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.

DR. J. G. EMERSON,

DENTIST.

Ex-Demonstrator of University of Maryland.

ROCKWELL BUILDING,

Chestertown, - - Maryland

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. a28-3t.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY,

Graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery,

taving 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.

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.

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.

LEWIN W. WICKES,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Chestertown, - - - Maryland

WILLIAM W. BECK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Chestertown, Maryland.

Office opposite Market Square.

CHAS. 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 on this line of trade. We solicit the patronage of shippers, and guarantee to make prompt returns. Give us a trial and be convinced. Jan. 16, 1896.

WILLIAM P. IRELAND,

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

No. 121 Callowhill Street,

PHILADELPHIA

GEO. E. LAMBERT

—WITH—

WM. B. McCADDEN & CO.,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

ALL KINDS COUNTRY PRODUCE

Fish, Crabs, Oysters and Terrapin Specilties.

5 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.

Daily returns in cash or by check. [m31-y.

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, &c. Returns sent daily.

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

Stewart Fruit Company.

WHOLESALE

FRUIT, PRODUCE AND GRAIN

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

118 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

Reference, Merchants' National Bank.

FRANK WRIGHT & Co·

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

304 SOUTH CHARLES STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

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,

FRANK WRIGHT & CO.

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

SAMUEL ROLPH WITH

A CALL

TO THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL.

I WISH to say that I am still in the ICE CREAM Business at 342 Cannon street. We are prepared to make and furnish

ICE CREAM, WATER ICE AND FROZEN CUSTARD

by the plate or gallon at prices to suit the times. We pack any quantity, from 1 quart to 10 gallons. Special prices to church entertainments, picnics and camps.

Terms Cash. Don't forget the address,

HARRISON JENKINS,

m9-tf. 342 Cannon St., Chestertown, Md.

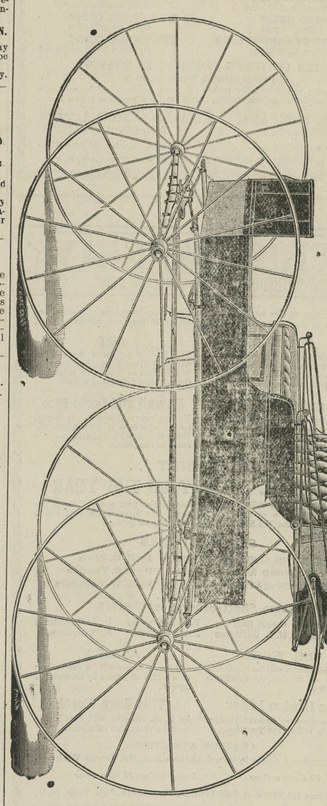
The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.00 PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND, DECEMBER 29, 1898. VOL. XXXVIII—NO. 34.

A SPECIAL BETWEEN-SEASONS

SALE of CARRIAGES.

—AT THE—



Carriage and Implement House,

STILL POND

Still Pond, Maryland.

I am compelled to make some improvements in my Carriage Repository before putting in my fine stock of Vehicles for 1899, and in order to clean out my present stock, I will, for the next 60 days, offer the people of Kent county some of the greatest bargains that it has ever been their good fortune to have offered them.

I have only a few jobs, but the prices on these will be cut, regardless of cost, until they are cleaned out. All must go. It will pay you to call, even though you do not need a Carriage very badly, and secure some of these bargains while they last.

Some very special bargains to those here first.

We Also Have in Stock the Following

SEASONABLE GOODS

COAL.—Free burning white ash,
WOOD.—Good seasoned Oak, } At Hepbron Station.

Corn Shellers, Grindstones, Stock Troughs, Water Barrels and Trucks, &c.,

All at the Lowest Living Prices.

Call and see me, I can save you money.

Isaac Robinson,

TOWN HALL, STILL POND, MD.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT---1898!

Farmers, Look at Your Grain Drills. We REPAIR ALL KINDS OF DRILLS

At The Kennedyville Agricultural Headquarters of

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

And Sell the BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILL.

Genuine Oliver Chilled Plows and Castings,

DISC HARROWS, TWIN HARROWS, SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS, LAND ROLLERS, WHEEL AND HAND CULTIVATORS, Etc., Etc.,

Carriages, Wagons, Buggies, Dearborns, Road Carts and Daytons. Carriage and Wagon Harness, Barbed and Plain Wire for Fencing. Coal and Whitewash Lime.

