NEAR ROLPH'S WHARF, Aug. 28, 1889.
MESSRS. SMITH & CLEMENTS—Gentlemen: In regard to Bradley's Super-Phosphate I would say that I have been using it for the last 10 or 12 years, and it has always given me the most satisfactory results. I certainly regard it as a first-class high grade fertilizer in every respect.
Resp't. S. R. HURLOCK.

These goods are always in prime mechanical condition, and many prominent farmers who have used these fertilizers continuously for the last eighteen or twenty years, find them superior to any other goods on the market. To those who have never used them, we only ask a trial, side by side, with any brands on the market.

SMITH & CLEMENTS, Agents,
Aug. 15-1889. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Dry Goods, Fancy Notions,
This Space is Reserved for Wright's Cheap Store, who is Daily Receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter. Special Low Prices will be the Great Attraction.
Boots and Shoes, Stylish Clothing.

PURE BONE PHOSPHATES.
The various preparations of Bones prepared by the "Listers" and H. S. Miller & Co., have stood the test of many years, and in all cases produced good results and proved as represented.

THESE GOODS are and always have been prepared in the most scientific manner. The Chemicals used are tested and proportions so adjusted as to form a complete manure. All the lands on which they have been continuously used show the best results, and prove beyond doubt that BONE PHOSPHATES are the proper kind to apply. All the brands are offered at the closest prices, and will be delivered at any of the wharves or lands on the bay or river.

Samples are at the store of WICKES & BROTHER. Orders left there will receive prompt attention. Orders solicited. BUY THE BEST.

W. N. E. WICKES.
Aug. 15, 1889—2m.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

What did you say, dear? breakfast?
Somehow I've slept too late;
You are very kind, dear Effie;
Go tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can,
My old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart!
Lies t'other side 'o the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary,
I couldn't smoke to-day;
I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house, here,
And lonesome out o' door—
I never knew what lonesome meant
In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown,
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day—
Too old to be left alone!
O heart of love, so still and cold!
O precious lips so white!
For the first sad hours in sixty years
You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower; you're very kind;
She rooted it last May;
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose
And threw the stem away;
But she, sweet, thrifty soul, bent down,
And planted it where she stood;
"Dear, may be the flowers are living," she said,
"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, deary—I cannot rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden post—
The house is so deathly still;
Wander, and long for a sight of the gate
She has left ajar for me;
We had got so used to each other, dear,
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man
From the moment I kissed her fair young face,
And our lovers' life began;
And seven fine boys she has given me,
And out of the seven not one
But the noblest father in all the land
Would be proud to call his son.

Oh, well, dear Lord! I'll be patient,
But I feel so broken up;
At eighty years it's an awesome thing
To drain such a bitter cup.
I know there's Joseph and John and Hal,
And four good men beside,
But a hundred sons couldn't be to me
Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair!
So winsome and good and sweet!
She has roses twined in her sunny hair,
White shoes on her dainty feet;
And I held her hand—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed,
And?—No, I remember—I'm eighty to-day,
And my dear wife, Polly is dead!

—*Selected.*

MOTHER.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

[*Written for the Baltimorean.*]

In the Pennsylvania penitentiary an old man died a short time ago, who had been a prisoner for 51 years. His name was Wm. Stanford. In 1831 he became suddenly insane, and committed murder. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, and for 18 years he was chained down to the floor. Just think of it, chained to the floor for 18 years. God pity the man or woman who passes the doors of a penitentiary for life. For them charity, sympathy and love are dead. Hope deserts them upon the threshold, and one long agony of tortuous existence follows.

This man was 81 years old when he died. Free, happy mortal; pause, and think of it for a moment—81 years old, and 51 years in the penitentiary—In the whole range of human thought, human existence, is there anything more terrible? Eighty-one years old, 51 years in the penitentiary, and chained to the floor for 18 years! Is there anything in the history of the expiation of crime that can surpass it?

In all his long life of wretchedness, misery and woe, he never once referred to his past life—his childhood, his youth, his manhood, all were a blank to him. In his wildest moments he never once mentioned them. The innocent pleasure of his boyhood, the joys, hopes and loves of his young manhood, never once crossed his life.

