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The Chestertown Transcript.

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THOMAS G. WROTH,

UNDER STAM'S HALL, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

—A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF—

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS

for Men, Ladies and Children, in all Styles and at PRICES TO DEFY COMPETITION. We cordially invite you to inspect our stock, believing we can at all times suit you both as to price and quality. We are still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE ON THE SHORE. We also handle the justly Celebrated Snag Proof RUBBER BOOT. In fact, we keep everything pertaining to a well regulated Shoe Store. We have also added to our stock a nice lot of UMBRELLAS, which will be handled at bottom figures.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS G. WROTH

Oct. 2-90-y. UNDER STAM'S HALL.

SMITH & CLEMENTS,

The Live Local Agents

for the Sale of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

IN THE ELIASON BUILDING,

- - - Maryland.

KEEP COOL

by going to the

RISING SUN

SALOON.

ICE CREAM.

VERSUS

HOT WEATHER.

It will be to the advantage of all parties giving, or in any way connected with picnics, festivals, excursion parties or other entertainments, to give me an opportunity to furnish estimates upon their ice cream or water ice supplies. All kinds and flavors of cream and water ices prepared and supplied from the Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown, or shipped by either steamboat or railroad upon short notice.

WM. PERKINS,

Proprietor of Rising Sun Saloon,

Chestertown, Kent County, Md.

BUY THAT

FROM WHICH YOU

Get the Greatest Returns

LEA'S

NEW PROCESS

FLOUR

MAKES MORE BREAD THAN ANY OTHER.

THE GRAIN MARKT.

HAVING arranged to handle Grain at the very least expense, and being in a position to buy on a close margin, feel sure I can offer the grain growers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties an inducement to sell their wheat and corn. Will settle for all grain immediately upon delivery.

HIRAM M. BROWN,

Office, Court Street. Chestertown, Md.

J. PALMER GOLDSBOROUGH

—IS WITH—

I. HAMBERGER & SONS,

Fine Clothing and Tailoring,

122 East Baltimore St.,

ADJOINING B. & O. R. R. BUILDING,

PURCHASE YOUR CLOTHING

FROM THE

MANUFACTURERS!

It Is the Only Method of Saving the Middleman's Profit.

IT ALSO ASSURES YOU THE

Best Goods for the Lowest Prices.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,

ARE EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS OF THE RETAIL TRADE, AND OFFER

Children's Suits from	- - -	$2 to $10
Boys' " "	- - -	$4 to $14
Youths' " "	- - -	$5 to $18
Men's " "	- - -	$9 to $25

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

LEADING ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS AND TAILORS,

Nos. 10 and 12 East Baltimore St., Near Charles,

THIS SPACE RESERVED

FOR

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,

WHOSE

Real Estate Advertisement

Will Shortly Appear.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD

WESTCOTT & DODD,

(Successors to N. G. Westcott.)

CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK OF

FALL GOODS,

COMPRISING

HENRIETTAS, DRESS FLANNELS, DRESS GINGHAMS, CANTON FLANNELS and other DRY GOODS, BLANKETS.

Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Gents' UNDERWEAR.

BOOTS and SHOES

WOONSOCKET GUM BOOTS,

Hats and Caps

GROCERIES, Etc.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers, our old friends and the public generally.

WESTCOTT & DODD.

McDONNELL'S

SPECIALTIES IN STOCK.

In addition to a full line of First-Class Staple

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

I have placed in stock a number of specialties particularly suited for the heated term of the summer months, embracing a full line of fine

Confectionery, Cigars, Tobacco

—AND—

CIGARETTES

Indeed, I am the only dealer in Kent county licensed to sell this hot weather luxury—the cigarette. A full line of choice brands of both Cigars and Cigarettes will be kept constantly on hand.

Agency for the famous LA BUENA CIGARS. Best 5c. Cigar in America. Try it. Cigars From 1c. to 10c. each. All grades of Tobacco from 20c. to $1.25 per pound.

