msa_sc3326_scm8210-0208 ©Maryland State Archives

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM IN—ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893. VOL. XXXII—NO. 26.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One square (8 lines nonpariel type), 3 or less insertions—$1.00. Each subsequent insertion 25 cents.

☞ Yearly and Monthly advertisements at moderate rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

☞ Orders sent by mail will receiv prompt attention.

Address all business communications to the TRANSCRIPT, Chestertown, Md.

WILLIAM W. BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Office with M. deK. Smith on Court Street.

DR. T. H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIC,
Office on Main street, Chestertown, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. Beck, can be found in office every day from 9 A. M. till 12 M., 3 to 4 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. Sundays excepted.
Special attention given to women and children. May 3, 1888—tf.

C. P. GILPIN, DENTIST,
Chestertown Md.,
MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE OLD STAND.
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.

CLARENCE W. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 215 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
County business solicited. Special attention to collections in the city. s28-y.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Maryland.
Loans on Good Farms. Equity Business a Specialty. j22-tf.

LEWIN W. WICKES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, - - Maryland.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,
(Late of Crew & Ireland)
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 118 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

CHAS. B. LONEY. GEO. B. PROBERT.
LONEY & CO.,
Successors to Wright & Loney.
FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Newart Fruit Company.
WHOLESALE
FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.
Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

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

FRANK WRIGHT & CO.
formerly of Wright & Loney,
FRUIT, GRAIN
AND GENERAL PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
121 LIGHT STREET,
Between Pratt and Lombard Sts.
BALTIMORE, MD
Telephone 1073.
March 16, 1893.

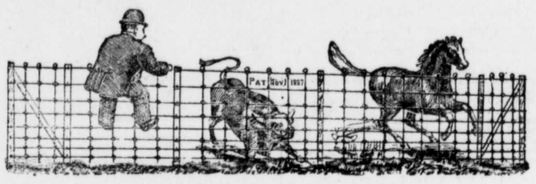
H. T. FAUNTLEROY. JOSEPH BASIN, JR.
H. T. FAUNTLEROY & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
320 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.
Shipments Solicited of Grain, Fruit and General Produce.
REFERENCES—City National Bank, Baltimore, Md.; Planters' Nat. Bank, Richmond, Va., and Mercantile Agencies.
Sept. 15, 1892—y.

FRAME HOTEL.
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.
THE undersigned, having moved into the "Maxwell Property," in the town of Millington, and having thoroughly fitted up the same, would announce that he is prepared to accommodate both permanent boarders and transient visitors with good and comfortable rooms and beds.
MY TABLE
will be furnished with the best the market can afford.
MY STABLES
contain good and reliable horses; attentive hostlers, and a plenty of food. Travelers conveyed to any part of the Peninsula. Terms moderate. Give me a call.
SAMUEL MALLALIEU,
Jan. 27, 1887. PROPRIETO

COAL AND WOOD
OWING to the scarcity of money we will sell at a very small advance above cost FOR THE CASH. Remember, we sell
The Lea Coal
WHICH IS THE BEST WHITE ASH COAL FOR GENERAL USE.
Probably it will be to your advantage to get our prices and examine our stock before you purchase.
2240 POUNDS FOR ONE TON.
Office on Cannon street, near Princess.
J. T TWILLEY,
July 21, 1890—tf.

Farm Needs for the Fall Season.
CORNSHELLERS
FODDER CUTTING MACHINERY,
Carriages, Buggies & Road Carts.
CUSTOM AND READY-MADE HARNESS.
FUR ROBES, PLUSH ROBES,
Horse Blankets and Horse Goods Generally.
HARNESS NEATLY REPAIRED.
Fodder Yarn in All the Various Grades.
Lard Oil, Castor Oil, Cylinder Oil, Machinery Oil.

To those wanting the best Fence, we offer them the strongest and most beautiful fence on the mkt.