INSURANCE NOTICE:—I am prepared to give Best Rates in Fire Insurance in the American of Philadelphia, one of the best companies in the country.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,

Sept. 1,8 198. Kennedyville, Md.

FARMERS AND LAND OWNERS

Why not Look to Your Interest

In the Improvement of your lands, while grain is a good price and the indications have an upward tendency. Does it pay to let your land sour and degenerate for want of a stimulant? We answer no. The question arises how are we to get the best results from our crops and at the same time raise the standard of our land? We answer by the use of lime. Well, what Lime do you think will give the best results? We think

The Celebrated Kerr's Wrightsville Lime,

which has stood the test for many years by our oldest and most prosperous land owners. We can furnish you with other limes as you may wish, all of which will be delivered to any station on the Balto. & Del. Bay R. R. at short notice on reasonable terms. Last but not least is the well known

Standard Lime and Stone Company's Lime,

which has been the greatest selling Lime on the market; this Lime runs 97 per cent. of pure Carbonate of Lime. We can deliver this Lime by water to any point on the Chesapeake Bay or tributaries on reasonable notice, We would be pleased to have you call on or write us before placing your orders.

COAL AND WOOD.

Building and White Wash Lime, Cements, Baled Hay, Roofing Felt and Terra Cotta Piping, all of which will be sold at city price. Hoping you may favor us with your orders and we will promise to try and please you. Thanking you for past favors, I remain, yours for business,

J. D. BACCHUS,

March 3, 1898. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Just a Cough

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.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough.

There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect.

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.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

TO THE PEOPLE

of Kent and Queen Anne Counties.

I have now on hand the most Complete stock of

BOOTS, SHOES

AND RUBBERS

that have ever been shown in this town, embracing all the latest style toes and widths, all of which have been selected with the greatest care, and I defy competition on the same lines of goods. All I ask is an inspection of them to convince you that a regular Shoe Store is the place to buy.

Men's Shoes and Boots.....$1.00 to $5.00
Ladies' Shoes from.....,90 to $3.50
Misses' and Children's Shoes from. .25 to $2.50
Rubber Shoes from.....25 to .75

Also the W. L. Douglas Shoes $2.00, $3.00, $3.50 and $5.00; Boys', $2.00.

Some Shoes require a lot of talk to sell them, but we have in our $2.00, $3.00 and $3.50 line of Men's Shoes that after you have seen them does not require much talking, because they speak for themselves. We have them in Box-Calf, Willow-Calf, Russets and Patent Leather, for a strictly dress shoe, on the new English Toe, Golf cut with back stay Double Sole, right up to date. Inspect this line and satisfy yourself.

Boys', Misses' and Children's

SCHOOL SHOES.

A fine line to select from.

See what $1.00 buys.
See what $1.50 buys.
See what $2.00 buys.
See what $3.00 buys.
See what $3.50 buys.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

We believe in so treating customers that they will not only feel grateful to us but will send others to us about the Shoe question.

If they come again, that's clear gain; if they bring others, that helps swell the average. In any event, it now begins to look as if people knew where the Shoe Store is. Large lot of Shoe findings, such as Slipper soles, Over Gaiters, Shoe Laces, Cork Soles, Brushes and all the different kinds of Polish.

DON'T GO TO THE CITY

to buy until you have given your home merchant at least a chance to show you what he keeps.

T. G. Wroth,

The Shoe Man Under Stam's Hall.

NO OTHER MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD

so fully and fairly presents the opinions of the leading writers and thinkers on all questions of public interest as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—*Boston Journal.*

IN THE

North American Review

YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND

The Right Topics,

By the Right Men,

At the Right Time.

It is essential to every American reader who wishes to keep up with the times. The New York *Sun* says of it: "THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW constantly offers to the public a programme of writers and topics that excite the reader and gratify the intellectual appetite. In this respect there is no other magazine that approaches the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW."

It is neither a partisan nor a sectarian publication, but

ALL SIDES OF ALL QUESTIONS

in which intelligent readers are interested are promptly discussed in its pages, and facts and arguments are presented with all the ability and logical force of the most eminent writers in the world.

