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THE TRANSCRIPT is the Live Local Paper of Kent. It stands at the top as an advertiser and reliable news-gatherer.

The Chestertown Transcript.

SUPPLEMENT.

MAY 16, 1895.

THE TRANSCRIPT is the best advertising medium in Kent County.

SPRING GOODS

have been coming in so rapidly for the past three weeks we have engaged this extra space, thinking possibly it would help you to find just the material from which to make your spring dress, or the pair of Shoes your feet have been aching for, or just the Suit of Clothing you have been wishing for.

A PLEASED CUSTOMER

we have long since learned, is worth volumes of newspaper advertising. It is our constant aim to satisfy your taste and sense of value, to make you feel that you are being treated well in dealing with us.

Honest Value for an Honest Dollar,

not one eighteen months hence, but a dollar to-day, which can be sent to the city and replace the article with something cheaper and better every time.

Your Special Attention

is called to 25 or 30 patterns of Dress Ginghams, formerly sold for 8, 9 and 10 cents per yard, now reduced to 6 and 8 cents. You sometimes see cheap Dress Ginghams partake of the quality of mosquito net, more suitable for keeping the flies off the baby than for making a serviceable dress. The goods above mentioned were bought to sell for more money than these prices, but we bought too many, and these figures were placed upon them to make them move at the rate they have been moving. The opportunity to buy at these figures will not last long; the supply will be exhausted. Improve the opportunity.

The Spirit of Progress

must be an element of every thriving business. Every succeeding purchase we strive to make better than the former.

BETTER GOODS, BETTER STYLES AND LOWER IN PRICE.

A LARGE SUPPLY

of Seasonable Goods. Lime $1.10 per barrel. Whitewash Brushes. Garden Seed, Straw Hats, etc.

Yours for Business,

F. H. HARPER & SON,

Still Pond, Md.

HARPER & SON.

THE GARDEN.

Choked with ill weeds my garden lay a-dying.
Hard was the ground; no bud had heart to blow,
Yet shone your smile there, with your soft breath sighing,
"Have patience, for some day the flowers will grow."

Some weeds you killed; you made a plot and tilled it.
"My plot," you said, "rich harvest yet shall give,"
With sun warmed seeds of hope your dear hands filled it,
With rain soft tears of pity bade them live.

So, weak among the weeds that had withstood you,
One little pure white flower grew by and by.
You could not pluck my flower. Alas, how should you?
You set the seed, but let the blossom die.
—Pall Mall Budget.

FAME WON BY ACCIDENT.

Bastien Lepage's First Successful Picture Was an Advertisement.

The great French painter, Bastien Lepage, was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art. His mother worked in the fields to keep that sickly boy at school. At 15 he went to Paris alone, starved for seven years, painted without success, but still painted. He had just finished a picture to send to the salon when Paris was besieged, and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches.

On the first day a shell fell into his studio and destroyed his picture, and another shell fell at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris, and, reduced to absolute want, painted cheap fans for a living. One day a manufacturer of some patent medicine ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Lepage, who was sincere, gave his best work to the advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight. The leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze; a group of beautiful girls gathered around a fountain from which the elixir of youth sprang in a bubbling stream. Lepage believed there was real merit in it.

"Let me offer it at the salon," he asked his patron.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it." Lepage refused. "Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture!" The price of this picture meant bread for months, and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger and carried the canvas to the salon. It was admitted. Its great success insured Lepage a place in public recognition and his later work a place among the greatest of living artists.—Current Literature.

SAYREVILLE'S AMAZING HUES.

A Jersey Blasphemy In Yellow Set In a Symphony of Blue.

Probably the most remarkable bit of color to be found within a radius of 100 miles from this city is the little hamlet of Sayreville, N. J. From an artist's point of view Sayreville is impressionistic in the nightmare sense of the word. Its surroundings are beautiful, for it stands on a little bluff overlooking a spreading marsh, through the center of which a sparkling river runs to lose itself in a rift of the faraway hills. The marsh is a dull, grayish blue, the river gives a steel blue effect, and far away the distance of the hills blends in soft gradations into the hue of the sky. In the midst of this gem of a landscape stands Sayreville, yellow in every sense of the word. It is a blasphemy in yellow set in a symphony in blue.

