The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1892. VOL. XXXI—NO. 8

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Respectfully,
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Having had a remarkably good season, necessarily we have broken our stock, leaving a 36 of one lot, 35 of another, etc,, which we have placed on one table and marked below our previous low quotations. These goods cannot fail to attract the attention of close buyers. We have also a new line of Men's and Boys' suits just arrived from Baltimore and New York in all the leading designs, made in the latest styles, best manner and marvels in fit, which will be sold right. Look at them and see for yourselves; this is the sort of demonstration you get with us.
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April 7, 1892—2m.

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GOVERNOR SEWARD'S LOST BET.

He Fails to Establish His Identity and Loses Twenty Dollars.

The other afternoon, when the shadows were growing longer in the streets and the day was taking on a somber hue, a little group of politicians sat in the city hall regaling each other with ye stories of ye olden time. Among those reeled off was the following regarding an experience of William H. Seward, who was then governor of the Empire State. It seems that while traveling around through the rural districts and making sure that his political fences had no very bad breaks in them, he came one evening to the humble abode of a farmer.

It was too far from the town where he was stopping to go back that night, and so he asked permission to stop there. This was cheerfully granted, and after partaking of an old fashioned country supper the old farmer invited his unknown guest to take a ride across the country with him, he having an errand to do in a neighboring village. With all the suavity for which Mr. Seward was justly famed, he accepted the invitation, and as they drove along in the gathering twilight he entertained the old farmer with all manner of campaign experiences and stories.

The old farmer's native shrewdness caused him to wonder why the stranger should show him so much attention, and at last he blurted out:

"Say, be you a book agent?"

"Not that I know of," was the governor's smiling rejoinder.

"Perhaps you're a lightning rod man, eh?"

"No, sir; you are wrong again."

"Then you're a sewing machine man." No, sir."

"Well, then, by gosh, you must be a politician.'"

Mr. Seward at once acknowledged the soft impeachment, and then informed the inquisitive old fellow that he was the governor of the state of New York. This quieted the old fellow for awhile, but at last he could hold in no longer, and he quietly informed Mr. Seward that he thought he was a liar. Mr. Seward, however, insisted on the truth of his story, and the dispute finally resulted in a wager of twenty dollars. The money was placed in an old lantern that was carried in the wagon to be used in case of emergency, and it was agreed that the first person they met was to decide as to the ownership of the money. Should he fail to recognize Mr. Seward as governor the former was to win, and vice versa.

The test soon came. Driving by the shop of a wayside blacksmith, the proprietor himself stood in the doorway. The farmer stopped his wagon and Mr. Seward said:

"My friend, my veracity has been questioned by the gentleman with me, and I should be pleased to have him convinced as to who I am. Will you be kind enough to tell him?"

The man of brawn and muscle peered at Mr. Seward long and earnestly. Then turning to the farmer he said, in awe-struck tones:

"He's all right, Bill! I know him! He's Thurlow Weed, by gosh!"

The farmer took the twenty dollars and Mr. Seward was poorer by that amount than when he started out.—Chicago Mail.

A Trick of Cross Examination.

In an action for payment of a tailor's bill, a witness swore that a certain dress coat was badly made, one of the sleeves being longer than the other. "You will," said Erskine slowly, having risen to cross examine, "swear—that one of the sleeves was—longer—than the other?"

Witness—I do swear it.

Erskine (quickly, and with a flash of indignation)—Then, sir, I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?

Startled into a self contradiction by the suddenness and impetuosity of this thrust, the witness said, "I do deny it."

Erskine (raising his voice as the tumultuous laughter died away)—Thank you, sir; I don't want to trouble you with another question.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Soldiers Prefer Grain Food.

Cornmeal was the grand necessary of life to those legionaries who, led by Cæsar, subdued the world, and who counted themselves starved and were apt to mutiny if reduced to the "famine fare" of animal food. Even British troops have been known to suffer from an exclusive meat diet, as indeed we found to our cost in the Zulu campaign of 1878, while the preference of the Roman soldiery for the vegetable food has its justification in the experience of the Russian army, and still more of the German one in 1870, which carried that memorable campaign to its triumphant close on the Erbswurst (pea sausage favored for a little bacon).—London Lancet.

Large Family.

Patsy Dooley was a very poor arithmetician, and was puzzled by a great many questions of numbers which did not enter other people's heads.

