CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1873. NO. 28.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

MORO PHILLIPS,
vs.
J. W. F. AYARS, WILLIAM AYARS, WILLIAM AYRS, EXECUTOR OF JAMES B. AYARS, THOMAS COPE AND ELIZABETH COPE, HIS WIFE, AND OTHERS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR KENT COUNTY. IN EQUITY.

The object of this suit is to procure a Decree for the sale of certain real estate in Kent county, Maryland, of which Jas. B. Ayars, late of Germantown, Pennsylvania, died, seized, for the purpose of paying the debts of said deceased, and of distributing any surplus to his heirs at law.

The Bill states that the complainant, Moro Phillips, on or about the twenty-seventh day of April, 1871, obtained a judgment in the District Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, against Alexander McConaughy and the said James B. Ayars, for the sum of sixteen hundred and thirty-one dollars, with lawful interest thereon, which judgment still remains unsatisfied, and that the said Alexander McConaughy is wholly insolvent: that the said James B. Ayars, about the ninth of April, 1873, departed this life, leaving a Will made and executed in the State of Pennsylvania, some time in the year 1868, by which said Will the said James B. Ayars undertook to dispose of said real estate, but that said Will was not executed in due form of law to pass real estate, according to the laws of Maryland, and that said real estate, by reason of the defect of said Will, descended to the heirs at law of the said James B. Ayars. That the said James B. Ayars left the following children and descendants, his heirs at law, namely: J. W. F. Ayars, William Ayars, Joseph Ayars, Elizabeth M. Cope, wife of Thomas Cope, all children of the said James B. Ayars, and Alexander McConaughy and Chas. McConaughy, children of Rebecca McConaughy, deceased, formerly Rebecca Ayars, daughter of James B. Ayars, and wife of Alexander McConaughy, and Mary Ayars, Morton Ayars, and Edith Ayars, children of Charles Ayars, deceased, son of James B. Ayars: that the said William Ayars and Chas. McConaughy reside in Kent county, Maryland, but that J. W. F. Ayars, Joseph Ayars, Thomas Cope and Elizabeth Cope, his wife, Alexander McConaughy, Sr., and Alexander McConaughy, Jr., and the said Mary Ayars, Morton Ayars and Edith Ayars, all reside out of the State of Maryland: the bill further states that the said Alexander McConaughy, Jr., Charles McConaughy, Mary Ayars, Morton Ayars and Edith Ayars are all minors, under the age of twenty-one years, and that the personal estate of the said James B. Ayars was insufficient to pay the debts of said deceased. It is thereupon adjudged and ordered that the complainant, by causing a copy of this Order to be published in some newspaper published at Chestertown, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the sixteenth day of January next, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this Bill, and warn them to appear in this Court, in person or by solicitor, on or before the sixteenth day of March next, to answer the premises, and show cause, if any they have, why a Decree ought not to pass as prayed.

JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
Nov. 15, 1873—4w.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration C. T. A. on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

M. V. BOYER,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 18th day of June, 1874; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of November, 1873.

EDGAR B. BRITTON,
Nov. 15, 1873—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration on the personal estate, in Kent county, Maryland, of

WILLIAM A. BRICE,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 6th day of June, 1874; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 6th day of November, 1873.

MARY A. BRICE,
GEORGE H. BRICE,
Nov. 8, 1873—4t. Administrators.

A CARD.

ROBERT S. WI

Formerly of Kent Co

WILL be pleased to see h

JONES' Extensive Cloth

604 Market S

PHILADELPHI

READY MADE CL

AND MADE TO O

October 11, 1873—3m.

NOTIC

BEING compelled to clos
accounts of W. M. A. S.
to March 1st, 1873, (at whi
firm of Wm. M. A. S. Maxw
gan) all indebted are requ
and settle with money or n

WM. M. A. S. M

Still Pond, Nov. 8, 1873—tJ

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

READY-MADE CLOTHING
In Fine CASSIMERE SUITS!

READY-MADE CLOTHING
In separate Garments, Coats, Pantaloons and Vests!

Fine Quality and Low Priced OVERCOATS!

We have now on hand a finer and more desirable stock of these Goods than usual and invite an examination.

