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W. CATLIN,
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W. BECK,
RNEY-AT-LAW,
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K. Smith on Court Street.
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Live Stock
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Having removed to No. 304 South Charles St., in the centre of the jobbing trade, and having ample room on the first floor to handle Produce of every description, we respectfully solicit a continuance of past favors, and from shippers generally a trial, we guarantee top market prices and prompt returns.
Yours respectfully,
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LIGHTNING! LIGHTNING!
Those desiring protection from FIRE or LIGHTNING, call on or address
H. L. BOYD,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
—AGENT FOR—
ETNA, of Harford, Con
Assets $11,000,000.
PHŒNIX, of Harford, Conn.,
Assets $6,000,000.
Where the lowest rates consistent with honest protection will be given.
Don't wait until you are burned out
H. L. BOYD,
April 6, 1893. Chestertown, Md

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, JANUARY 28, 1897. VOL. XXXVI—NO. 38.

THE BIGGEST CUT

IN THE

Price of Clothing on Record!

AT THE CORNER CLOTHING HOUSE OF

THOMAS S. BORDLEY

You will find the price of Clothing CUT very nearly ONE-HALF, from now till the close of season. Below I will try to give you a faint idea of how we are now selling off the balance of our winter stock:

Men's	Dark Gray Suits—were $5.00, now	$2.50
"	Blue and Black Suits—were $6.00, now	3.50
"	Cassimere Suits—were 8.50, now	4.75
"	All-Wool Suits—were 9.00, now	6.50
"	Imported Clay Worsted Suits—were $10 & 12, now	8.00
"	" Black D. P. Thibet Suits—were 12.00, now	8.50
"	Fine All-wool Cheviot Suits—were 12.00, now	8.50
"	Union Overcoats—were 5.00, now	2.75
"	Blue and Black Overcoats—were 8.00, now	5.50
"	" " Melton—were 10.00, now	7.50
"	Imported Kersey Overcoats—were 15.00, now	10.00

A CHOICE OF

Over 100 Children's Suits and Overcoats

which have been selling at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, now $1.49.

This is without doubt the greatest cut in Fine Ready-Made Clothing ever inaugurated in Chestertown, and stock must be seen to be appreciated. Our reason for this sacrifice is very simple—we need the money more than we do the stock, and this great inducement is the quickest way of realizing it. It will pay you to buy a suit and overcoat at the prices now quoted, even though you will not need them till next winter.

Respectfully, etc.,

Thomas S. Bordley,

Jan 14, 1897. Corner Clothing Store, Chestertown, Md.

MELITOTA.

—HAS THE—
Cheapest Cash Store
—IN KENT.—

300 RED CEDAR & LOCUST POSTS

THAT MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.

5 Tons First-Class Hay
—AND—
6000 Lbs. Corn Blades.
I can furnish
Pork at 5 Cts. Pound.
Those who need it will see me at once.

150 Test Water White Oil, at 12c. per gal.; the Best Brands of Salt at $1 per sack; the Blue Label Whitewash Lime, best on earth, $1.10 per barrel.

WE HAVE ON HAND

100 BARRELS OF THE BEST FAMILY FLOUR!

AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.

Come and see us. I will take in exchange Eggs, Butter, Poultry, Hogs, Calves, Sheep and Cows.

M. M. RASIN,
June 25, 1896. MELITOTA, MD.

Here We Are for Business!

WATTIE McKNETT,

The Urieville Blacksmith, Wheelwright & Machinist,

announces to his fall trade that he is not to be outdone by any man in Kent county, in prices, quality of work or promptness.

Repair Work a Specialty.

Horseshoeing 50 Cents;
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

WATTIE McKNETT,
Sept. 3, 1896. URIEVILLE, MARYLAND.

FERD. H. PAAR,

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MAKER OF

Gents' Fine Footwear,

No. 23 West Pratt Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.