In the neighboring villages there is a legend as to how Sayreville became yellow. They say that when the town was first built there wasn't a painted house in it, and that one day an enterprising peddler on his notion selling rounds saw in this an opportunity for money making. He procured a large quantity of damaged paint at a nearby city, all of the paint being in various hues of yellow, from bright orange down to the dullest buff. This paint he carted to Sayreville and sold at low prices, and still with large profit to himself. Then the town set about painting itself yellow. Some of the people pooled their interests and their paints and ornamented their houses with the combination. Others ran to stripes, and having used up one tint filled in with the rest. One man tried polka dots in chrome on a background of greenish buff, with brilliant effect. When the work was done, the peddler came back with a big consignment of staring green, which the townspeople bought, and with which they painted their blinds. The result was pleasing to the Sayrevillers, but startling to such few outsiders as chanced to journey to that town.

In the course of time two householders found courage to break away from the prevailing yellowness. One repainted his house in robin's egg blue, the other tinted his a deep magenta, and now these two buildings stand out conspicuously and give just enough color tone to the village to accentuate its amazing effects in yellow.—New York Sun.

SEALING IN LABRADOR.

Fields Many Miles Square Fairly Teeming With Seals.

Late in February the Newfoundland sealing steamers break through the ice in St. John's harbor and make their way to some northern outposts, lying there until March 10, the earliest date on which the law allows them to "go to the ice." They stand out to sea until they meet the immense fields of ice from the Arctic ocean. These fields are often many square miles in extent and fairly teem with seals. A great seal hunter told me that the sea seemed suddenly converted into an ocean of seals and ice. The steamer breaks into the jam and floats with it or skirts along the edge, the crew, 200 or 300 in number, taking to the floating ice and living there for days and nights.

The young seals fatten so rapidly that sealers say you can actually see them grow while you are looking at them. The poor creatures are easily killed, a blow with the butt end of a gaff finishing them. The hunter then "sculps," or skins them, inserting a sharp knife under the fat, and with marvelous dexterity taking off the "pelt"—skin and fat together—in about a minute and a half. A party of men will "pan" their pelts—pile them up to the number of about 1,000 and thrust a gaff with the ship's flag into the pan. When there are pans enough, the steamer breaks into the ice and hauls them aboard with a donkey winch, or the men drag them to the vessel's side.

The Newfoundland seal hunters always speak of seals as "swiles," and for our word carry they say "spell." A schoolmaster who had been listening to a seal hunter's story said sneeringly:

"Swiles! How do you spell swiles?"

"We don't spell 'em," replied the hunter; "we most generally hauls 'em!"—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

LABRADOR'S COAST.

Barren Shores, Rolling Surge and Many Icebergs Make It Dangerous.

The most northerly lighthouse on the coast of this continent stands on Belle isle, at the head of the straits of that name, a little northeast of Newfoundland. By what freak of taste it was called Belle isle I cannot say, for even the old navigators had such a horror of it that on their charts they marked it with the figure of a demon.

The morning the little mail steamer on which I cruised "down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundlanders say, plunged and rolled past it through the surge the rugged mass of rock crouched there as if ready to seize its prey of ships and human lives. The surf, unheard at our distance, flashed around its base like a long row of glistening teeth. A huge iceberg had drifted in and lay stranded at one end of the island; far up on the rocks was the lighthouse; on a shelf below stood a little hut, with provisions, for shipwrecked sailors; the gray morning mists made these look heavy and sodden, and altogether this glimpse of Belle isle was the most desolate scene I had ever beheld. Over our bow the barren coast of Labrador was faintly outlined, and as the last lighthouse on the continent dropped astern I felt that we were indeed drawing away from civilization, and this feeling was strengthened when, as we turned our prow northward, we sighted the vanguard of the seemingly endless procession of huge icebergs drifting slowly down in single file from the mysterious regions of the north.

We had met with single bergs along the Newfoundland coast, but off Labrador they became a constant and unspeakably grand feature in the seaward view. I doubt if they can be seen anywhere else except in arctic and antarctic waters in such numbers, variety and grandeur. The branch of the gulf stream which pushes its way into the Arctic ocean has sufficient force left when it is reflected by the frozen northern boundary of that sea to send an icy current down along the Labrador coast. Practically all the bergs that break loose from the ice sheathed shores of Greenland are borne southward by this current. One morning, when I went upon deck, I counted no less than 135 huge ones. Some of these were great solid blocks of ice; others were arched with numerous Gothic passageways; some reached with spirelike grace high up into the air. All reflected with prismatic glory the rays of the sun.—Gustav Kobbe in St. Nicholas.

Hard and Bitter Wills.

