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The Chestertown Transcript.

ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1890. VOL. XXIX—NO. 29

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 still selling the genuine RIVETED SHOE for both Men and Boys, and as LOW AS ANY HOUSE IN 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!

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.

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,

J. PALMER GOLDSBOROUGH

—IS WITH—

I. HAMBERGER & SONS,

Fine Clothing and Tailoring,

122 East Baltimore St.,

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

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.

Foreign Beggars Not Wanted.

"Every man," says an American writer, "has got a forte. It's some men's forte to do one thing, and other men's forte to do another, while there are numerous shiftless creatures whose forte is to do nothing at all." The latter, with but a slight qualification, would seem to be the characteristic of Gaspone Pyeni, a middle aged German, walking with the aid of crutches, who appeared at Guildhall police court, accused of persistently soliciting alms from gentlemen in Broad street.

Pyeni, it was said, had not done a stroke of work since he had been in England, and he was always to be found in one or the other of the city thoroughfares begging. The wily German denied the soft impeachment; he was not begging, he urged, but selling matches. The ingenuity of this asseveration was made manifest when the police officer stated that true it was the prisoner had three boxes of matches upon him, but they were in his pocket.

The presiding alderman, Sir James Whitehead, remarked that matches were very much used as a cloak for begging. "You must understand," the worthy magistrate added, "that we cannot have you foreign beggars coming over to this country to beg." This being the first offense Pyeni was discharged, and he lost no time in hobbling out of court. If begging there must be there is no need to import foreign mendicants.—London Telegraph.

Two Miles a Minute Without Steam.

A runaway railroad train on the branch of the coast division from Aptos up to the Loma Prieta lumber mills created a sensation along the line of the road Sept. 13. Eight empty cars broke loose from the engine at Monte Vista, about eight miles north of Aptos. The road from Monte Vista to Aptos is a heavy down grade the entire distance, and the cars, soon after starting, attained a tremendous rate of speed, and passed through Loma Prieta at a mile a minute.

The flying cars kept on the track until they had gone the entire eight miles to Aptos. Here four of the cars turned on to the main track without damage, two running as far as the high bridge at the west end of Aptos, and the other two stopping near the station. The other four cars dashed off the track and were smashed into bits.

How the cars kept on the track for eight miles at such a speed over a curving mountain road is wonderful. No one was on the train at the time it started, and no one was injured, the only loss being the four wrecked cars. Railroad men claim the train made the eight miles in four minutes.

The down passenger train from Santa Cruz, bound for San Francisco, had a hairbreadth escape from destruction. The passenger train had passed the place where the runaway came onto the main line but a minute and a half previously. One of the wrecked cars struck a cypress tree forty feet high and a foot and a half in diameter and laid it flat, almost tearing it from the ground.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Naval Prize Money.

Some interesting particulars in reference to the apportionment of naval prize money and bounties are contained in a return which has recently been printed by order of the house of commons. From this it appears that during the financial year 1889-90 the sum of £8,322 was paid over by the accountant general out of a total of £63,365, which has accrued during the last thirty-eight years, including shares allotted to the Naval Brigade for services rendered during the Indian mutiny and booty gained during the Chinese war of the same decade.

Of the balance, £47,500 has been paid over to the consolidated fund since 1865 in accordance with the act of parliament, and £7,543 remains in hand should claimants arise. A curious feature of the return is the fact that out of £20,156. the proceeds of captured slave dhows during comparatively recent years, only £8,185 appears to have been claimed. The government percentage account shows a total of £13,161, and out of a balance in hand on April 1, 1889, of £3,994 only 16s. 4d. seems to have been paid during the year on account of claims arising prior to 1865. The total sum transferred to the consolidated fund since 1855 is £83,500, in addition to £173,000 referred to in the annual account for the year.—Galignani Messenger.

Worthless Watermelons.

During the season the watermelon business was the best it has ever been. Prices were high and sales large, for melons have been better than usual this year. So good was the business that the river men who were engaged in bringing the melons went back to the York river region, down the bay, and brought large loads up there, expecting to realize handsomely. Then the "cold snap" set in, and the melon operators were all dumped. At one wharf on the river front there were 40,000 melons going begging at $4 to $8 a hundred, while earlier in the season the same quality of melons sold easily for two or three times these prices. What a chance the Washington boarding house keepers had to "put up" watermelon rind preserves!—Washington Post.

Ex-Senator Pomeroy's Big Hotel Bill.

