DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY

Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

Having enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advanced Dentistry in the most approved style.

☞ EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.

☞ I will be at Rock Hall, every Thursday and may be found at the residence of Mrs. Abe Casey.

Office 115 Main street, With Dr. J. T. Twilley.

MEDICAL ANNOUNCDMENT.

I take pleasure in announcing to the friends and patients of the late Dr. T. H. Cooper and to the public generally, that I have purchased all of Dr. Thomas H. Cooper's SPECIAL REMEDIES and offer them to the public. The merit of these remedies are widely known and I am in full possession of his recipes. Any one needing these remedies will find me at

344 High St., next door to McFeely's Furniture Store, each day in the week.

DR. F. W. HODGKIN,
April 7-tf. Chestertown, Md.

DR. H. BENGE SIMMONS,

HOMOEPATHIC Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house recently vacated by Mr. W. O. B. Knight, opposite Market Space, Chestertown, Md. n28-3t.

DR. J. G. EMERSON,

*DENTIST.*

☞ Ex-Demonstrator of University of Maryland.

*Three Doors from Cahall's Corner,*
*Chestertown, - - Maryland*

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.

☞ Teeth extracted by local anesthetics and comparatively without pain.

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,

10 South Street, Room 35, Baltimore, Md., will attend the jury terms of the Circuit Court for Kent county.

All business intrusted to his care will receive careful and prompt attention.

LEWIN W. WICKES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Chestertown, - - - - Maryland.

WILLIAM W. BECK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, Maryland

Office opposite Market Square.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 121 Callowhill Street,
PHILADELPHIA

Jas. W. Stevens. R. Nelson Stevens

STEVENS BROS.,

Members Chamber of Commerce,

Grain, Fruit and Produce

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

206 S. CHARLES STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFERENCE—Merchants National Bank

FRANK WRIGHT & Co

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

204 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

Having removed to 305 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 shippe s generally a trial, we guarantee top mark erprices and prompt returns.

Yours respectfully,
FRANK WRIGHT &CO.

Stewart Fruit Company,

WHOLESALE

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

HAS. B. LONEY. GEO. B. PROBERT.

COMEGYS BROWN

—WITH—

LONEY & CO.,

Successors to Wright & Loney.

FLOUR, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

COMMISSIONMERCHANTS,

No. 215 S. Charles Street Baltimore, Md.

☞ REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette, Sts.

Established 1877.

J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,

Live Stock

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

30th & Market, Philadelphia.

We handle Live Stock, and have all facilities for this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Jan. 5, 1899.

G. W. ROEDER & CO.,

General Commission Merchants,

S. E. Cor. Charles and Camden Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Grain, Fruits, Vegetables, Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Hides, wool, Furs, Feathers, Tallow, Bees-wax, Oysters, Fish, Crabs, etc. Returns sent daily.

REFERENCES.—Traders Nat'onal Bank, Bradstreet's and Dunn's Mercantile Agencies, and the Business Community.

WM. S. CULP,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

COAL & WOOD,

—ALSO—

Lime, Cement and Baled Hay

Telephone connection at Fowler's paper and paint store where orders can be left and which will receive prompt attention.

WILLIAM S. CULP,
Feb. 16, 1897 CHESTERTOWN, Md.

WHEAT MARKET!

We have daily telegrams from the Grain markets of the west and all parts of Europe.

MR H M. BROWN

will represent us at Chestertown during the season of 1899. We will keep him thoroughly posted on the markets by mail and frequent telegrams, and invite the farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's to have Mr. Brown bid for their crops before disposing of them.

I. M. PARR & SON.



# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, NOVEMBER 23, 1899. VOL. XXXIX—NO. 20.



A QUARTER IS Worth Saving.

We can save you this amount on many purchases, especially in

HARNESS, ROBES and BLANKETS.

The finest assortment anywhere. See the WATER PROOF ROBE, best for rainy or muddy weather.

Husking Pegs and Gloves, Stove Pipes, Oil Heaters, Fodder Yarn, Guns and Ammunition, Hunting Coats, Lard Presses and Meat Choppers.

On all of these goods I am prepared to name you SPECIAL PRICES.

OUR STOCK OF CARRIAGES

is as complete as ever, and to move some of these goods before winter, will make SPECIAL inducements.

Do not forget we carry a full line of

GENERAL HARDWARE

and a FINE SELECTION of CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Isaac Robinson,

Still Pond, Md. Town Hall Building.

