THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1871. NO. 14.

TIME TABLE
KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	
" Still Pond,	7:05	P. Train
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.
" Massey's,	8:05	1:25
" Morris',	8:15	1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22	1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35	2:10
GOING WEST.	**A. M.**	**P. M.**
Leave Townsend,	11:40	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05 P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12:20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
Arrive Worton,	1:25	

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and
Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Ligh St. Wharf, Balto.

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

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*
January 19, 1870—y

Road Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned, Examiners, appointed by the Honorable County Commissioners for Kent county, to examine and determine whether the public convenience require the

Opening of a Public Road,

in the Fourth Election District of Kent Co., through the lands of Thomas W. Hynson, William Morris and Stephen Lecates, commencing at the division between Dr. J. A. Perkins and Wm. N. E. Wickes, and running on through the lands of the above named persons until it intersects the public road leading from Chestertown to Worton, at or near the public school house on the corner of said Lecates' farm, and to continue the road, if deemed advisable, across the county until it intersects the new road at the corner of the late Wm. T. Baker's farm, on the Belair road,—hereby give notice, that they will meet on

Wednesday, August 30th, 1871,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the point designated for the commencement of said road, to execute the duties of their commission.

JAMES P. DECORSE,
ISAAC PARSONS,
ROBERT E. WALLIS,
July 29, 1871—tdm. Examiners.

Nov. 20, 1870. J. BELL & BRO

☞ **WOOL WANTED.**—People's Popular Store, will pay cash for Wool, or exchange for merchandise, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest Dry Goods in this market.
Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

LUMBER!

AN assortment of **LUMBER** always on hand.

Buyers will find it their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing.
T. W. ELIASON, Jr.
February 25, 1871.

Chester River Steamboat Company.

On and after THURSDAY, January 19, 1871, the **STEAMER GEO. LAW** will leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M., for Crumpton, stopping at Kent Island, Queenstown, Gray's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's and Chestertown.—*Returning*, leave Crumpton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6½ o'clock A.M., making the above stops.

A. T. JOYNES,
Jan. 21, 1871. Agent.

THE
EUREKA
FANNING MILL.
The Greatest Invention
OF THE 19th CENTURY!

FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention of Farmers and Mechanics is particularly directed to the combined economy, utility and practicability of the Eureka Mill, and to the many other advantages it possesses over every other Fanning Mill which has been introduced to the public. It is the fruit of long and patient investigation by the inventor, who has made it his constant study for over twenty years. He has secured several patents for Mills, and has always been rewarded with the best of success. But not feeling satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and he now believes that his new invention will warrant him in exclaiming in the joy of his heart, like the philosopher, Phythagoras, EUREKA, signifying in the Grecian language, "I have found it." This has given the name to this new Mill.

In this Mill are all the former improvements, to which have been added several more, adding still greater advantages than were at first anticipated, or even thought possible by the inventor himself. It embraces the three great essentials necessary in every invention.

It combines Utility, Economy and Practicability!

THE EUREKA MILL

Is small and lighter, and is capable of doing more and better work in a given time than any other Mill ever invented. It is the only Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of; for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of NOLAND & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.
June 17, 1871—tf.

A CARD.

GEORGE VICKERS and H. W. VICKERS have united under the title of *GEORGE VICKERS & SON*, for the practice of the Law in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.
Chestertown, July 1, 1871—3m.

PEACH BASKETS

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the Peach Growers of Kent and adjoining counties with the MITCHEL BASKET, at 18 cts. (at present), and three other styles; also, the ROCHESTER BERRY BASKET.

☞ Samples to be seen at C. F. Stam & Bro's., Chestertown; A. L. Gooding's, Chesterville; T. H. Horsey's, Galena, and at D. U. Dewees', Kennedyville.

Also, a general assortment of *NURSERY STOCK*, particularly SMALL FRUIT Plants.
For particulars apply to
ROBERT E. WALLIS,
KENNEDYVILLE,
June 17—3m. *Kent Co., Md.*

Selected Poetry.