Subjects that concern the interests of

AMERICAN WOMEN

receive constant and special attention.

50 Cents a Number; $5.00 a year.

NOW S THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, N. Y.

Subscription to the TRANSCRIPT $1.00 per annum.

THE DAWNING OF THE YEAR.

When the snowflakes of December robe
the earth in spotless white,
And the stars in dazzling beauty decorate
the wintry night,
We watch the old year vanish like a
ghost into the past,
To the music of the sleighbells and the
dirges of the blast.
We bless it for its kindness and we sigh
above its dead,
Across the heart graves it has left most
solemnly we tread;
But we turn with hope and gladness as
we brush away a tear
To pleasures which still hidden lie within
the glad New Year.

When it dawns in all its glory we shall
put the past away,
And, trusting in its coming, greet its
bright, initial day.
The sun will burst in grandeur on the era
that it brings,
And loves unknown today will touch the
heart's melodious strings.
Oh, when it breaks upon the world may
every mist depart,
And may its bells ring joyously in every
human heart;
For everywhere on land and sea the millions wait to cheer
The banners which in splendor wave
above the glad New Year.

I can almost see its footsteps in the soft
and fleecy snow
And hear its wondrous anthems as its
bells swing to and fro,
For Father Time is standing 'twixt the
new year and the old,
He rings for one a parting dirge, for one
the chimes of gold.
Aye, in the crisp, clear night he stands,
a smile upon his face,
And wishes joy, the while he rings, for
all the human race;
For in the sweet tones of the bells what
heart can never hear
The promises of peace that crown the
dawning of the year?

—New York Clipper.

A LEGEND OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

This is the 30th of January, 1871, said Dame Madeleine, laying down her knitting with a serious look in her brown, shriveled face, like one about to tell a strange story. I'm 91 years old today. I have lived to see many wonderful changes. I have seen the French at Berlin and the Germans in Paris, and now I thank the God that these good old eyes of mine can see but little more evil in this world.

It is seldom enough that I stir from home now, for my own limbs are not so lissom now as they used to be in the days of the great emperor, when I danced down all the village girls at our fete of Paques (Easter) and New Year's eve and prayed for the soul of our young lord, Henri de Mortemar, for it was upon that day that he sinned his greatest sin, and sorely indeed was he punished for it. May God have mercy upon his soul! You say you would like to hear the tale? Well there are not many gentlemen who would care to sit and listen to an old woman's idle stories, so if you're good enough to wish to learn it you shall have it, and welcome.

There's but little remaining now of the old chateau of Mortemar, and if monsieur the marquis could come back to it he would hardly know his own home again, for when the people rose up in 1793 they scarcely left one stone upon another. You can just see a half burned corner of one of the towers, and that's all. But in the days before the revolution what a place it was! Such feasting all day long! Such music and dancing and gayety of every kind! Such troops of servants in rich liveries, and fine gentlemen with laced coats and silver belted swords, and beautiful ladies with powdered hair, and glittering with jewels like the shrine of the Holy Virgin in the cathedral yonder. But to pay for all this splendor we of the people had to make soup out of nettles and to go without fire in winter, and that's why I'm glad the times are changed now.

M. Henri was the only child, but his father, the great marquis, had adopted a young lady, the daughter of an old friend of his who had been killed by his side at the battle of Minden. These were all that lived in the house, but there were always plenty of young gentlemen from the neighborhood hanging about the chateau—and well there might be when such a pretty girl as Mlle. Adela was in it. It would take a good hour to tell you of all her admirers, but the two gayest and wildest of them all were Gaston de St. Cyr, and Raymond de Mericourt, whom they used to call the Black Eagle.

Holy St. Joseph! What a wild set they were, those young madcaps! I can remember as if it were yesterday (though I was only a child then) how they used to racket about the streets of the town at night, kissing every pretty girl they met and pricking every quiet old burgher with their swords till he jumped and hallooed like a dancer at a fair. It was no use complaining, for no one dared to touch a gentleman in those days, and once, when the mayor ventured to object to their doings, they answered by hanging a dead dog at his door with a piece of paper in its mouth saying, "A ton tour, mon frere!" (In your turn, brother.) Little did they dream, then, that their own friends and kinsmen were to be hung along those streets in the very same way only a few years later.

