

The Transcript.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
—BY THE—
TRANSCRIPT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR.

R. H. COLLINS, T. D. BOWERS
EDITORS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903.

The Coward.

At about 2 o'clock on a raw, blustery March morning the inhabitants of the little village of Shickshinny, on the upper Susquehanna, were roused from sleep by hoarse shouts and by the violent ringing of the church bell. Men and boys dressed in haste, and a crowd soon congregated on the river shore.

There was good cause for excitement. The ice, which seemed comparatively firm on the previous evening, had broken during the night. The yellow tide, already swollen to many feet above its normal level, was almost hidden by the heaving, grinding cakes.

And, worst of all, this unexpected event had placed an unknown human being in peril. From Scrub Island came hoarse shouts for help and at intervals the discharge of a gun. The red flashes could be plainly seen.

Scrub Island lay in midchannel directly opposite the village. It was hardly more than a bar, for nothing grew upon it but bushes. Near the lower end was a small cabin, which some of the village boys built for amusement out of driftwood. Here the amusee had probably taken refuge, and his situation was extremely critical. In a short time the cabin surely would be carried off by the rising flood and ice.

As the crowd were speculating on the unknown one's identity and discussing the hopelessness of rescue Equire Tyson, the most wealthy and influential man of the village, came running down the shore.

"Jasper is on the island," he cried, wringing his hands in agony. "He went over this afternoon to shoot ducks and has not returned home. He must have fallen asleep in his cabin and the ice has carried away his boat. Will no one save my poor boy? Are you all cowards?"

The unhappy man grasped a boat that lay bottom up on the shore and tried to drag it into the water.

Half a dozen men caught and held him.

"You will only throw your life away," they cried. "No boat could move a dozen yards in that ice. We could save your boy if there was any chance at all."

The squire suddenly realized that this was true. He stood gazing mutely toward the island, his face rigid with despair. A groan of pity burst from the crowd as another gunshot was heard, followed by hoarse appeals for help. The tide rose higher and higher, but now clear spots were visible here and there. And all at once the river seemed to become free of ice.

The meaning of this was plain. The ice had formed a gorge somewhere up stream. Here seemed a chance of rescue, but no one was willing to take advantage of it. The crowd knew by past experience that the gorge would likely break in a moment or two, and then the freed ice would sweep everything before it like an avalanche. In vain the squire appealed to them. In vain the poor boy on the island cried for help. Not a man would risk what seemed certain death.

Suddenly a stoutly built lad of sixteen separated from the throng, and, running up the shore a few yards, he heaved a light skiff into the water. He seized the oars that lay in the bottom and pulled steadily into the swirling current, heading in a diagonal course up stream.

A simultaneous cry of amazement burst from the crowd. Some cheered the daring lad; others warned him back.

"God bless him!" cried the squire bursting into tears.

Indeed Curt Webb was the last one anybody would have believed capable of such a brave deed. He was an orphan and worked hard for a livelihood in a grocery store. The village boys, headed by Jasper Tyson, despised and hated him because he had persistently refused to join any of their mischievous depredations. He could never be induced to fight his tormentors, though Jasper and others dared him to combat many a time. So the boys gratified their malice by calling him the "coward," and by this epithet he was known in the village.

But the "coward" was surely astonishing his enemies now, and his progress was watched with breathless interest. No one expected to see him come back alive.

Steadily the boat crept toward the island. Curt bent to the oars with all his might and managed to hold his own against the fierce current. Occasionally he glanced over his shoulder and was relieved to see no trace of approaching ice. The shore soon faded from view, and as he neared the island he shouted cheerily to give notice of his approach. Jasper shouted back and fired a bunch of grass to guide his rescuer.

The water had already reached the cabin, and just as Curt swung the boat into the little eddy behind it he heard a grinding noise up the river and saw a white mass looming into view. The gorge had broken and the ice was coming down with sweeping force.

Jasper stood in the cabin door, and when the flaming wisp of grass showed him his rescuer he blushed with shame. "You!" he exclaimed, and that single word spoke volumes.

"Don't stop to talk," cried Curt hurriedly. "Jump in. Here comes the ice and we have a slim chance of dodging it."

