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I WISH to announce to my friends and the public generally that I have openeda restaurant and ice cream parlor at the place until recently occupied for the same purposes by Mrs. John L. Shuster. Meals will be furnished at all hours, the service being entirely under my personal care and supervision. Oysters will be served at all times by the pint, quart or gallon. Ice cream, water ices and cake will be served in any quantity desired. Also bread of all kinds. Creams, ices and cake will be served to transient customers.

MRS. J. CORDRAY LOUD,
High street, near Stam's Hall.

The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, JANUARY 4, 1900. VOL. XXXIX—NO. 26.

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TO THE PEOPLE

Of Kent County

for their patronage, and respectfully ask for a continuance of the same.

I will at all times endeavor to merit such patronage by keeping a first-class stock and endeavoring to give you the advantage of large and close purchases.

Wishing you all

A Happy

—AND—

PROSPEROUS

1900.

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"THE HALL,"

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But this need not prove to your disadvantage, for our customers say Goods are cheaper in Chestertown than Baltimore. Look at the bargains at

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The finest I have had for many years.

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Respectfully,
Oct. 5-tf JOSEPH N. WHEATLEY.

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Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks.

It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing.

At first it is a slight cough.
At last it is a hemorrhage.
At first it is easy to cure.
At last, extremely difficult.

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For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Shall we send you a book on this subject, free?

Our Medical Department.

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With compliments of the joyous Xmas season,

M. A. TOULSON.

A WOMAN.

God did not make her very wise,
But carved a strangeness round her mouth:
He put her great sorrow in her eyes
And softness for men's souls in drouth,
And on her face, for all to see,
The seal of awful tragedy.

God did not make her very fair,
But white and lithe and strange and sweet
A subtle fragrance in her hair,
A slender swiftness in her feet,
And in her hands a slow caress,
God made these for my steadfastness.

God did not give to her a heart,
But there is that within her face
To make men long to muse apart
Until they goodness find and grace,
And think to read and worship there
All good, yet she is scarcely fair.

—A. B. Miall in New York Tribune.

CRAZY JOURNALISM.

NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED BY LUNATICS FOR LUNATICS.

The Publications That Are Issued In Madhouses and Asylums Are Almost Entirely Free From Gloom and Melancholia.

Dotted here and there over the earth are little colonies whose inhabitants are cut off from all intercourse with the everyday world by their own idiosyncrasies. Each individual lives in a world of his or her own creation, which, in the majority of cases, only two outside interests ever succeed in reaching—namely, the asylum doctor and the asylum magazine.

In some cases the proof sheets are just glanced at by the head doctor before the magazine goes to press, but they are written, printed and published by the inmates themselves.

Although America produced the first two lunatic journals, to Scotland belongs the credit of having started the first paper of this kind which has survived its infancy. In fact, the birth of lunatic journalism took place when the first number of The New Moon was issued from the Crichton Royal asylum, Dumfries, on Dec. 3, 1844. Since that date the following have been successfully launched: The Morningside Mirror, from the Royal Edinburgh asylum; The Excelsior, from James Murray's Royal asylum, Perth; The Fort England Mirror, Grahamstown, South Africa; The Murthly Magazine, from the Perth County asylum; Under the Dome, the organ of Bethlehem Royal hospital, London, and The Conglomerate, which belongs to the Middletown asylum, New York.

These magazines touch the journalistic ideal, as, being written by the readers for their amusement, they cannot fail to hit the popular taste. We find that those mentally deranged like about four-ninths of their reading to take the form of travel and heavy prose articles of a strictly theoretical nature. The rest of the contents comes in order of quantity as follows: Humor, local notes, poetry, chiefly in a light vein; special articles on local theatricals and fiction.

The most striking feature about these journals is the almost total absence of gloom and melancholia, and we have it on the word of the doctor of one of the leading asylums that this is not owing to such contributions being tabooed. But now and again one comes on a poem or tale drenched with melancholia and morbid insanity. In one of these journals appeared a story written in the first person about a hero—undoubtedly the writer—who had his head twisted round the wrong way. The consequence was he invariably had to walk in the opposite direction to which he wanted to walk. This terrible fate haunts him right through the story, causing him to lose friends, money and everything else which man holds dear and ends up by his, in his own mind, murdering the girl who was to save him from himself.

According to the story, the heroine was standing on the edge of a great precipice. The hero is standing near. Suddenly the heroine becomes giddy and totters on the brink. The hero tries to dash forward and save her, but of course runs the other way. Here comes a break in the narrative, which is finished by the following sentence: "And the gates of an asylum for those mentally deranged shut the writer off from his friends in the outer world."