But there was one among the roisterers so different from the rest that he quite put me in mind of that picture of St. Antoine among the demons which hangs above the font in our church. This was young Armand de Courval, who had been bred up for the church, only his elder brother died suddenly and left him heir to the family property. But every one said he would have done much better for an abbe than for a lord, he was so grave and so gentle and so quiet, hardly ever speaking or lifting his eyes from the ground. Our wild young gentlemen used to make fine fun of him, as you may think, but he bore it all without a word, till at last they got tired and left off.

Now, of course, there was a good deal of talk in our neighborhood about the young lady and her admirers, and plenty of guesses were made as to who would be the man. Some said it was M. Henri, while others declared that, having been brought up together like brother and sister, they would never think of each other in any other way. Most people were for M. de Mericourt, and indeed it wouldn't have been easy to find a handsomer or a bolder man if he only had not been so terribly wild, but just then a thing befell which gave us all something else to think about.

It was terribly hot all over France that summer of 1788, and the older men shook their heads and said that if we didn't get some rain soon it would be all over with the harvest. This was bad news for us poor folks, who had little enough to live on anyhow, but upon it came another piece of news that we liked still less—namely, that several dogs of the neighborhood had gone mad and were running about the country biting every one whom they met.

Now, one evening about that time Mlle. Adela went out to stroll among the trees by the riverside, which was a favorite walk of hers. All at once there came bursting through the bushes a huge black dog, raving mad, with its tongue lolling out and the foam flying from its open jaws. She shut her eyes and sank helplessly to the ground, too much terrified even to scream.

Just then, when all seemed over, out from behind a tree (where he had been reading all the afternoon) sprang Armand de Courval, the scholar, the dreamer, the man at whom every one laughed. He ran right at the savage brute, weaponless as he was, flung his coat over its head, so as to blindfold it for an instant, and then quick as lightning seized and hurled it bodily into the river.

When the other gentlemen heard what had happened, they were greatly amazed, as you may think, and praised his courage up to the skies, but he only said: "Why do you extol me? Give the praise to God, who helped me." And then he slipped away, as if he didn't want to hear any more of it.

But the next day Mlle. Adela came to him as he sat in a nook of the great eastern window and said very earnestly:

"M. de Courval, I can never thank you enough for your bravery. I think few of these gay cavaliers who make sport of you would have faced such a death half so well."

But De Courval only smiled a sad, sweet smile, such as one might fancy on the face of a martyr when the flames are rising fast around him.

"Ah, my child," said he in his soft, low voice, "it is better to be doing good than to live doing nothing."

And for several days after that our young lady was strangely silent and thoughtful.

The summer passed, and the autumn passed, and as winter began to draw on every one made his preparations for the Jour de l'An (New Year's day), which, as you know, is our great day in France. There used to be a great fete every year at the chateau of Mortemar, and this time it was to be even grander than usual, for monsieur the marquis had invited friends from all parts and had announced that he should give a feast on New Year's eve to all the tenants on his estate, of whom my mother was one.

So then the young gentlemen began to talk about getting up some kind of show to amuse the tenantry, and M. Henri, who was always foremost in every kind of fun, cried out:

"Hark ye, gentlemen, these good people say we're wild as devils, so suppose we take them at their word. We'll dress up as demons and treat them to a demon dance."

The others shouted with laughter and said it would be just the thing; but Armand de Courval shook his head.

"For heaven's sake, my friends," said he, "don't make a jest of such things! You know"—

"We know that you have a right to be shocked, my dear abbe," broke in M. Henri, laughing, "but it can't matter much for poor sinners like us. I'm sure if satan himself likes to come and head our dance he'll be heartily welcome."

New Year's eve came at last, and the tenants were there in their best clothes, my mother and I among them. The great courtyard had been covered in with canvas and warmed by a big fire at each end, and there we had our supper. Monsieur the marquis and our young lady went out among us to see that we had enough, while the rest sat at the windows and looked on.

When supper ended, there was a sudden burst of wild music. Up went a curtain at the end of the yard, disclosing a stage painted to represent the depths of a forest, and out came M. Henri and his two friends, dressed as demons, and began dancing and hallooing and waving burning torches till they scared us children so that we cried as loud as they did.

The fine folks at the windows clapped their hands and applauded lustily, but all at once somebody cried out:

"I thought there were only three of them. Who's the fourth?"