THE JONES' LOCK-WIRE FENCE!
This Fence is positively stock-proof, is a thing of beauty, adapted to FARM, LAWN or YARD
SMITH & CLEMENTS,
Chestertown, Md.

A Perfect Fit
CAN ALWAY BE DEPENDED ON
When You Purchase of Us,
THEN OUR STOCK
Being so Enormous This Season
we cannot fail to please you in pattern, and the
PRICE

won't bother you a bit. Now is the time to select your OVERCOAT and SUIT. You have the choice of all our new designs to select from and get a month's more wear out of it.
All the New Styles in Hats and Neckwear.
FULL LINE FURNISHINGS GENERALLY.
All goods warranted as represented and satisfaction guaranteed.
Respectfully,
MOODY & LUSBY,
Few doors below Postoffice. MAIN STREET.

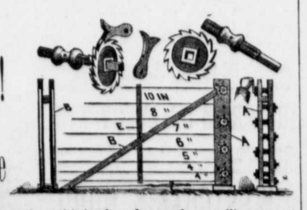
What is
CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria kills Worms. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Gives healthy sleep and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

FALL FARM IMPLEMENTS
Sold at Cost
The undersigned, intending to devote his entire time to the Van Wagoner and Kitselman Wire Farm, Lawn, Garden and Poultry Fences, will sell his stock of Farm Implements AT COST. It consists of
FARM WAGONS
with side boards and end stakes. One Excentric Short Turning Peach Wagon with Peach Body for 64 baskets. Pulverizing Land Roller, all iron and steel. Wood Land Roller, 7½ feet. Steel Land Roller 6 ft. 3 in. (2-foot sections). 60 Teeth Smoothing Harrows, Lever Spring-Tooth Harrow, Center or over-laping Disk Harrows. Imperial Plows—2 and 3-horse—very cheap, $8.50 and $9.50. Complete Farm Wagon Harness, Wagon and Carriage Jacks, Several good Second-Hand Carriages. EVERYTHING CHEAP. Repairs for implements sold heretofore can be had of other dealers. Orders taken for
THE VAN WAGONER
Patent Ratchet Fence!
ALSO FOR THE
Kitselman Woven-Wire Fence



Every farmer should buy a FARM-RIGHT to fence his land, and your fence will not cost you over 30 to 40 cents per rod. Call and examine stock to be sold, and buy fence.
JOSEPH GUEST, Chst rtown, Md.

HELLOING 1,300 MILES

LONG DISTANCE AND SHORT CIRCUIT TELEPHONES.

Who Use the Former and What They Use Them For—The Charges Seem High, but They Permit the Use of Considerable Conversation—A Lecture For Test Calls.

A continuous long distance telephone line extends between Boston and Milwaukee, a distance, as the line is run, of 1,800 miles.

A reporter who was wondering, as many other people are wondering, no doubt, if the long distance telephone circuits are much used, and if so by what class of people and for what purposes, called to ask those questions of Edward P. Meany, assistant general manager of the company, in the main office, at 18 Cortlandt street.

"Yes," said Mr. Meaney, "the long distance service is used to such a satisfactory extent that it is being constantly extended. In the far western part of our territory Milwaukee has been added to the system, and this side of Chicago a line has recently been run down from Toledo to Dayton O., and from Dayton extensions are making which will bring Cincinnati and Indianapolis into the service.

"What class of interviews is most conducted over the longer circuits?"

"I should say that social and domestic affairs bring most of the patrons now, although there are some business interviews conducted."

Mr. Meaney explained that the charges for long distance interviews are based upon five minutes' conversation as a unit. That is, the charge between New York and Washington is $2, between New York and Chicago $9, for each five minutes or portion of that time. This does not include the time used in making the connection or bringing the parties to the ends of the line. All subscribers to the long distance telephone can be connected with the circuits just as they are in the local business. If a man is wanted who is not a subscriber to the long distance service, he is hunted up and brought to a central station without charge.