A FULL STOCK OF NEW FRUIT

now on hand.

A full assortment of Fancy Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, etc.; Smoking Articles and fine grades of Smoking Tobacco. Prices graded to meet the depressed times. Respectfully,

June 5. W. S. McDONNELL.

No New Coins for the Present.

Superintendent Bosbyshell, of the mint, received from Washington a communication from E. O. Leech, director of the mint, conveying the disappointing intelligence that the department at Washington would not take any action until next summer in regard to providing new designs for coins, under the bill recently passed by congress. Director Leech explains that he is so busily engaged in the preparation of the report of his department and the secretary of the treasury's time will be so much occupied for some months that the matter of changing the models and designs of coins cannot be taken up until late in the spring.

Since the bill became a law Superintendent Bosbyshell has been in receipt daily of letters from persons anxious to enter into the competition, showing a widespread interest in the subject. As it was hoped to change the five cent nickel piece and get rid of the buzzard dollar as quickly as practicable, the delay will be received with universal regret.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Irish Rack Rents.

The trouble about the Irish rent question is that the Irish people generally consider a rent contract as having no moral obligation. The truth has been handed down from generation to generation that their ancestors were wrongfully dispossessed of their lands, and that the title of the large landlords, while legally perfect enough, is in its last analysis based upon robbery. The rent is therefore considered not so much a pecuniary burden as a patriotic grievance.

With our forefathers it was not the price of the tea, but the principle of the tea tax, that led to the revolution, and in like manner, as the Irishman looks at it, the rent is not so much a financial as a political question, though when the crops fail payment of the rent is an impossibility. To the extent of considering it a political question the English government agrees with him, and hence the recent arrests. If pounds and pence only were involved it would have left the landlord to take care of himself.—New York World.

Didn't Want a Pension.

John Parkhill, of Portland, who has made himself famous as being the only man in the United States who did not want a pension, passed through Astoria on his way to San Francisco to the volunteer firemen's reunion. Mr. Parkhill, who is over 90 years of age, served through the Seminole war in Florida in 1838, and also in the Mexican war.

He was one of the handful of frontiersmen who raised a company to fight the Mexicans before the United States took the matter in hand, and afterward served all through the war. He refused to enter the War of the Rebellion because he thought it was too much like fighting brothers.

For years pension agents have made life a burden to him in their endeavors to secure a pension for him. He fought them manfully for a long time, as he said he was able to make his living. Finally the papers came and with them his back pension, and it has been coming ever since, actually forced on him against his will.—Astoria (Ore.) Columbian.

Coachman Williams' Luck.

Coachman John Williams, who guards the horseflesh of E. C. Howe, of Bristol, is in luck. He has just returned from a trip to California, where his uncle died recently, leaving a large estate. The interest on $7,500,000 was bequeathed to John and his brother William, who lives at Blackburn, N. Y. The wealthy decedent, Theodore Luderick, immigrated to America from Metz, Germany, in 1849, during the gold excitement in California, and he went to that state with only enough money to pay his fare. He got into the mining business and prospered. In 1876 he was worth $10,000,000, but during the panic in 1877 he lost heavily. Before his death he left several millions to charitable institutions in his country.—Philadelphia Record.

Courted Nine Girls at Once.

At Lowell William Anderson, who was arrested on suspicion of larceny, is quite a character. In his possession was found a memorandum book, recording the fact that he was courting nine girls. For convenience sake he had them numbered from one to nine inclusive, and when he had occasion to refer to them in the memorandum it was by number.

One entry is the fact that No. 1 became aware that he was escorting No. 6 to places of amusement. His description of No. 7 would make her tear her hair if she read it. While traveling Anderson recorded that he had letters from eight of the girls in one day. Anderson claims a residence in Portland, Me., and was at one time a polo player.—Cor. Boston Globe.

A Bright Prospect.

Customer—Be sure and make those clothes large. I expect to put on ten or fifteen pounds shortly.

Tailor—Yes, sir. Taking a course of treatment?