MILLER BRO'S,

ROCK HALL AND EDESVILLE.

Ready But Not Waiting.

WE HAVE ON HAND NOW

THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED

STOCK OF GOODS

ever offered for public inspection by us. To inspect our goods, means to buy them, and you have a cordial invitation to come and see us at once and get the CREAM OF OUR BARGAINS, which cannot last always at the rate they are now going.

Our Line of UNDERWEAR

is a warm one. Men's Shirts and Drawers to match, from 25c. to $1.00 A special bargain in one at 39c., all sizes. This is as good as the average 50c., and heavy ribbed and fleeced lined. Our 50c. will sell at first sight. It is very heavy, double-breasted and fleece-lined. One of the best 50c. Red Flannel Shirts with Drawers to match, ever seen for the money.

$1.00 buys something nice in Red Flannel Shirts and Drawers, any size. Ask to see our $2.00 All-Wool Double-breasted Blue Flannel Overshirt. It's a beauty.

Infants and Children's Vests and Pants from 10c. to 75c.

Ladies' Vests and Pants to match, 25c. to $1.00.

38c. buys a lovely fleece-lined Egyptian Vest.

50c. buys one of the best fleece-lined Ribbed Vests and Pants on the market.

$1.00 gets a beauty in all wool.

Look at our Men's 10, 15 and 25c Mitts, if you want something to keep your hands warm.

Gum Boots, Leather Boots, Blankets and Comforts, Oil Clothing, Clothing for all from the little tot to the jumbo.

Robes, Harness and Whips. In fact, most anything you need, but remember, we are as we said in the beginning, ready, but not waiting.

Come early and often, is the cordial invitation from

Yours sincerely,
MILLER BROS.,
Rock Hall and Edesville.

P. S.—1000 Doz. Eggs wanted before Oct. 25th.

Blacksmithing

Is another branch of our Business, and we think we have aright to be proud of it. We give it our personal attention and guarantee all work to be the best. How about that drill of yours? Better bring it to us and have it cleaned. We can get you what repairs you need at close prices. Harrows, 1, 2 and 3 horse-trees, are here for you.

☞ Have you had your horse shod here? if not, try us, and we will please you. Bring your business to

HACKETT'S

Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing Parlor,

Still Pond.

Does Your Back Ache?

In constant pain when on your feet?

Is that dragging, pulling sensation with you from morn till night?

Why not put the medicine exactly on the disease? Why not apply the cure right to the spot itself?

You can do it with

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

Immediately after the Plaster is applied, you feel its warming, soothing influence. Its healing remedies quickly penetrate down deep into the inflamed tissues. Pain is quieted, soreness is relieved and strength imparted.

No plaster was ever made like it. No plaster ever acted so quickly and thoroughly. No plaster ever had such complete control over all kinds of pain.

Placed over the chest it is a powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; relieving congestion and drawing out all inflammation.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

BEAUTIFUL FALL Millinery.

We wish to announce to the public that our stock of

Fall Millinery

is now ready for inspection. It represents the latest styles and daintiest creations of the millinery world, carefully gathered after a personal inspection of the great centres of fashion and good taste.

BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, and Beautiful NOVELTIES

in every department, are to be found at our emporium of fashion.

An invitation is extended to the ladies of Kent and Queen Anne counties to call and inspect our goods. Respectfully,

MISSES CORA & HATTIE REED.
High Street, Chestertown.

ALWAYS WORK FOR RESULTS.

You may obtain them by using

LEA'S

Best, Clifton, La Plume

—OR—

Blue Bell

FLOUR.

Now for Sale by All Merchants.

The Voshell House.

Remodeled and Improved.

HAVING rented the Voshell House, one of the old and most widely-known hotels on the Eastern Shore, I wish to announce to the public that this old and popular hostelry will be conducted in the most approved and up-to-date way. The house will be thoroughly heated, remodeled and otherwise improved for the accommodation of guests.

The Table

will always be served with the best the seasons afford, temptingly prepared and served under the personal supervision of my wife.

The rooms, bed and beding will be kept airy and sweet, and everything done with an eye single to the comfort and convenience of my old friends and patrons, the traveling public. A cordial welcome will be accorded to all who call. Very truly,

GEO. E. LAMBERT.

BUCKWHEAT.

Messrs. Westcott & Dodd have received their annual invoice of the choicest Buckwheat. Quality the best, and prices right.