And when we looked, there, sure enough, where there had only been three dancers a minute back, there seemed now to be four. But no one could tell exactly what the fourth was like, for he flitted about like a shadow, now here, now there and sometimes seeming to be everywhere at once.

Then a strange horror fell over the whole assembly, and every one saw in his neighbor's face the terror that was upon his own. The lights burned blue, and the air suddenly became foul and stifling, like the air of a charnel vault. And as the courtyard grew darker a pale, dismal light, like a half quenched fire, began to rise over the stage, showing us that the faces of the dancers had grown haggard and ghastly and that their dancing was like the writhings of men in mortal agony. Many of the great ladies, who had always mocked at such things and believed neither in God nor the devil, fainted outright, and the boldest of the gentlemen were little better.

Then, amid all the tumult and terror, forth came M. de Courval. Up he went on to the stage, and, lifting his calm, commanding face above the tortured visages of the doomed men, said solemnly:

"Stranger, if you are of mortal mold come forward and meet me like a man. If you are a spirit of evil, begone in the name of him who died for us all."

There came a clap of thunder that seemed to rend the very sky, and all was dark as night, but through the darkness and the silence wailed a low, dying groan. When the light came again, all the gay guests were huddled together like scared sheep, while the three dancers lay prostrate upon the stage, with their dresses all scorched and blackened as if by lightning, but the terrible fourth was nowhere to be seen.

Monsieur the marquis sprang upon the stage and called to his son, but Henri made no answer. He was dead. It fared even worse with M. de Mericourt, for he, the bold, high spirited, reckless cavalier, was a hopeless idiot ever after, crying and cowering like a frightened child. As for Gaston de St. Cyr, the shock sobered him once for all. Thenceforth he devoted his life to good works, and died long after in a foreign land, reverenced like a saint.

"And the young lady?" ask I, as Dame Madeleine pauses.

"She married M. de Courval six months later, and went away to America, where they lived many years, working manfully for their own living and beloved by all who knew them, and only two years ago their grandson (he's an officer in the American army, and such a fine fellow) came over to see the place where his ancestors had lived, and seemed quite pleased to find old Madeleine still alive and hearty. So, you see, monsieur, the good can bring good out of evil, after a" "—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Shakers of Mount Lebanon, a community of simple, honest, God-fearing men and women, have prepared the Shaker Digestive Cordial for many years, and it is always the same, simple, honest, curative medicine that has helped to make the Shakers the healthy, long-lived people that they are. The Shakers never have indigestion. This is partly owing to their simple mode of life, partly to the wonderful properties of Shaker Digestive Cordial. Indigestion is caused by the stomach glands not supplying enough digestive juice. Shaker Digestive Cordial supplies what's wanting. Shaker Digestive Cordial invigorates the stomach and all its glands so that after awhile they don't need help. As evidence of the honesty of Shaker Digestive Cordial, the formula is printed on every bottle. Sold by druggists, price 10 cents to $1.00 per bottle.

ARIZONA NEW YEAR'S

HOW THE RECKLESS COWBOY CELEBRATES THE DAY.

Exhibits His Skill In Roping Cattle. The Call to Dinner—Help Yourself From Roasted Quarters of Beef. Dancing in the Evening.

Roughly lettered posters of wrapping paper for weeks had announced that a cowboy tournament and fiesta Mejicana would be held on New Year's day at Agua Caliente.

Two races, each of four heats, have been run in the morning, when the faint popping of a six shooter, supplemented by a distant roar of "Grub! Oh, grub!" announces the hour for dinner. Spectators and racers rush back to the plaza.

Back of one of the principal saloons, between it and the base of the mountain, a long trench has been dug and filled with mesquite wood, burned to clear, red coals. Over these coals, resting on well soaked green poles, quarters of beef have been roasting for the last 12 hours. These quarters are hung in the different verandas, and from them each man cuts such portion as seems good to him and retires to eat it, together with whatever provisions he may have brought with him, while in the burning sun of the plaza the Indians and dogs dispute for and gorge themselves on the refuse.

Soon there is a general movement toward a corral at the foot of the plaza, where the principal business of the day, from a sporting standpoint, is to begin. For a week the founders of the feast have been collecting cattle suitable to their purpose, and the cottonwood pole corral is as full of them as it will hold.