"BETTER WORK WISELY THAN WORK HARD." GREAT EFFORTS ARE UNNECESSARY IN HOUSE CLEANING IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO

OUR Made-to-Measure Suits AT $10.00,

ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

MORTON C. STOUT & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS
Baltimore & Liberty Sts., Baltimore, Md.

Way-Down Prices

—AT—

MILLER BROTHERS' Glass Front Building,

IN ROCK HALL.

WE ARE NOW running through our entire stock, preparatory for taking stock February 1st, and placing on table all such goods as Remnants, Job Lots, etc.; in fact, everything that is not strictly first-class and staple. To this we especially invite your attention, as they are going to be sold if low prices will sell them.

If we have anything in Toys or Xmas Goods left that you want, come and we will guarantee you extremely low prices on them. Also invite your investigation of our 5, 10 and 25c. tables, which we think are laden with great bargains.

Soliciting a call from all, we are

Respectfully,

MILLER BROS.

Headquarters for Corn Cutters!

WE SELL

The McCORMICK CORN CUTTER AND HARVESTER, which has been tried and is a perfect success. And also the DAIN CORN CUTTER which will pay for itself in Harvesting from 40 to 50 acres of corn. So, farmers, it will pay you to buy one of these Cutters. Send in your orders at once. And we sell the

Bickford & Huffman Grain Drill!

which is considered the BEST and MOST DURABLE and RELIABLE DRILL on the market. And we REPAIR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN DRILLS. Farmers, look at your Drills and send them out soon to

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
BLACKSMITH & WHEELWRIGHT
AT THE OLD STAND, KENNEDYVILLE, MD.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
WE KEEP FOR SALE THE GENUINE

OLIVER CHILLED Plows

AND CASTINGS

And All Kinds of Agricultural Implements.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, NO-TOP BUGGIES, ROAD CARTS, DAYTONS, SULKIES, CARRIAGE TOPS, CARRIAGE POLES, CARRIAGE HARNESS OF ALL KINDS, FARM WAGONS AND DEARBORNS.

Grass Seeders, Power Feed Cutters and Crushers, Power Grinding Mills, Root Cutters, Cucumber Pumps, Barbed Fence Wire, Belting of all kinds.

Also Fire Insurance Agent.

Say, Where Are You Going?

—TO—

A. J. HACKETT'S,

Still Pond,

Where I Can Get New Wheels, Tires and Axles

for $13.75.

You can also have your old wheels repaired cheaper than anywhere else—he will hoop your wheels for $1.50, and make no extra charge for bolts. He is still Painting Carriages from $5.00 up, and gives you a good job. If you want a top why look at his special for $9.50, full lined. It is a dandy. He has a few Dearborns on hand, and if you need one call and see him, his prices are right and way down. Prices reduced on all work.

Horse Shoeing 65 Cents Cash!

Horse Shoeing and Blacksmithing Parlor, Still Pond.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS
AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
Monthly Illustrated
Edited by ALBERT SHAW

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THIS magazine is, in its contributed and departmental features, what its readers, who include the most noted names of the English-speaking world, are pleased to call "absolutely up to date," "thoroughly abreast of the times," "invaluable," and "indispensable." It is profusely illustrated with timely portraits, views, and cartoons. Its original articles are of immediate interest, by the best authorities on their respective subjects. The Editor's "Progress of the World" gives a clear, rightly proportioned view of the history of the human race during the current month. The "Leading Articles of the Month" present the important parts of the best magazine articles that have been written in every part of the world. The newest and most important books are carefully reviewed. Indexes, chronological records, and other departments complete the certainty that the reader of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will miss nothing of great significance that is said or written or done throughout the world.

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Trial bottle sent free if you mention this paper.

B'ILIN SOAP 'ITH MARTHY.

