THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 27, 1869. NO. 25.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

141 Pratt street,

Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165. Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER, 4 ft. 3 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The undersigned announces to Builders and others that he has opened

AN EXCHANGE,

At Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert St.,

Corner of Saratoga Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

The object of which is to furnish all kinds of Building Material from one locality, thus saving purchasers that trouble and expense they would otherwise be subjected to in visiting different places to procure such articles. They propose, and are constantly prepared to furnish

Lumber, Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, &c.,

Slate Roofing, MARBLEIZED SLATE, AND MARBLE MANTELS.

Ornamental Garden and Parlor Vases, Statuary, &c.

Glass, Hardware, Terra Cotta Chimney Tops, Sewer and Water Pipe of Hydraulic Cement and Terra Cotta, Hydraulic Cement, Marble, Iron, and Stone Fronts, Crest Railings, Encaustic and Marble Tiling, and all other building materials at the lowest market prices,

Having made arrangements with the leading Factories in their respective branches of trade to supply all building materials at one place. Estimates for Marble, Iron and Stone Fronts, Gas Fitting, Plumbers Work, &c., furnished. Sole Agents for the State of Maryland for Thompson and Harper's and other celebrated slate mantels, the Terra Cotta Works of Philadelphia, and represent Davison, Ayres and Heuvelman Agents of the architectural department of the Novelty Iron Works, New York, in Baltimore.

P. De MURGUIONDO,
Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert street,
Jan. 2, 1869—y Cor. of Saratoga.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT

SUCCESSORS TO

Cox & Brown,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,

Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St,
Jan. 16, 1868—y. Baltimore, Md.

URIEVILLE

GRIST AND SAW MILLS.

THE undersigned, having rented the above well-known Mills, takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he is now prepared to accommodate them in Grinding and Sawing, having at both Mills thoroughly competent and reliable men. The Mills are in excellent condition for work, and all who favor him with their patronage may rely upon full justice in every respect, being done them, and as good a turn-out for grist as can be had at any Mill in the county. By giving his entire personal attention, and a determination to leave nothing undone to give satisfaction to his customers, he hopes to receive a liberal patronage.

H. M. ROLLISON,
May 29, 1869—6m. Urieville Mills.

TO THE TAX PAYERS

Of the First District.

HAVING concluded that the taxable citizens of the First District may have forgotten that they owe taxes for 1869, I beg leave to remind them of that fact—and that unless they show some evidence of a disposition to pay them, I shall at an early day avail myself of the comfort of the law.

I WILL BE AT

GALENA on Monday;
MASSEY'S on Wednesday morning;
SASSAFRAS on Wednesday afternoons;
CHESTERVILLE Saturday mornings;
MILLINGTON on Saturday afternoons;

E. E. MILLER, Collector.
October 23, 1869—tf.

BALOK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

A STATEMENT showing all money received for and on account of the Public Schools of Kent County, by W. F. MASSEY, Treasurer, from May 1st, 1868, to September 30th, 1869, inclusive.

From Treasurer of Old Board,		$2139.74
From State Treasurer (School Tax)		9510.83
" " " (Free school fund)		4053.20
From E. E. Miller, (Coll. 1st Dist. '68)		4996.14
" Jacob Sutton, " 2d "		6369.97
" T. H Kennard, " 3d "		4113.59
" C. H. Baker, " 4th "		4253 42
" S. G. Copper, " 5th "		2955 86
" Book fees and sales,		1692 26
From all other sources,		406.66
Total,		40491.67

Which has been paid out on the following accounts, to wit:

FIRST ELECTION DISTRICT.