When two people get fairly started on a long distance interview, they can talk from 400 to 600 words in five minutes, according to the subject and their familiarity with it. It is a fact that most interviews end before the unit of time has elapsed. One New York woman who had her son at South Bend, Ind., where he is at school, called up anxiously, asked her startled hopeful if she had put his winter flannels in his trunk, if he had not maliciously carried off his father's razor and if his tooth had stopped aching. Being satisfactorily answered on all these points, she paid for the service and went on her way rejoicing.

Business men chiefly use the long distance service to consult about terms of contracts or to report the text of contracts which must be repeated to insure accuracy.

The chief difference between the long distance and the short circuits is that in the former what is called a metallic service is used—that is, in talking between New York and Chicago, a distance of 1,000 miles, the service is really over 2,000 miles of wire, as the wire, instead of being grounded at both ends to complete the circuit, is doubled or looped to make the complete circuit metallic. The instructions for speaking and listening are the same as those printed for the use of the ordinary telephone, and the result, so far as hearing is concerned, is rather better over a thousand miles than over one. This is owing to the metallic circuit, which does away with the maddening burr-r-r resulting from induction and from the use of a heavier and superior copper wire. The wire used in the long distance service weighs 870 pounds a mile, the ordinary service wire weighing but 340 pounds.

Mr. Meaney said that while there was no mechanical reason why the service should not be continued across the continent, it is not probable that, for the present at least, it will go beyond the Mississippi river, owing to the great cost of construction, operating and maintenance expenses. When these facts had been given to the reporter, Mr. Meaney asked if a chat with Chicago would not aid an understanding of the subject. The reporter thought it might, and Mr. Meaney drew toward him a movable standard telephone instrument and called up Chicago. That active city quickly responded, and the telephone was turned over to the reporter. The thousand-mile-away voice began in a clear singsong voice, "This is the World's fair telephone exchange station."

"That's all right," said the reporter. "I'm a Sun man and wanted to hear your voice."

Then it laughed and said in a natural manner:

"I have to answer about 90 'test' calls a day, and so have made up a little lecture which I give them free."

Then a conversation of several minutes followed, unbroken by a "burr-r-r," a "zip-tsing" or a single "what's that?"—New York Sun.

A Life Line Suggestion.

It is evidently a veteran sailor who makes the suggestion that, as a vessel always goes ashore to leeward, and the life line shot from the shore must therefore be fired against the wind, and with all the difficulties which this implies, every vessel should carry a supply of rockets, which, attached to deep sea log line and signal halliards, would connect them much more speedily with the shore.—Boston Transcript.

Silent Machinery.

The Safety Valve calls attention to the fact that the problem of silent machinery has been solved by a firm in Vienna. This firm is manufacturing cogwheels of pressed rawhide. The new wheels have, it is claimed, great strength, and they do not require lubricating. On the other hand, they are very expensive, and are consequently unlikely to come into general use.

What Froebel Discovered.

Little Teddy, who is most regular in his attendance at the kindergarten, was very much interested in the approaching celebration of Froebel's birthday. The day before the event he came rushing into the house crying, "Mamma, mamma, I must have some flowers to take to kindergarten tomorrow!" "Certainly, my son, but why do you want them?" "Why, don't you know? Tomorrow is the anniversary of the day that Froebel discovered the first kindergarten!"—New York Tribune.

An Experienced Attendant.

First Waif (at the mission)—Why did yer ask the preacher to tell us a story wid er moral?

Second Waif—'Cause them's always th' mos' interestin ones. They pick out the good ones to make th' morals go down easy, an we're near 'nough to th' door to slip out 'fore th' moral comes.—Good News.

IT LOOKED SUSPICIOUS.

Why a Traveling Man Gave Up Playing Poker With Strangers.

"I don't play cards with strangers," said a quiet looking man on the Pullman in response to an invitation from the drummer to join them in a little game of poker. The drummer flushed up and was about to say something.

"Hold on," remarked the quiet man, "and I'll explain. Sit down here a minute or two and let me tell you."

The drummer being an obliging person sat down.