A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above?
A woman's heart and a woman's life—
And woman's wonderous love?

Do you know you have asked for the priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy?
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out—
Man-like have you questioned me—
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul—
Until I shall question thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And as pure as His heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far greater thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and for shirts,
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful world called home,
And a man that the maker—God—
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say "It is very good,"

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft young cheek one day—
Will you love them 'mid the falling leaves
As you did 'mong the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All this that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire and a little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life,
Are never won in that way.

[From the St. Louis Home Journal.]

THE REJECTED SUITOR.

Agatha Somers sat in the cheerful morning gazing out in the garden, while an expression of perplexity sat upon her brow. Her father entered the room and sat down near her and scanned her face, and a sigh escaped his lips.

"Wherefore that sigh, father?"

"Agatha, I see the struggle that is going on in your heart and I would fain assist you to decide this momentous question, but I dare not. Philip and Richard both asked me for your hand in marriage, and I told them you would decide the affair as the one most concerned. Do not decide hastily, but examine your heart and discover whose image is there enshrined. The marriage relation is the most sacred of all earthly ties and should not be entered into, until you are convinced that the man of your choice is all that you desire in a husband—your ideal of a true man. Unless you have found that one, don't be in a hurry to marry. When a woman marries hastily, without becoming thoroughly acquainted with her husband's character, she is almost invariably disappointed. Study well your own heart and the wants of your nature, and see if the man of your choice is all your soul requires in a husband; one in whose honor you have unbounded confidence."

He arose and left her alone to think.

"I cannot love a man that I cannot respect, therefore I must choose a husband that will command the respect and esteem of all; a man that would scorn to stain his character by a mean, low act; a man that would spurn with the utmost contempt the idea of doing anything that would call a blush to an honest man's cheek; a man whose noble soul would aspire to only that which is pure, high-toned, and elevating. Oh! I could worship such a man next to God! but ah, me! the human heart is deceitful above all things, and the cloak of hypocrisy is too often won to conceal the hideousness of moral depravity. How can I decide—oh, kind father! how can I distinguish the real from the shame?—Richard Andre is apparently a model young man, but the bright side of a young man's character looks dazzling and pleasing enough until the dark side is displayed so detract from its splendor. A man that will do right in the blazing sunlight, and stoop to sully his character by debasing sins committed behind the veil of darkness, is not the husband for me.—Phillip Tasso," she said slowly, as though weighing him in the balance, "is—is—well, if I were to learn that he is a villian, my faith in man's honor would be terribly shattered if not utterly destroyed."

"Letters for you, Miss Agatha, said the maid.

She took the two envelopes in her hand, and recognized the chirography of Richard Andre and Philip Tasso. Her hand closed caressingly over Philip's letter, and she pressed it to her heart, while Richard's she tossed carelessly aside, telling more plainly han words, that Philip was dear to her. She opened the envelope carefully as hough she was loth to mar it, and with a fluttering heart she read:

"MY DEAREST AGATHA: The spirit of love prompts me to write to-day and tell how dear you are to me. I have studied your character well, and I find only the pure and beautiful inscribed thereon. I know that you are living a pure, noble, beautiful life, and as such a true woman only will I ever call by that sacred name, I ask you to become the dearest one on earth to me—my wife. Do not deem me presumptuous in aspiring to your love, in return for which I offer you the life long devotion of PHILIP TASSO."

"Dear, dear Philip, my heart yearns towards you, and I know that you are a true man, for surely a countenance so full of frankness, candor and truth, could not screen a base heart. I know that your noble mind aspires to something beyond the glitter and tinsel of outside splendor."

She sat gazing demurely at the long sunbeams that lay across the carpet like a path of gold, wandering hand in hand, through the grand air castles that her imagination erected, with Philip Tasso. At length her eye rested on Richard's letter, and hastily tearing it open, she read the contents.

"Oh! the miscreant! The base hearted, weak minded fool! Surely his sins have found him out and I see him as he is—a sham; miserable excuse for a man!"