To Teachers, as follows, including amounts due from Old Board:

A. S. Mendenhall,	500.89	
Charles G. Ricaud,	694.30	
L. Kate Goeding,	320.80	
Mollie Jones,	447.75	
Charles H. Smith,	785.26	
Emily F. Armstrong,	261.07	
S. Elizabeth Heighe,	557.71	
E. H. Miller,	301.13	
Charlotte Thorpe,	189.45	
Elizabeth Boyer,	9.60	
Henry F. McNeal,	427.65	
Victorine Power,	312.50	
Henry Tonkin,	356.00	
Lizzie M. Quimby,	268.05	
Anna Scott,	450.00	
William Gallegher,	295.45	
Total amt. paid Teachers in 1st District,		6177.61

FOR NEW SCHOOL HOUSES.

Massey's X Roads,

To Jonathan Hodgson,	222.26	
" Andrew Woodall,	377.91	

Millington.

To Andrew Woodall,	1000.00	

Galena.

To J. P. Ireland, (Comm'r.)	2500.00	
Total for School Houses in First District,		4100.17

FOR REPAIRS.

Sassafras.

To R. A. Frazier,	2 50	
" A. Woodall,	74.60	
" F. A. Clift,	1.13	
" B. F. Downes,	35.25	
		113.38

Galena.

To J. P. Ireland,	1.03	
Total for repairs in 1st Dist.		114.41

FOR FUEL AND INCIDENTALS.

To D. C. Blackiston,	16.75	
" Mrs. S. W. Boyer, (adm'x.)	19.00	
" Wm. S. Kirby,	46.75	
" W. T. Spry,	26.08	
" W. H. Bowman,	3.00	
" J. P. Ireland, (Comm'r.)	77.78	
" Henry Parr,	31.45	
Total Miscellaneous Bills, First District,		220 81

SECOND ELECTION DISTRICT.

To Teachers.

Samuel Comegys, Jr.,	479.75	
Martha Medders,	291.09	
H. C. Wallis,	637.16	
Mollie E. Hudson,	598.49	
Kate Harris.	477.86	
Zachary U. Crittenden,	495.80	
John Bryan,	60.35	
Emma Lynch,	106.25	
Helen Power,	319.81	
Mary A. Tacker,	216.00	
Ada Simpers,	493.40	
James J. Hogg,	392.92	
Total amount paid teachers in Second District,		4568,38

FOR NEW SCHOOL HOUSES.

Turner's Creek.

To J. W. Webb (½ acre land)	100.00	
" G. W. Howard " "	100 00	
" G. W. Jones, (lumber)	410.31	
" Noland & Co. "	149.25	
" A. Howard, (painting)	20.00	
" Parrott & Busick (sands.)	21.12	
" C. E. Jones, (work)	134.56	
" G. W. Howard, (labor and materials)	89.33	
" W. H. Bowman, (pump)	71.75	
" J. Peacock,	154.00	
" J. T. Crouch, (work)	34.00	
" Wm. Wolfe, (hauling)	25.00	
" W. Melvin "	4.50	
" G. W. Howard, (stove)	25.35	
		1352.67

Kennedyville.

To John Kennedy (1 acre land)	300 00	
" J. D. Justis, (hauling)	108.80	
" R. E. Wallis and Dr. Harris, (Trustees)	1079.00	
		1487.80

House near Quaker Meeting House.

To J. A. Roseberry and W. Hepbron, Trustees,	706 00	
Total for new school houses in Second District,		3546.47

FOR REPAIRS AND MISCELLANEOUS BILLS.

To James Willis,	49.70	
" John R. Gill,	50.83	
" John Kennedy,	40.00	
" Milton Melvin,	133.13	
" Andrew Woodall (for Chesterville)	25.00	
" J. J. Webb,	25.00	
" J. J. Howard, (Comm'r.)	30.00	
" Wm. Ayars,	14.00	
Total repairs & miscellaneous		367 66

THIRD ELECTION DISTRICT.

To Teachers.

To S. Adele Jones,	375.01	
" Loren A. Waldo,	507.76	
" Charles H. Crittenden,	305.95	
" Ellen Baker,	87.20	
" Jessie G. Macbeth,	281.20	
Total paid teachers in 3d District,		2258.03

FOR REPAIRS, FUEL, &c.