But he is dying now. An old, white-haired man, 81 years old, 51 years in the penitentiary, chained to the floor 18 years, is dying now. Note the quiver of his dim eyes, the twitch of his shrunken lips, the shudder of his aged body, as the death angel in pity and love touches him with his unseen hand. Rest is coming—rest has come—81 years waiting, and 51 in the penitentiary. Stone walls are about him, bolts and iron bars have held him in from the world for 51 years, but rest, peace, love, happiness, have all come at last.

Upon his iron-ribbed pallet he lies silent now; his wild ravings, his foolish babblings have ceased. But see! he raises himself up with a death struggle; a smile crosses his wan features; his face puts on a look of sanity; a sweet tenderness crosses it, and softly he murmurs: "Mother!" then, with a radiance upon his aged countenance surpassing all earthly beauty, he sinks back—dead.

Man! pause for a moment in your mad rush for wealth, for fame, for earthly aggrandizements and take this sad picture of reality home to your heart. In the wear and tear of business, in the dash and whirl of life, pause for a moment—you have forgotten "Mother." Pause, and let memory go back to the sinless past. Here lies a poor mortal who has suffered all the misery that this world of ours can give; placed beyond the pale of love, sympathy, home-life and family ties, 81 years old, and 51 years in the penitentiary, remembered "Mother" at the end. All the misery, inhumanity and cruelty of his dark and bitter life slipped away from him, and aged, weak, weary, insane, he remembered "Mother."

"Mother" is the truest, best friend, we have in all the wide world. No matter how far we wander from the home-nest, no matter how deep into crime and degradation we sink, "Mother's" arms are always open to us.

Boy, girl, man, woman, no matter how far you go from the roof-tree, no matter how high you rise or how low you fall in the world's eyes, "Mother" never gives you up. She never forgets the babe she gave being, and nursed into life upon her sinless breast—and as you hope for success here, and rest and happiness beyond the grave, forget not "Mother!"

Front Royal, Va.

A DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.—First Omaha Housewife—What do you use to kill the smell of fresh paint?

Second Housewife—I slice raw onions.

First Housewife—Yes, but onions smell so. How do you get rid of their odor?

Second Housewife—I apply more fresh paint.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

TO REMOVE spots from marble use a paste of whiting and benzine.

HOUSE KEEPERS' HELP.

APPLE OR PEACH BUTTER.—Two gallons sweet cider, boil and skim, add a peach basket of soft peaches or an equal quantity of pared and sliced apples; stew till nearly dry. Will make a gallon.

CHOW-CHOW PICKLE.—One gallon vinegar, one pound white sugar, one pound ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls salt. Boil a part of the vinegar; thicken it with the mustard mixed with the remainder. It is now ready for the vegetables. Boil them nearly soft previous to putting them in the vinegar. Fifty small cucumbers, one dozen peppers, two quarts small onions, one quart Lima beans, one-half dozen ears corn cut from the cob, one quart nasturtium seeds, and one teaspoonful turmeric, added after all is mixed.

TOMATO BUTTER.—Five quarts skinned tomatoes, 6 quarts apples; stew separately, mix well, put in a kettle and add six pounds sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls ground cloves and three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One-half bushel skinned tomatoes, one quart cider vinegar, one pound salt, one-fourth pound whole pepper, one-fourth pound allspice, one-fourth ounce African cayenne pepper, one ounce cloves, three-fourths pound mustard, twenty cloves of garlic, six good sized onions, sliced, one handful peach leaves, and two pounds brown sugar. Slice and boil tomatoes, onions, garlic and peach leaves two hours, then add the other ingredients, sugar and vinegar last. Set away till the morning, then strain; boil from four to six hours, bottle and seal. Stir constantly till nearly done.

PICKLED GRAPES.—To one gallon vinegar add three pounds sugar, boil and pour over grapes while boiling; seal up at once.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Peel the small onions and let them stand in a strong brine for four days, changing twice. Heat more brine to a boil, throw in the onions and let them boil five minutes, then put them in cold water for four hours. Pack them in jars, interspercing with mace, white pepper and cloves. Fill up the jars with scalding vinegar in which put a cup of sugar to every gallon. They will be fit for use in a month.