As she uttered these words an expression of contempt sat upon her face, but it gradually faded away, and one compassion came in its stead.

"His heart is bad and I would never marry such a man, yet his poor soul is immortal, and from the bottom of my heart I pity him; poor, erring mortal, and I pray he may forsake his evil ways."

She went to her room and wrote as follows:

"DEAR PHILIP: Call this evening at seven, and receive your answer.
AGATHA SOMERS."

When Mr. Somers came home to dinner she allowed him to read the two letters she had received.

"Well, Agatha, I presume this settles the affair. All this goes to prove that an empty barrel makes the most noise.—Richard is one of those who have the knack of attracting attention by his constant flow of small talk, his witty repartee, and let one of superior intelligence attempt to draw him out and he would find him shallow-brained, his theories weak-kneed and ill-jointed; but so goes the world, and man plods along learning something by experience that he can learn in no other school."

Evening came, and at seven and ten Phillip Tasso was ushered into the parlor where Agatha met him with a sweet smile of welcome, and when she laid her hand tenderly, trustingly in his, and looked shyly into his questioning, blue eyes, a flood of joyful emotion suffused his face, and he drew her to his heart and kissed her blushing face. A short time after Mr. Somers found them sitting on the divan, hand in hand, and he exclaimed:

"Good evening, Philip; receive a father's blessing, children, and I pray that you may prove helpmates indeed, for each other, for there are indeed many temptations in the paths of the young. But hark! there goes the bell Come Philip, we are to have private theatricals, this evening, and we are to be the only auditors."

Before Philip could comprehend his meaning he had seized his arm and drawn him into an alcove.

"Be quiet and watch and listen," said Mr. Somers mysteriously.

Richard Andre was announced, and he advanced into the room, while a winning smile lighted up his otherwise blank expressionless face.

Quarter of an hour passed away and he arose and sank gracefully upon his knees at her feet, saying:

"Darling Agatha, idol of my dreams, I lay at your feet my hand, heart and fortune. Will you be my own dear, darling wife?"

A soft, rippling laugh bubbled from her lips, and waving her hand, she said:

"Arise, Mr. Andre, I pronounce your acting perfect."

"Agatha, idol, angel, don't trifle with my poor pleading heart. Can't you see how I suffer—how this suspense is wringing my heart?"

"I can't say that I do," she replied coolly.

"You are cruel my darling, and yet a human heart bleeds at your feet. Be merciful, and end this suspense, my love. Will you be mine?"

"Mr. Andre, I cannot accept the gracious boon you offer me—I cannot be your wife."

"Oh! merciful heaven! Can it be that the sunlight of bliss is forever hidden from me?" he exclaimed tragically.

"Don't lament dear sir. See you have the moonlight left," she replied, pointing to an open window.

He arose and stood calmly before her, and looked down into her dark eyes.

"Agatha, I was mad enough to hope that you love me, but I'm aroused at last, and know that henceforth life for me will be an empty farce; and since I cannot win your love, allow me the happiness of dying at your feet."

He drew a pistol from his pocket, placed the muzzle over his heart, and the next instant the report rang out, and uttering a deep moan he sank upon the floor.

Philip rushed frantically from the alcove, closely followed by Mr. Somers.

"Oh, my God! this is too terrible! He is dead—dead! and oh, merciful heaven! you are the cause of it, Agatha," cried Philip, stricken with horror.

"Don't blame me, dear Philip, I could not prevent it," she said, demurely, while a smile lurked in the vicinity of her mouth.

A group of domestics gathered around the door, and Mr. Somers knelt beside Richard, and examined his pulse.

"Agatha, oh! Agatha, how can you sit beside his corpse and smile? Alas! I was deceived in you, when I thought you little below the angels.

"He is not dead!" cried Mr. Somers. "Jim bring hot water—hurry!"

"I didn't know that hot water was beneficial in such cases," said Philip—great, honest-hearted Philip.