To H. T. Jump,	189.75	
" Lewin Usilton,	35.25	
" —— Crew,	16.[illegible]	
" Daniel E. Jewell,		
" James L. Bowers,		
" Wm. H. Hamilton		
" J. W. Corey,		
" G. W. Gross		
" J. L. Crew		
" George S. [illegible]		
" William [illegible]		
" Eben [illegible]		
Total Miscellaneous Bills for Third District,		564.77

FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

To Teachers.

To J. W. Macbeth,	1035.44	
" S. S. Baker,	668.60	
" Daniel Griest,	170.00	
" Sarah M. Potter,	820.20	
" John F. Copper,	711.13	
" Mary E. Lecates,	321.05	
" Andrew J. Hynson,	383.55	
" Alexander Gray,	33.00	
" Araminta F. Stanley,	225.10	
" William M. Slay,	192.80	
" Emma Warfield,	177.75	
Total amts. paid to teachers in Fourth District,		4738 62

NEW SCHOOL HOUSES.

Chestertown.

To John T. Dodd, (builder)	1050.00	
" S. S. Stevens & Son & A. Mathiot, (furniture and freight,)	733.35	
" W. T. Sutton (for blackboards)	6.00	
		1789.35

REPAIRS, RENT, FUEL, &c.

To J. H. Burchinal,	46.55	
" R. K. Pippin,	14.00	
" A. H. Rockwell,	39.62	
" Isaac Boyer,	5.00	
" William H. Hamilton,	210.87	
" Bartus Trew,	24.87	
" William J. Maslin,	49.50	
" Robert Nicholson,	33.50	
" Thomas Lusby,	25.39	
" John N. Usilton,	18.25	
" Robert W. Calder,	25.00	
Total Miscellaneous Bills Fourth District,		585.55

FIFTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

To Teachers.

To Calista Aiman,	457.38	
" Zilphee A. Aiman,	626.18	
" Jonathan A. Greenwood,	641.78	
" John H. Ewing,	398.56	
" John V. Crosby,	921.55	
" Alice Crosby,	160 00	
" Eleanor B. Blunt,	764.71	
" [illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	220.51	
Cushings & Bailey, (including acct. of Old Board,)	803.75	
		3406.30

Miscellaneous.

Plummer & Usilton, (printing and advertising,	71.42	
E. F. Perkins, do.	32.25	
J. K. Aldridge (stoves and old account)	208.93	
T. W. Eliason & Son,	62.66	
Jas. A. Pearce, (counsel of Late Board,)	40.86	
To W. F. Massey, (Sec. & c.) part salary,	750.00	
" Freight and hauling,	42.50	
" Office Expenses, Postage and acc't. Books,	73.00	
Total Miscellaneous,		1281.62

Recapitulation.

First Dist.

To Teachers,	6177.61	
New School Houses,	4100.17	
Repairs,	114.41	
Fuel and Incidentals,	220.81	
Total Disbursements in First District,		10613.00

Second District.

Teachers,	4568.38	
New School Houses,	3546.47	
Repairs and Miscellaneous Bills,	367.66	
Total Disbursements in Second District.		8482.51

Third District.

Teachers,	2258.02	
Repairs, Fuel, &c.,	564.77	
Total Disbursements,	2822.79	

Fourth District.

Teachers,	4738.62	
New School Houses,	1789.35	
Repairs, rent, &c.,	585.55	
Total disburse'mts. 4th dist.		7113.52

Fifth District.

Teachers,	5105.97	
New School Houses,	1376.28	
Repairs, Fuel, &c.,	477.81	
Total disbursem'ts, 5th dist.		6960.06
Total disbursements on general acct.		4687.92
Total disbursements to Sept. 30, '69,		40679.80
" Receipts " "		40491.67
Bal. due Treasurer, cash advanced,		188.13

Respectfully submitted,
W. F. MASSEY.