Apart from such tragedies as the above, the whole of these journals are saturated with humor. In one we find the following among "Questions We Want Answered:"

"When does the queen of Sheba intend to recognize the royal rank of the 'Prince of Wales?' Did 'Marie Corelli' really tweak the doctor's nose? Why did 'Ranji' throw the ball at 'W. G.'s' head during practice at the nets?" Perhaps it should be explained that the celebrities referred to above are not those known to the public, but other persons who claim their personalities and are detained in the asylums for that very reason.

A writer in The Fort England Mirror gives the following reason for his detention: "I met a young widow with a grown stepdaughter, and the widow married me. Then my father, who was a widower, met my stepdaughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law and made my stepdaughter my mother and my father my stepson. Then my stepmother, the stepdaughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course, my brother, because he was my father's son. He was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter and therefore her grandson. That made me grandfather to my stepbrother. Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the stepsister of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her stepson's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his stepsister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my son is my father's nephew, and I'm my own grandfather. And after trying to explain the relationship in our family some seven times a day to our failing friends for a fortnight, I was brought here—no, came of my own will."

Another declares that he never found rest from his mother-in-law before, and he intends to hoodwink the doctors as long as possible. And yet another points out that it has always been the fate of really great men to be ignored or ill treated by their contemporaries, and that is why he is now detained. "For the thick skulls and those of little sense are jealous of my being the first to discover that we could all live forever if we would only walk on our heads instead of our feet."—London Mail.

Unexpected.

"Why, Clara," said a mother to her little daughter, who was crying, "what are you crying about?"

"'C cause," sobbed the little miss, "I s-stated to m-make dolly a b-bonnet, and it c-comed out b-bloomers."—Trained Motherhood.

It is probably true that love laughs at locksmiths, but any careful reader of the proceedings of the divorce courts cannot fail to observe that the locksmiths get a laughing inning later on.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A man is invariably disappointed when the man he is said to look like is pointed out to him.—Atchison Globe.

A CROSS ON HIS BACK.

It Was Made With Chalk, but Was Too Heavy to Carry.

There is a story of an envious tailor current with the French peasantry. He fancied that his neighbor, who received a pension for the loss of an arm incurred while fighting for his country, was better off than himself. Both men went to pay their rent on the same day.

"That's a lucky man," said the tailor to the landlord. "He gets well paid for his arm."

"But who would be willing to part with an arm, even if he were paid for it?" said the landlord.

"I would," declared the tailor.

"You!" cried the landlord. "Why, man, you wouldn't be willing to bear anything of the sort, no matter how much you were paid for it."

"I wish some one would try me."

"Now, see here," said the landlord, who had studied human nature, "I'll tell you what, if you'll wear even so much as a chalk mark on your back I'll remit your rent as long as you wear it on your coat so it can be seen, the condition being that you tell no one why it is there."

"Agreed," said the tailor eagerly. "That's an easy way to pay rent!"

So the chalk mark in the form of a cross was made on the back of his coat, and the delighted tailor sallied forth upon the street.

Strangers and acquaintances hailed him to tell him of the mark on his back. Jokes were made at his expense, children laughed and pointed at him, and his wife annoyed him with questions and with conjugal familiarity told him he was a fool. The usually amiable man grew surly and morose; he shunned men, women and children and frequented back streets. Before the week was up the tailor found himself embroiled in a quarrel with his best friend, his wife had threatened to leave his house and he considered himself miserable and ill used.

Finally, one night he took off his coat and rubbed out the chalk mark and said: "There! I would not wear that cross on my back another week, no, not if I could have all the money there is in Paris!"—Youth's Companion.

SHAVING A DEAD MAN.

A Job That Occupied an Impecunious Artist About a Week.

"I have just finished shaving a dead man," said a local artist. "The job occupied me about a week and"— "Good heavens!" ejaculate a horrified friend, "what d'ye mean?" "Don't be alarmed," replied the artist calmly. "The operation was not as repulsive as you may imagine. In fact, I performed it with a brush. You see, a certain family of my acquaintance have a large oil painting of the head of the house, who departed from this vale of tears some time in the early eighties. At the time the portrait was made he wore a full beard, which was contrary to his usual custom, and the family, who remember him best with a smooth face, have been anxious ever since to get off the whiskers. I was engaged to shave the portrait, and hard times and approaching rent day persuaded me to accept the commission, which, needless to say, was highly antipathetic to my artistic instincts.