"Neither do I, yet I am going to try an experiment. No matter if it does scald his mustache off, if it will only bring him back to life."

Jim brought the water, and Richard moaned, while a sudden trembling seized him. Mr. Somers dashed a little of it on his face, and the effect was magical. He threw up his arms tragically, opened his eyes, and the word "ouch!" escaped his lips.

"W-h-a-t does this mean?" he asked feebly.

"I thought I would arouse you. Isn't it glorious to be such an actor on the stage of life?" Mr. Somers said, maliciously.

Richard stared at him blankly.

"Oh! don't' feign innocence, young man. This scene is about played, and we will excuse the prime actor.

The rejected lover arose, seized his pistol, and left the room, looking rather cowed.

"Philip, he is not my victim, after all; and now can you forgive me for my share in the late scene?"

"I am bewildered. I feel like one in a dream," he replied.

"Allow me to read this note, and perhaps it will relieve your mind of all apprehensions."

She drew Richard's letter from her pocket and read:

"DEAR CHUM—I received your letter some time ago, and seize my first opportunity to respond: but as my mind is wholly occupied with the subject of matrimony, I can think of nothing else.

"The *elite* of this little two-wheeled, four-by-six town think me a model young man, thanks to the art of deception. I have baited my matrimonial hook to catch a golden fish. She is the only child of old Dan Somers, and he's as rich as a fool, and Agatha—well she's proud and starchy, and I think I've made a good impression on her soft heart.

"I wouldn't have any doubts in regard to my success if Phil. Tasso were in the bottom of the Red Sea—hang him. He's the coolest-headed fellow I ever knew; one of the saintly fools that are too proud to tell a decent lie. He won't ever honor a saloon with a glance, but turns his face away as he passes one, so as not to inhale the perfume of old king alcohol. But I will checkmate him yet, and as the duns are beginning to come thick and fast I must bring matters to a focus. Women are soft-brained fools, and I am the one to teach them a lesson.

"I'll propose this evening, and if she rejects me I'll commit suicide (with a paper wad) and fall at her feet. She will then throw herself upon my defunct body, kiss my pale lips, and implore me to come back to life for her, and of course I'll come. Isn't it glorious to be such an able actor on the stage of life?

"But such things will play out; I've worn my moral cloak so long that it is getting threadbare, and if I don't secure the heiress soon, it won't conceal the dark spots on my character. If old Somers gets an inkling of my 'ten nights in the bar room,' it will be 'good by, John' with me.

"You must hold yourself in readiness to be first groomsman, as I shall call upon you shortly to act in that capacity.

"Ill write anon and give you the details of my proposal. Yours truly,
"RICHARD ANDRE."

This letter was addressed to me through carelessness, and thereby the true character of the poor wretch was disclosed. Can you now forgive me for smiling over his supposed dead body?"

Mr. Somers wisely left them alone, and Philip seated himself beside her, and raised her hand to his lips.

"Dear, brave little woman, can you pardon my cruel words?"

"I have nothing to pardon, dearest and truest of men. You stood the test nobly, and had you exulted over your fallen rival, my faith in your truth and worthiness would have been shattered. I doubt whether I am worthy of your love, but I will try to be in the future." she replied, pulling his moustache mischievously.

And that moustache was neither black, brown, or blonde, but red; and Agatha thinks it is the loveliest in the world, and never refuses to have it brought in contact with her mouth, for he is her husband now; and the dearest, kindest, best and sweetest man in the world.

What it is to be a Widow.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark, the other day, in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in the careless girlish times.

Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any *demoiselle* could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at your black dress, then at your widow's cap, until sensitive nerves quiver under the infliction. It is to have one illnatured person say, "I wonder how long she will wait before she marries again?" and another answer, "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose!" It is now and then to meet the glance of real sympathy, generally from the poorest and humblest woman that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare, that it is, alas! unlooked for. It is to have your dear fashionable friends condole you after the following fashion—"Oh, well! it's a dreadful loss. We knew you'd feel it, poor dear." And in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you."