CHILI SAUCE.—One peck ripe tomatoes, scald, skin, and cut fine. A cup of salt, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of whole cloves, one ounce cinnamon, one ounce of allspice, one ounce white mustard seed, one-half ounce celery seed, one quart onions cut fine, a little horse radish, one-half pound sugar, six red peppers, cut fine. Boil one hour and put in wide mouthed bottles.

THE ADMINISTRATION FAMILIES

The Harrison Clan and all the Other Clans are There.

Since the days of General Grant's Administration there has been nothing like the nepotism that at present exists under Harrison. It may be news to the country, but I am told it is a fact by a trustworthy man, that two of the President's Cabinet officers—Secretary Noble and Attorney-General Miller—are distantly related to General Harrison—Mr. Noble on the President's side and Mr. Miller on Mrs. Harrison's side.

President Harrison has directly or through his appointees appointed the following of his connections to office:

His brother, Carter B. Harrison, to be United States Marshal in Tennessee.

His brother-in-law, J. D. Scott, to be Superintendent of Construction of the Public Building at Port Townsend.

Russell Harrison's father-in-law, Alvin Saunders, to be Utah Commissioner.

Baby McKee's uncle Frank, to be Deputy Collector of Customs, Washington Territory.

Cousin-in-law, D. W. McClung, to be Collector of Internal Revenue in Ohio.

Mrs. Russell Harrison's cousin, William Haynes, to be law clerk in the Postoffice Department.

Lieut. Parker, nephew by marriage, detailed to nominal duty at Berlin.

President Harrison's appointees have imitated his example by appointing or securing the appointment of their connections to Federal offices as follows:

Secretary Blaine's son is the law officer of the State Department; one nephew is the Assistant Postmaster at Augusta, Me.; another nephew is Special Agent of the Census; the brother of his son's fiance is Secretary of Legation in London.

Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson's son is in the Postoffice Department.

Assistant Land Commissioner Stone has a son in the General Land Office.

Ex-Commissioner Tanner had two daughters in the pension service lately, and has one now.

First Auditor Fisher has a daughter in his office.

Private Secretary Halford's brother-in law is Postmaster in Champaign, Ill.

Comptroller Matthews' nephew is Assistant District Attorney for Southern Illinois.

Commissioner Morgan's wife is in the Indian Office.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Salt Lake Girls in the Brine.

The Salt Lake girl is, as a rule, most bewitching when skipping down Garfield Beach into the lake, for she will tell you that she's "all over in love" with this great salty lake. What sort of bathing suit does she wear? Well, the entire suit is either of black or gray, though most frequently it is of black. It consists of a sleeveless blouse, cut just safely decollete, and ending in a skirt that reaches just barely to the knee. Long stockings meet a very gay little pair of pants just above the knee, and a little oil cap covers the hair. Ladies of all ages wear the same, there being many who prefer that the skirt fully reveal instead of drape the knee. To my mind it was just the least bit stunning, but then—they were "first family" ladies, and so I finally decided it was not so stunning at all, but perfectly proper.—*Omaha Republican.*

IN SICK headache is misery, What are Carter's Little Livey Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

LAST year more than five thousand vessels went through Long Island Sound than the year before.

THERE are 33,000,000 teachers and scholars in the Sunday schools of the world.

A FESTIVAL AT SAMOA.

How the Matrons and the Maidens Dress and Look—A Great Honor.

A naval officer stationed at Samoa writes in a recent private letter:

"The-long-waited for *tolota*, which you may not know is a native festival at which presents of food, &c., are given by the people to the King, accompanied with promises of allegiance, came off recently, and I saw the people gather all in best bib and tucker, in some cases a marvel of rich color. Here is a *tiputa* in the most dazzling combination of crimson and green, satin, and there a village maiden, abominably ugly, but with such a headdress, a mass of bleached hair standing on end, at least six inches high, looking like the puffy structure of the dandelion flower, and decorated with shells; in front are two horn-like protuberances adorned with pink and white feathers.