N. B.—Since the above statement was made Jacob Sutton, Collector for Second District, has settled in full for 1868.
Nov. 8, 1869—4t. W. F. M.

B. B. PERKINS & SON,

Chestertown,

[illegible] for the celebrated

[illegible] Sewing Machines.

[illegible] them at city [illegible] Sewing Machine [illegible] passing of [illegible] INS & SON.

[illegible] line of me[illegible] at reduced [illegible] SON.

Selected Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The Sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away,

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light, azure haze in the air,
As if angels while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there;
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing,
From some happy spirit above.

These days so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.

Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year,
Thou darling, whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature,
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringst a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

MR. EDITOR—The enclosed paper is from a young friend of mine, about twelve years of age, who lately took a trip to Cincinnati. At my request he consented to write an account of what he saw. I have reason to know that he had no assistance, and I think the effort a very creditable one for a boy of that age.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Sir—I have complied with your request in sending you a little account of our visit West, for the purpose of attending the National Convention of Local Preachers.

Our party, consisting at first of father and myself, left Turner's Creek Wednesday, Oct'r. 13th, *en route* for Cincinnati, via. Balt. & Ohio R. R. The Bay was tolerably smooth, but, notwithstanding, I had to sit very still after I had eaten my dinner for fear of losing it. We arrived at Baltimore at 2½ o'clock, P. M., of the same day. We spent the night at the house of a friend, and at about half-past three o'clock, P. M., father and I were at the office of the Balt. & Ohio R. R., where we were joined by several local preachers, including the President of the Association. By the time we had our tickets, and engaged a seat and berth in a sleeping car, and purchased a guide-book, it was nearly time to start, and in a few minutes we were whirled out of the depot into broad daylight. We passed the principal mountains in the night, but as we rose early were in time to witness a sunrise among the mountains, which was grand beyond description. As ours was the last car in the train we had the advantage of seeing the mountains on each side of the track. We took breakfast at Belle-Air, passed over several rivers, and through Columbus, and arrived at Cincinnati at 5½ o'clock, P. M., after a ride of 700 miles. We took supper at the Gibson House, and after supper walked to the Trinity Church, where the Local Preachers' Convention was held. The evening was spent in appointing homes for the preachers. The forenoon of the next day (Saturday) was spent in walking through the Queen City, and during our walk we crossed the Ohio on the great bridge connecting Cincinnati with Covington: and when we recrossed the Ohio we went through a United States mail steamer, and then returned to our hotel. But before I say more I wish to give you a description of this bridge. It is one of the greatest works of art in the world of its kind. It is a suspension bridge, and crosses the Ohio in one span, at the hight of ninety feet from the river. One of the most experienced engineers of London came to America for the sole purpose of seeing this bridge, and pronounced it a success. The afternoon was spent in organizing, and in the evening the local preachers and myself (for I believe I was the only boy) marched in procession to the Wesleyan Female College, where addresses of welcome were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wiley and Judge Hagens, and responded to on behalf of the local preachers, by the Rev. Joseph A. Collins of Baltimore: after which we passed through the Gallery of Arts, and returned home.

On Sabbath morning we heard a sermon by Dr. Tounel, of Pittsburg. Monday was spent in discussions of an exciting and interesting nature; the principal of which was about Methodist preachers reading and writing their sermons. Monday afternoon was an exciting time in Cincinnati for the base-ball players: a game was played by the Red-Stocking of that place, and the Athletics of Philadelphia, resulting in a victory for the former: the score stood 17 to 12. On Tuesday morning all started for the State Lunatic Asylum: we saw many objects of interest on the route, the principal of which were two large and beautiful cemeterys. When we reached the Asylum we were hospitably entertained and taken through the building by the Physician in charge of the Institution. We arrived at the city in the evening, and early the next morning started for home, and said that we would have to travel a long distance before we would find better treatment than we received in the Queen City of the West. We passed the principal mountains in the night, but as it was moonlight we saw them as plainly as we would had it been daylight.—Some of the views were frightful; traversing the mountains at the rate of thirty miles an hour a few inches from the edge of a descent several hundred feet in height was indeed frightful. We arrived at Baltimore in time to take the Friday boat home, where we arrived safely, 4 o'clock. P. M., and we felt there was no place like home: I know father did, for he wrote to mother once or twice every day we were away.