Too late. Even as Jasper sprang to the boat the water heaved and tossed, and the rumble of the dread avalanche deepened to a roar. Half a dozen cakes of ice swirled by, rising and falling with the waves.

Curt pulled straight down stream, while his companion crouched in the stern of the boat, helpless with terror. But the race could end in only one way. The line of broken ice came grinding on like a race horse, growling with fury.

It smashed the cabin to fragments and sped after the frail little craft that was striving so hard to escape. Jasper cried out with terror and held his hands before his face to shut out the awful sight.

Curt stuck to his oars, but he knew nevertheless that escape was out of the question. His brave heart sickened at the thought of what would happen when the crushing ice cakes reached the boat.

Suddenly he saw something that aroused a glimmer of hope. Twenty yards toward the left shore and slightly in advance of the avalanche floated a huge tree, evidently torn bodily from the soil. Its broad end, bristling with snakelike roots, was turned down stream, and here and there it thrust out thick limbs that served to steady it like outriggers on a boat.

The opportunity was a good one, for the tree looked sufficiently strong and massive to hold its own against the turbulent ice. If the castaways could reach it, they stood a fair chance of escaping death. Curt's resolve was instantly formed. He roused Jasper from his stupor of fear and briefly explained what he intended to do.

"Now!" cried Curt.

Jasper caught the dangling roots and pulled himself to a place of safety. An agile spring landed Curt beside him, and the next instant the boat was whirled off into the gloom. As the lads crept higher up the trunk Jasper slipped and was precipitated into the water. In his struggles to keep from sinking he seized one of the roots and clung to it frantically, calling for help.

At the risk of his life Curt crawled down and with some difficulty rescued his companion. They lost no time in choosing positions among the heavy limbs and then had barely settled themselves when down the shock came.

The towering masses of ice surged around the tree, burying the trunk from sight at times and rocking it to and fro like a cradle. The peril was frightful and imminent for half an hour. The boys were beyond the reach of the ice, however, and happily the outriggers prevented the tree from rolling over.

The night wore on, and when it broke the tree stranded on one of the piers of Catawissa bridge. Willing hands rescued the castaways with ropes, and when they had recovered from their exposure they were sent home by rail, whither the glad news had already preceded them.

It need hardly be said that Curt was never called a coward again.

IT NEVER SLEEPS.

The mortgage is a self-supporting institution. It always holds its own. It calls for just as many dollars when grain is cheap as when grain is dear. It is not affected by the drought. It is not drowned out by the heavy rains. It never winters kills. Late springs and early frosts never trouble it. Potato bugs do not disturb it. Moth and rust do not destroy it. It grows nights, Sundays, rainy days and even holidays. It brings a sure crop every year, and sometimes twice a year. It does not have to wait for the market to advance. It is not subject to speculations of the bulls and bears on the Board of Trade. It is a load that galls and frets and chafes.

It is a burden that the farmer cannot shake off. It is with him morning, noon and night. It eats with him at the table; it rides upon his shoulders during the day. It consumes his grain crop. It devours cattle. It selects the finest horses and the fastest steers. It lives upon the first fruits of the season. It stalks into the dairy where the busy housewife toils day after day and month after month and takes the nicest cheese and the choicest butter. It shares the children's bread and robs them of their clothes. It stoops the tailor's back with its remorseless burden of care. It hardens his hands, benumbs his intellect, prematurely whitens his locks and oftentimes sends him and his aged wife over the hills to the poorhouse. It is the inexorable and exacting taskmaster. Its whip is merciless and cruel as the lash of the slave driver. It is a menace to liberty, a hindrance to progress, a curse to the world.

Co-education.—"Do you believe in co-education?"

"Not much. There is usually too much 'co' and too little 'education.'"

BEAUVOIR OWNED BY MARYLANDER.

Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey Bequeathed it to Jefferson Davis—Sold for \$10,000.

Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis, in Mississippi, which has been purchased by the United Confederate Sons for \$10,000, was formerly the property of Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, whose husband, Saml. Dorsey, was a native of Howard. She bequeathed it to Mr. Davis. Mrs. Dorsey was a warm personal friend of the Davis family, and the different members were her guests repeatedly. In February 1879, Mr. Davis bargained for the property and was to pay \$5,500 for it, giving three promissory notes for the amount. The first note for \$1,000, to expire January 1, 1880; the second note, for \$2,000, was to expire January 1, 1881, and the third and last, for \$2,500, January 1, 1882. The purchase included not only Beauvoir, but all the tracts of land Mrs. Dorsey owned in Harrison county, Miss., described separately, and containing, respectively, 120, 40, 80, 80, 240 and 120 acres, together with Beauvoir and all its household and kitchen furniture, and all the personal property, except the pictures, engravings, books silver plate and ware and harp and piano.

Some months before the first payment was due Mrs. Dorsey died and left the following will:

"Beauvoir, Harrison county, Miss., January 4, 1878. I, Sarah Anna Dorsey, of Tensas Parish, Louisiana, being aware of the uncertainty of life, and being now in sound health of mind and body, do make this my last will and testament which I write, sign and seal with my own hand in the presence of three competent witnesses, as I have property in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas. I owe no obligation of any sort whatever to any relative of my own. I have done all I could for them during my life. I, therefore, give and bequeath all my property, real, personal and mixed, wherever located and situated, wholly, and entirely without hindrance or qualification, to my most honored and esteemed friend, Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Confederate States, for his own sole use and benefit in fee simple, forever, and I hereby constitute him my sole heir, executor and administrator. If Jefferson Davis should not survive me, I give all that I have bequeathed to him to his youngest daughter, Varina.

"I do not intend to share in the ingratitude of my country toward the man who is, in my eyes, the highest and noblest in existence."

The will was proved before Judge A. L. Tissot, of the Second Circuit Court, New Orleans, July 15, 1879.

At the death of Mr. Davis all this property was, by the terms of Mrs. Dorsey's will, bequeathed to Miss Winnie, the "daughter of the Confederacy."

February 11, 1898, when Miss Winnie was about to sail for Egypt from New York, she made a will bequeathing to her mother, Varina Howell Jefferson Davis, everything that she might die possessed of, both real and personal property, any returns from her literary work, and any stocks, bonds or moneys she might die possessed of. Accordingly, at the death of Miss Winnie, Beauvoir, together with all the property belonging to her became the possession of Mrs. Davis.

RATHER HAVE THE MONEY.

The business methods of insurance companies are not at all to the liking of a shrewd old German farmer with whom a certain agent had some dealings. The house of the farmer, insured for a thousand dollars, had burned down. The privilege of replacing a burned house is reserved by insurance companies, and the agent, having this in mind, said to the farmer:

"We'll put you up a better house than the one you had for six hundred dollars."

"Nein!" said the farmer, emphatically. "I will haf my one thousand dollars or nothings! Dot house could not be built again for even a thousand."

"Oh, yes, it could," said the insurance man. "It was an old house. It doesn't cost so much to build houses nowadays. A six-hundred-dollar new house would be a lot bigger and better than the old one."

Some months later, when the insurance man was out for a day's shooting, he rode up again to the farmer's place.

"Just thought I'd stop while I was up here," he said, "to see if you wanted to take out a little insurance."

"I got nothings to insure," said the farmer—"nothings but my wife."

"Well then," said the insurance man cheerfully, "insure her."

"Nein!" said the farmer, with determination. "If she die, you come out here and say, 'I not gif you one thousand dollar. I get you a bigger and better wife for six hundred.' No, sir, I takes no more insurance out!"

The tall millet, growing to the height of 20 feet in some parts of China, does not produce much food per acre, perhaps not more than a fourth as much as wheat; but the stalk is a necessity as a fuel, and is grown largely for that purpose. The grain is used for animal as well as for human food.

The chief business of youth is not pleasure, but character building. A frivolous youth usually causes a fruitless life. Good times are bad when they are put in the place of life's serious business.

Town Ordinance No. 46.

(PASSED MARCH 24, 1883.)

In view of the prevalence of Small Pox in the town and the necessity for the enforcement of proper means to protect the inhabitants from danger from contact with those who have suffered from or been in contact with said disease, we recommend parents to have their children and other inmates of their houses immediately vaccinated.

All persons unable to pay the fee for vaccination may apply to any of the physicians of the town, and the Commissioners of Chestertown will be responsible for fees.