Gentlemen's Underwear in Merino and Heavy Scotch Wool,
A very FULL LINE: also,

MEN'S RUBBER GOODS,
IN LARGE VARIETY,
Boots, Officers' Coats, &c., &c.

Our present stock of Goods generally, is large, attractive and seasonable, and we believe our prices will be found moderate.

T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, October 25, 1873.

Fall and Winter ANNOUNCEMENT For 1873.

SAM'L. MERRITT. WM. J. McFEELY.

S. MERRITT & CO.
ARE NOW OPENING
—AT—
THEIR POPULAR
Clothing House
In Chestertown,
A FULL & SPLENDID STOCK
OF
Gents', Youth's and Boys' CLOTHING,
Gents. Furnishing Goods!
AND
HATS AND CAPS.

Which has been selected from First Class Houses, with the utmost care, and will be sold at *the lowest City Prices for the cash.*

—:o:—

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK.

FITS GUARANTEED!

COME AND GET THE WORTH OF YOUR MONEY IN GOOD GOODS, AS WELL AS FASHIONABLE STYLES AND CUTS.

S. MERRITT & Co.,
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
Oct. 11. CHESTERTOWN.

WM. TOMLINSON WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 60 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, SEEDS Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ Consignments respectfully solicited

I'M GROWING OLD.

I'm growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems,
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams.

I cannot *see* the change that comes
With such an even pace;
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my locks
Of bright brown, turned to gray.

I know these eyes, to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with purer joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
These old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek, that once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not, to see instead
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its every charm,
Then droop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the beaming sky,
And young, and pure, and beautiful—
And felt that so shall I.

Then what if *I am* growing old—
My heart is changeless still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see, beyond these gorgeous clouds,
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun. God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to hear the wondrous song
Redeemed sinners sing;
And my heart leaps to join the throng
To praise the Heavenly King.

I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand, they go,
With golden curls and showy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young I called them mine—
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away.

Perhaps, when Heaven's bright gate I've passed,
They'll know from every other,
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.

Oh! I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend,
Shall one day bring me nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

[illegible]

[illegible] which the rational mean did sometimes beget—'see where the sophist lies grovelling in his sophistry.'

But Mugridge kept on the uneven tenor of his way. 'It's no fault of mine,' he used to say, 'if the rational mean fails in a few isolated instances; it works well as a general rule, and the time will come when it will be adopted as a family recipe for household happiness.'

Mugridge had been illustrating the practical advantages of his rational theory, and had been distributing it among his neighbors, in book form and by word of mouth, about thirty years, when the recent bickerings began.

For twelve calendar months Mr. Mugridge regarded the contentions of his countrymen with the utmost complacency. He said he did not wish to fight, but would not prevent any of his neighbors from fighting, should their tastes lie in that direction. Indeed, if he had any feeling whatever in respect to the bickerings it was rather against them, because they raised the price of his rational mean. But in the thirteenth month of Mr. Mugridge's patriotic complacency his native land, his native State, his native country, his native city, and some of the natives themselves, each and all, offered bounties amounting to the patriotic sum total of $1,600 to every man that would fight for the old flag. Of course, there were men who would fight for the old flag for $1,600 who would not have fought for the old flag for fun.

Mr. Mugridge was one of those $1,600 old flag fellows. He was reminded of his love for the old flag by the thrifty calculation of Mrs. Mugridge.

'My dear,' said that estimable lady one one evening, as she sat one side of the grate mending Mr. Mugridge's stockings, while Mr. Mugridge sat on the other side contemplating alternately a tea kettle over the fire and a black bottle on the table near by—'my dear, you weigh 160 pounds, don't you?'

Mr. Mugridge replied that he could just heave 160 pounds.

'Then, my dear,' continued the frugal dame, 'as they are paying $1,600 for soldiers to sustain the old flag I make out they would pay just $10 a pound for you.' 'I know you are rather old for the business, and are worth a great deal more than they are paying, but don't you think you could fix yourself and fight for the old flag a few weeks for $1,600.'

'Remember, my dear, it's for the old flag!'

Mr. Mugridge said he thought he could, and would if there was any potency in hair dye.'