One day a new acquaintance remarked in his presence:

"I have eight brothers."

"Ye have eight brothers?" said Patsy. "Then I suppose ivery wan o' thim has eight brothers too?"

"Certainly."

"Arrah, thin," said Patsy, "how many mothers had the sixty-foor o' ye?"—Youth's Companion.

Paper Fire Engines.

A novel fire engine is being tried by the Berlin fire department. The carriage is constructed entirely of papier mache, all the different parts—body, poles, etc.—being fashioned in the best possible way. The weight is much less than the ordinary carriage, while the durability is equally great.—New York Journal.

Force of Habit.

First Little Girl—Your papa is awful cross.

Second Little Girl (apologetically)—He used to be an elevated railroad guard.—Good News.

A Queer Memory.

Mamma—Did you go see the doctor about your cold?

Little Boy—Yes'm.

Mamma—And did you have the dentist pull out that aching tooth?

Little Boy—N-o'm. I forgot about that.—Good News.

Mail carriers in Morocco are said to avoid the risk of losing their places by oversleeping by tying a string to one foot and setting the end on fire before going to sleep. The string, they know from experience, will burn so long, and when the fire reaches their foot it is time for them to get up.

Silver in Soot.

In an Irish lead mine, whenever the periodical cleaning of the tall chimney and the underground tunnel communicating with it takes place, hundreds of pounds' worth of silver particles are discovered in the soot.—London Tit-Bits.

HASTY PENCILLINGS.

From Desert Wastes to the Land of Wine, Flowers and Tempting Fruits.

From quaint and interesting New Mexico, we were next ushered into not less interesting Arizona, and to the utter dismay of our entire party, we found ourselves with a crippled engine in the midst of mountains, we knew not where. Repairs were soon made however, the magnificent scenery of Canon Diablo was passed, and near Flagstaff, some of the most beautiful valleys of pine trees in the entire western country. The animal and vegetable life of the Arizona plains are strikingly peculiar. Thousands of prairie dogs sat beside their lodging companions, the owls at the the mouth of their tiny underground homes, while jack rabbits gracefully sped away like a flash over the plains. The jack rabbit is about three times the size of the Maryland rabbit, has ears more than proportionately large and is an ugly gray in color. The plains over which we passed in Kansas, New Mexico and Arizona were the pasture grounds for hundreds of thousands of cattle, and along the line of the railroad in these states, were seen the skeletons of hundreds, yes, thousands of cattle, many of which had died of natural causes and many of which had been killed by passing trains. At one spot thirty-five were seen in a shapeless pile, having been killed by a single train. In many places where the ranches are large, and extend along the track for long distances, the railroad company fence in the track, finding it cheaper to fence than to pay for killed or injured cattle. At Williams were about fifteen cowboys who gave exhibitions of riding, lassoing and the many maneuvers found to be necessary in the rugged and curious life which they lead. Steers were started at full speed and the expert lassoists would catch him by any designated foot, one horn, both horns or in any way desired. An embrio cowboy of fourteen, could perform feats in horsemanship which would make an Easterner blush for shame. One of our party mounted a bucking broncho and succeeded in retaining his place in spite of the frantic efforts of his steed to unseat him. The saddle and bridle used by a cowboy costs from sixty to eighty dollars. The exhibition was closed by a race for a purse raised by the excursionists. It would be interesting to give more in detail the characteristics of these manly, generous inhabitants of the western plains but space will not permit. The vegetable life there is simply marvelous. The vast expanse of arid plains was dotted with the most gorgeously colored cactuses, some of which were as straight as an arrow and from fifteen to twenty feet in height, while some assumed the shape of picturesque trees, and others spread their leaves along the sand. This we called the great desert flower garden.

Our trains passed through millions of acres of country vast in its possibilities, but which lay like a mighty giant chained, gasping and frantic to be loosened. Put water on many acres of the country, and its value is beyond computation. The Hercules of national strength is gasping and begging for fertilizing drops of water.