## THE LAND OF GRAVES.

**Ancient Egyptians Believed In Constant Reminders of Death.**

To the Egyptian death was but the beginning of a career of adventures and experiences compared with which the most vivid emotions of this life were tame. He lived with the fear of death before his eyes. Everything around him reminded him of that dreadful initiation into the mysteries of the tremendous after life for which his present existence was but a preparation. His cemeteries were not hidden away in remote suburbs; his dead were not covered with mere grassy mounds or a slab of stone. The whole land was his graveyard; its whole art was of the mortuary. "Are there no graves in Egypt that thou has brought us into the wilderness to die?" asked the Israelites in derision, and we may believe that Moses winced at the sarcasm.

Egypt is the land of graves, and the whole energy of the people, that could be spared from keeping life together, was devoted to death. The mightiest tombs in the world—the pyramids—were raised upon the deaths of multitudes of toiling slaves. The hills were honeycombed passages and galleries, chambers, pits, all painfully excavated and sculptured and painted with elaborate skill to make them fit habitations for his ghost.

Wherever he looked the Egyptian beheld preparations for the great turning point of existence. The mason was squaring blocks for the tomb chamber; the potter molded images of the gods, or bowls and jars, to be placed in the grave for the protection or refreshment of the Ka, exhausted with the ordeals of the under world; the sculptor and painter were at work upon the walls of the funeral chamber, illustrating the scenes through which the ghost was to pass, or depicting the industrious life of the departed.

The very temples which cluster along the levels beside the Nile were, in a sense, but vestibules to the tombs in the hills behind. The sacred lake, now the weedy, picturesque haunt of waterfowl, was then the scene of solemn ferryings of the dead. The temple walls were covered with the terrors of the judgment to come. The houses of the living, indeed, were built of perishing mud, but the homes of the dead and the shrines where supplication was made to the gods who ruled their fate were made to last forever. On these all the strength, the science and the artistic skill of the ancient Egyptians were cheerfully lavished.—Saturday Review.

## THE EXPERT BUTCHER.

**One of His Accomplishments the Ability to Cut Off the Right Weight.**

It is his business, of course, and he becomes expert at it, as any man might in any work, but the customer who pays any attention to it at all is sure to be interested nevertheless in the accuracy with which the butcher cuts off just the required amount of meat. Whether it is two pounds of steak, or four pounds of chops, or six pounds of corned beef, it's all the same to him. He cuts without long dwelling upon where to set the knifes. He slices away sort of casuallike and plies the saw and lays the meat on the scales, and it does not weigh more than a quarter or a half pound from the weight required on even the heaviest pieces, and on the lighter pieces he comes within an ounce or two or hits it right on the nail.

A man, for instance, goes into a butcher shop and asks for three and a half or four pounds of, say, corned beef. The butcher gets a big piece out of the pickle, lays it on a block and picks up a knife, and, without the slightest hesitation, with one strong, smooth sweep cuts off a piece, which he lays on the scales. It weighs three pounds and three-quarters. It is in weight exactly midway between the limits set.

The expert butcher gets his ability to do this, naturally enough, from good judgment, to start with, backed up by long experience, but when he cuts things as close as this even the customer familiar with his skill looks upon him as a wizard.—New York Sun.

**Too Hot to Extinguish.**

A well known Mississippi farmer will have cause to remember his recent visit to Memphis. He stopped in a well known cafe, and among other things ordered a sirloin steak. A bottle of tabasco sauce was on the table, and mistaking it for catchup he spread it quite lavishly on the steak and settled down to enjoy the meal. He cut off a big piece, but no sooner had it struck his mouth than he began to feel like his tongue was on fire. He twisted and turned, and soon had the eyes of every one in the dining hall fastened on him. The more he twisted and screwed his face the hotter the steak in his mouth got. He didn't know what was the matter. He could stand it no longer and reaching up his hand he jerked out the burning bite, threw it on the floor and in a very dramatic way exclaimed, "Now, hang you, blaze!"—Memphis Scimitar.

**Cold Water as a Stimulant.**

According to a high authority, cold water is a valuable stimulant to many if not all people. Its action on the heart is more stimulating than brandy. His own experience is that sipping half a wine glass of cold water will raise his pulse from 76 to over 100.

**Prejudiced Against the Piano.**

"I never thought the time would ever come when I should be delighted to hear that piano going," remarked Fogg as the "instrument" in the next house was being carried down the stairs to the furniture wagon.—Boston Transcript.