Customer—No. I've just got back from my vacation.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Hotel Waiter Who Owns Horses.

A wealthy waiter is Samuel Rocke, who may be seen any day in the dining room of the Brunswick. He is worth over $40,000, and all through following a few words of advice that Jay Gould gave him. He owns a large flat house in 110th street, and Waiter Rocke in the Brunswick dining room and Mr. Rocke outside are two different men. He is a great admirer of trotting horses, and is often seen on the road holding the ribbons over a fast flyer. Sometimes people look at him as he whirls by and wonder where they have seen him before. Two of his sons are students in Harvard college, and his daughter is taking a musical course in Paris.—New York Telegram.

Green Haired Men in Nevada.

There is a curious effect wrought on the hair and beard of men engaged in the Martin White mine at Ward. The ore is roasted, but no disagreeable perfumes arise from the heating process, yet there is some unknown substance that changes the hair, beard and eyebrows as green as grass. The hair is not injured, but retains its softness and gloss. It is probable that the fumes of the green tint of copper contained in the ore change the hair to that color.—Virginia City Chronicle.

An Independent Young King.

Alphonso XIII of Spain if he were old enough to talk plainly would probably formulate the traditional Spanish opinion that the king can do no wrong. It is related of him that he was eating his luncheon of chicken as it was Queen Elizabeth's habit to eat hers, when his attendant said reprovingly, "Sire, kings do not eat with their fingers;" to which the baby tranquilly responded, "This king does," and went on undisturbed.—Exchange.

THE DAY OF GIVING.

CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

In the amber days of autumn, when the mallows
blush and glow,
And the ambient "upper ocean" holds a crystal
hint of snow,
Comes an hour of tender feeling when charity
holds sway,
And the world is gently thoughtful on the Nation's Giving Day.

Then the jocund-visaged pumpkin gives its
wealth of toothsome gold,
Sandwitched 'twixt the snowy crustings into
flaky lightness roll'd,
And the oligarchic gobbler, child of pomp and
indolence,
Gives his plump and luscious being to the spit
of recompense.

The man of many millions gives a trifle from his
store,
The toiler strips his larder of a good full half or
more.
While 'neath the grinning rafters where starving
thousands lie,
The dying give a blessing and the living give a
sigh.

O! Father of the helpless, hasten Thou the
blessed morn
That the faithful long have waited, promised
since the Christ was born,
When there shall be in all the land no barred
nor bolted door,
Nor marbled super-selfishness, nor hungry,
hoveled poor.

WITHOUT THESE WHAT WOULD THANKSGIVING BE?

A Writer of Most Blessed Experiences Dwells Feelingly and Wisely Upon the Glories of the Thanksgiving Day of Olden Time.

Thanksgiving would not be Thanksgiving without its turkey and fixing's. Who does not remember, who can look back to an old-fashioned Thanksgiving at a New England's homestead, with what anxiety he waited the opening of the great brick oven? Very early in the day a roaring fire of wood was built in the oven. A couple of hours later the embers and ashes would be removed, and the bottom of the oven carefully swept with a turkey's wing.

Then came the procession of good things, the turkeys, the chicken pies, the apple, mince and pumpkin pies and all the rest, and disappeared in the cavernous depths. Mysterious sounds and fragrant odors came from those same depths ever and anon, as some matron approached and, opening the iron door, peered in for a moment.

THE WELCOME DINNER HORN.

The boys and girls could scarcely wait for the slow process of baking to be performed properly. Driven at last from the kitchen by their elders, they took refuge in the attic, where they rummaged to their hearts' delight; or in the outer air, where they passed the time in playing those time-honored games "two-old-cat" or "barn-tick." They were never too diligently employed at either of these occupations to hear the dinner horn. They responded promptly when the melodious tones burst from the air, but paused [illegible] at the door of the great kitchen.