The judgment of $15,324.50 recently issued by the supreme court of Kansas in favor of the plaintiff in the case of E. A. Smith against S. E. Pomeroy dates back to 1873. Smith was proprietor of the old "Tefft house" in Topeka, where Pomeroy made his celebrated unsuccessful attempt to be re-elected United States senator. Pomeroy quartered his political friends at the "Tefft house" during the campaign, creating a bill of $19,324.50. After his defeat Pomeroy paid Smith $4,000, claiming that was enough. Smith thereupon instituted proceedings in the district court of Atchison county for the balance. The debt, including interest and costs, amounts to about $20,000.—St. Louis Republic.

Weather signs conflict this year with the usual regularity. A covey of partridges took shelter in a Norristown outshed, and the prophets predict a cold winter on the strength of the visitation. A swarm of bees have celled up a home near the top of a Sunbury oak tree, and the prophets predict a mild winter.

The emperor of Austria has subscribed upward of £100,000 toward the various funds which have been raised for the relief of the sufferers by the late floods in his dominions. The archdukes, his majesty's brothers, have given £80,000.

The police at Chillicothe, Mo., are in hot water. An enterprising advertising firm distributed a wagon load of whistles to the children of that place, and the noise they make is identical with that of the police whistle.

The Anglo-French postal convention, signed in Paris on Sept. 24, 1856, which expired on the 30th ultimo, has been prolonged until Dec. 31 of this year by exchange of notes between the two governments.

SEVEN WONDERS OF COREA.

Some Very Remarkable Natural Curiosities That Are Worth Seeing.

Corea, like the world of the ancient, has its "seven wonders." Briefly stated they are as follows:

First—A hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed to be miraculous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient a dip in the water proves efficacious.

Second—Two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other; in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. They have two peculiarities. When one is full the other is always empty; and notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage one is of the bitterest bitter, and the other pure and sweet.

Third—The third wonder is Cold Wind cave, a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.

Fourth—A forest that cannot be eradicated. No matter what injury is done the roots of the trees, which are large pines, they will sprout up again directly—like the phenix from her ashes.

Fifth—The fifth is the most wonderful of the seven natural curiosities of the peninsula. It is the famous "floating stone." It stands, or seems to stand, in front of the palace erected in its honor. It is an irregular cube of great bulk. It appears to be resting on the ground, free from supports on all sides, but, strange to say, two men at opposite ends of a rope may pass it under the stone without encountering any obstacle whatever!

The sixth wonder is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has laid glowing with heat on top of a high hill.

The seventh and last Corean wonder is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. For thirty paces around the large temple in which it is enshrined not a blade of grass will grow. There are no trees or flowers inside the sacred square. Even the animals decline to profane a spot so holy.—St. Louis Republic.

He Was a Father Himself.

He was an old man, bent and gray. In spite of his unkempt appearance and his poor faded clothes there was a certain nobility in his face that could not but attract the casual observer. He sat in the anteroom of the police court, together with a score of other prisoners. Upon his knees he held a little girl whose uncared for appearance could not hide her childish prettiness. She leaned against his breast, and on her head there fell now and then a great tear.

"What oo cryin' for, popper?" the little girl would say when some of these tears crept beyond her tumbled curls and down her forehead. Even the sottish crowd about them grew respectful. The two were so pathetic.

Finally the man's name was called and he appeared before the judge. He stated his case. The charge was some minor offense. Just then the little girl, who had begun to realize that her father was in some danger, crept near. The judge caught sight of her. The child crept up, in spite of the gaze fixed on her from the bench, and clung to her father's hand.

"Is that your child?" asked the judge.

"It is, your honor; my motherless child."

The sternness died out of the eyes of the judge and a moist tenderness took its place. He was a father himself. He raised his handkerchief without shame to wipe away the gathering dimness.

"I cannot do it," he said within himself. Then, looking at the prisoner before him, he said, in a voice choked with feeling:

"[illegible] Chicago [illegible] Bureau.

Theatrical Rivalry.

There was a hearty rivalry between the Old and New Bowery theatres up to the time of the burning of the latter house. Each had its patrons, and they were uncompromising supporters of their favorite place of entertainment. The little story of the two boys who met on a corner of Canal street will illustrate the feeling in that part of the city when the rivalry was at its height.

"Hello, cull!" said one mite, coming up to the other. "Whar ye goin'?"

"To de teaytre."

"Wat teaytre?"

"New Bowery teaytre."

"Oh, das no good."

"Yes, it is fine."

"Wat dey got up dere?"

"'Catarac' o' de Gangees'—real water! Cum up?"

"Naw, I'm goin' to de Ole Bowery."

"Oh, das no good."

"Yes, it is fine."

"Wat dey got down dere?"

"'Forty Tieves'—real tieves! Cum down!"—Sol Smith Russell in Kate Field's Washington.

The Tea Plant.

The tea plant is like the orange plant in one respect, for the seeds, the blossoms and the leaves all appear at the one time. It takes a year to mature the seeds. One peculiarity of the tea plant is that the veins are started from the midrid, all turning backward, forming a sort of loop. Very few plants in the world exhibit the same peculiarity.