It was remarked by a writer long ago that "there is no revenge so hard and bitter as that of an old man," and it is one of the astonishing perversities of many natures that the longer they live the harder they hug their possessions. The most disinterested affection is passed over, the most faithful and most valuable services are slightly and grudgingly rewarded. This mental and moral disease notably afflicts the richest. The Marquis d'Aligre was a singular example. His will was concocted with a special desire to disappoint and insult his relatives, friends and servants. To the first it said: "As for you, my relatives who have been so long spelling upon this fortune on which 'I had concentrated all my affections,' you are not going to touch a penny of it, and not one of you will be able to boast that you have squandered the millions which the old Marquis d'Aligre had taken so many years to hoard up."

Sir Robert Bevil, one of James I's officials, did not even spare his wife. "I give unto my wife tenne shillings in respect she took her sonnes part against me and did anymate and comfort him afterwards. These will not be forgotten." And the Earl of Stafford, who married the daughter of the Duc de Grammont, wrote: "To the worst of women, Claude Charlotte de Grammont, unfortunately my wife, guilty as she is of all crimes, I leave five and forty brass halfpence, which will buy a pullet for her supper. A better gift than her father can make her."—Westminster Review.

Divorce In Burma.

Suppose a Burmese husband and wife quarrel and determine to separate. The wife, who always does all the marketing, goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor and light them simultaneously. One candle stands for him, the other for her. The one whose candle burns out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longest, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property, if you can call that a division, are settled.—Philadelphia Times.

With the Accent on the Voters.

Mrs. Meriwether of Memphis says: "We asked that the girls of our state be protected until they were 18 years old, the law extending that gracious protection up to the ripe age of 10. We fought a desperate battle for six years, and when the age was finally raised to 16 the women who had stood the brunt of that long battle saw it proved beyond all peradventure that no 'influence' of theirs had won the day, but the simple fact that six years of bitter experience had taught them the only weapon that would kill, and they used it. They buried the senate chamber and representatives hall under voters' petitions and came out victors."

Some Railway Mapmaking.

"This won't do," said the general passenger agent in annoyed tones to the map maker. "I want Chicago moved down here half an inch, so as to come on our direct route to New York. Then take Buffalo and put it a little farther from the lake.

"You've got Detroit and New York on different latitudes, and the impression that that is correct won't help our road.

"And, man, take those two lines that compete with us and make 'em twice as crooked as that. Why, you've got one of 'em almost straight.

"Yank Boston over a little to the west and put New York a little to the west, so as to show passengers that our Buffalo division is the shortest route to Boston.

"When you've done all these things I've said, you may print 10,000 copies—but, say, how long have you been in the railroad business, anyway?"—New York Herald.

Perils of the Future.

Passenger (in chair car)—Where are you going, dear? Don't leave me alone here among strangers.

His Wife—Nonsense, James! Nothing will hurt you. I am going into the smoking car a little while. Read a fashion magazine or something till I come back.—Chicago Tribune.

ROCK HALL NOTES.

Improvements Being Made—Maxwell Lodge Celebrates Its Fourth Anniversary With a Delightful Programme.

The Uniform Rank, K. of P., paid a visit to the K. of P., lodge at Piney Neck on Saturday night last. They received a hearty welcome and spent a pleasant evening, returning about 10.30 o'clock.

Miller Bros. are making extensive improvements around their place of business. Having had a new floor put in the store they are now having a fresh coat of paint put on the outside, and when finished their store will present an unusually attractive appearance.

Mrs. Camp has had her property enclosed by a neat wire fence.

Capt. Reynold's has built two new porches to his house, and many others are putting up improvements.

Miss Delma Middleton was given a surprise party on Thursday evening by her many little friends. Among the company we noticed: Misses Ada and Amy Middleton, Katie and Carrie Ackers, Ruby and Milvin Middleton, Susie Casey, Estelle, Mary and Willie Ayres, Ada and Elmer Jones, Irven, Olin and Carvill Ashley, Maurice and Myrtle Durding, Ruby Somers, Claudia and Preston Smith, Ernest and Raymond Hersch, Myrtle and Edna Judifind, Hallie Middleton and many others. Refreshments were served and at a late hour they all retired, wishing the fair young hostess many happy returns of the evening.