He did.

'Oh, how proud he stood before me in his suit of blue,' sang Mrs. Mugridge, quoting from an excrutiatingly popular song of that day, as her patriotic husband returned to his fireside a week after the connubial calculation afore-mentioned, inside a full suit of army blue, and outside several rations of the rational mean; and the bold Mugridge catching up the refrain, but with some disregard for the intentions of the author, suggested, rather than sung, 'When this cruel war is over in all human probability we shall meet again, Mrs. Mugridge.'

Subsequently I met Mugridge in Virginia. We met under a hedge, whither, actuated by a desire not to frighten the horses of a company of cavalry passing that way, we had betaken ourselves. The cavalry belonged to the enemy; but that made no difference to us. We would no sooner frighten the enemy's cavalry than our own.

'Did you see me streaking it across that field?' inquired Mr. Mugridge. 'Yes,' I replied, 'I thought I saw you moving at a rate of speed that would have been considered undignified at a funeral.' 'That's the point,' returned Mr. Mugridge, 'I was trying to avoid a funeral. Considering my rheumatism, I don't see how I did it.' 'Got it bad?' 'Bad! I've got it awful. I've got enough for two or three regiments!'

'I haven't done a day's duty for two months, and I have been only three months in the service. Kind of hard, isn't it, when a man is willing and anxious to fight for the old flag, to be cut down in the bud and blossom of his patriotism, as it were?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'it seems hard; what will be the result?'

'Discharge, I am afraid. I don't want to go home to Mrs. Mugridge without

'In your mind,' said the patriotic Mugridge, 'in your mind do you associate chickens with yonder farm-house?'

I observed that the farm-house did have a poultry look, and we left the hedge to investigate the phenomenon.

When I next met Mugridge he was still in Virginia; but he had exchanged the stern and martial occupation of arms for the more peaceful and rather more lucrative sutling business.

It was a hot, dusty day in June. The gentleman who superintended our preregrinations had discovered during the preceding night, that he had business in Pennsylvania, which required his personal attention, whither he took himself, with most of his companions, leaving a few of us old flag fellows for a rear guard.

Crawling along through the dust, the sun-heat and the calorific of numerous fires, which the preceding fellows had kindled out of pure love for the old flag, at a turn in the road we came suddenly on a sutler's wagon.

I don't remember ever to have seen a more beautiful sutler's wagon. It had yellow wheels, a black body, and a pleasant seat for the driver and the proprietor, with an awning over it to protect those public benefactors from the hot Southern sun.

Four horses were hitched to the front part of the wagon. They were originally of a native order of architecture; but through their recent tribulations and short feedings had come to be of a classical or poetic order—Gothic, I think they called it. However, they might as well have been fastened to the rear end of the beautiful wagon, for they were so reduced in spirit and in flesh that they refused to move a step, though the wagon was loaded with a valuable and priceless freight, and the chivalric Mosby was waiting for an opportunity to sheathe his flashing sabre in a box of sardines.

Mugridge was sitting under the awning evidently in a deep, dark, brown study, whereof, perhaps, the uncertainty of horse flesh and the apparently dead certainty of Mosby's coming were conspicuous features.

'Mugridge,' I observed, 'how's your rheumatism?'

Mr. Mugridge's face brightened. 'Ah, yes,' he replied. 'Well, the fact is, I felt as if I ought to do something for the old flag, and as my infirmities prevented my participation in active field operations I thought I would come down and sort of look after the boys in the rear.'

'There's a boy in the rear looking after you,' remarked our captain.

Mr. Mugridge's face instantly darkened again.

'Don't speak of it, captain,' he said.

'But I must warn you,' remarked the captain.

'Mosby's got a family suffering for sardines. They are so used to feeding on sardines they can't stand any other food. Ten minutes after we are gone he will be here for his rations.'

'It's awful,' groaned Mr. Mugridge, 'I have $3,000 worth of wholesome supplies that our boys ought to have.'

'Suppose you let us have $1,000 worth on account of the old flag. It would lighten your load and possibly enable you to keep up with us,' I suggested. 'We won't waste it.'