**A Compliment.**

Apropos of the late Lord Watson's predilection for interrupting counsel and the story of Lord Bramwell's exhortation to his learned brother to cease worrying a certain arguing barrister, a correspondent tells how on one occasion Lord Watson justified his inveterate habit of interposition.

"I ventured," he says, "once out of court to complain to him of his too frequent interruptions from which I had suffered in court.

"He answered: 'Eh? Man, you should not complain of that, for I never interrupt a fool.'"—London Globe.

**Misfortune of a Poet.**

"James has been quite unfortunate of late," said the poet's wife gloomily.

"Had another poem declined?"

"No; worse than that. You know, he has a habit of looking at the ceiling for inspiration, and last night, just as the inspiration came, a yard of plastering fell square on his head, knocking all the inspiration out of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

In the Japanese temples there is a large drum used in worship. It is called kagura-tai-o, and it gives a tone much like a gong.

Church processions are prohibited in Mexico. Even a priest cannot legally walk the streets in his churchly garments.

## A LEGEND OF JAPAN.

THE STORY OF CHOBEI, THE MAN WHO KNEW NO FEAR.

**Rather Than Tarnish His Reputation For Bravery He Accepted the Prince's Invitation and Went Voluntarily to Assassination.**

The following legend of Chobei has been handed down in Japan as indicative of the courage of the "bravis," or duelists, who flourished in Yeddo during the sixteenth century, forming a sort of Japanese St. Hermindad. Chobei, the leader of this clique, was a redoubtable swordsman, whose constantly recurring duels forced his master to expel him from his retinue. Unwilling to enlist with another of the feudal lords, he assembled all the D'Artagnans of Yeddo about him until his power incited even the princes to envy, although they declined to recognize the outlawed duelist.

On this pretense he was excluded from a popular teahouse one day at an hour when was expected Juirozayemon, the leader of the Hatamotos, then the most influential political party in Japan, who had arrogated the city of Yeddo for the official residence. But Chobei, with a shrug of his shoulders, forced his way past the attendants into the apartments reserved for the prince, where he removed his garments and cast himself on a couch in feigned slumber.

"Who is that brute?" demanded the prince on his arrival. "The leader of the swordsmen," they answered him. Juirozayemon seated himself in silence and began to smoke. Having smoked his pipe, he emptied the glowing cinders into the pretended sleeper's nostrils, repeating this five times, when he paused, astounded by such courageous endurance. Chobei, noting this, yawned, rubbed his eyes like one awakening from profound slumber and exclaimed:

"You, O most noble master! And I having drunk too much should have slept uncovered before your eyes! How shall I excuse my vulgarity?"

"I have so long sought your acquaintance that you are forgiven. Be seated and accept this cup of wine, I pray you."

Politeness forbade Chobei to refuse a drop of the proffered cup, a huge beaker of powerful wine, offered him in the hopes of overpowering him. But Chobei drained it easily and, replenishing it, presented it to his host, who accomplished this feat with the utmost difficulty.

"Will your highness permit me to offer you some gift of value?" Chobei asked humbly.

"Surely."

"What do you most desire?"

Thinking to render the brave ridiculous before the whole city, the prince said promptly:

"A plate of macaroni."

"Ah, Chobei," thought he, "the whole town will soon be telling how the great duelist was permitted only to offer a plate of macaroni to the president of the Hatamotos."

After a whispered colloquy the attendant disappeared, leaving the two enemies alone, smiling but impassive. But soon a great noise penetrated the apartment, and the prince discovered a crowd of workmen busily constructing an immense wall of macaroni around the teahouse. All Yeddo was assembled to view this unique and royal gift. Discomfited that the "bravo" should have outwitted his ruse, the prince departed to plan revenge. The following day brought with it an invitation from Juirozayemon to breakfast. Despite his comrade's remonstrances, Chobei insisted on accepting it. As he entered the prince's dwelling the Samurais threw themselves upon him with drawn swords. Chobei's immense muscular strength enabled him to disarm them, when he proceeded unannounced to the rear apartment.

"Pardon me, your lordship," said he, "for announcing myself. Your attendants have forgotten to do so."

"Surely. Perhaps they have sought quarrel with you. 'Twas but a joke, for I wagered that all six could not disarm you. Perhaps you would like a bath to refresh yourself."