Lord, how I miss them good ole days
W'en life was full o' hope
An me an Marthy Ellen Hays
Was sparkin b'ilin soap.
The potash kittle we use' to have
It hilt three bar'ls clear,
An so Mis' Hays an ma 'ud save
Their soap grease fer a year
An plan to bile it "on the sheer,"
Bein nex' door neighbors so,
An ast if me an Marthy'd keer
To kind o' boss the show.

The kittle was sot in the orchard lot
W'ere nobody'd come an spy,
An I'd snake the kags o' soap scraps out
On our stunboat, an Marthy'd try
To ketch a ride an couldn't hol on
'Thout grabbin me roun the wais'.
I thought that heaven was shinin upon
My heart in that sweet embrace.
I'd the fire to light an the lye to bring
As it dripped from the wood ash leach
An Marthy to watch as she'd set an sling
As putty as a peach.

An my yearnin senses was took by storm
By each little cunnin trick
O' grace an beauty an swayin form
As she stirred the soap 'ith a stick.
An her sunbunnit fell f'um her golden curls—
Oh, shucks! I couldn't hope
To tell how fair was that fairest o' girls
As she stirred the b'ilin soap.
It's kind o' lonesome-a-settin here
An thinkin them ole times over.
Wut? Marthy? Hain't seen 'er for seven teen year.
Sence she married that down east drover
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

ONE OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS.

A New Yorker Commanded a British Ship in the Battle of the Nile.

The fifth ship was the Theseus, Captain Ralph Willett Miller. This gentleman, whom after his premature death Nelson styled "the only truly virtuous man I ever knew," was by birth a New Yorker, whose family had been loyalists during the American Revolution. A letter from him to his wife gives an account of the fight which is at once among the most vivid and from the professional standpoint the most satisfactory of those which have been transmitted to us. Of the Theseus' entrance into the battle he says:

"In running along the enemy's lin in the wake of the Zealous and Goliath, I observed their shot sweep just over us. And knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and, running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire, every gun being loaded with two and some with three round shot, until I had the Guerrier's masts in a line and her jibboom about six feet clear of our rigging. We then opened with such effect that a second breath could not be drawn before her main and mizzen masts were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or 44 minutes past 6. Then passing between her and the Zealous and as close as possible round the off side of the Goliath, we anchored by the stern exactly in a line with her and abreast the Spartiate. We had not been many minutes in action with the Spartiate when we observed one of our ships (and soon after knew her to be the Vanguard, place herself so directly opposite to us on the outside of her that I desisted firing on her, that I might not do mischief to our friends, and directed every gun before the mainmast on the Aquilon (fourth French) and all abaft it on the Conquerant, giving up my proper bird to the admiral."—"Nelson In the Battle of the Nile," by Captain Mahan, in Century.

THE CRANE DANCE.

Where the Soubrettes Got Their Idea For a Specialty.

There is a dance called the crane dance, which is popular at the vaudeville houses. At Lincoln park there is a real crane which does a crane dance, and those who have seen its saltatorial feats say the bird does it much better than do the featherless, two legged animals.

No purely imitative dancing could fail to gain by being an exact copy of the performance of the long necked, spindle legged sand hill crane. Its steps are not only grotesque, but they are of a kind to make the gravest onlooker lose his dignity and laugh like a delighted boy at the circus. This Lincoln park bird at the outset of his dance is the personification of dignity. When in the days of his freedom he tripped it on his native sand hills for the sole benefit of his mate, he did so only in the springtime, but now, in his lowly captive state, he dances in and out of season if the keeper who feeds him will but wave his arms and take an awkward step or two to give him encouragement.

The crane begins its dance by shoving one long leg, with its claw attachment, straight out in front of his body. Then he lowers it and draws it back slowly until it is within an inch or two of the ground. Then there is a lightninglike double shuffle, and the other leg is pointed to the front. Then the dance begins in earnest. The wings are stretched and beat the air in perfect time to the movement of the feet, be they going fast or slow. There is the semblance of a clog; then the sinuous foot and body movement of the nautch girl, and in a moment the whirl of the dancing dervish, to be succeeded as a finale by a sort of wild "all hands round," in which every feather of the bird is alive, as it enters into the joy of the dance with an utter abandon. The act of stopping is like the "halt" of the German soldier—sudden, stiff and instant. Then the crane marches away to a corner with a still stately tread, but with an eye which appears to reveal embarrassment.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Captain Told Him.