Mr. Mugridge was unable to see the financial advantages of that proposition, and we left him.

Looking back we saw Mr. Mugridge and his driver beating the Gothic structures with long poles. It was like beating four empty crockery crates. It had no visible effect.

I next saw Mugridge on the following morning.

He came into an association of old flag fellows with which I was connected, and inquired of the head associate if he wished the services of a gentleman who had been unfortunate in business; I think he mentioned the gallant Colonel Mosby's name in connection with his business misfortunes, and said something in a general way about having a thirst for blood.

His personal appearance at that time certainly indicated that he was in straitened circumstances. He wore an old felt hat and a pair of open-work snuff-colored trowsers; otherwise his costume was strictly primitive. The head associate asked Mr. Mugridge what particular kind of blood he hankered for. Mr. Mugridge said he had no choice; he only wished to where the gore was deepest.

'You see, captain,' he observed with patriotic cheerfulness, 'I am not afraid of spoiling my clothes.'

An hour later, and Mugridge's desire for blood was thoroughly gratified; at least mine would have been had I been Mugridge. For an association of gentlemen occupying a ridge in front of our association, probably by way of a practical joke, but with little regard for the consequences, threw projectiles of lead and iron among us in the most reckless and wasteful manner imaginable.

Our head associate directed us to return the metallic compliments, with such of our own as would make this exchange of cavilities pleasant and agreeable; we did.

And the result of four hours of such fooling was gore. The poet calls it glory. Mugridge spoke of it as gore; but it amounts to the same in the end.

That evening Mugridge sent for me. I found him in a hollow in the rear of our association, lying flat on the ground with a knapsack for a pillow. Mugridge was pale, he clutched the wet grass, and there was a pertusion in his left side that reminded me of the dark river.

'You don't happen to have any rational mean about you?' said Mugridge.

I said he was mistaken in his man, and shortly afterwards removed a canteen from his lips.

'You have read my tract,' he suggested, 'and you know my theory of the rational mean.'

I said I had done my best to sustain his theory among men.

'Yes,' he continued, 'but I have distributed my last tract; the shadows are falling; I shall march out comfortable and easy though, because I have squared off the $1,600. That wagon stood me in $3,000; balance in my favor, $1,400. That hat is all I have to show for it. Colonel Mosby gave me that; the Colonel is generous and brave, very brave.'

'Good b——'

Then there was a slight tremor, the hands released the grass, and we folded the arms and covered the face of poor Mugridge.

POSTAL SUGGESTIONS.

The "Fat Contributor" is dissatisfied with some of the decisions of the Post-office Department, and submits "a few improved rulings" of his own concoction:

Monthly magazines, published weekly, must be charged letter postage when delivered daily. Powder magazines, except to regular subscribers, are not permitted to frank their reports.

If no stamp is affixed to a letter retain it. If, however, the postage is overpaid, letter rip!

If you feel any doubt about a paper going with a one-cent stamp, have two sent.

Seeds can go through the mail as merchandise. The postmasters are cautioned against any old seeds to go through their mails, however.

Signs cannot be sent without paying letter postage, three cents on every letter.

Calico prints, any foreign prince, reprints and foot-prints, all go as printed matter, and pay tax accordingly. Vaccine matter must be properly (pock) marked.

Poetry in its various stages, including the Edgar A. Poe stage, must be sent postpaid, whether it ever paid to read it or not.

A postmaster is not permitted to make any material change in the site of his post office without affixing a two-cent stamp for every two ounces. He can charge double postage for a sight of the postmaster.

Shirts may be mailed at the rate of two cents for every two ounces of shirt. If the owner's name is on the shirt, letter postage must be charged. This ruls is indelible.

A subscriber residing in the county in which a paper is printed can take the paper, provided he pays in advance and urges his neighbors to subscribe. If he does not live in the county in which he resides, and the paper is not printed in the same county where it has its press-work done, then the county must pay double postage on the man—we mean a two-cent county must be affixed to every postage.

Editors of newspapers and their families shall be allowed to pass free in the mails.