B. H. H.

"Down Town!"

Of all vague tantalization put into brief phraseology, this universal destination of all masculine "heads of families," as they take their evening stroll, encloses the most mystery. In the morning the husband or papa is dismissed with, it may be a pretty word, or even a tender kiss; it is understood that he goes to his place of business, that some dingy back office, or cheerful store, or quiet bank receives him, and exacts his hours as if he were under a harder taskmaster than his own love [illegible] need of gain. The feminine phalanx [illegible] up its daily burdens of domestic duties, household cares and social pleasures; and there is no speculation in their frizzled or curly pates as to the whereabouts of their liege lords.

Say what you will, curiosity is not only a feminine failing, but a human instinct that prevails in all natures irrespective of sex. I doubt not many a man buried apparently over his dusty ledger, lets his fancy often rove to the home nest, and he wonders, curiously, if Madam is sewing on Bobby's brown linen pinafores, or listening to the somewhat scandalous gossip of her spinster neighbor, who, having no husband of her own to guard, keeps such sedulous and alarming watch over the outgoings, and incomings, to the neighborhood in which she lives.

There is one phase of perplexity, however, from which the masculine mind is happily exempt: if his wife goes out, it is for a distinct destination; he need never waste his imagination, or peril his mental health with definitions of that cabalistic utterance, "Down Town!"

But it is not curiosity alone that centres about this magical duality of words. I doubt if even the spinster alluded to could give an intelligible idea of the locality of that maelstrom which engulphs, after tea time, half the masculine portion of humanity in our great cities. Ask the matron upon whom you casually call;

"Where is Mr. A. this evening?"

"He has gone 'Down Town!'" it is the invariable response, satisfactory to both parties we trust!

When Mr. A., returns in "some wee short hour ayont the twal," and the drowsy spouse asks—amiably of course—"My dear, what makes you so late?" again is heard a reference to that attractive locality. "Why, the truth is, I stayed 'Down Town' longer than I expected!" Would any sage, discreet wife trespass upon the sealed arcana of this wierd domain, by asking, "Where is 'Down Town?'" I trow not; for when a woman loses her tact, she is in great danger of losing her temper, and to know when *not* to pursue a subject is one of the best safe-guards of domestic peace and harmony.

During some years spent in quiet observation of life, and being of a speculative turn of mind, I have been cautiously gathering from various sources a mass of testimony upon this subject. Testimony, did I say? Rather should it be termed a group of mental impressions produced upon divers different temperaments by this Open Sesame to the liberty of the stronger sex. One meek-eyed Griselda, whose husband has a partiality for cheese at supper, thinks "Down Town" a sort of unending walk that promotes digestion and banishes dyspepsia; and she happily darns her children's stockings during the hours of this hygenic hegira. Another less industrious, and more suspecting partner, regards Down Town as a Vanity Fair full of billiard saloons, bright lights, possible opera house and theatres, a great deal of cigar smoke and an ineffable association with lemon peel! To yet another class it stands the exponent of debating societies, and the mystic Masonic Temple, with its ever-recurring Special Lodges. But why dwell upon all these altogether unsatisfactory suppositions? They are only vagaries; the sphinx-like riddle is yet unsolved, and the Arcadia of Down Town yet exists an "undiscovered country from whose bourne" there comes at intervals the welcome token of a box of fried oysters when the truant traveller *does* return. Let us, my sisters, smilingly accept alike the bivalves, and the mystery!

THE PEST OF SOCIETY—a tale bearer. "Set a watch over thy mouth, and keep the door of thy lips, for a tale bearer is worse than a thief."