Who shall say that Chobei was wise? Alone in his enemy's house, he discarded his weapons, removed his garments and crouched in the bath. The water that was at first hot was soon boiling. Chobei dashed from the bath, but ten spears held by invisible hands forced him back. Suffocated by steam, exhausted by blood, Chobei fell dying to the ground.

The Samurais were still congratulating themselves on their success when a loud knocking was heard. Inquiry revealed the dueling confederates who were come to seek their leader.

"He is drunk and cannot see you."

"Our leader is dead. We have brought his bier."

The Samurais were dumb with astonishment. Chobei had divined the trap, yet, preferring to sustain his reputation of daring unburnished by any accusation of fear, had voluntarily gone to his assassination.

**Little Troubles.**

As it is only now and then that we have a landslide, while we are continually annoyed by the dust which sifts in at every crack and door and window, so it is only now and then that we have a crashing trouble, while we are perpetually annoyed by little daily cares and vexations.—Weekly Bouquet.

**His Misfortune.**

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?

Bobby Smart—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?

Bobby Smart—He was a poet.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

**Getting Acquainted.**

A Ravenswood man tells this story about a friend of his whose business takes him away from home frequently:

For the last month or so he has had a respite, and his neighbors have noticed the unusual length of his visit to his own house. One of them asked him recently if he had got pretty well acquainted with the members of his family.

"I think I am making an impression," he responded. "My little girl went to her mother the other day and said, 'That man who comes here sometimes spanked me today.'"—Chicago News.

The wife of the fourth emperor of China invented silk weaving and was worshiped in consequence. Japanese bronze work resulted from a woman's efforts.

One man is probably just as good as another, but he usually considers himself a little better.—Chicago News.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

## DRIFTED INTO STORY

THE BEGINNINGS OF SOME FAMOUS LITERARY CAREERS.

**How Some of the Noted Men and Women Who Have Conquered the World of Letters Came to Invade the Domain of Fiction.**

There is an unfailing fascination in the story of the beginnings of brilliant careers, and especially of the careers of men and women who have conquered the world of readers, and have won fame and fortune in the difficult path of letters.

One of the most successful of literary partnerships had its origin is a casual supper conversation at a Bohemian club. Walter Besant and James Rice, both young men of literary ambitions, were discussing one of Dickens' novels, when Rice said, casually: "If I give you the plot of a story, Besant, will you write it?" "I don't mind trying," Besant answered; and within a few weeks the first of a brilliant series of novels was under way.

Rider Haggard was reading for the bar in the early eighties with an eye on the woolsack, and no dream of the career in fiction that awaited him, when it occurred to him, as a recreation from the dry bones of the law, to weave a story out of his South African experiences. To his surprise and delight the story flowed fluently under his pen, and finally assumed ample shape as "The Witch's Head." That it was not a success mattered little; for it had shown him his true metier, and paved the way for "King Solomon's Mines," and all the gold they yielded.

It was only when briefs resolutely declined to drift to his chambers that Anthony Hope Hawkins, a young barrister, in all the modified glory of an untarnished wig, turned his thoughts to the pen to while away the hours of waiting for solicitors who never came. It was thus that he wrote "A Man of Mark," which was rather suggestive of future distinction than productive of present profit. But fame came quicker than briefs after all, and his "Prisoner of Zenda," four years later, gave him all the start he desired.

Grant Allen had wooed science to little pecuniary purpose for many years before he was tempted to stray into fiction, for which he never had much respect. Perhaps no one was as surprised as himself to find that he could write a story quite as cleverly as a scientific treatise, and while "Physiological Aesthetics" brought him repute as a man of science, "Philistia" pointed the way to gold, which in these days of stress is so much better. The science which he designed for a staff became a recreation, but his heart was in it rather than in his novels.

M. Zola was tying up parcels in Hachette's publishing house when he was tempted to read one of Flaubert's novels. Much as the young packer was impressed with its cleverness, he thought he could write a novel quite as good, and he immediately set to work with the results known equally to the world and his bankers.

It was the memory of his long tramps through the Australian bush that turned Guy Boothby's thought to fiction. He had new material full of interest to the reading world. Why not present it in the marketable form of a novel? The suggestion took shape in "On the Wallaby," and the world knows what that led to.

With Morley Roberts it was the same. He had for many years led a life of adventure, which was stranger than fiction, in every part of the world, and in all characters from cowboy to common seaman. It was easy from such rich material to weave the "Western Avernus," the first of his long series of thrilling romances.