"The crowd is like one of our own on show days—universal; every man, woman and child in the place and surrounding country is flocking to the spot. The fathers and mothers are glistening with cocoanut oil; their hair is firmly brushed on end, and scented with sandal nut; and they wear stiff *lava-lavas*, or skirts, which bunch out and give them a curiously awkward appearance. A woman just in front of us stopped to arrange her drapery, all unmindful of the eyes behind her, and as the lower edge of her skirt crept up some fine lines of tattoo, with which she was decorated, were displayed. An infant rides astride the mother's hip, imbibing health and happiness as it goes, the mother apparently not noticing the child nor its occupation.

"Usually the common people dance before the King, but an especial honor was paid to the Admiral by the chief's dancing, something so unusual here that many people had never seen it before. A very grave, dignified looking man, this chief, with a kind face and eyes that speak very pleasantly when he looks at you. The gale has destroyed much fruit and other products, and the natives will have a hard time of it in making both ends meet for the coming season."

THE RACE QUESTION.

White Virginians Impatient Under Expenses for the Colored People.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Sept. 24.—Gov. Lee was in the city this afternoon. To your correspondent he said: "I am sorry to see the two races drifting apart in Virginia, but that is the unmistakable tendency. They are getting further apart every year, and there seems to be no hope of ever re-establishing cordial and friendly relations between them. This is chiefly the fault of the colored people, and they will be the chief sufferers by it. By their persistent political hostility to the better elements of the white population they are driving off the only people who can help them, the white tax-payers of the State. The latter are already growing restive under the great burden of negro education and criminal expenses, which amount to an enormous sum annually, and for which the white people have no return and see no good results. The annual outlay for negro education under the public school system amounts to $340,000, ninety per cent. of which is paid by white tax-payers. In addition there are the Hampton Normal School and Petersburg Institute. Both of which receive larye yearly appropriations. Now, when you add to this the cost of the colored insane asylum at Petersburg, $140,000 a year, and the criminal expenses of over $220,000, 80 per cent. of which are for colored criminals, you can readily see that it runs up to an enormous total, the inequality of which, as regards the white people, is very sensible, and under which, as I said, they are growing very restive. I repeat that I regret to see this widening gap between the races but I see no remedy for it as long as the colored people as a mass pursue their present political course and remain willfully blind to a proper recognition of what the white people have done and are still doing for them in the respects above mentioned."—*Baltimore Sun.*

TEARS.

Tears, chemically considered, are a weak solution of chloride of sodium and phosphate of lime. Poetically considered, they are drops splashed into the eyes from deep springs of the soul, into which a weight of sorrow has fallen. Physiologically they are the over-flow of the lachrymal glands, caused by the contraction of certain muscles. It is our present purpose to consider them as a weapon of attack and defence. They are the last resource of the gentler sex, the emotional "last ditch," as it were. To use them with effect, therefore, requires a certain judgment. They should not lightly be resorted to. If the lady appeals to these moist arguments on all occasions they soon loose their virtue. She soon becomes a damp nuisance. Another important requisite is that they should be used æsthetically. It is the theory that tears, pearly tears, flow down the cheek; but in practice it is found that they usually dribble down the nose, The eyes get red, and the nose sympathizes with the general moisture, and gets a sort of raw look at the end. It may be laid down as a rule that the woman who uses her handkerchief at this moment is lost.

The dignity and effectiveness of tears is gone as soon as the mopping business begins. A light hysterical sniffle may be permitted if artistically executed with a gasp or sob, but no polishing off of eyelids or proboscis is admissible. The best method is to hold the head erect, look the cruel tyrant in the face and let the tears flow down while the lips feign a smile. If the head is bent forward the tears will run down the nose and drop off the end, and that spoils the whole thing. Let us, for example, suppose that their fair operator wants a spring bonnet, a duck or a love of a bonnet. The stern and heartless tyrant refuses, and even speaks in an unfeeling manner about bills. The skillful practitioners will not sulk or complain. They will look up at him smilingly and pleadingly, and softly remark that she will continue to wear her old winter bonnet; then her chin will twitch, and a faint tremor will be heard in her voice, and tears, idle tears, will flow one by one down her cheeks. Thereupon the stern tyrant opens his pocketkook.

THE Centennial at Philadelphia cost $7,000 000; the total receipts were $5,000,000.