Three cheers, and a hip, hip, hurrah! the Needles loom up in the darkness on our left, the Colorado is crossed, and the dream of a lifetime, the bright vision of a delightful trip stands crystalized into a glorious reality, and the land of gold, of flowers, of fruits, of wine and of almost eternal sunshine and beauty is reached. Royal California stands a veritable fact, around, above and beneath us. The heart assumed a more rapid throb, and the eye a brighter glow as we felt that a diamond setting was now to be given to an already beautiful circlet of charming memories and experiences. The name "Needles" is given to this place of entrance into California, because of a number of rugged mountain peaks, which pierce the clouds like needles. The thermometer at this place has been known to reach the excessive point of 135° during the summer, but of course, this extreme heat is unusual, though the mercury often reaches from 110° to 115°. When the Santa Fe road was being built through this section, it was found impossible to use shovels with any other than wooden handles, because of blistering the hands of the workmen. The first California breakfast was taken at Barstow, and a royal feast it was. Full, free and unrestrained hospitality, that most delightful sweetner of all the pleasures of life, pervaded the very atmosphere, and with a not less royal appetite, the pleasure of the occasion may be slightly imagined. San Bernardino, one of the many charming Edens of fruit and flowers characteristic of Southern California, and eighty miles from Barstow, extended a greeting never to be forgotten. A committee met us to do the honors of the occasion, and right faithfully did they perform their mission. A car filled with casques of the finest wines stood on a track beside the platform at the station; dainty glasses stood in tempting profusion around, and a gentleman at each casque catered to the wants of those who saw proper to sample the finest products of some of the finest wineries in the world. There was no limit in quantity, but all who wished were helped until abstinence became a necessity if not a virtue, while others did not touch it, and none drank to excess.

All of the finer bottled wines were in abundance, and eleven hundred bottles were distributed through the cars. In another car were the finest oranges by the hundreds. Boxes were broken open and the luscious fruit lay on the platform until it became from its abundance rather a drug than an appetizing treat. Hundreds of bouquets of the most beautiful roses and rare flowers were distributed to both ladies and gentlemen. The same flowers had they been bought in any Eastern city would have realized a sum sufficient to purchase a small Maryland farm. This is only a birds-eye view of a most delightful reception, which to have been appreciated must have been participated in.

Beautiful, rich and blossoming San Bernardino, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, situated in the midst of, and is the shire town of a county, having a greater acreage than Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and Rhode Island combined. The residences are beautiful, the people royally hospitable, and none but the most delightful recollections can remain of this beautiful city. We were met by the citizens with elegant teams, and after a sumptuous meal, were shown the many beauties of the town and its surroundings. Bernardino is considered one of the old California towns having been first settled by Mormon Colonists in 1851, but its growth, like most other Southern California cities, dates from 1886, the year in which direct rail connection with the East was formed by the extension of the great Santa Fe Route to the coast.

Says a writer: "The opening of a *direct* line to the great cities of the Mississippi Valley, and that line the *Santa Fe Route* distinguished then as now for its liberal and progressive policy, was the breath of life to this sunny southland." The city is surrounded by orange groves and vineyards, while the mountain range fringing the Northern and Eastern horizon completes a most enchanting picture. This town of 10,000 souls has a $150,000 hotel, and many handsome public buildings and private residences. And like all of Southern California, has an extensive and sufficient irrigating system. The orange is here, apparently on its native heath, it having taken a demand of sixteen carloads of oranges daily for four months to exhaust this county alone of its immense crop, and even then thousands of boxes remained. The mountain sides and valleys are carpeted with a wealth of gorgeous blossoms, whose beauty is beyond the conception of any but those who have luxuriated in their endless beauty and profusion. Yards are hedged in by fences of the queenly calla lily; rose bushes clamber to the tops of stately trees, and it was not unusual to see those magnificent queens of the flower world—the rose—peeping out from amidst the highest foliage of shade trees, far higher than the beautiful cottage which they overshadowed. Geraniums climbed ambitiously to the tops of windows, while the fuchsia, with its wealth of fascinating bells, covered the entire side of a cottage. It is not in order, that the writer should make comparisons, but each place evidently tried to excel every other place in its magnificent hospitality, and all were glorious. Drives, receptions, side-trips, the free access of the cities and their places of interest were the order of the day. Towns and the time of their citizens were at the disposal of the visitors. Towns but little larger than Chestertown, contributed from $8,000 to $10,000 for our entertainment for only a few hours.

In some sections of California great numbers of cattle, horses and sheep are raised, and many of the Eastern editors saw for the first time a real, veritable shepherd, with his shepherd's crook and faithful dog. Thousands of horses and cattle were seen ranging over fertile plains of unsurpassed pasture.