The seed pod is generally three cornered or irregular, and contains a philippine of seeds very bitter to the taste. The blossom of the tea plant is a dream of delight. It is a delicate white, with a centre of very many stamens of yellow, with a perfume when it is fresh that it is impossible to describe.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Tracing Paper.

The following method for making paper transparent for copying drawings is adopted by the Austrian hydrographic bureau: The sheet of paper being placed over the drawing to be copied, it is lightly rubbed with a ball of cotton saturated with pure benzine. The tracing can then be readily made, owing to the transparency produced, and the benzine on evaporating leaves the paper opaque as before, and perfectly odorless. To secure satisfactory results, however, absolutely pure benzine must be used.

Two new sorts of tea are reported from abroad. In England fashion has taken up a mixture of dried and cured hops. In Germany they are using strawberry tea, decocted from the young leaves of the strawberry plant after they have been dried and prepared like Chinese tea.

A western genius proposes a novel idea in connection with the national encampment of the Grand Army in Detroit next year. It is that instead of the customary parade for all the veterans present to be grouped upon a huge raft upon the river to be viewed from passing boats.

A Kansas man sunk a shaft on his farm the other day, and in going down 100 feet, it is said, struck two five foot veins of mineral paint, a ten foot stratum of brick clay, a twenty inch vein of coal and a five foot stratum of marble.

A WAIL.

Struck dumb!—
Millennium's come;
Democrats victorious—
Broken trap,
Tariff "drap"—
Result most glorious.

Lodge will stay;
Gone is Quay,
Other fish to capture—
Force bill dead,
High tariff fled;
CLEVELAND filled with rapture.

Harrison's blue,
Ninety-two
No second term will offer—
Election laws
With fewer flaws
Scorn the well-filled coffer.

The "Quaker" State
Came out first-rate;
Pattison struck the blow—
Poor Delamater;
A small "potater,"
Has lost his pristine glow.

And in ninety-two we'll see
Which of the mighty three;
CLEVELAND, Pattison or Hill—
Will represent the party,
And 'mid acclamations hearty
The Presidential chair will fill.

FOOT-BALL.

How exasperated one becomes when he reads in the newspapers editorials against foot-ball! They call it brutal—a highly organized prize fight. The ignorance of these writers is the ignorance of people who are always commenting on what they know nothing about.

Foot-ball is not a contest of mere skill and strength. It is not the physical against the physical; it is intellect and will against will and intellect. The feelings are those of cavalry in a charge, or of the old-time knight in the tourney

What good player ever realized in a game that there is such a thing as flesh and blood? In practice you sometimes feel as if there is not anything else, but in a game one is conscious of no such substance. It is the spirit that goes through a game, the body doubtless sometimes attending.

Oh, you mothers, who are so careful of your darlings, why do you prepare them for a swimming match by keeping them away from the water? Send them out on the "scrub side," and let them learn life's lessons. They will derive many benefits as well as pleasures from the game. How much more it enables one to enjoy study!

"Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm," says Emerson in his *Self-Reliance*. In foot-ball the boy will learn that nothing even tolerable can be accomplished without it.

When you seen an effeminate man you feel that if you could play opposite to him in the rush line, you could give him a few ideas of solidity and manliness. You see a hot-tempered man; you could bring his enemy under his control in a season. Indeed, the kicking, tackling and running are the insignificant things that you learn in foot-ball. What is important is the complete mastery of yourself that the game teaches you. The discipline makes all the personal spites, grudges and passion that a beginner experiences subject to the interests of his team and those whom [illegible] CHARLES O. GILL, in *Harper's Young People*.

Should You Give Away a Dog.

For a broker, buy a pointer.
For a compositor, get a setter.
For military men, dogs of war.
For a man who has lost his fortune, a retriever.
For a balloonist, a Skye terrier.
For a pedestrian, a lap dog.
For a detective, a spotter.
For a cattle-raiser, a bull dog.
For a millionaire, a deer hound.
For a negro, a coon dog.
For a jeweler, a watch dog.
For a sailor, a water spaniel.
For a tobacco-chewer, a spitz.
For an explorer, a Newfoundland.
For a singer, a yeller.
For a prize-fighter, a pug.
For a messenger boy, a terrier.
For a dude, a collie.
For an angry mother, a ma's tiff.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Seal Skin Sacques, $1.00 Each.

This is a great offer. Just imagine the army of ladies that will besiege the store until the last sacque is gone—if the bargain is ever offered. But how much more wonderful an opportunity is that presented to every suffering woman by the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? This remedy is a *guaranteed* cure for all those distressing ailments peculiar to the weaker sex. It is guaranteed that if it does not effect a cure, money will be refunded. It is carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system, and is sold under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

For Constipation or Sick Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets; purely vegetable. One a dose.