[illegible] a scene burst upon their eyes and what odors delighted their senses! The long table formed of all the tables in the house set in row, was covered with spotless linen. At either end and in the centre a hugh turkey thrust his crisp legs appealingly in the air, while midway upon each side reposed a great chicken pie, with a diamond-shaped hole cut carefully in the flaky top. Dishes of white potatoes, golden squash, pale yellow turnips, fragrant onions and crimpson cranberry sauce held their appropriate places, while bowls of gravy and great branches of celery filled the intervening spaces.

THE SCIENTIFIC CARVER.

The curved outlines of those mammoth gobblers were soon lost under the knife of the carver. In every family their is always one if not more who prides himself upon his skill at carving.

"Always insert your fork with the tines upon either side of the breast bone, do not remove it until the carving is completed. Remove a leg and a wing first, then carve the breast upon the same side. Cut long, thin, smooth slices, and do not mangle the flesh. When one side is thoroughly carved begin on the other if the waiting appetites will allow." These are the instructions that the experienced carver will always give between the strokes of his keen blade.

After the turkey and "fixin's" had been disposed of, and everybody helped twice, the dishes were removed and the pies brought on.

THE GLORY OF THE MINCE PIE.

Who can fitly describe the glories of the mince pies of our grandmothers? We never have such snowstorms nowadays as we used to have when we were boys; the woods are never so brilliant as they were then; the fish never bite so quickly, and the chestnuts and shagbarks are never so fat and luscious as when we used to find them under the leaves. So, too, the mince pie of to-day is thin, flat and insipid and bears no resemblane to those which used to come out, smoking and fragrant, from the old brick oven. They needed no brandy "to make them keep." They were for the present use only. But it cannot be denied that the cider in the barrel in the shed was slightly lowered when a batch of pies was made ready for the baking.

As for the pumpkin pies, what a rich golden color they had, so different from the sickly yellow of the modern marrow-fat squash. How those pumpkins used to glow as they lay in the field ripening slowly in the late sunshine and growing sweeter with the early frost.

And the apples, too; how we watched them as they grew redder and redder as the autumn advanced, until they reached the exact tint of perfection. How we used to climb the trees and drop them into the blue-checked gingham aprons that the girls held stretched below.

After the pies came the nuts gathered in the woods and the raisins from the grocer's cart. And then came the season of meditation. Somehow it always happened that the boys did not feel just like finishing that game of "two-old-cat" directly after dinner. They climbed to the mow and stretched themselves in the fragrant hay or took a walk in the woods, scaring out a rabbit or partridge, and coming home with handfuls of checkerberry leaves, or sassafras, or birch bark.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.

As night drew on a formal supper was dispensed with. Doughnuts with cheese and pies would be spread upon the table for those who wished. But they were not in great demand. A little latter the family were all assembled in the parlor, and there were charades and character sketches and songs by the young folks, while their elders sat around the great fire upon the hearth.—*Boston Record.*

A Thanksgiving Invitation.

MY DEAR MR. TURKEY—May we count on your presence at dinner on Thursday, the 27th? No great preparation is needed, as we feel sure you will be well dressed. You will be the cynosure of all eyes and the object of open mouthed admiration.

You will meet with a hearty reception from some men, who will come to dinner after the exercises of the morning, which may be violent, and you need not fear but that several pretty girls, who are to be present, will like you very much. Your old friend, Cranberry Sauce, will be placed near you—and you two always got along beautifully together, you know. The paterfamilias will pay you marked attention and see that you are not monopolized by any one person.

Poor old grandman, whose teeth are not what they used to be, is especially counting on your tenderness. It may amuse you, but nevertheless it is a fact that even the cook anticipates your coming, and is making great preparations in consequence.

You will be surrounded by pretty girls, and be in the midst of those who will be sure to appreciate you. We look to you to appeal to the inner consciousness of our guests. Until Thursday, then, yours,

EVERYBODY.

P. S.—It may fall to your lot to touch the lips of some of the girls. Take warning—you won't be permitted to linger long in that enviable proximity.

—Adapted from Life.

An Old Thanksgiving Dinner.