California may have more beautiful spots than Riverside, but if she has, she failed to disclose her rare secret to the editorial party. Glorious Riverside, was almost the unanimous exclamation as our train slacked its speed at this charming wayside in a garden of beauty. The town threw open its doors to its Eastern guests, and after an elegant breakfast the ride of inspection commenced. Some of the finest teams of California were in waiting upon the arrival of the train, and the citizens of the town acted as host and guide. This city of 8,000 inhabitants has $125,000 of public school buildings, fourteen churches, an opera houses costing $117,000, and a public library of 5000 volumes. In this valley, the orange is king of the orchard, and the rose the queen of the garden. Nature has not been cautious in her smiles upon this golden heath, but has showered upon it her brightest smiles. On one rose bush four solid bushels of flowers had just been plucked, and the magnificent bower of fragrance then had blossoms enough, apparently, to give a bud to each belle in Kent. Magnolia avenue is a dream of beauty, and with its fourteen miles of magnolias, peppers (a beautiful ornamental tree), palms, eucalypti and gravillas, is said to be unrivaled in Europe or America. Orange and lemon orchards laden with fruit and blossoms at the same time, spread out in beauty on either side of the beautiful drive, while magnificent homes are nestled away in bowers of many flowers and perpetually fruiting trees. No picture could be more beautiful than that presented at Riverside, and no one can approach a description of it without absolute failure confronting him. It is one of those many occasion where after a certain point silence becomes truly golden. The orange trees now growing in Riverside orchards would, if put in a single row 1½ rods apart, make a line from Riverside to Boston, with enough to spare to put a row all around New England. The history of the fruit which rivals in beauty, profit and extent of culture, our own luscious peach, can but be interesting to the Kent county reader, and in our next letter we will give an account of the great irrigating system which has made Southern California a synonym for fertility and wealth, and has done more than all other causes in that section to develop orange culture, and the consequent wealth of the country. The culture and irrigation of the orange will also be given. With all of the rich fruitage and gorgeousness of ever blossoming trees and vines, it is pleasant to let the eye rest upon the "beautiful snow"—at a distance, and to contemplate "winter a perpetual prisoner on the mountain tops."

A writer on the history of the orange give the following interesting sketch of the beautiful fruit: "When the orange emerges from the realm of mythology its history is still romatic. Its seed were carried long distances by wandering Arab and Crusader. Following the tides of conquest and civilization, it has been planted in all warm and congenial soils of the earth. It has been petted by the kings and queens of Europe in houses of glass, and in this way we learn that a single tree will live and bear fruit for four hundred years. The seed of the venerable tree at Versailles is said to have been planted by Leonora, wife of Charles III., king of France. There is an orange tree at Nice said to be over six hundred years old.

The Spanish *Padres* planted the orange near the Missions in the counties of Southern California, a hundred years ago. Some of the trees near the old Mission in the San Gabriel valley are still living, thus proving that the climate is so kindly the tree will live in spite of the neglect of whole decades. It took about fifty years for the people to learn that the orange would thrive outside the hearing of the silver bells of the old Missions.

To-day the solid facts as to the profits of orange culture in Southern California still keep the golden apples in the realm of fiction, *for the story seems too large to be true.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PUBLIC SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Interesting Exercises at the Chestertown Public School on Thursday Morning and Evening.

The public schools were closed, text books were laid aside and the restraints of school work were formally withdrawn for the public school children of Kent on Thursday last. Indeed, the daily routine and puzzling examinations had been closed on the day before, and Thursday's part in the pleasant, but at times difficult drama of the scholastic year, was but the delicate fringing and ornamentation, intended to lend beauty and interest to the perfected garment of the year's endeavors. Though just a shadow of sadness and disappointment was noticable on the faces of some of the more ambitious boys and girls whose report had fallen somewhat below the high standard previously set as a mark to be attained, as a rule, smiles of joy and happiness had assumed control, and only the interesting roles which they were to take in the day's entertainment on Thursday, stood as a pleasant barrier between them and the joyous holidaytime. At ten o'clock in the morning, the hour for the opening of the exercises, the large recitation room in the public school building was filled to its utmost seating capacity by a large and interested audience. The programme was opened with song, "The Morning Invitation," by Miss Mary Brown, Miss Susie Culp, Miss Susie Ford and Miss Mamie Copper. This was a beautiful little song, and the rich, full alto of Miss Brown and Miss Ford, and the sweet, clear soprano, of Miss Culp and Miss Copper added much to its original beauty. The recitation, "The Careless Doll," by Miss Nora Boston, was a delightful success, and the serious little speaker could scarcely have been surpassed in her new role of a scolding mother. The next on the programme was "The Sunflower's Chorus," a song as unique and pretty as it was prettily rendered, by the Misses Mabel Toulson, Bessie Twilley, May Jones, Lillie Greenwood, Mabel Comegys, Ida Downey, Gussie Friedman, Effie Lynch, Hallie Connell, Iris Anthony, Anna Bryan, Sadie Knotts, Blanche Elliott, Ethel Coleman and Florence and Susan Copper. Each of the little singers transformed herself into a most interesting and animated disciple of Oscar Wild of inter-national fame. Miss Clara Thompson was the pretty little gardener who watered her cluster of beautiful flowers. Miss May Jones' recitation, Dora's Soliloquy," was far above the average, and the little speaker is to be congratulated upon her success. Miss Maggie Joiner followed in a very pretty reading, "Lost and Found," which was executed in a clear and well modulated voice, reflecting credit upon both Miss Joiner and her instructors.