Maxwell Lodge I. O. O. F. celebrated its 4th anniversary on Wednesday evening, May 15th. Quite an elaborate literary programme was given at the hall, after which supper was served at the Chesapeake House. Visitors were present from Baltimore and Chestertown, and the programme was arranged as follows: Overture by Prof. Willson; Opening Ode, full chorus; prayer, by chaplain; song, March Onward; address of welcome, J. A. Greenwood; quartette, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," Mrs. J. W. Downey, Miss Rhoda Downey, Messrs. Joseph Kendall, Jr., and Chas. Hynson; response on behalf of Amicable Lodge by C. F. Stam, of Chestertown; music, Prof. Willson; response on behalf of Baltimore Lodge, by Wm. Hamilton; male quartette, by Messrs. Jos. Kendall, Chas. Hynson, Wm. T. Downey and Harry Webb; address, L. B. Russell; music Prof. Willson; duet, by Mrs. J. W. Downey and Miss M. V. Hersch; miscellaneous, etc.; closing ode, full chorus; supper, address by Col. Maxwell; music, Prof. Willson; song, "Sleep on Thy Pillow," full chorus. CERES.

IMMENSE FISH DISTRIBUTION.

Col. Thomas Hughlett, Assistant Fish Commissioner, located at Cambridge, has very kindley furnished to the TRANSCRIPT direct, the following data of distributions of shad fry so far this season, from the Tuckahoe Hatching Station.

He turned out 1,000,000 young fish in Miles River at Eureka Mills and 1,000,000 in Third Haven river at Tanyard bridge.

Altogether he has turned out 19,500,000 young fish this season and before the season closes the number, including those to be used at the hatching station. will approximate something like 30,000,000.

His distribution thus far has been as follows:

April 19—1,000,000 in Lloyd's branch, tributary to Tuckahoe river, between Talbot and Queen Anne's counties.

April 19—1,000,000 in Little Blackwater river, Maple Dam, Dorchester county.

April 22—1,000,000 in Choptank river, Brick Mills, Caroline county.

April 23—1,000,000 in Wye river, Wye Mills, Talbot county.

April 24—1,000,000 in Watts' creek, tributary to Choptank river, Caroline county.

April 25—1,000,000 in Horse Shoe bend, Choptank river, caroline county.

April 26—1,000,000 in King's creek, tributary to Choptank river, Talbot county.

April 27—1,000,000 at Moore's mills, tributary to Tuckahoe river, Talbot county.

April 29—1,000,000 at Carter's bridge, extreme head of Choptank river, between Maryland and Delaware.

April 30—2,000,000 in Corsica river, at the flouring mills, near Centreville, Queen Anne's county.

May 1—1,000,000 in North East river, near North East, Cecil county.

May 2—1,000,000 in Chester river, near Millington, Kent county.

May 3—1,000,000 in Choptank river, Greensboro', Caroline county.

May 4—1,500,000 at Federalsburg, northeast fork of Nanticoke river, Caroline county.

May 6—1,000,000,000 in Miles river, Eureka Mills, Talbot county.

May 6—1,000,000 in Third Haven river, Tanyard bridge, Talbot county.

May 7—1,000,000 at Brick Mills, Elkton, Cecil county.

May 8—1,000,000 in Chestertown, Chester river.

1,000,000 in Bohemia river at Murphy's Mills and 1,000,000 in Sassafras river at Fox Hole, Cecil county; and 1,000,000 in Transquaking river at Dam's branch, Dorchester county.

This is the best season, he says, he has had for some time. In the first place the eggs are of unusually good character, and again the water is in better than ordinary condition, not being as cold as it generally is at this time of the year.

The young shad as they appear when put in the water are queer looking objects. They are about half an inch long and as slender as a fine needle. The only distinguishable part is the eyes, which are large and very bright. Just below the eyes is a sort of sac about the size of a mustard seed. This remains on the fish from six to eight days and forms its belly.

Despite their diminutive size, the fry are very lively and take kindly to the water. They are put there as soon as possible after they are hatched, and in five years they are grown to marketable size.

There are 25,000 eggs to a roe shad, and Mr. Hughlett has used thus far 1427 shad, which have given him 35,675,000 eggs. It is estimated that two-thirds of the eggs hatch, and that would make 23,785,333 fry from that many eggs.

Twenty-five cents is paid for a roe and a milt shad, and after the eggs are taken from them the fish are given back to the persons who sold them. Their use for eating purposes has not been impaired.

Altogether the hatching and distribution of young fish is a very interesting proceeding.

KENNEDYVILLE NEWS.

Dr. J. K. H. Jacobs was called to Centreville on Friday of last week, to see his little son, William, who has been very ill.

Mrs. W. T. Hague and son Charlie, are visiting friends in Baltimore.

Miss Dora Powell, of Mallalieu's, Queen Anne's, spent Sunday with Mrs. S. H. Burris.

Miss Lulu Shreeve spent part of the week in Baltimore.

Mr. Frank Hill has resigned his clerkship with Mr. E. E. Hudson, and will accept a position with Messrs. F. H. Harper & Son, Still Pond.