An Englishman, touring through America, went on board a steamer late one night and on the following morning, after walking on deck and looking around him, he stepped up to the captain and asked, "I beg your pardon, but would you kindly tell me what lake I'm on?"

"The Lake Huron," replied the captain and turned away.

The Engtishman looked puzzled for a moment, and then, following the captain, began again, "I beg your pardon, you said"—

"It's the Lake Huron," roared the captain, thinking the man was deaf.

"Yes, I know," persisted the passenger, "but what's the name of the lake that I'm on?"

"The Lake Huron!" shouted the captain, incensed at what he thought gross stupidity, and he turned away to relieve himself by railing at one of the hands. The Englishman looked more puzzled than ever.

"The lake you're on is the lake you're on. Of course it is. The lake I'm on can't help being the lake I'm on. What impertinence! Let me look in my guidebook. Perhaps that will tell me."

It did tell him, and then the humor of the situation suddenly dawned upon him.—London Tit-Bits.

To Keep Oranges Fresh.

To keep oranges or lemons fresh for any length of time select firm ones, wrap each one in soft paper, put it in a glass jar with white sand that has been previously dried in the oven around each orange and with a thick layer over the top.

The wheat fly is said to have been nearly as destructive to the wheat crops of this country as the Hessian fly.

In 27 days a letter from New York will be delivered in [illegible]

POMOLOGICAL ART.

TRYING TO PRODUCE SEEDLESS AND THORNLESS FRUIT.

Methods by Which Fruit Scientists Succeed In Improving Upon Nature—Results Have Shown That They Are on the Right Basis—Slight Success With Apples.

One of the most important objects pomologists are striving for is to produce thornless and seedless fruits, and from the results already obtained it is not unlikely that the end will soon be realized. Seeds are not relished by the consumers of fruits, and if they could be removed we would enjoy our grapes without experiencing a dread of appendicitis and kindred complaints.

Thorns are not in good standing among fruit growers, because they are constantly puncturing the best fruits and, what is equally important, the skin of the pickers. The thorns and prickles of plants and trees were undoubtedly intended by nature to protect them from animals, but that is no reason why they should be continued for generation after generation on the cultivated varieties. The gardener has no need for them, and, for that matter, the trees and shrubs have none either.

Our domesticated pears and apples were all derived from the thorny, wild varieties, and pomologists have succeeded in ridding them of these spikes and prickles by careful culture and selection. Oranges and lemons have not been cultivated in this country as successfully as pears and apples, and many of them are very thorny. The wild and sour orange trees of Florida are bristling with thorns, as is also the high priced king orange, one of the best of the mandarins. The wild lemon trees of Florida are so thorny that growers question the advisability of grafting the fine La France lemons on them.

In Florida, however, the thorns on the orange and lemon trees have been greatly reduced by selecting buds from branches with the fewest thorns, and by continuing this process year after year the sharp spikes disappear. In California nearly all of the orange trees are thornless—not naturally, but as the result of cultivation and selection.

The thorns on blackberries, raspberries and rosebushes give the greatest bother to horticulturists in the north, and there is a determined effort to get rid of them. The thorns give endless trouble to the pickers, and their removal might save many a puncture to delicate hands. There is an improved variety of raspberry placed on the market today which is entirely thornless, but the trouble is that quality and quantity of fruit have been sacrificed to the gain made in destroying the thorns.

There is little doubt that perfect thornless blackberries and raspberries will soon be obtained, for there is a widespread movement among gardeners and seedsmen to accomplish this. The man who is fortunate enough to produce a variety that gives perfect fruit without the thorns will receive a pretty stiff price for his plants.