"About five years ago," began the quiet man, "I was out in the west country at a wild town, and one night, being fond of cards and a pretty fair player, I asked four or five cowboys at the tavern where I was stopping to play cards with me. I didn't know them, and they didn't know me, but they took it for granted I was all right, and they went to my room, where I had two or three decks of cards. We started the game at a quarter the ante with a $2 limit, and it wasn't long until I was winning nicely; for, as I said before, I was a good player. After some time we took another deck of cards, and as usual I had a good hand.

"My winnings had made my new found acquaintances rather suspicious, but as I was perfectly honest I didn't pay much attention to that. I remember very distinctly I had an ace of diamonds in my hand, and when it came around to show down I knew the pot was mine, but just as I laid down my hand the man opposite me whipped out his revolver and jabbed it into my face, and on the instant out came all the other men's guns, and I was scared almost to death. I couldn't say a word, for I thought my time had come, but nobody shot.

"'Look here!' ejaculated the man who had first pulled his gun, applying several disagreeable epithets in addition, and he took an ace of diamonds out of his hand. This restored my consciousness somewhat, and after waiting until each man had expressed his opinion of me, and the final decision had been reached that I was to give up all I had won and probably be shot later, I got in a word.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'appearances are against me, but I am honest. I don't know how that extra ace got in the pack, but if you will look in my valise there you will find a pack exactly like this one lying loose in it, and the cards must have got mixed in there. I'm sure I didn't do it.' One of the men took the cards out of the valise and ran them over, and the ace was missing. That much was in my favor, but it did not restore confidence.

"'Send down stairs,' I said next, 'to the clerk and have him come up. He was playing here this afternoon.'

"Then they sent for the clerk, and he said that he and a party of friends had played with those cards during the afternoon, and farther, that they had used two packs to do some tricks with. He also stood bond for my honesty, and after an hour or so of terrific strain on me my friends concluded I was all right. Then, to establish good fellowship firmly, I insisted on their taking their money back. They set up the drinks all around, and I left them at last with a solemn vow registered that when I played poker again I must know everybody in the game, and everybody must know me. Don't you think one experience like that is enough for an honest man of quiet temperament to go through?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Birth of the Opal.

There is a beautiful little story told about the opal, that delicate stone which you have no doubt seen in rings and bracelets. The story is that the opal was long ago promised to anybody who could discover it. It lay hidden away, so the old fortune tellers used to say, at the place "where the sunlight and the moonlight joined" each other, and whoever could find that spot would be rewarded by a quantity of large, beautiful opals. After a long search for the place "where the sunlight and moonlight joined" each other, the place was found by a Spanish traveler, who followed up the rays of the setting sun, and when he had reached the end of the last ray he waited until the moonbeams shone upon the earth, and there he found the opals. They are said to be very lucky stones for those who are born in the fall of the year and very unlucky for those born in the spring. Of course it is only a saying that these are lucky or unlucky, but the rest of the story is true, as you will believe if you look in the heart of an opal and see the pink tints of the sun and the blue rays of the moon nestling in the middle of it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Trees In Japan Sacred to the Gods.

Near every temple in Japan are certain trees which are supposed to be peculiarly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Any one injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the "kami" or god whose particular property it is. If the trees be injured in the name of any one, the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So when a girl finds that a swain's love has cooled, and she thinks revenge would be sweet, she makes a straw manikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful, she may also make one of her hated rival. At 2 o'clock at night (called the hour of the bull) she rises, and clad in a white nightdress only, with high clogs on her feet, her hair hanging loose and crowned with an iron tripod, on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Pretty Domestic Scene.

The night watchman in a Chestnut street bank isn't happy unless he dandles his 3-months-old baby for awhile each evening. He cannot get out, nor can mamma get in, but every fair night she passes baby in between the big iron bars of the front window. Papa watchman receives the youngster, and passers-by witness the charming family picture of mamma's smiling face watching between the bars and papa romping with baby in the brightly lighted interior of the bank.—Philadelphia Record.