"I had to depend entirely on the recollection of the family for my data, and I found, to my alarm, that each member had retained a different impression of the old gentleman's chin. One claimed it was double and another insisted that it was sharp and clean cut; a daughter described it as 'square and determined,' and the widow assured me privately that it was shaped like the prow of an armored cruiser. Altogether I found myself in a deuce of a fix. It was no trouble to take off the whiskers; I did that in three fell swoops; but when I blocked out the jaw experimentally and called in the crowd for suggestions, there was a grand chorus of protest. Strange to say, I pleased nobody, and I have been correcting, amending, remodeling and doing it all over again ever since. One point of dispute was the location of a wart, which half the family said was on the left and half on the right. I finally effected a compromise by painting in two warts, one on each side. I got my fee all right, but before I take another tonsorial job I'll go to driving a trolley car."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Curious Funeral Custom.

In Switzerland death is attended by a custom which calls upon all charitable and Christian people to show their sympathy. A notice edged with a wide black line appears in the daily papers setting forth the day and hour when sympathizers must assemble before the house of the deceased. At the time named a little cloth covered table, supporting a good sized jar, is stood before the house, table, cloth and jar all being of a somber, ebony hue, and into the latter small mourning cards, bearing the name and address of their owners, are deposited. The day the funeral takes place is the day selected for the exhibition of the jar. No ladies are allowed to follow at a Swiss funeral.

Smuggling a Cook Stove.

"Speaking of smuggling," said an old time federal deputy, "I'll tell you a curious little story. Shortly after the opening of one of the Mexican roads, never mind which, a locomotive engineer got married to a native belle in the town at the lower end of his run and set up housekeeping. Among other things they needed was a cooking stove. He could get exactly what they wanted on the American side, but the duty on hardware of that kind was extremely high, and he racked his brains to think of some way to slip it down to his home without paying the exorbitant tariff.

"A cooking stove is about as easy to smuggle as a baby elephant, but at last he struck a brilliant scheme, and on his next trip he simply lashed the thing to the pilot of his engine. It looked as much out of place as a piano on top of a hearse, but the yardmen were conveniently blind, and he pulled out in triumph. When he stopped at the customs office, the Mexican officials stared at the stove in amazement, but they concluded at once that it was some new Yankee device in connection with the locomotive and asked no questions for fear of betraying their ignorance of up to date machinery. The consequence was that the engineer got his stove without paying a cent of duty."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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.

Scenery That Acts.

Scenery that acts! If Wagner had wrought no other revolution on the operatic stage, he would deserve our gratitude. Take for purpose of comparison the vessel in "L'Africaine" and the ship in the first act of "Tristan and Isolde." The former shows the section of a vessel as neatly divided into various compartments as a box of seed samples. If the scene is well done, if, when the double basses begin to rumble and the ship begins to roll, the women shriek in their compartments, the priests pray in theirs, and the savages whose canoes would surely have been swamped in the storm, supposing they could have been launched at all, climb over the ship's side and massacre everything in sight—well, we see the cleverness of it and are entertained, but hardly horror stricken or overcome by terror.

On the other hand, the ship's deck in "Tristan," with its group of silent men near the helm and its passion torn woman in the foreground, the distant horizon line suggesting the sea far more effectively than a whole platoon of mechanically "worked" waves possibly can, creates illusion and atmosphere, and forms as much a component part of the music drama as the singers and orchestra. The ship in "L'Africaine" is a clever bit of stage mechanics; the ship in "Tristan" is scenery that acts.—Gustav Kobbe in Century.

It Paid to Be Cheerful.

A manufacturer of Kensington tells this true tale: "Fifteen years ago I was very rich, but ten years ago there came a time when it seemed that I'd surely fall. One day when a smash appeared a certainty I walked down Chestnut street toward the wool warehouses, blue, blue as indigo, but I braced up and put on a cheerful air. Just then a man I knew came in and said:

"'Say, Bill, what makes you always look so cheerful? Don't you ever have any trouble at all?

"'Oh, yes,' said I, jollying a little; 'but to look blue doesn't do any good,' etc.

"'Well,' this fellow said, 'I tell you what I'm going to do. I've got $25,000 lying idle, and I'm going to get you to invest it for me. You're so well off, so lucky in business always, and so blamed cheerful, I'm sure nothing ever fails with you, and I want you to invest this money any way you please, and I won't even ask you how you did invest it.'