Be it therefore ordained and enacted by the Commissioners of Chestertown, that whenever Small Pox, Varioloid or other dangerous infectious disease shall prevail in Chestertown, and there shall be no suitable hospital or place for the reception of those persons affected with such disease; or when there may be such hospital and it shall not be sufficient for the accommodation of those affected; or for any other reason in the discretion of the Commissioners it may be thought best not to send such sick to such hospital, then the Health Officer of the town, or if there be no health officer, then the physician in charge of such case (who shall for such purpose be deemed a health officer) shall take or direct such measures in regard to the members of the family of the sick person or persons, and in regard to the other inmates of the house where such sick person or persons shall be as in his opinion may be necessary to disinfect them and to prevent their propagation of the disease, and to this end he may establish such reasonable quarantine as he may deem necessary against said house and the inmates thereof; and it shall be the duty of the Health Officer to enforce the observance of such quarantine when the same shall be duly certified to the Commissioners by such Health Officer or Physician; and any person publicly exposing himself or herself in violation of said quarantine shall be subject to fine of Fifty Dollars for each offence. And all persons so offending shall be forthwith arrested and taken before some Justice of the Peace, and upon nonpayment of such fine, such offender shall be committed to the Public Prison of Kent County until discharged by due process of law.

By order,
TOWN COMMISSIONERS.
M. Wilber Thomas, Clerk.
J24-11

Pure Borax.

ALBATROSS BRAND.

Has no equal for preserving meat and preventing skippers.

For sale exclusively by

THE STAM DRUG CO.

A fresh and complete LINE OF DRUGS always on hand.

THE STAM DRUG CO.,
Chestertown, Md.

NOW IS THE TIME TO

PAINT and PAPER
Your House

Be sure you get the BEST WORKMEN and the BEST MATERIAL. Don't waste good money on bad material. Mearns' Paints are the best on the market. We are the sole agents for this district, and are always ready to show you sample cards and quote prices.

We Will Paper Your Room for \$3 and upwards, and guarantee satisfaction or no money. If

You Want Your Pictures FRAMED,

call and see our selections of Moulding before going elsewhere. They are the finest in town. We can be found at the old stand formerly occupied by P. T. McFeely.

W. L. FOWLER,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

CLEARING - OUT SALE

We are now offering all

Our Millinery Stock

AT COST.

Among these goods are some valuable and dainty articles.

THE MISSES REED,

High Street, Chestertown, Md.

Look, Farmers, Look!

If you wish to grow good crops, use the Baltimore

Pulverizing Company's Bone Fertilizers,

which we now offer to the public for sale. We offer the best TOMATO FERTILIZER on the market at a reduced price; also the best Fertilizer for Corn, Potatoes, Asparagus and Peach Trees. Give us a trial order at once, and be convinced of same. We can sell you cheaper than others, as we can freight same on our boat. Also take notice that we have sold all interest in the Darby Boat Company to Jesse H. Usilton, and will now conduct the steamer Bertie E. Tull, which will do general freighting from Worton Creek and elsewhere. Persons having grain to freight or sell will please call and see us at once.

We also have for sale during the season, Hard and Soft Coal at low prices.

All Kinds of Farm Implements,

✦ LIME, CEMENT, SALT, ✦

LOCUST AND CEDAR POSTS always on hand.

We offer the Best Carriage in the world for \$50, spot cash.

We remain yours for business,

M. M. RASIN & SON,

MELITOTA, MARYLAND.

Feb. 7, 1903.

DISTRIBUTING DEPOT FOR

"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCES,

ALL GALVANIZED STEEL WIRES.

FOR FIELD, FARM AND HOG FENCING.

THE ONLY ELECTRICALLY WELDED FENCE.