Snakes on the Isles of Shoals.

The Isles of Shoals, mere rocks standing 10 miles from the New Hampshire coast in a cold sea, are alive with snakes. On a hot day one will see dozens of them running in and out of the boggy places or sunning themselves on the bare ridges. They are nothing to be afraid of, however, for they are of only one variety—the common little green snake that seldom grows to a length of 2 feet.

A Rumor as to Men's Evening Dress.

It is once more current in society that the Prince of Wales is endeavoring to modify men's evening dress and that the usual swallowtails are to be replaced by a black or dark colored short coat and also that knee breeches are to be worn.

The canyon of the Colorado is 800 miles long, and the cliffs on either side are from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the water.

AN INDIAN AMBUSH.

FRIGHTENED WILD ANIMALS PREVENT A HORRIBLE MASSACRE.

A Campaigner Relates a Thrilling Episode of the Struggles With Indians In the Northwest—The Shrewd Discernment of a Half Breed Guide Saved 200 Lives.

We were going down the peninsula formed by the junction of the Yellowstone and Little Missouri rivers, hoping to intercept the Indians and turn them back. It had been a hard, swift march—a ride of over 400 miles—with no halt above four hours, and at 10 o'clock in the forenoon half the troops were sleeping in their saddles as their lean and lame horses picked their way over the rough ground.

We had planned to reach the spot where the fleeing Indians would cross the Little Missouri a day or two ahead of them. We believed we had accomplished it. At 10 o'clock we were within two miles of the spot. Then the head of the column halted for the men to close up. Our line had strung out for a mile or more. Between us and the crossing, as the halt was made, nature had made a highway. It was a grassy road about 20 feet wide, twisting and turning like a creek. Either side was lined with dense thickets. Half a mile down the highway it was crossed by a creek with steep banks. Half a mile farther on was a second creek. It was hardly more than a rivulet at this season, but the width from bank to bank was 40 feet, and the banks were 10 feet high. Our guide had never passed over the route.

No man in the column of 200 men knew what lay beyond the first turn. The halt to close up was a precautionary measure, but no one dreamed of danger. If the hostile Indians had not turned back or changed their route, they should be 40 or 50 miles to the south. The stragglers had come up, the sleepy troopers had braced up under the eyes of their officers, and the bugler was about to sound the forward when the half breed guide and scout held up his hand in warning. A deer came running up the grassy lane at full speed and was within two feet of the colonel's horse when it wheeled to the right and vanished into the thicket. Next came a fox, who ran under the feet of a dozen horses before he found shelter. Then a second deer, then three or four rabbits.

"What is it?" asks the colonel of the guide.

"Ambush!" was the reply.

"Where?"

The guide waved his hand to signify that it was down the lane somewhere.

"How do you know?"

"See that?"

A big gray wolf rounded the turn 100 feet away, coming at full speed. The hair on his back stood up, his tail almost dragged, and it was easy to see that he had been disturbed and was put out about it.

"Injuns down there!" said the guide. "We are too late! They have got here first, and we are in ambush!"

"But what makes you think so?" persisted the colonel, who was impatient to go ahead and yet too prudent to needlessly expose his command.

"Deer—fox—rabbit—wolf!" replied the guide. "All were frightened. All running away from something. Injuns down there waiting for us. We go some other way."

We turned to the left and flanked the position. We had made a distance of seven miles when Indians were seen, and skirmishing began, but they soon retreated southward, and as we followed them up they crossed the Little Missouri. It was the band we had hoped to intercept, but why did they turn back without a fight? Everybody was asking the question when a few of us rode off to inspect the ambush. The deathtrap had been set for us between the creeks. The lower end of the avenue had been blocked with felled trees and bushes, and trees partly cut down would have blockaded the upper end as soon as the last horseman had passed. The road here narrowed to 15 feet. Wherever there was an opening in the bushes which lined the sides it had been closed with thorns.