Master Clarence Roe was given a pleasant surprise by a number of his young friends on Friday evening of last week.

An Anti-Tobacco club was organized at Urieville school last week with eleven members enrolled. Miss Annie Loud was elected president and Miss Bertha Hendrickson secretary.

At the meeting of the first Quarterly Conference, on Monday, it was decided to call a meeting of the *members* and *friends* of the church on Tuesday evening of next week. All members are requested to be present and the friends are especially invited.

Mr. Isaac Cleaver, an authority on peaches and who has one of the finest orchards in the community, stated on Tuesday that he still had a prospect for a fair crop.

In another column of the TRANSCRIPT may be found notices of two festivals to be held here in the near future.

Messrs. Shafer & Davies are having the creamery repainted, which adds much to the appearance of the building. Mr. G. W. Nickerson is master of the work.

JUNO.

Slaughtering Dogs.—A dog affected with rabies passed through Centreville last week and bit sixteen dogs, all of which were killed, and the town commissioners passed an order requiring all dogs in the town to be securely muzzled for sixty days.

A Favorite of Centreville Sunday Schools.—The Centreville M. P. Sunday school will make their annual excursion to Tolchester, on June 28. The M. E. Sunday school will make an excursion to the same resort on June 27. The Kent resort is evidently popular with the Centreville Sunday schools.

The Queen Anne's Railroad.—The Delaware Legislature has thrown a decided check upon the Queen Anne's railroad enterprise, by refusing an extention of the time in which the Delaware branch of the road should be built. The House passed the bill extending the time for one year for the completion of the portion to be constructed in that State, and extended the time in which the expenditure of $30,000 on the road should be made, nine months, but the Senate, considering the attempted delay an evidence of bad faith, killed the bill.

Costs of the Price Trial.—The costs in the trial of Marshall E. Price for the murder of Sallie Dean, have already run up to the sung sum of $2,360.50, with other bills yet to hear from which will probably bring the amount up to $2,500. The principal items of expense were attorney's fees and expert testimony, court officers' charges and pay of special deputies during the progress of the case. Price is now under constant watch in the Baltimore city jail, and is only allowed to exercise after all of the other prisoners have been locked in their cells. The execution will take place at Denton, on July 5.

May Weather.—Hicks the weather prophet predicts for the remainder of the month of May: From 13 to 17 is a storm period exactly at the crisis of the Jupiter equinox. "Cloudbursts" will be characteristic of storms at this and all May periods. Cool waves will set in behind all finished storm movements. About 20th and 21st, reactionary storms will appear. From 24th to 27th, is one of the most pronounced storm periods of the month. All storm clouds should be watched. Rain in torrents in coast and mountain regions. Tornadoes likely. Very cool after storms. The month ends growing warmer, with reactionary storms in progress.

By Moonlight to Quaker Neck.—The Young Ladies' Reading Club tendered the Young Men's Reading Club, together with other friends, a very enjoyable moonlight excursion on Monday last. Through the kind hospitality of Captain William Taylor, of the Gratitude, the party were allowed to enjoy the moonlight trip to Quaker Neck, returning to Centerville about 10.30 P. M. There can be no doubt as to the genuine pleasure of the trip. Everything was engaged in which promised to add to the many delighful diversions. Dancing, vocal and instrumental music and other social recreations helped the time to pass by only too rapidly.—*Observer.*

Chester Bridge and the Bicyclists.—The New York *Sun* of Thursday last, had the following to say of Chester bridge and the right of bicyclers to ride their wheels over the historic and evidently widely-known structure: "There is a very small part of the United States which, just now, is forbidden ground to any citizen of Maryland who happens to be astride a bicycle. Eagle-eyed watchmen are guarding the bridge at Chestertown. Bicylers from all the other States in the Union may pedal over the bridge, singly or in battalions, and go their way rejoicing; but if anybody who is recognized as a citizen of Maryland attempts to enjoy the same privilege he is landed in jail. The reason of this strange state of things is not that the Chestertown folk love foreign bicyclers more than they do their own, but because, having won a legal victory, they don't propose to tarnish their laurels if they can help it. The State courts have decided that the Chestertown people have a perfect right to keep bicyclers off their bridge. The League of American Wheelmen, eager to get the case into the United States court, is doing is level best to have some citizen of another State and his wheel taken into custody for patronizing this attractive structure. The City Fathers of Chestertown, however, refused to rise to the bait. The edict has gone forth that no person who is not unmistakably a Marylander shall be molested. Bicycle tourists from New York may therefore look forward to special privileges this summer in that inviting and hospitable burgh.