Twenty feet in front of the corrals a long line has been drawn in the sand, then an interval of 40 yards and another. A little to one side the timekeeper, watch in hand, sits on his horse. The first contestant, in this case a handsome young Mexican, places himself with his back to the corral, and the fore hoofs of his pony just toeing the first line.

The bars are lowered and a long legged red cow is allowed to escape. Across the space she runs like a greyhound. The instant she crosses the second line the vaquero plunges in his big spurs and starts in pursuit, his riata whistling around his head. The cow points straight for a growth of scrub, as though she knew that no lariat could be thrown in such a place. The little horse gains on her rapidly. Before she has made more than a third of the distance to her goal he is at her flying heels. Then the rope flies out so quickly that the eye can hardly follow it, but the cow makes a quick turn and gallops on, still free.

The Mexican makes no second attempt. The loss of time caused by his first failure would prevent his winning the coveted prize. So he sulkily withdraws, and his place is taken by another, who sits with straining eagerness as a gray bull is sent careering across the dead line.

"Off fore foot," he cries as his pony springs forward. Then follows a quick cast, a couple of turns around the saddlehorn, and the horse braces back, tucking his head well down to keep it out of the way—while the bull, his flight suddenly arrested, turns a half somersault and lands on his back, caught by the leg his captor has named. Securing the line, the man dismounts and runs toward his prey as fast as his high heels will allow. It struggles fiercely, but the pony is far too well trained to let the bull rise, and, with a tightening of the lariat, neatly foils every attempt. The captured fore leg is quickly made fast to a hind leg—"hog tied"—and then the cowboy holds up his hand to show that it is completed.

The judges having pronounced that the animal is properly secured, the time taken to accomplish the feat is entered and another man tries his skill.

The twilight comes at last. Dusk is soon followed by darkness in these latitudes, and hardly has it fallen when the strains of rude music announce the opening of the great social feature of the day, the ball. The ballroom is the whole upper floor of the hotel. The walls are of rough adobe, the floor of unplaned planks. From the rafters of the flat roof hang all the lanterns that can be borrowed in the neighborhood—that is, within a radius of ten miles—and candles burn on bits of board stuck in the interstices of the sun baked brick of the walls. Benches of planks laid across boxes line three sides of the room. At one end of the hall, on a rough stage erected there, sit the musicians. There are three of them, all Mexicans, one playing a squeaky fiddle, the other two guitars. All of them wear their hats and smoke crooked cigarettes of brown paper as they play.

There are about 20 girls, many of them pretty and all of them dressed with a neatness and taste quite remarkable when one considers their limited resources. About the same number of older women complete the feminine contingent, and all are in demand, for the men number a hundred or more.

The men are all dressed for the occasion, each in the manner that happens to suit his fancy. Many retain their spurs, in which they are popularly supposed to sleep. One young fellow is especially swell, wearing a white shirt and red necktie under a long black cutaway coat, and clad as to his nether man in the leather "chaps" of the cowboy, with the jingling "petmakers" still fast to his high heeled boots.

Dance follows dance in rapid succession. The measured pounding of the feet as they noisily caper over the resounding boards almost drowns the music. It is thoroughly enjoyed until nearly daybreak, when the company disperses. Horses are saddled, blankets unrolled, and soon, save for the snarling of the coyotes as they quarrel over the remains of the supper, the little village is silent. —Philadelphia Press.

Varying New Year Dates.

In all Christian countries it is now nominally celebrated on the 1st day of January, but this day in the Gregorian calendar occurs 12 days earlier than in the Julian. For this reason Russia and Greece, which still go by the Julian calendar, celebrate Jan. 1 on our Jan. 13.

Many of the ancient nations began their new year on Sept. 22, at the autumnal equinox. The Romans reckoned, until the time of Julius Caesar, their new year from the winter solstice. The Jews, to this day, begin their new year at a date which, roughly speaking, corresponds to our September.—Selected.

The Swearing Off Vice.

Bilkeys—I'm going to swear off on the 1st of January.

Silkeys—Oh, pshaw! I thought you were going to break all those bad habits.—Chicago News Record.