The Best Drawing [illegible] when [illegible]

A QUAKER DETECTIVE.

We were five passengers in all; two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman, and Quaker on the middle, and myself on the one in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and neice, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, toward whom in his zeal to do, he rather overdid the agreeable—bowing and smiling and chattering over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a "crick" in the neck. He was evidently a *gray* Lothario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his sect, and confined his speech, as many a parlimentarian would save his credit for so doing, to simple "yeas" and nays."—As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of the road to be merely a looker on and listener.

Toward evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, without being either a poet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:

"Are you armed, sir?"

"I am not," I answered, astonished no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied; "for before reaching our stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; "only when one is responsible for the safety of ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol would materially add to one's [illegible]dence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressing the Quaker, "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons."

"Yea," was the response.

"Have the villians murdered any of their victims?" the elderly lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—with plundering them?" added the younger, in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and as we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than robbery can befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excelled himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and succeeded so well by the time night set in that all had quite forgotten, or only remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Perceiving which he took from his pocket a package of newly invented "cough candy," and after passing it first to the ladies, he helped himself to the balance, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of high encomium on the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on its being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, while two faces hideously blackened, presented themselves at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lady-like screams from the back seat; "but, 'business is business,' and ours will soon be over, if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger in his blandest manner.

"Oh! certainly; they shall be first attended to, and shall not be required to leave their places, or submit to a search, unless their conduct renders it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of the pistol gleaming in the light of the coach lamp, "be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and such other trinkets as may be accessible, without too much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were no further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, was scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket book, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said, "Nay."

A Quaker's word is good, even among thieves; so, after a hasty "good night," the robber thrust his pistol in his pocket, and with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about taking his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than request.

"Stop! what for?" returned the other, in evident surprise.

"For at least two reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of derringers cocked and presented.

"Help," shouted the robber.

"Stop," the Quaker again exclaimed, "and if one of thy sinful companions advances a [illegible] to thy relief, the spirits will [illegible] me to blow the brains out." [illegible] at the opposite window [illegible]

"Thee had better not delay; I feel the [illegible] beginning to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place by his side, giving the new comer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

"You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why you don't quake worth a cent."

"I am not a 'Shaking Quaker,' if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather of the 'Old Hickory' stripe, I should say," retorted the lively man; but the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Time sped, and sooner than we expected, the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects till we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp would have rendered the process somewhat difficult before.

It was necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, "business before pleasure,' and for business there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand, in a friendly way, on the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found.

"He must have got rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grarp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the derringers was levelled at his heart.

"Stir a hand or foot, and you are a dead man!"

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely to forget both the language and the principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand; with directions to fire on the first of the two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Lothario, from from whose pockets, in less time than I take to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had begun, in no measured terms, to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the chief. The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place.

The result was that both, for a season, "did the State some service."

The President's Father.

The Louisville *Journal* is responsible for the following, which, it says, recently occurred in Covington:

A gentleman—a stranger, of course—met old Jesse in the street, and desired to break a ten dollar bill, stopped him and asked him to change it. Old Jesse tho't he could do so, opened his pocket book, and began to fumble over the contents.—As he did so, he cast a side glance at the stranger, and muttered, in a quick, jerky, guttural tone of voice:

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"No," replied the stranger, "I do not. Who are you?"

"Sir," said old Jesse, straightening himself, "I am the father of the greatest soldier who ever lived."

"Then," said the stranger, "your name must be Jackson, and I thought Stonewall Jackson's father was dead." That ended the interview.

Advertising.

There are many who think that advertising does'nt pay. For the information of such, we give the experience of a few of the most successful business men within our knowledge:

"Without advertisements I should be a poor man to-day."—*H. T. Helmbold.*

"My success is owing to my liberality in advertising."—*Bonner.*

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—*Amos Lawrence.*

"I advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Constant and persistent [illegible] a sure precedent [illegible] *ard.*

"He who [illegible] should in[illegible] business [illegible]

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