Postmasters shall be responsible for the payment of all subscriptions on newspapers sent to persons residing within three miles from any post-office. If any person refuses to take the paper, the postmaster shall be compelled to read it. Postage on newspapers shall be paid or not, at the option of the publishers and subscribers. If prepaid, the payment may be made at any time most convenient to either, and may be either in cash, or country or city produce. The rate per ounce shall be determined by the editor, and the weight shall be calculated at not less than forty-four ounces to the pound.

☞ 'I am a self-made man,' said a native of Stonington the other day to a New York gentleman, with whom he had been driving a sharp bargain. 'Glad to hear you say so,' responded the New Yorker, who had been worsted in the trade, 'for it relieves the Lord of a great responsibility.'

☞ The Mayor of Reading last week received a letter from an anonymous source, threatening to destroy half the city by fire if rents were not immediately reduced two dollars per month on each house. 'Their is a gang of 15teen of us,' 'teterment,' according to the writer, to carry out the fiery programme.

☞ 'How are you to-day?' asked a benevolent physician of one of his Irish patients at Guy's hospital. 'Faith, doctor,' groaned the poor fellow, 'I'm that bad that if any one was to tell me I was clane dead, I would not be surprised at all.'

An Irish jockey, at his first winning, shouted, "Hoorah! I'm first at last! I've always been behind before."

Weary, Lonely, Restless, Homeless.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Weary hearts! weary hearts!
By cares of life oppressed,
Ye are wandering in the shadow—
Ye are sighing for rest:
There is darkness in the heavens,
And the earth is bleak below,
And the joys we taste to-day,
May to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts, God is rest!

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts!
This is but a land of grief;
Ye are pining for repose—
Ye are longing for relief;
What the world hath never given—
Kneel and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness,
If you lean upon His love.
Lonely hearts, God is love!

Restless hearts! restless hearts!
Ye are toiling night and day,
And the flowers of life all withered,
Leave but the thorns along your way;
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting,
Till your toilines here shall cease,
And every restless throbbing,
Is a sad, sad prayer for peace.
Restless hearts, God is peace!

Breaking hearts! broken hearts!
Ye are desolate and lone,
And low voices from the past
O'er your present ruins moan';
In the sweetest of your pleasures
There was bitterest alloy,
And your starless night hath followed
On the sunset of your joy.
Broken hearts, God is joy!

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts!
Through dreary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wanderers,
And your way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places,
Wheresoever you may roam,
Ye look away from earthland,
And ye murmur, "where is home!"
Homeless hearts, God is home!

THE PRIEST AND HIS DINNER.

An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

'Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your riverence?'

'Mighty put out, Pat,' was the reply.

'Put out! Who would put out your riverence?'

'Ah, you don't understand; that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square and I have forgotten the name, and never looked at the number, and now it is nearly 1 o'clock.'

'Oh, is that all?' was the reply. 'Just now be aisy, your riverence; I'll settle that for you.'

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired:

'Is Father O'Leary here?'

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

'No, bother on Father O'Leary; he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary.'

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

'All is right, your riverence; you dine at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get.'

'Oh, Pat,' said the grateful pastor, 'the blessings of a hungry man be upon you.'

'Long life and happiness to your riverence; I have got your malady; I only wish I had your cure.'

PRESENT DUTY.

The way to make times easy is as clear as daylight.

Let every man or woman who owes money pay it at once, if it is possible.

Be willing to make a sacrifice in order to meet promptly all your engagements.

Stop grumbling at the faults or mistakes of others, and attend faithfully to your own affairs.

Deal fairly, leniently, and cheerfully with all persons who owe you or are in pecuniary trouble.

If you are out of debt, thank the Lord; and then go around among your friends, and enemies too, if you have them, and render them all the assistance in your power.

Don't hoard your money; but loan it or use it to relieve the needy, on the same principle as you would give bread to the needy in a day of famine.

Do what you can in every way to relieve pecuniary distress, to check the current of financial embarrassments and restore public confidence.

If you are a bank officer or director, don't be cross a minute. Smile, as a Christian duty, from morning till night. Give an encouraging word, if possible, to all, and by all means strain every nerve to help all who need it.

☞ A wonderful Boston hackman returned a lady's purse containing $125, and wouldn't take a cent for it.

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