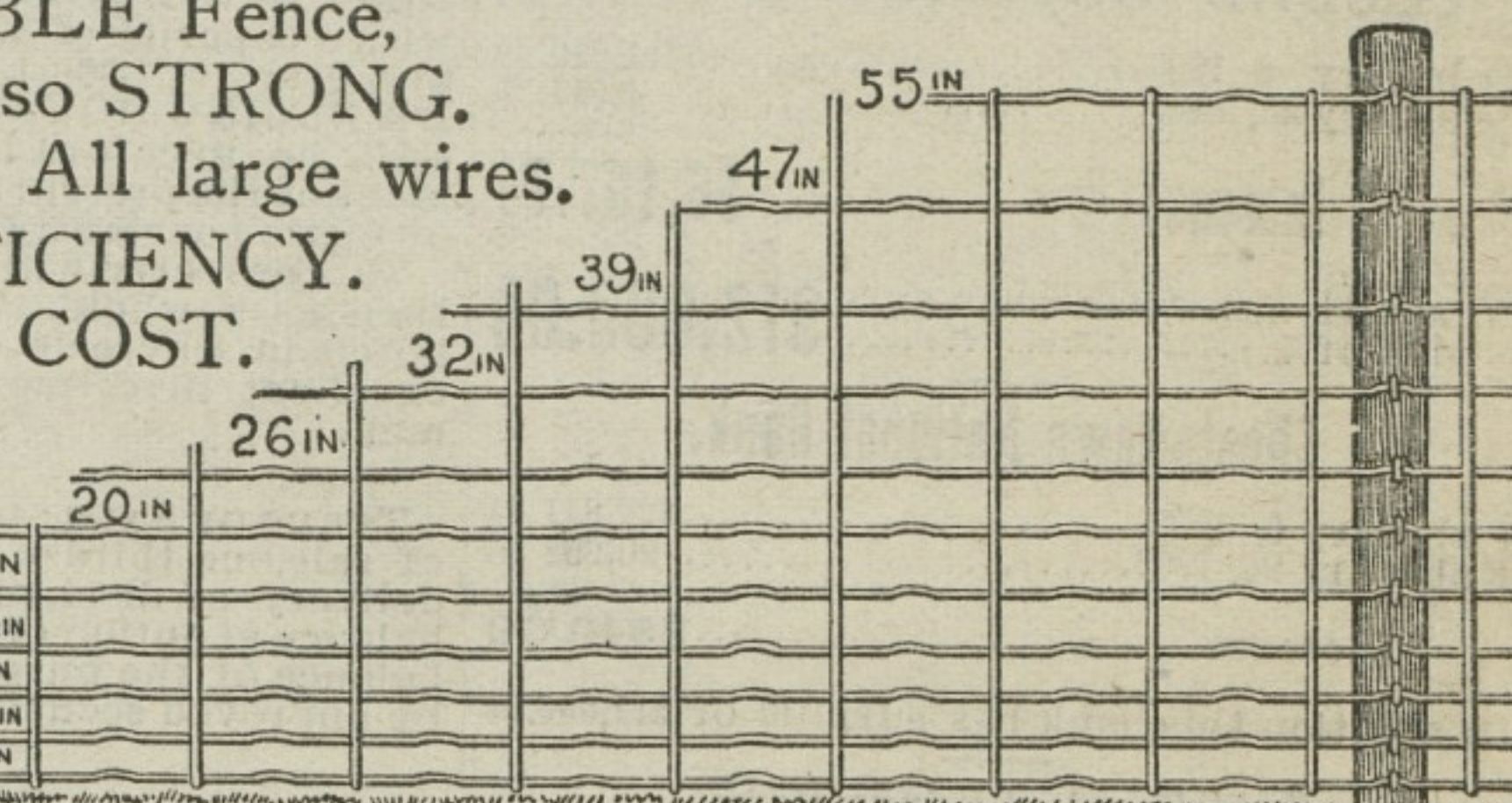
EVERY ROD GUARANTEED PERFECT.

The DURABLE Fence,
None so STRONG.

All large wires.

Highest EFFICIENCY.
LOWEST COST.

No Wraps
to hold
Moisture
and cause
Rust.



"PITTSBURGH PERFECT" FENCING. (Special Style.)

Absolutely STOCK PROOF. We can SAVE YOU MONEY on Fencing.

CALL AND SEE IT.