The "Mother Goose Medley," was what might be termed cute and pretty, and was beautifully rendered by the following dainty little chorus singers accompanied by Master Snowden Maslin on the autoharp; Misses Jennie Hines, Lottie Rose, Mary Whaland, Maud Pennell, Maggie Chilcutt, Stella Leaverton, Stella Lynch, Elsie Fallowfield, Louise Usilton, Maud York and Clara Thompson. The motion song, "Birds of the season," was as novel in its conception as it was interesting and prettily executed. Miss Hallie Fogwell, holding a nest in which were eight pretty birdlings, took her position on the stage, while her little classmates, the Misses Fannie Smith, Olive Beacham, Ada Barnett, Venie Dill, Blanche Dugan, Maud Melvin, Maud Thompson and Pearl Hendrickson took position on either side of the stage in front of her. Master Snowden Maslin played a pretty air on the autoharp, while the little custodian of the birds, keeping time with the music, cast a bird to each, after which a number of pretty combinations and interchanges were made. The piece was beautifully executed. Next came the beautiful "flower exercise," by the Misses Dora Thompson, Bessie Coleman, Josephine Watson, Josephine Thompson, Bessie Wheatley, Barbary Anthony, Florence Green, Zoa Elliott, Hallie Toulson and Dollie McWhorter. This was one of the prettiest and most elaborate pieces of the programme, and each of the little actors, wearing flowers, sang a peculiarly appropriate song. All did as prettily as the most critical could have asked. In the charade, "Manage," Miss Annie Brice and Miss May Pennell as old maids, and Miss Grace Whaland in the role of a young lady scheming to meet her beau, were exceptionally fine, while Master Eugene Lucas, as a young gallant impersonating an old nurse, in order that he might secure an audience with his lady love, was particularly fine.

Masters Earl Simpers, Harry Barnes, Glen Howard and Frank Hines, in the piece "Cardinal Points," did admirably. The piece, "Ten Little Injuns," Masters Jesse Willis, Frank Jones, John Morgan and Chester Melvin, was one of the most pleasant features of the very pleasant exercises, and the "Little Injuns" did finely. Miss Georgie Thompson's reading, "Let the Cloth be White," was prettily executed, and the beauties of the very pretty piece were fully brought out by Miss Thompson's rendition.

[CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.]

IT'S SOMETIMES said patent medicines are for the ignorant. The doctors foster this idea. "The people," we are told, "are mostly ignorant when it comes to medical science." Suppose they are! What a sick man needs is not knowledge, but a cure, and the medicine that *cures* is the medicine for the sick. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the "do believes" and the "don't believes." There's no hesitance about it, no "if" nor possibly." It says—"I can cure you, only do as I direct." Perhaps it fails occasionally. The makers hear of it when it does, because they never keep the money when the medicine fails to do good. Suppose the doctors went on that principle. (We beg the doctor's pardon. It wouldn't do!)

Choking, sneezing and every other form of catarrh in the head, is radically cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Fifty cents. Sold by druggist everywhere.

It is a pity so many people are false when they might be true.

It is a pity that we cannot let others alone in their affairs and that they interfere in ours.

It is a pity that we cannot run the world our way, but it is good for the rest of the world that we cannot.—*Music and Drama.*

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