Jerome K. Jerome's Bohemian life and stage experiences suggested to him the idea of his first venture in letters, "On the Stage and Off," as at least a variant from teaching, clerk's work and acting, which had made up his precarious existence for some years; and when Mr. Zangwill grew sick of teaching the three R's to young Jews, what more natural than, with his skill with the pen, he should weave a story of the "Children of the Ghetto," although this was not his first venture in literature?

Marie Corelli had no thought of fiction when she was training for the career of a musician and composer; and it was a strange psychical experience that turned her thoughts to the pen and inspired her "Romance of Two Worlds," which took novel readers by storm.

It was loneliness and weird inspiration of the South African veldt that impelled Olive Schreiner, a dreamy girl in her teens, to speak her thoughts on paper in "The Story of an African Farm."

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett was only a schoolgirl, busy with her books, when a group of factory girls streamed past the window through which she was gazing. One of them, unlike the rest, a tall, striking girl, arrested her attention; and it was around this single figure, seen for a moment, that she wrote her beautiful story, "That Lass o' Lowrie's."

Professor Green, the lovable Oxford tutor and author, was the inspiration of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," in which he figures as the hero, Grey. But Mrs. Ward's first book, "Milly and Olly," was written for her own children.

Miss Florence Marryat's first novel, "Love's Conflict," was written at the time of great trouble and suffering, and served the double purpose of distracting her thoughts from her grief and pointing out a career that was to bring much compensating pleasure as well as profit.

**Eating Away Stone Walls.**

At first sight it would seem hardly possible for bacteria to be concerned in the breaking down of a stone wall, yet this is the case, according to observations made in studying the cause of the decay of cement. The gradual disintegration of the cement mortar used in water supply reservoirs is one of the serious troubles met with by water engineers and a trouble which so far they have not been able to avoid with any measure of practical success.

Hitherto this action was supposed to be the result of the solvent property of carbonic acid and other mineral substances commonly present in a water supply. The cement gradually disintegrates and becomes a kind of mud which slowly detaches itself. But now it has been found this strange process is due to the action of none other than that bacterium known as the nutrifying organism. An examination of the mud shows it to be teeming with these organisms.

Among the Vosges peasants children born at the new moon are supposed to have better hung tongues than others and those born at the last quarter to have keener reasoning powers.

It is nonsense to say wealth doesn't bring true happiness when a fortune teller can be hired for $1 to predict any girl's marriage.—Detroit Journal.

## THE NERVOUS MAN.

**He Who Requires the Constant Care of an Attendant.**

A crowded car of an up town bound Lexington avenue elevated train, Wednesday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, was deeply interested in a couple that entered it at Reid avenue station. The man was so nervous that he could scarcely stand, and he fairly trembled as his wife supported him to a seat. As soon as he reached it squarely, his eyes closed, and he appeared to be in a deep sleep. The woman carried in her right hand a saw, a hammer and several other sorts of carpenter's tools. She sat stern and erect, and looked as though life to her was a pretty tough experience. The passengers guessed that she was leading her nervous husband home from work, but how on earth he ever used the tools she carried was a puzzle. If you look about you sharply these days it is no uncommon sight to see women careworn of countenance leading along faded men. The other morning a silent woman walked into the barber shop on Evergreen avenue, near Cooper street, followed by her husband, a pale faced, thin individual, who acted as though he was walking on air. He fell into a chair, and the barber rapidly shaved him, while the woman sat in a corner and waited until the process was complete. Then she handed over the price of a shave, with no tip, and walked out, followed by her broken down better half.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the barber, as he looked after the queer couple. "I have had numbers of men come to my place like that. Some of them are so confounded nervous that before you get half finished they want to jump from the chair. I've got six outside customers whom I shave at their homes, and two of them I shave in two days; one side today, the next side tomorrow, because of their excessive excitability. When I was over in the Produce Exchange building, I had men jump from my chair and run out of the shop because they couldn't sit still long enough to be shaved."—Brooklyn Times.

## AFRICAN WOLVES.

**They Are Very Ferocious, and Even the Lions Fear Them.**

The African wolves, when hunting in packs, are very formidable, and M. Fon, the great French explorer, says: Experience has shown me that they attack not only all animals of medium size, but also the lion itself. They wage terrible battles, in which the lion succumbs to numbers, though not without having ripped open some of the enemy. But the survivors in their turn soon tear it. Consequently the large, ravenous beast has a salutary terror of them. In this connection he relates a story of how his servant once scared away some lions who had surrounded them in the darkness away from camp.