ACTIVE SOLICITORS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Murat Holstead, commissioned by the Government as Official Historian to the War Department. The book was written in army camps at San Francisco, on the Pacific with General Merritt, in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the roar of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for agents. Brimful of original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large book. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. Outfit free. Address F. T. Barbee, Sec'y., Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago.

New Year's Bells.

Ring in the new year with gladness,
Ring out the old with a tear;
There's always a feeling of sadness
As we witness the death of a year,
A year so swift in its fleeting.
With sorrow we watch its last hour,
Then give the new one a greeting
From the bells in each steeple and tower.

A sigh for the year that is dying,
A tear where the memory dwells,
Then banish the past with its sighing
And list for the voice of the bells.
The song of thanksgiving and pleasure
That welcomes the birth of an hour,
The soul stirring, vibrating measure,
That rolls out from each steeple and tower.

Afar o'er the night shadowed city
The surges of harmony roll,
In anthem triumphant or ditty,
They lighten the sorrowing soul.
A voice from each country and nation
Responds to the jubilant hour
And joins in the wild exultation
Of the bells in each steeple and tower.

A thought for the dead, calmly sleeping,
Below in earth's dreary gloom;
No song of thanksgiving or weeping
Can pierce their dull ears in the tomb
But above, where all heaven rejoices,
And heralds with praise every hour,
They greet with sweet welcome the voices
That ring out from each steeple and tower.

—Boston Globe.

NEW YEAR GAMES.

Old Fashioned Amusement to Wind Up the Holiday.

The old fashion of game playing seems to be left to children nowadays, in spite of the merry frolics that memory can recall. But in holiday time the most staid and stately are willing to be foolish for the sake of the little ones, and then all games, new and old, are welcomed.

Did you ever try "brothers of pity?" Sheets of newspapers are twisted into hollow cones so as to completely cover the heads of the players. Two small oval holes are cut in each cap so that only the eyes of the wearer are seen. Six or eight people put on these caps and sit in a row, with a big sheet or tablecloth held in front to conceal the whole of their bodies. These brothers are set in a good light, and the rest of the company is then brought into the task of guessing their names. The fun lies in the fact that one's nearest and dearest is often a little doubtful as to the color of one's eyes, and much laughter is provoked when "mother" does not recognize "father" nor sisters their brothers.

The "game of moods" is a good one. A person is sent from the room, and the rest agree to answer his questions in a particular tone—rudely, patronizingly, absently, lovingly or as they decide. On his return he questions each player in turn, and when all have answered in the chosen mood he must guess what the word is. If he guesses wrong, he must go round again, but each must spare no pains to make the mood clear.

"Hunt the whistle" is an old favorite, but it can only be played once at the same party, since all but one know the secret. A player is led blindfolded into a ring of chairs on which all the others are seated. A deft hand fastens a small whistle to the back of the blind victim by means of a long string with a hook at one end of it.

For this whistle he must hunt, the others catching it and blowing it at every turn, and the effort to discover its whereabouts is often long delayed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

This Tells of One, but It Happened on Christmas.

Speaking of Christmas cheer, new year resolutions and mended ways, here is a little story that embraces them all.

"It comes from the lower walks of life," as the story teller would put it—those walks that the dainty woman of good fortune seldom sees the dismal and intricate windings of. But it is down among these winding ways that I think the echoes of the Christmas chimes and the hope that comes from the beautiful Christmas story mean most when they are heard, and so I will tell it.

There was small promise of a happier day than usual in the little two rooms "back" where an industrious little woman—what her name is does not matter—and her three tiny children, all as neat as new pinks, sat and waited. Waited—for what?

It was Christmas eve, and there is always plenty to wait for on that eve—even Santa Claus himself might come! But the waiting in the little two rooms "back" was of the anxious sort. It was for an unsteady footstep. Holidays always meant that the footstep would be just a trifle more unsteady than at other times.

It was presently heard—just as the faintest sound of the chiming bells stole up to the two rooms "back"—but it was a lighter and more sober tread than the industrious little woman and her three neat toddlers had heard for a long time. It was the step that was the outcome of a good resolution made just a little in advance of the new year and in time to make Christmas day very bright for all in the two rooms "back."

There was a tiny Christmas tree next morning for the children, who had been hurried into bed as soon as the footsteps were heard in the court below, and there was a turkey for all, and "all that with the turkey goes."