How well I remember that old Thanksgiving dinner! Father at one end, mother at the other end; the children between wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. Oh, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble! Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The day before, at school, we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but at the table we found that turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waited for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife, sharpened on the jambs of the fireplace, lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the boy disposed to be sentimental, the heart. Give to the one disposed to music, the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion, the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies! in which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only a sort of glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, sweetened them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky surface into the substance beneath. No brandy, for the old folks were stout for temperance, but cider about half-way between new and hard. Dear me! That a pie!—DR. TALMAGE, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Be Thankful.

That you are alive and in good health and with a good appetite for your Thanksgiving dinner.

That while your affairs for the past year have not gone as prosperously as you could have desired, they are still in much better shape than they might have been.

That you live in this the grandest era of the world's history—a day of liberty of human speech and conscience and under a government so grand and free that the humblest citizen goes about his business with scarcely the knowledge forced upon him that we have a government at all.

Why They Give Thanks.

Uncle Sam and Columbia—Because no monarch now lives on American soil.

The Czar—Because there was no dynamite in his turkey.

The Kaiser—Because his royal cousins are polite when he visits them.

Queen Victoria—Because some of her soldiers still love the widow."

The Petty Princelings across the sea—Because some rich American girls marry for coronets.

Uncle Sam's Sons—Because some American girls don't care for coronets.

The Old, Old Story.

A little cough; a feeling ill;
A headache oft; a daily chill;
A slower walker; a quickened breath;
A frequent talk of coming death.
No strengh to rise from day to day;
From eyes he fades away.
Now lifts no more the weary head,
The struggle's o'er: the man is dead.

Such is the fatal progress of consumption. How often is repeated the old, old story. Yet not half so often as it was before the knowledge came to mankind that their was a discovery in medical science by which the dread disease could be arrested in its early stages, and the patient restored to health. This wonderful remedy, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy. 50 cents.

THANKSGIVING is really the highest devotion, the truest mark of the true Christion. It consists moreover not of speech only, but of action, of thank offering as well as thanksgiving. So this present great annual national day of thanksgiving ought to bring forth abundant treasure from those on whom God has bestowed his blessing.

"Aren't you ever going to grow old, like the rest of us?" asked a man of an acquaintance he hadn't seen for some time- "Well, not so long as I can purify my blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla," was the apt reply. This man knew what he was talking about.

WIFE—This turkey is altogether too old and tough to eat. What on earth shall we do with it?

Husband—Why not send it around to the parsonage?

WHEN, from any cause, the digestive and secretory organs become disordered, they may be stimulated to healthy action by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These pills are prescribed by the physicians, and are for sale at all the drug-stores.

A pleasant recollection is the force of kindness upon the heart.

A REAL MEAN OLD THING.

Of all the flock the turkey cock
Was roosting on the lowest limb;
The females fat above him sat
And, trembling, listened unto him.

"Dear girls," said he, "I think I see
A hawk above us in the sky.
You come below and I will go
Above to guard you or to die."

With flapping wings the silly things
Flew down upon the limbs below,
While he, the knave, in accents brave,
Declared that he the first should go.

With good-night peep they fell asleep,
But soon awoke with frightful screech,
As one by one the farmer's son
Wrung every neck within his reach.

Of all the flock the turkey cock,
Aperch upon the highest limb,
Alone was spared, who thus had snared
The silly hens to swap with him.

—*Washington Post.*

THE ROYAL BIRD ON SALE.

Turkey, the Sovereign Bird, Receives the Homage of the Metropolis.

The few days that immediately precede Thanksgiving are great days in the New York markets, and the day before Thanksgiving is something enormous. If living turkeys could only foresee the homage that would be paid them on this day they would no doubt run to the headman's block without urging, and stretch their necks for the ax.

For in truth the honors paid to this kingly bird at this season are amazing. All day a great crowd throngs Washington and Fulton markets, the principal mausoleums of the honored fowl. At nightfull Vesey street is almost impassable, and the neighborhood of West and Washington streets is packed with people carrying baskets, bags and even portmanteaus.