From sunrise that morning the Indians had been waiting for us. Almost 200 warriors were in hiding behind the bushes, ready to thrust out their rifles and fire at the signal. Perched in the trees along the way were half a hundred boys armed with bows and arrows. Hidden away under the banks of the creeks were 100 or more squaws armed with hatchets, knives or clubs. It was not to be a battle, but a massacre. No mercy was to be shown—not a prisoner taken. Scouts had observed our approach and reported. When the head of our column had fairly entered the lane, the eager squaws and impulsive boys could hardly be controlled.

In their moving about they frightened the wild animals out of their retreats and sent us the warning. They did not know why we halted, hesitated and then took another way. For half an hour they waited, with the scowl of hate on their bronzed faces, with the savageness of devils in their hearts, with eyes which glared and glinted as they roamed about in search of the expected prey. Then they whispered to each other:

"They have taken another way! The Great Spirit sent them a warning to turn aside! We cannot fight these men! Let us recross the river and return to the agency!"—Wheeling Register.

Ingenious Ants.

The green ants of Australia make nests by bending leaves together and uniting them with a kind of natural glue. Cook saw hundreds at a time on one leaf drawing it to the ground, while an equal number waited to receive, hold and fasten it.—Philadelphia Press.

Rather Natural.

A man of not overbright intellect swallowed some false teeth. Then he bolted his food whole, thinking that the teeth would masticate it when it got below. He is now getting suspicious as to whether his policy was right.—Truth.

The fall is the time of the year when the country demand for broken down street car horses is the greatest. During the cold weather the animals get used to their rural surroundings, recuperate, have only enough exercise to keep them in condition, and by spring are able to accomplish the heavier tasks of plowing and harrowing.

A hundred and fifty years ago unmarried as well as married women were styled "Mrs." Girls were called "Miss" until they left school, when they took rank as "Mrs.," while married women were very generally addressed as "Madam."

Miss Jessie Ackermann, the second round the world missionary and president of the Australian W. C. T. U., has completed her trip. It occupied four years, during which time she traversed over 100,000 miles.

BURNING DRIFTWOOD.

Far more than all I dared to dream,
Unsought before my door I see
On wings of fire and steeds of steam
The world's great wonders come to me!

And all her signs, unmarked before,
Of love to seek and power to save—
The righting of the wronged and poor,
The man evolving from the slave.

And life, no longer chance or fate,
Safe in the gracious fatherhood,
I fold o'er wearied hands and wait,
In full assurance of the good.

And well the waiting time must be,
Though brief or long its granted days,
If Faith and Hope and Charity
Sit by my evening hearthfire's blaze.

And with them, friends from heaven have spared,
Whose love my heart has comforted,
And, sharing all my joys, has shared
My tender memories of the dead.

Dear souls, who left us lonely here,
Bound on their last long voyage, to whom
We day by day are drawing near,
Where every bark has sailing room.

I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me.
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.
—Whittier.

RACING IN MODERN ROME.

Riderless Horses Goaded to Furious Speed With Balls of Prickles.

The prizes for these races were called palii, and were usually pieces of brocade or some other rich stuff, which was thrown over the back of the horse that won and so displayed to the people. We also hear of a procession of the palii, so no doubt they often took the form of banner. The nobles used to deposit them in their chapels, and in the last days of the papal government the French soldiers substituted for the procession of the palii that of the bue grasso.

The pope's dragoons used to gallop through the Corso to clear it before the race, and to warn the people that it had actually started. Either mortars were fired or trumpets blown, but accidents were perpetually occurring, and when in 1886 two people were killed just below the balcony where stood the Queen Margherita, the Barbary races were forbidden in the Corso for the future, though renewed last year in a very much modified form around the Piazza del Popolo.

The horses had no riders, but carried two balls of lead, covered with prickles, loosely attached by leather thongs below the neck and on the back. So of course the harder they galloped the more these prickly balls danced up and down and goaded them on.