KEEP your animals healthy. It is one step toward keeping your family healthy and of promoting the health of the community.

"I use Ayers's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than anyother medicine I know of."—So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Mass.

DO NOT be in a hurry to get your plants in a hot room. After potting, place them in a cool place to rest a little before forcing.

AT LAST, I can eat a good square meal without its distressing me!" was the grateful exclamation of one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after years of dyspeptic misery. A teaspoonful of this extract before each meal sharpens the appetite.

OUR grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

THE salvation which Christianity declares is primarily and essentially salvation from suffering.

"THE WOMEN DID IT."

[The following was written for the Frostburg *Mining Journal*:]

I was one of them fool miners; yes, I'll own it like a man;
There was plenty of us fashioned on the same peculiar plan;
And I've lived in Allegany more than five and twenty years,
A growin' no richer as it certainly appears.

I seldom read the newspapers: I work too hard for that,
And never knew why I got lean while other men got fat;
I didn't fool with politics; I had too much to do;
But I always "voted as I shot," and as they told me to.

The day before election, jest imagine my distress,
When I ketched my wife a readin'—now whatever would you guess?—
A free trade publication, and, to make it worse, she said
She'd read it regular each night before she went to bed.

And, do you know that wife of mine jest faced me up and down
That miners work for customers that live at ease in town;
I always try to get around these warm domestic spats,
But when I praised Protection, she laughed and answered "Rats."

I bristled up; it kindled all the sentiments of strife
To think this free trade stuff should be corruptin' of my wife;
I quit her then and there before her argument was through,
As every good protectionist makes it a rule to do.

That night we had a meeting, and our little McC. was there;
We gave him "John Brown's Body" when he went to take the chair;
I wore my old blue uniform to spite the Democrats,
—But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

Our Congressman was eloquent; he made a stirring speech;
I could almost see the battle smoke and hear the bullets screech,
And when he bid us "vote as we had shot" at Malvern Hill,
We rose with one accord and cried with one acclaim, "We will!"

We sang the good old war songs; we ate a mess of beans,
And we passed the evening pleasantly recalling bloody scenes;
And we took the straightout tickets, and we pinned 'em on our hats,
—But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rats."

But as time went on I noticed that Mary wore a smile,
Which seemed to me as indicatin' storms ahead of bile:
To head her off I said: "You'll call me early, mother, dear,
For tomorrer'll be the liveliest day free trade will have this year."

Next mornin' jest at sun-up, as I awoke and rubbed my eyes,
Awonderin' what she meant by "Rats," I saw to my surprise—
My clothes and hat and boots arranged in order on the floor,
And bearing each a card I'd swear I never saw before.

My flannel shirt displayed the [illegible] ed 95 per cent.;" [illegible] "Taxed 100"—so this was what "Rats" meant;
My vest said "Taxed 100," and my shoes "Taxed 25,"
And my coat and hat "200," with Protection Makes us thrive."

I went to fill the basin and I noticed as I came
"Taxed 45 per cent."—Great Scott! the towel said the same!
The soap was marked at "20," as I dropped it on the floor
I saw a scuttle full of coal chalked "Tariff—no more."

I passed into the kitchen and it gives me pain to state
That my wife had on a woolen dress stamped "Only 58."
And in shooing out a chicken hen she made a little dive
Which showed a pair of stockings with a card marked "35."

The baby in his little bed was lyin' fast asleep;
I always held the little chap as most uncommon cheap;
But when I saw them cards on pillow, crib and sheet,
I felt a lump rise in my throat; I knew that I was beat.

No matter where I went, I struck them pesky little signs;
The stove, the plates, the knives, the forks, the window-sash and blinds,
The scissors, needles, thread, all bore that terrible per cent.,
Begosh, I didn't care to ask what card was on the rent.

That was the soberest meal I ever ate in all my life;
And as I left the table in remarkin' to my wife
That I was going to the polls, she helped me with my coat,
And said, "I reckon, John, I needn't tell you how to vote."

I walked down to my voting place; it looked like every yard
Was full of minin' implements which bore a little card,
And seemed to say from pick to spade, from sledger down to axe,
"Good morning, John, and don't forget the tariff is a tax.

I voted straight—O yes, no doubt of that; I voted straight,
But not exactly in the way expected of my state;
And I showed the boys the litle cards provided by my wife;
—That night our Congressman took formal leave of public life.

I was one of the fool miners durin' five and twenty years,
But I've learned a little common sense, as doubtless now appears;
You can run and tell McKinley, and—say don't forget to state
That we voted in Allegany, and we voted darn near straight!

ELLENGOWAN.