Around on all sides, glorified by the golden gaslight, hang the shapely turkeys, with crimson rosettes, like stars of the Legion of Honor, pinned on their exurberant breasts. Sacredly guarding the dead stand the undertakers, commonly known as poultry dealers; stout, rubicund, argumentative, loud voiced, and, strange to say, jolly. Why strange? of course they are jolly, and so would the turkeys be if they were alive! For all the men, women and children in the crowd intensely jolly, and rightly consider that they have not come to witness a burial, but an apotheosis of turkeys.

A sad-eyed little widow, leading a school girl by the hand, is struck with the delicate beauty of a long-necked bird, and offers to see that it is buried with the proper ceremonies, but the undertaker says such a luxury will cost her at the rate of, say, eighteen cents a pound. With a sigh she drops the beatiful fowl and takes another less stately and satisfactory, for which she pays sixteen cents a pound. The eighteen cents a pound bird is snapped up by a plethoric, red faced old gentleman, who wears false teeth and a single eyeglass. After him comes a newly married couple, linked arm in arm and carrying two huge baskets. The husband is tall, angular and ugly; the bride small, sweet and seductive. She yearns for a five-dollar bird, whereas he thinks $3.50 will be enough, and that the rest of the money can be spent on groceries. But she makes the turkey's merits so evident to her spouse that he finally hands over a crisp, new five dollar bill, tucks the bird under his arm and strides off to a vegetable stall, where he pays out $1.35 for celery, cranberries and cauliflower.

Two young girls who keep house for themselves debate for a quarter of an hour as to whether they shall buy a lean turkey or a fat chicken, and finally buy the chicken. A fractious old gentleman who hears this conversation eschews turkey also, and satisfies himself with a fine looking duck. His wife, a handsome woman, with a red rose in her bonnet, spends nearly half an hour searching for green peas.

A handsome woman, wearing a long sealskin and a queer arrangement of black velvet and crimson ribbon on her head, pays little attention to the turkeys and very much to the crowd. As she stands beside a vegetable stall, under the flaring gaslight, her gorgeous head-dress and pale, statuesque face form a striking contrast to the forest of green behind her, and a painter who could utilize the scene ought to make a small fortune out of it.

Busy as the markets are during the day, they are ten times more busy during the evening. Along the gaslit aisles of Washington market passes a great throng of men and women, their eyes fixed on the long lines of decorated turkeys, chickens, ducks and geese, and their ears apparently deaf to the honeyed invitations of the blue shirted plethoric dealers, who are never tired of expatiating on the succulence, freshness and general beauty of their goods. Now and then a woman will stop, lay down her basket, feel the breast of a turkey with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, inquire its price, expostulate at the dearness, hesitate a moment or two and then draw out her purse and then march homeward with the coveted fowl in her possession. Men buy, too, and so do not a few young girls and boys.

All seem to get just what they want, and not many discontented or dissatisfied faces are to be seen at any time at any of the markets.

What right has any one who is discontented or who hasn't the wherewithal to buy a turkey in the big markets on Thanksgiving eve? They are not wanted here, and the plenty that is so free to the more fortunate would simply make them more discontented.

It is late, very late, when the crowd of buyers begin to grow less, and it is much later when the last cash transaction has been made. How many of the buyers have thought as they provided for their own Thanksgiving cheer of the thousands who will eat no turkey on the morrow?

No one can answer this question, but we know that some have; we know that many baskets have been carried away from the great markets laden with good things for others than the purchasers; we know that while the ostensible spirit of thankfulness has been quite smothered in many a breast by the spirit of selfish anticipation of good things to eat on the morrow, many a table scantily spread on most days will then groan under good things thoughtfully and unobtrusively provided by generous hands and hearts and purses.

And there is no better time, well-fed reader, whether you live in town or country, for you to mingle generosity to your less fortunate friends with thankfulness for your own material prosperity than this Thanksgiving season.