The night was as black as pitch, and we did not distinguish the trees until upon them. Lions prowled around us, and one of them roared within alarming proximity; but we could not see them; we heard them walking in the leaves on all sides. Reaching the tree, we found one of our companions with the rifle cocked, another trying to relight a half extinguished torch. Still the lions walked. We guessed them coming and going in the darkness.

At that moment Tambarika whispered to us the advice to imitate the p'umpis (wolves) in the distance. So we immediately began barking and shouting "Hu, hu, hu!" in an undertone, as though the pack was still at a distance, while the man at the camp made the same well imitated cry. The effect was instantaneous. There was a rapid gallop in the dry leaves; the lions decamped. The more or less well imitated approach of a pack of wolves rid us of them for the whole night. We returned to the camp with our honey, and nothing troubled our tranquillity until morning.

**More Miles Than You Can Count.**

Statements as to the distance of the pole star from the earth which have appeared in some of the newspapers lately have been ridiculously inadequate. One of the estimates made is 255,000,000 miles. Now, if one will remember that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away and that its light comes to us in eight minutes, he will see that if the foregoing estimate of the distance of the pole star were right its beams could reach us in about 15 days. It would be only about 2,700 times as far off as the sun.

Light travels 6,000,000,000,000 miles in a year, and even the most modest guesses as to the parallax of Polaris make it 35 light years. Pritchard's estimate in 1887 was 90 light years, but he has since modified his figures. Hence, if one will write 210 and add 12 ciphers thereto he will have the number of miles which the most conservative authorities believe intervene between the earth and the pole star.—New York Tribune.

**Shakespeare's Father.**

A paper entitled "Shakespeare and Sanitation" was read at the recent provincial meeting of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health at Stratford-on-Avon. Among other things the author related the following: "It is interesting to find that the name of John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, first appears in the records of the municipality as owing a fine of twopence for having made a dirt heap with his neighbors, Adrien Quincy and Henry Reynolds, in Henly street, and on another occasion he 'stood amerced' in fourpence for failing to keep his gutter clean."

**None Better Than All.**

Miss Gingham—And I suppose they have bargain days in Glasgow, Mr. McIvor?

McIvor—Ma conscience, no! It wad na do ava!

Miss Gingham—Indeed! Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people!

McIvor—That's juist it. It would suit them ower weel. If they had bargain days, naebody wad buy onything on the ither days, ye ken!—London Telegraph.

**An Unexpected Answer.**

In the course of an address Dr. Conan Doyle told a quaint experience of his in the Sudan. Wishing to find out whether one of the black soldiers was a Mohammedan or a pagan, he asked him, "Whom do you worship?"

"I worship my colonel," came the answer, pat.

The lessons of history would suggest to a Sherlock Holmes that the man was a Mohammedan.

**Only One Fault.**

"There's only one fault to be found with your comedy work, old man," said the dramatic critic.

"What's that?" asked the aspiring young actor.

"It's tragic."—Chicago Post.

Money in America is as important as quinine in the African jungle. Don't squander your quinine. A few grains saved up are better than none.—New York Evening Journal.

A landlord can always raise the rent. That is more than many of his tenants can do.—Philadelphia Times.


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 receive prompt attention.

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


**Made Her Father Governor.**

Mr. Young and some friends had been discussing the political outlook in Kentucky at Mr. Young's house in Louisville one night, just on the eve of the Democratic state convention, several years ago. When the party broke up, Mr. Young's daughter, then about 18 years old, now married, who had been an interested listener during the discussion, spoke up:

"Why don't you run for governor, pa?"

"Why, my child, they would never think of me for that office. No one cares enough about me for that."

"But, pa, would you accept the nomination if it were offered you?"

"Why, of course I would; nobody would refuse the honor."

Miss Young said no more at the time, but quietly slipped out of the house and started in the direction of The Courier-Journal office, Colonel Henry Watterson being an intimate friend of the family. It happened that she met the veteran editor in the street.

"Ah, Uncle Henry, will you do me a favor?" the young woman asked impulsively.

"Anything in the world that I can do I will."

"Well, I want pa to be governor of Kentucky, and can you get him the nomination?"