Seeds are also unnecessary plant products in these advanced days of horticulture, when gardeners propagate half their stock by cuttings, grafts and slips. Nature need no longer trouble herself about the fear of losing any of her types. The modern horticulturist is sure to preserve every one of any value without gathering a seed.

The California navel orange represents the best type of fruit grown without seeds. Nature produced this orange as a freak at first, and man has taken advantage of it to propagate fruit of a high order. Half the oranges of California are grafted with the navel, and it is the most important fruit of the Pacific coast. Nature tried to produce twins in the navel orange, and one survived only as a protuberance in the blossom end, while the other expanded into a well shaped fruit without seeds. These oranges are occasionally found with small seeds; but, as a rule, they are perfectly seedless.

Several varities of seedless apples and pears have already been produced, but the quality of the fruit is generally poor and nearly worthless. They are called "bloomless" pears and apples and are exhibited more as curiosities than as the triumphs of pomological art. Nevertheless, they are the beginning of a new era of apple growing, and they represent the primary stock of seedless fruits which may produce in time the finest flavored apples and pears.

The grape industry would be benefited more than any other by the production of new varieties without seeds, and toward this end scores of fruit growers are working, especially in California. The idea is to produce not only table grapes, but grapes that will make fine raisins. Seedless raisins would prove such a boon to the whole civilized world that any other variety would be quickly run out of the market.

There is a seedless grape of Corinth, which commonly passes as a currant, and the Sultana raisins of southeastern Europe are also seedless. But these fruits are so small that they can never answer the purpose. What the trade wants is a large, seedless grape, with perfect color and flavor, and to get that it is necessary to experiment for years.—New York Journal.

SUFFER FROM "FLAT FEET."

How the Breaking Down of the Arch Is Remedied by a Steel Strip.

Despite the fact that the beauty of a well arched foot is much appreciated by people of an artistic turn of mind, has been sung frequently by poets and versemakers, there has been until lately little interest, from a scientific point of view, taken in its direct opposite—the flat foot. In a great number of instances flat feet are the occasion of considerable keen suffering, generally resulting from the breaking down of the arch—that is, the displacement of some of the many little bones of the foot either from overstrain or some disease of the muscular structure. As the weight of the body constantly rests upon the foot, there is no opportunity for the bones to get back to their proper places.

The result is that these little bones keep rubbing against each other, and the pain gets more and more severe. Commonly the person afflicted in this way thinks that he or she has rheumatism and lets it go at that. Until recently the only remedy was a steel soled shoe that was clumsy and heavy. The new device is interesting. It is an "insole," curved to fit the foot, made of a bent strip of steel and acting as a spring. It is covered either with leather or with vulcanized rubber to prevent rusting, and, needing no fastening, but simply to be placed in position, it can be changed from one shoe to another at will.

In position it acts simply as a support, literally holding up the bones and giving them an opportunity to slip back into their proper places. While any "insole" of the approximate shape will give relief, the best results are reached only when one is especially made from a cast or impression of the foot. A great proportion of the people troubled with flat feet come from the north of Europe, many of them from the lands of Germany. The [illegible] south or Europe [illegible] seldom trouble[illegible] sort. [illegible] case of [illegible]ched [illegible]

THE MISTAKE SHE MADE.

Railroad Travelers Who at Last Understood Each Other.

She sat by the car window, gazing out upon the unrolling scenery and possibly dreaming of home and things like that.

About six feet away from her, across the aisle, was an empty seat, which at the next station was filled by a man with a sample case. He was 50 years of age or thereabout and was quite as dapper looking as if he were 30 and still the knight to please every fair dame who set her soft eyes upon him.

The lady was young and pretty, with perhaps a shade too much display in her makeup, but still one could hardly say that, for all is not gold that glitters in such cases—or words to that effect.