"Well, I took this man's money. It was just the amount my tottering business needed. A year later times and prices were vastly better, and I paid the $25,000 back with interest at—what do you think?—9 per cent."—Philadelphia Record.

A Heartless Maiden.

There is a girl in town who, being both bright and pretty, has a good many admirers, but the most ardent of all happens to be a pudgy old grass widower, with two grandchildren and a red nose.

Naturally she has to stand a good deal of guying on his account and skips him as much as possible. So much, in fact, that the poor man had no chance to plead his cause in private and alone and so was at last driven to the use of pen and paper.

Here is his production. It is recommended to all bashful lovers for its brevity and beauty, as well as businesslike construction:

Nettie, I want to know my fate. You know that I love you. Will you marry me? If so, speak to me about it. I think the world of you. Give me a chance, Nettie. Yours truly,
BLANKETY DASH.

And would you believe it? That heartless maiden hasn't "spoken to him about it" yet.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Story of Judge Mattacks.

Henry Keyes of Vermont was a lifelong Democrat. Governor Mattacks—or Judge Mattacks—was for a brief period a Democrat also. After he got to be a judge he soon became a Whig. While holding court at St. Johnsbury he occupied a room at the leading hotel, which, as was usual during court time, was dull. Late at night Mr. Keyes arrived and wanted a bed. The landlord informed him that every bed in the house had two in it except the one that was occupied by Judge Mattacks.

"Go up and tell him that Henry Keyes wants to sleep with him."

The landlord went up, rapped at the judge's door, and told him his errand.

"Henry Keyes," said the judge half asleep; "Henry Keyes of Newbury? Democrat? Oh, yes, I've had it once. Let him in."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mount Rainier's Shadows.

A recent visitor from the east to Puget sound describes with enthusiasm the wonderful shadow effects produced by, and upon, the gigantic snowy cone of Mount Rainier. It sometimes happens that the sky, as seen from the city of Tacoma just before sunrise, is covered with a dome of cloud 15,000 feet, or more, in height, while behind the peak, toward the east, the sky is clear. In such circumstances the rising sun casts the shadow of the great mountain upon the cloud curtain overhead in the form of a vast blue triangle, the point of which rests upon the apex of the peak. At other times the shadow of the earth can be seen creeping up the cone in a distinct curve, while the flush of sunset stains the snow above the line of shadow to a deep pink.—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Drew's Opinion of Edwin Booth.

Edwin Booth had a very sweet character and a charming manner at rehearsals, which he detested. I think, after Hamlet, his Bertuccio in the "Fool's Revenge" was his finest representation. He threw his whole soul into it, and it was indeed a performance to be remembered.—Mrs. John Drew in Scribner's.

The Theaters in Japan.

The theaters are the very places to study the Japanese. In many theaters the entire house is divided by rails into square pens 4 by 4 feet, intended for four Japanese, but often containing half a dozen. The men and women are barefoot, walk the narrow dividing rails to reach their reserved "seats." The patrons kneel within these square pens, or, when there are no pens, they squat upon the floor in little circular groups and smoke, eat, drink, fan themselves and chatter. Many come in and go out at random. Children run to and fro. Frequently the spectators bring luncheon and pass the day within the theater, the play continuing uninterruptedly.

The stage, which in some theaters revolves to change scenes, has two detached projections three feet wide, extending among the audience. Upon these projections the performers run, recite and act.

Their acting is sufficiently curious. A villain slain walks off the stage, a Jap mops with a dirty cloth the chief actor's face while he is speaking. The prompter, dressed all in black, gown, hood and girdle, will follow the actor all around the stage. Other persons, also in black, run to and fro across the stage. Those costumed in black are supposed to be invisible. Stage carpenters and helpers often stand upon the stage and gaze and laugh at the actors, and so on.—Baltimore Sun.

LONGFELLOW'S ADVICE.

Kindness Was the Keynote of the Poet's Character.

Mme. de Navarro gives some charming pictures of Longfellow in "A Few Memories." She says that every conversation with him led to some good result. His first advice to her was: "See some good picture—in nature if possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as to astonish even yourself."

The poet was fond of a good, amusing story and had many to tell out of his own experience. He was particularly delighted at the ingenuity of an enterprising vender of patent medicine who, vaunting the "marvelous effects" of his drug, no doubt in the hope of inspiring the poet, invited him to write a verse for the label, promising him a percentage on each bottle and a free use of the medicine for himself and family.