Dashing furiously along the Corso, they were past almost before people knew that they had started, and in such a narrow street, with such a crush of people on either side and somebody always trying to cross at the last moment or stepping out of the throng to see if they were coming, it was small wonder that it was a dangerous game, though of course the danger was in part also the attraction.

A sheet was stretched across the street to catch the horses at the back of Piazza Venezia, in the passage still called Via della Ripresa de Barberi, in front of which was a cord covered with wet red paint. This dropped before the rush of the foremost horse, leaving a streak of paint on his chest, and thus all knew at once which was the winner.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Loud Telephone.

An English paper describes a telephone which will talk loud enough for a person in any part of a large room to hear and understand. Mr. Graham, the inventor, has succeeded not so much by an improvemnt on the existing telephones as by his method of arranging the circuit and bringing its resistance as low as possible. To this end the usual induction coil is discarded, and the two instruments, transmitter and receiver, are directly connected in circuit with the line and the battery. The transmitter at one end of the line is connected to the receiver at the other end, and two separate lines are employed having a common return wire. Two correspondents can thus talk quite freely with each other, and as the receivers speak out so as to be heard in any part of a room conversation can be carried on by each person simply speaking to his transmitter.

The apparatus is attached to flexible conductors and is held in the hand. To open a conversation it is sufficient to pick up the portable transmitter and press a button in its casing, so as to establish the circuit. The receiver at the other end acts as its own call bell by the loudness of its voice, and the response comes equally prompt and loud. The user has therefore no need to listen carefully with one or two receivers held up to his head. All he has to do is to speak into his transmitter and keep his ears open.

Sisterly Devotion.

The beautiful Margaret of Navarre was devoted to her brother, Francis I. When he was apparently dying at Madrid, she found her way to him through privation and danger and succeeded in effecting his deliverance. When he was ill at a distance from her, she went every day and sat down on a stone in the middle of the road to catch the first glimpse of a messenger afar off. And she said:

"Ah! whoever shall come to announce the recovery of the king, my brother, though he be tired, jaded, soiled, disheveled, I will kiss him and embrace him as though he were the finest gentleman in the kingdom."

When he died, she seemed literally heartbroken, and she did not long survive him.—Youth's Companion.

The Largest In the World.

Within sight of the station at Atherstone, on the London and Northwestern railway, there is to be seen an enormous earthenware jug, the largest in the world. This capacious article was manufactured at the Potteries, Church Gresley, over 50 years ago. Its holding capacity, when full, is 150 quarts, and it is so large that a man can sit inside it. It now rests over the front door of a china, glass and earthenware warehouse.—Exchange.

Franklin's Fate Prefigured.

The fate of Franklin, the explorer, was unwittingly prefigured, and on the eve of his starting on his last voyage, at the hands of his own devoted wife. As he lay dozing on a sofa Lady Franklin threw something over his feet, on which he awoke in consternation, saying: "Why, there's a flag thrown over me! Don't you know that they lay the union jack over a corpse?"—London Tit-Bits.

A Favorite in Kentucky.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventive and cure for croup: no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough.

For sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.; J. P. Ireland, Galena, Md.; Dr. N. Comegys, Millington, Md.

ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS —in the— Transcript.

CERTAIN RUSTIC REMEDIES.

"Simples" Which Country Folks Believe Are Better Than Doctor's Stuff.

"When the Adirondack native becomes afflicted with any of the numerous small ills which make mankind wretched," said a returned visitor, "he does not waste much time on doctors, but goes straight to the woods or his attic for nature's own remedies. There is one old man whom I have met with, packbasket on shoulder and shears and a rough board stool in his mittened hands, going after yarrow, which, dried, is a standby for coughs when it has been made into a wicked looking brew. Fir balsam, coaxed drop by drop from the 'blisters' which swell on the balsam fir at moonfull, is a sovereign remedy for lung and chest complaints.