When the man had sat down in the vacant seat and composed himself for the journey before him, he began to look about to familiarize himself with his environments, and in the course of his visual wanderings his eyes fell upon the young lady. He gave a slight start, as people do when they think they see somebody they know, and looked again.

The lady wasn't looking, of course. But she wasn't asleep.

Not in the slightest.

After a minute or two or three or four of hesitating investigation the traveling man, for it was he, arose and very politely and deferentially approached the young lady.

It was done as if he had been practicing that sort of thing ever since he had picked up the first sample case. Either that or he was to the manner born.

"I beg your pardon," he said as she turned from the window to meet him with a half startled, fawnlike movement not altogether unusual on such occasions, "aren't you Miss Morton of Philadelphia?"

She gave him a glassy stare with a raw edge on it.

"You don't look like a man," she replied with an insolent air, "who would try to work as old a racket as that on me. Do I look so green as that?"

It was now his turn to gaze at her in startled wonder.

"Oh, that's all right," she laughed, moving over to make room beside her, "and I'll forgive you. You know I am not Miss Morton of Philadelphia or anywhere else, and so do I know it. But sit down. I'm lonesome, and I'd just as soon have a pleasant little talk with you as not. I'm to meet mamma at the station where we take dinner."

"I beg your pardon," said the traveling man, backing away. "I am sure if you are not Miss Morton I have no desire whatever to talk with you."

Then he went back to his place, and the flip young woman was rather inclined to the opinion that there was at least one man on the road who could be mistaken honestly.

All of which occurred between Washington and New York within the last two weeks.—Washington Star.

KILLING WOLVES.

Some of the Methods Used to Get Rid of the Pests.

Whole families of the animals are sometimes asphyxiated in their dens. A wolf of the gray variety generally makes its home by getting on the side of a dirt gulch and burrowing straight inward until a safe distance from the surface is reached. There her young are born and raised to sturdy cub estate.

When a cowboy locates a den in which he believes the entire family to be gathered, a composite mass of cotton, saturated with damp flour sulphur and other noxious smelling substances, is thrust into the den and set on fire. The mouth of the hole is then filled with clay tamped down solidly, and the imprisoned wolves are speedily suffocated within. In this way from 6 to 10 and 11 wolves, young and old, are wiped out at one stroke.

Another effective method is to bore four or more holes in a flat piece of board and plug them up with beef fat soaked in strychnine. The odor of the fat attracts any wolves that may be in the vicinity, and they lick the fat voraciously until the leavening of poison does its work upon them and they drop dead. Very often as many as a dozen wolves are killed off by this process before the fat in the holes is exhausted.

Strychnine inclosed in capsules is also used. The capsule is thrust into a slit cut in a chunk of beef, and the wolf, bolting the meat whole, falls an easy victim. Steel traps, baited with raw beef, are also tried with fair success.—Denver Republican.

Reading Women Organize.

The women voters of Reading, Pa., met recently at the home of Mrs. William Carter, Woburn street, and formed an organization. Mrs. S. G. B. Pearson was chosen temporary chairman. Officers for the ensuing year were balloted for, and the following were elected: Mrs. George Bosson, permanent chairman; Mrs. Warren E. Eaton, clerk; Mrs. S. G. B. Pearson, treasurer. The society then nominated Mrs. Ellen M. Bancroft for member of the school committee and recommended that Mrs. Gertrude Hussey be nominated as a trustee of the public library. Mrs. Warren Eaton was chosen a committee of one to confer with the proper authorities in regard to having a woman on the board of overseers of the poor. In conclusion, the society earnestly recommend that every woman in town qualified to vote should register and cast her vote at the coming town election.

A Confused Judge.

An English lawyer who had a habit of dropping his h's was one day prosecuting before Mr. Justice Lawrance a man for stealing, among other things, a halter. Constantly and consistently he spoke of "'alter," and after an hour or so of this the judge summoned the clerk of assize and seriously asked him, "Is this the crown court?" "Yes, my lord, I believe so," was the answer of the wondering official. "Thank you. I am relieved. I thought I had found my way into an ecclesiastical tribunal."