Colonel Watterson turned back to the office and sat down and wrote a spirited editorial, demanding in the interests of the Democratic party that John Brown Young be nominated by the convention soon to meet. The result was in accordance with the noted editor's wishes, Mr. Young's election being a foregone conclusion.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Good and Bad Eels.**

"So you think that little eels are sweet and that big eels are rank and strong, do you?" said a fish dealer. "Well, you're off. It isn't the size of the eel that governs his taste. It is his habitation and way of life. But most people think as you do, and throw away the big eel and cook the little one, and then, if the little fellow is strong, they think it is because he wasn't little enough. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"The eel that inhabits a stream with a hard, clean, sandy bottom is sweet and edible, be he as big as your leg or tiny as your finger, for this eel finds food scarce, and he must exercise and keep sober and hustle—else he will starve—and this active career makes him healthy and wholesome. But the eel that lives in the mud, where provisions are plentiful, is unfit for the table, for his life is sluggish, his habits and organs are bad and his flesh, when cooked, tastes and smells of the muddy element. That is why the Schuykill eel is worse than carrion for table purposes, while the eel of the upper Delaware makes a dainty dish."—Philadelphia Record.

**Thrown Out of Court.**

"In the good old days of Kentucky," says The Bar, "there was a court composed of three magistrates to try certain cases appealed from a single justice of the peace. The three magistrates were backwoodsmen. A case was being tried one day that was very important, and several hours of listening to the reading of depositions and the arguments of counsel, pro and con and pro and con again, had so nearly entangled the court in a labyrinth of perplexing questions of law and fact that they doubted their ability to blaze their way out. So they whispered to the leading lawyer at the bar, who was sitting by as a spectator, and asked him what he thought ought to be done with the case.

"'I think it ought to be thrown out of court,' was the prompt and emphatic reply.

"That settled it.

"'Mr. Clerk,' said the chief magistrate, 'pass up them papers.'

"The papers, which made quite a large bundle, were handed the chief magistrate.

"'Now, Mr. Sheriff,' said he deliberately, 'open that window.'

"The sheriff opened the window and the case was thrown out of court.

"The feud that followed lasted for 15 years."

**What It Might Have Cost.**

In a certain town in Vermont, said the Boston drummer as he chewed away at a pepsin tablet, I picked up a wallet containing $500 in cash. In it were papers bearing the owner's name, and he proved to be the mayor of the town. I at once hunted him up and handed over his lost cash, and as he received it he looked me over and scratched the back of his head and said:

"I shall reward you, of course. How much do you think you ought to have?"

"Nothing whatever, sir. I am glad to restore your property."

"But you expect something?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't look for me to give you a cent?"

"Not a red."

"It don't seem possible," he went on as he looked me over again, "but I'll have to take you at your word. Do you know what it might have cost me, sir, had any one else found this wallet?"

"I can't say, of course."

"I'd have had to hand over at least 10 cents, sir, and he might have struck for 15 or 25."—Ohio State Journal.

**A Close Estimate.**

Speaking about close estimates, General John M. Wilson, chief of engineers, made one some time ago. Congress called upon him to make an estimate of the cost of an addition to the government printing office. As it was near the close of the session and congress was hurriedly getting through its work, little time was given General Wilson to consider the matter, but he submitted his estimate, and the appropriation was made accordingly. He estimated that the proposed building, according to the plans and specifications which had been drawn, would cost $121,121.90. The building was completed, and there was $9.16 surplus covered back into the treasury. General Wilson was put in charge of this work, and he took a great deal of interest in it. He always gave credit, however, to Lieutenant Sewell of the engineer corps, who had the immediate supervision of the work, for the care with which the building was erected and the fact that the cost did not overrun the estimate and appropriation.—Washington Cor. Portland Oregonian.


Dig down to the *cause* of your sickness if you want to get well and stay well. Most likely it's indigestion. The irritating poisons of fermenting, putrid food, left in the stomach by indigestion, cause headache, neuralgia, nervousness, dizziness, stomachache, nausea, irritability, and all the other well-known symptoms of indigestion.

They also cause many pains and disorders which are often laid to other causes and hence are not easily cured. But as soon as the poisons are *removed*, all these symptoms and disorders *disappear*, because there is nothing left to cause them. Nothing succeeds in this like Shaker Digestive Cordial, because it *prevents* the undigested food from fermenting in the stomach and *helps* the stomach to digest its food.

Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.


©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8212-0213