"Gravel weed, by which name they insult trailing arbutus, is excellent for the complaint which gives it its name, and bladder root has a desirable effect on the kidneys and neighboring organs. Sage tea, containing a little summer savory, is efficacious for worms in children, for which ammonia, steeped, is also used. Sunflower seeds, steeped, strained and sweetened with molasses will cure the 'whoop' in whooping cough. Horseradish leaves, wilted and bound on the face and back of the neck, will drive away neuralgia, and a nutmeg, bored and tied about the neck, will keep it away. The nutmeg must be renewed about once every six weeks.

"Onions, sliced, pounded and placed in a cloth and laid over the affected part will draw out inflammation. A red onion, halved, and with one part slightly scooped out and the cup placed over a carbuncle or a boil will speedily remove the pus and has saved life. A red worsted string tied about the neck will cure and prevent nose bleed. This last calls for some credulity, one might think, but I have seen it proved in one or two instances.

"There are many more of these simple remedies in the north woods pharmacopœia which the wise ones have at their fingers' end, and if they are not more widely used and money kept in the overalls of the thrifty native it is because a lenient and fortunate fate presides over the incomes of the Adirondack medicos."—New York Sun.

A Canine Musical Critic.

A wonderful story of a French musical critic is related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him and who have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name in public was Parade. Whether he had a different name at home was never known. At the beginning of the French revolution he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuileries palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances, and after the parade disappeared, to return promptly at parade time next day. Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener.

They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitation and was a pleasant guest. It was discovered that after dinner he always attended the theater, where he seated himself calmly in the corner of the orchestra and listened critically to the music. If a new piece was played, he noticed it instantly and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine melodious passages, he showed his joy to the best of his doggish ability, but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting he yawned, stared about the theater and unmistakably expressed his disapproval.—Manchester Times.

He Was Astonished.

After a division of the house of parliament on a motion of Mr. Fox, Sir George Young, who had been drinking all day instead of attending to his parliamentary duties, insisted on addressing the house, but, beginning with "I am astonished," could proceed no further. When he had repeated these words seven times, the house was convulsed with laughter. The baronet appealed to the speaker, who pleasantly inquired what he would have him do. Sir George grew very warm at this and declared he would not give up his favorite word, "for," said he, "I really am astonished, Mr. Speaker." By the advice of friends, however, he was presently prevailed upon, after repeating the word about a dozen times more, to change it to "surprised," after which, "having entirely forgotten what he had intended to say," he sat down.—Argonaut.

Paris Postage Stamp Bourse.

It may not be generally known that Paris is the great postage stamp market of the world. There is a regular bourse held every Thursday and Sunday in a corner of the Champs Elysees, where hundreds of men, women and boys congregate with their postage stamp albums and packages of stamps for sale and exchange. It is said that thousands of francs change hands there every market day.—Pomona (Cal.) Progress.

A Remarkable Bridge.

It is reported from Denver that a natural bridge formed by a tree of agatized wood, spanning a canyon 45 feet wide, has been found in Chalcedony park in Arizona. It is supposed that the tree had at some remote time fallen, when it became inbedded in the silt of some great inland sea or mighty water overflow. The silt became in time sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization, until now it is a wonderful tree of solid agate. Again, in after years, water has washed and eaten away the sandstone until a canyon 45 feet in width has been formed, the flintlike substances of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the waterflow.—Yankee Blade.

Charles V.

Charles V had epileptic attacks during his youth. He stammered. He retreated to a monastery, where he had the singular fantasy of celebrating his own funeral rites in his own presence. His mother, Jane of Castile, was insane and deformed. His grandfather, Ferdinand of Aragon, died at the age of 62 in a state of profound melancholia.—New York Times.

Since the conquest there have been 24 wars between England and France. In the last war, between 1803 and 1815, it is estimated the total destruction of human life amounted to 1,200,000.

The Best Plaster

Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm.

Fifty-cent bottles for sale by M. A. Toulson, Chestertown, Md.; J. P. Ireland, Galena, Md.; Dr. N. Comegys, Millington, Md.