The Austrian Dynasty.

The present emperor of Austria is Francis Joseph, who ascended the throne Dec. 2, 1848. He is of the royal house of Hapsburg, which has held the throne since 1282. Twenty-six sovereigns of this house have ruled over Austria. Rudolph I, the nobleman who founded this royal family, built a castle on the Habichtsburg, or Hawk's mountain, whence the name of the family.

An authority on deaf mutes says that the ratio of deaf mutes to hearing is about 1 to each 1,600, according to which there are about 40,000 such persons in the United States and about 1,000,000 in the world's entire population.

One thing is certain: It will not do to fool with a bad cold. No one can tell what the end will be. Pneumonia, catarrh, chronic bronchitis, if not consumption, invariably result from a neglected cold. It is surprising too, that bad colds are so often neglected when one remembers how easily and at what little expense they may be cured. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is always prompt and effectual, and costs but a trifle; 25 or 50 cents is a trifle as compared with disastrous effects of a neglected cold. Mr. Abner Mercee, of Dilworthtown, Chester County, Pa., in speaking of this remedy, said: "Sometime ago I had a bad cold and cough. I tried almost everything. Finally Mr. Hunt, the druggist, recommended Chamberlain's Cough remedy, and one 50 cent bottle of it cured me entirely. For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.]

"AN HISTORIC LOVE STORY"

Of Warwickshire, Old England.

There is a "moated mansion," now hoary with age, belonging to the ancient family of Comptons, occupying such a sequestered spot between the villages of Tyrol and Brailes that hardly a sound is ever heard there, and it seems a most fitting place for the fabled "Sleeping beauty" so intense is the deep stillness. Its name, "Compton Wyngates" signifies the "Valley of the Vineyards." The mansion is a representation of the latest style of a fortified dwelling with its moats and outer walls, its turreted tower with prison cells, and inside the walls quarters for officers, and barracks for the guardsmen. Tudor badges are on the panels of the buildings and upon other places inside the quiet court yard. So secluded is this situation and difficult to be seen until right up to it that, it is commonly called "Compton in the Hole."

The proprietors trace their ancestry back to the 12th century, but obtained no particular prominence until the reign of Henry the VIII, when William Compton became a "gentleman of the bedchamber" and was later promoted to other offices and trusts.

He was knighted and made "Chancellor of Ireland," building this fair mansion on his paternal estate in Warwickshire.

Within the great hall still hang dingy tattered flags. Quaint carvings adorn the walls and ceilings, while hundreds of visitors have admired and wondered at the pieces of ancient tapistry still to be seen.

Among the suites of rooms there is one called "the ghost chamber" with its secret hiding places and forgotten legends associated with it.

There are queer passages and other queer rooms, and an old writer says of the building, "one is not sure if he leans against the line cleft oak wainscoting that it will not be a secret door that may suddenly open and land him into an unknown apartment beyond, of which no one has either the secret or the key. The whole locality is a marvel and has a romance connected with it.

Sixty years after the death of the 1st Sir William Compton his great-grandson and namesake came into possession of the estate. For thirty-one years Elizabeth of York had reigned as Queen of England, and the memory of her famous visit to Kenilworth Castle still lingered in the memory of many inhabitants of Warwickshire, this year of our Lord 1588.

An opulent cloth manufacturer, (Sir John Spencer) had his home at Islington near London. Sir John's public spirit and known generosity made him a favorite with the Queen, while his prosperity and wealth made him esteemed by the people. So great was the fame of his riches, that an old historian of the times, records that a noted pirate of Dunkirk came over with a crew of 12 picked men to storm Sir John's home at Islington, called "Cannonbury House" to capture the successful cloth merchant and hold him for a princely ransom. Fortunately for Sir John, matters of importance detained him in London at this very time and the bold scheme of the pirates was frustrated.