This was a year ago and now a few days over. The little industrious woman does not do so many "family washings" nowadays as formerly, and when she took home her last small bundle of beautifully ironed linen to its owner on the Christmas eve that has just gone her face looked very rosy and smiling, for she said: "The children will have a good Christmas tomorrow. John he hasn't drank a drop for this night one year."—St. Louis Republic.

New Year In China.

New Year is the national pay day in China. All accounts must be squared up at that time, and the man who can't raise money enough to pay his debts has to go into bankruptcy, says an exchange. The laws are such that the creditor can enter the debtor's house and take what he pleases if there is no settlement. To prevent such action families club together and make all sorts of compromises to keep up the business reputation of the clan. New Year is a great day for the pawnbrokers. Their shops are crowded with people who want to redeem their best clothes before the new year. There are crowds also who want to pawn other things in order to get money to pay their debts. Pawnbrokers receive high rates of interest, in which they are protected by the government.—Omaha World-Herald.

The New Year.

Here's a Happy New Year!
Sunshine's in the sky.
Join the throng
And swell the song
That comes a-floatin by.

Wear a smile fur strangers;
Welcome all yer kin;
Carve the roast
And give a toast
To folks that happens in.

Wish we all may prosper
In whate'er we do.
An we must
Ef each'll just
Help the others through.

—Washington Star

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take Sold by M. A. Toulson druggist.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

Yearly and Monthly Advertisements at Moderate Rates.

JOB WORK of ALL KINDS

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

Orders sent by mail will receiv prompt attention.

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

IN COUNTY KERRY.

The Jolly Irishman Makes Merry on New Year's Day.

The celebration of New Year's is a most important festival everywhere in Ireland, but perhaps nowhere more so than in Kerry. There it is the day of fairs and steeplechases—lazy, knowing looking donkeys being the principal participants in the latter—and it is the day on which the itinerant fakir bases all his hopes of selling lead for silver and washed copper for "pure 18 carat gold."

At 6 o'clock on New Year's eve the saucepans and "piggins" in the little thatched cottages are reflecting their gala day polish and the holly and laurel and ivy on the window sills are doing their best to outshine the sprigs of mistletoe that brighten the old kitchen ceiling. Wax candles of all sizes and colors (having soft sods of turf for candlesticks) adorn the upper windows of the house and light the way of the traveler along the "boreen" or through the mountain intricacies. Flitches of bacon are set aside; luckless chickens ("poor crathurs") have their heads taken off; broad griddle cakes and round oven cakes are baked over the warm turf fire with surprising rapidity, and children are set at stoning raisins for the New Year's cake.

They have a pretty custom in Kerry in connection with this. If a member of the family has died or has emigrated to America or the colonies, a cake is made and stamped with the name of the absent one.

Midnight mass is celebrated in the country chapels, and a more picturesque sight can hardly be conceived than when hundreds of country men and women, clad in their brightest and gayest, make their way along the roads, some on foot, some in donkey carts and some in the jaunting cars which are the pride of every Kerry heart.

After mass the worshipers become revelers, and along the road to their homes they sing New Year's carols and beat improvised drums. As they go members of the party knock at the doors on the way, screaming: "Get up, lazy bones! You've slept since last year!" The man of the house gets up and gives the visitors a "dhrap o' the crathur" or a bowl of goat's milk and "holiday cake," and they sing his praises until they get to the next house, but woe to the inhospitable one who refuses them entrance, for the peculiarities of himself and his wife are enlarged upon, and every mean tale that tradition has gathered about the family is rehashed and given utterance to. — Pittsburg Dispatch.

NEW YEAR'S IN ROME.

How the King and Queen of Italy Receive Their Guests.

At Rome the 1st of January assumes additional importance from the fact that it is the day on which King Humbert and Queen Margherita present annual gifts to their relatives and to the members of their household, and inasmuch as they are both of them very generous and seem to know by intuition just what will give most pleasure to the recipients the festival at the court of the Quirinal is characterized by an appearance of infinitely greater enjoyment and happiness than obtain either at Vienna or at Berlin. The king and queen stand on the dais under the canopy in front of their chair of state in the throneroom to receive with due formality the various parliamentary, military, judicial and administrative delegations commissioned to lay at the feet of their majesties the good wishes of the various bodies which they represent.

But as soon as this is over the king begins to stroll about the various apartments, and a good de