On one of his birthdays he was astonished at seeing a wagon containing a piano drive up to his house, followed by a strange young lady in a carriage. The young lady informed the housekeeper that she wished the piano to be put in a room where it would "sound well," as she had composed a piece of music in honor of the poet's birthday and meant to play it to him on her own instrument.

Longfellow was a great lover of music, and Wagner appealed to him strongly. We heard several operas together in Boston after my engagement there. He generally arrived before us, armed with flowers and full of delightful anticipations. On one of these occasions some one sent a magnificent bouquet to our box. Not knowing the donor, I did not take it up. He insisted on my doing so.

"'Put down my simple ones,' he said, 'and take up these beautiful flowers. It will gratify the giver, who is no doubt in the house. Try never to miss an opportunity of giving pleasure. It will make you happier and better.'

Kindness was the keynote of his character. No inconvenience to himself was too great if a good turn to any one was at the end of it.

AMERICA'S FIRST GEORGE.

How He Tried to Run Away From His Admirers.

Washington was not churlish, but he had that preference for being unobserved that develops at times into a longing in a man whose life is spent in public. He quitted the Macomb house on the morning of Aug. 30, 1790. The servants were instructed to steal away at dawn, to have the carriages and luggage over the ferry at Paulus Hook by sunrise. By candlelight Mr. Washington, the children and the secretaries assembled in the morning room.

The president entered, pleased with his stratagem. He was enjoying in prospect his concealed departure. Immediately under the window suddenly struck up on the still morning air the blaring, vigorous notes of an artillery band. From the highways and byways scurrying people appeared. To witness his first step outside the door a thousand goggling, affectionate eyes watched.

"There!" cried the general, in half comic despair—I cannot think altogether displeased. "It's all over; we are found out. Well, well! They must have their own way."

It was the "general" they waited to see, not the president. They lined the roadway from house to barge, recording every movement in observant brains. (A distinguished man can never know which of his audience is to be his biographer. It may be one of the "supers" on the stage rolling off the carpets.) The thunder of artillery could not drown the living shout that rose from the throats of the people as Washington was borne off with the rise and fall of the oars gleaming in the cheerful sun. His voice trembled as he bade the assembled crowd farewell. Though chary of appealing to it, the love of the people never failed to move him deeply.—Harper's Magazine.

A Banker's Generosity.

In a chapter of reminiscences of Von Bunsen and his friends, in The Century, the Hon. John Bigelow tells this anecdote of Humboldt:

One day he was dining with Mendelssohn, the banker, and, an unusual thing for him, was very silent. His host, remarking it, observed to Humboldt that he was sure he must be ill.

"No," said Humboldt, "but I am in great trouble. Only ten minutes before leaving my apartment to come here I received from my landlord a note informing me that he had sold the house in which I reside and that I must move. The very thought drives me to despair. I really cannot bear to move again."

Mendelssohn gradually led Humboldt into conversation, during which he found time to write a note and receive an answer to it. He then took Humboldt aside, and said: "By this note I learn that I am now the owner of the house in which you reside. The condition, however, upon which I have become its possessor is that you continue to occupy your apartment in it as long as you live."

Goat's Milk.

Modern Medicine says that goat's milk, contrary to the general impression, differs from cow's milk not in being more digestible, but in being less digestible and less nutritious, although it contains a larger amount of solid matter than cow's milk. It is indeed the most indigestible of all milk. Goat's milk has a peculiar and unpleasant odor and flavor, due to hircic acid, or hircine. It contains an excess of fat and is therefore altogether too rich for an infant's diet.

Not a Bit of a Popular Hero.

"Nobody seems to know much about that man in uniform who slipped out of the carriage while the crowd was cheering the general and went back to the hotel."

"Bless you, no. He isn't one of the heroes. While the brave fellows were fighting at the front, he was nursing yellow fever patients in the hospital."—Chicago Tribune.

An Unsolved Problem.

He—Yes, she made a fool of me.

She—I wonder why it is a man never recovers from a thing of that kind?—Brooklyn Life.

In a dark corner near the west entrance of Winchester cathedral is a door composed of four pieces of iron grill work, which have the distinction of being the oldest specimens of their kind in England.

There are over 3,000 animals in the London zoological gardens.

I want to let the people who suffer from rheumatism and sciatica know that Chamberlain's Pain Balm relieved me after a number of other medicines and a doctor had failed. It is the best liniment I have ever known of.—J. A. DONGEN, Alpharetta, Ga. Thousands have been cured of rheumatism by this remedy. One application relieves the pain. For sale by M. A. Toulson, druggist.

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