A daughter was the only child of Sir John, a namesake of the Queen "Elizabeth." Her prudent father wished his daughter to marry a sober merchant but the fair maiden had already bestowed her affections upon an aristocratic suitor, the heir of "Compton Wyngates." The father refusing his sanction to their marriage the young lovers determined to elope.

The gallant Lord William Compton one day obtained admission into "Cannonbury House," disguised as a baker's boy, carrying a large basket filled with loaves of bread which he also carried when he went away. Upon his return from court that evening, Sir John was soon told that the "Lady Elizabeth" was missing. Hidden in the large basket of the baker's boy, Lord William Compton had safely conveyed his true love out of her father's house, and by that time Lady Elizabeth Spencer had become Lady Compton.

The father was deeply incensed against his daughter, and time as it passed, instead of cooling his anger, seemed only to deepen his resentment, while the intercession of friends only increased his irritation and added to his sense[illegible]

Months passed, a year ha[illegible] when one day Sir John Spe[illegible] an imperative message fro[illegible] to meet her at a certain hour [illegible] palace at Greenwich. H[illegible] obeyed the Queen's com[illegible] the stated time was us[illegible] presence of Her Majesty.

He was kindly receive[illegible] plaining that she had sent [illegible] to stand sponser with hers[illegible] child of a young couple wh[illegible] had abandoned them.

The unsuspecting courtier unhesitatingly assented to his Sovereign's wish and in the warmth of his loyalty, still harboring resentment against his own disobedient daughter, voluntarily promised to adopt Her Majesty's protege as his own also.

Queen Elizabeth thanked him smilingly, telling him that the baptism of the child would be in private, as befitting the condition of her little charge.

Sir John bowed his assent, and accompanied Her Majesty, followed by her ladies in waiting into the royal chapel, where the ceremony of baptism was at once performed, the Queen naming the child Spencer."

Astonished, yet gratified at the bestowal of his own name upon the handsome infant boy, and evidently touched by its sweet innocense, at the conclusion of the ceremony, Sir John proposed that his namesake be made his own sole heir, begging the Queen to accept his estates in trust for the infant so that he might not relent, promising to complete his gift by an irrevocable legal deed.

Delighted with the spontaneous, and little expected generosity of Sir John, Queen Elizabeth, with sparkling eyes accepted the trust, saying she knew his promise would be faithfully fulfilled. Turning to a side door, in loud tones Her Majesty called, "you may enter!" Instantly the door was opened, admitting his daughter, the "Lady Elizabeth" and her husband who at once approached Sir John and knelt before him. The Queen then said, to his increased astonishment, "Sir John, the beautiful child whom thou hast adopted is thine own grand-son, take these, his parents, also to your favor, extend to them thy forgiveness and make this one of the happiest hours of thy Queen's life."

"Pardon, dearest father, pardon," said his now weeping daughter, "pardon," (she continued, taking the child from the arms of his nurse and holding him towards her father) "pardon for our child's sake."

Lord Compton also joined in his wife's appeal and Sir John's heart could no longer resist. With a voice broken with emotion, almost inaudibly he exclaimed, "Heaven bless you my children" and embraced them. "I do forgive the past," he continued, "and most sincerely thank Her Majesty who has brought about this event, which shall be remembered as the happiest one of my life."

This is the fortunate conclusion to the story of the elopement of the heiress of Cannonbury with the Lord of Compton Wyngates, and here they passed their married life.

The "Lady Elizabeth" knew she inherited vast wealth and also knew well how to spend it, for there is preserved a long letter which this stately dame penned to her husband, commencing thus:

"I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2000 quarterly to be paid." The letter is a long one, and contains many additional allowances signed and concludes thus:

"I pray you when you be an Earl to allow me £2000 more than I now desire, and double attendance."

This old, true story in family annals, reveals to us Queen Elizabeth in a better and softer mood than other instances recorded of her life.

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