CRANE, HYNSON & VALLIANT,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

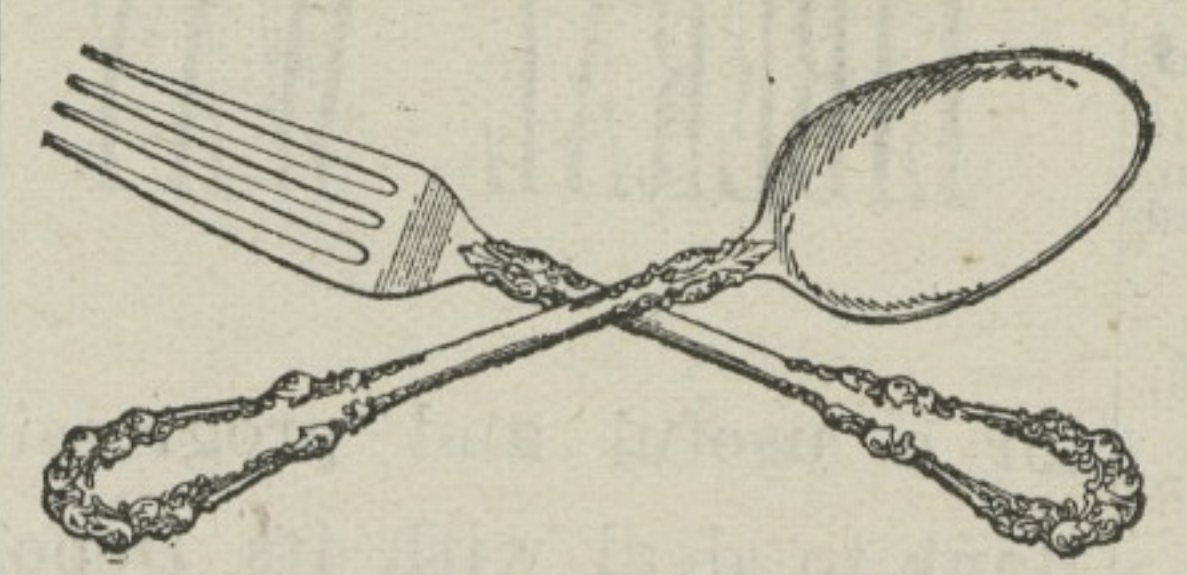
Dec. 6, 1902.

Our Big Stock Horse Shoeing.

Silverware, Cut Glass

AND FINE CLOCKS.

It makes it easy to select a suitable WEDDING PRESENT.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

Made in artistic and original patterns only. Your silverware will be correct in every way if it is

"1847 Rogers Bros."

Made only by
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.



We carry a fine assortment of Solid Silver Tableware in staple and fancy pieces, and our line of the genuine Rogers 1847 and Star brand Silverware includes almost everything made.

We give you the genuine 1847 and Star Brand Rogers Silverware at a lower price than others charge for inferior makes. Several concerns make goods called "Rogers" which are a cheap imitation, and sold by some unscrupulous dealers as the genuine or just as good. Look for the trade-mark's 1847 or a star, and accept no other. Be sure to get our prices before buying, and you will save money.

J. H. SIDES,

Jeweler,

"The Largest Jewelry Store" on the Eastern Shore. Opposite Stam's Hall.

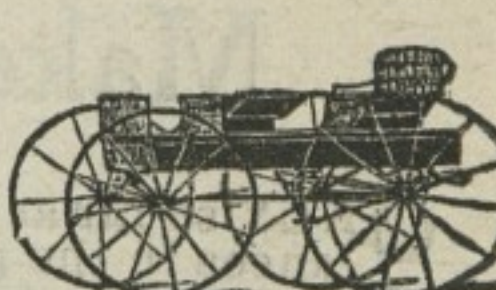
Subscription to the Transcript \$1.00 per annum.

Remember,

when shopping in Still Pond to call at our place and have your horse Shod. We give this part of our business our personal attention. Having had nineteen years experience in this line, we think we are in a position to attend to your horse's wants. We have shoes, both side and toe weights, for your horse that needs special attention, and we have shoes for horses that throw dirt in your face when driving. Special attention to cutters and forgers. We will be glad to have you call and see our work.

WAGONS

AND DEARBORNS



on hand and built to order. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

HACKETT'S

Blacksmith and Horse Shoeing Parlors, Still Pond.

NEWS and OPINIONS

OF

National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year
Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday News-paper in the world.

PRICE 5c. A COPY.
BY MAIL, \$2 A YEAR.
Address THE SUN, New York.