But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strong arm that you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear voice that uttered your name with a tenderness none other could give it. It is to hear never more the well known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adoring eyes, seemed more lovely than any other. To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly; the dear eyes that, looking into your own, said so plainly, whate'er it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held to him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man fights with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arm's length for a while only to have—in hours of loneliness and weakness—torrents roll over you, while—poor storm-driven dove—you see no haven of peace in the distance but heaven.

Iron Paper.

The wonderful progress which has been made in the manipulation of iron, and the delicacy to which the operations of the most ponderous machinery have been reduced, is shown by the statement that a sheet of iron has been rolled 10 inches by 5 inches, or 55 inches in surface, which weighs but 20 grains, and of which sheets 4,800 would be required to make one inch in thickness.—The history of the thinest sheet of iron ever rolled is interesting, as showing the stimulating effects of competition upon manufacturers. At the International Exposition of 1851 an American manufacturer showed a sheet of steel upon which a letter was written, the dimensions of the sheet being 8 inches by 5½ inches, or a surface of 44 inches, and weighing but 69 grains, taking 1,000 to the inch. This was sufficient to set the iron workers of the Black Country literally "upon their metal," and the fact was no sooner published than competition began. Mr. Gillott rolled sheets of the average thickness of 1-1800th of an inch, while the thinest tissue paper of the shops is but 1-1200th part of an inch. These sheets may be written upon with perfect ease, but are porous to light when held up. This sheet was first surpassed at the Marshfield iron works. Llanelly Carmarthenshire, when a piece of the same surface dimensions, but weighing only 46 grains, was produced, which was one-third less weigit. Staffordshire next claimed the belt, the Hope iron works succeeding in rolling a sheet of 11 surface inches, weighing but 89 grains, which at the standard of 44 inches, being the size of the American and Welsh sheets, would give but 33 grains. After this, Messrs. R. Williams & Co. produced a sheet of 69 inches, weighing 49 grains, or, reduced to the same standard, about 31 grains. But wales was not to be beaten, and Marshfield again entered the list with a standard sheet of 23¼ grains, requiring 2,583 sheets to make one inch in thickness, and also another sheet slightly above the standard, weighing 25 grains, but reduced, requires 2,950 sheets to the inch. The Pontardawe grains slightly heavier than that of Marshfield, but claiming 3,899 sheets to the inch.

The banner sheet, however, comes from the mill manager of Messrs. Hallam & Co., Upper Forresttin works, near Swansea, who has rolled a sheet of the finest appearance and the thinest, ever shown to mortal eye. The manipulation of this sheet is interesting. The iron from which it was made was rolled on the premises. It was first worked with charcoal and the usual blast, then taken to the harmmer and formed into a flat bottom; from thence to the rolls, drawn out, cut, piled, and returned to the heating furnaces, again through the rolls, and again back to the furnace, and lastly rolled into a perfect bar. Such is the history of the "forging of the brand." Thence it went to the tin mills, and was rolled until it was supposed to be thinner than twenty-three grains; and afterward passed through the coal rolls to obtain the polish, emeraging the thinnest sheet of iron ever rolled. The dimensions of this wonderful sheet are 10 inches by 5½, or, 55 surface inches, weighing, but 20 grains, which, by the standard of 8 by 5½, or 44 surface, is but 16 grains, or 30 per cent, less weight than any previous product, and requiring 4,800 sheets to make one inch in thickness, or one-fourth the thickness of the finest tissue paper. We used to be told there was "nothing like leather," but the song must be changed to "nothing like iron," since it not only makes the road we ride on, the engine which draws us, the pen we write with, but the paper we write on. Pittsburg's next ingenuity must be a lady's gossamer veil of iron, to give the Englishmen another chance.—*The Iron Age.*

The Delinquent Subscriber.

Among the legends which once had a hold upon the popular mind in Europe was that of the "Wandering Jew." He has appeared, at one time or other, in almost every country in Europe. He has been seen in various guises, but his essential characteristics have been always the same, being sad, lonely, restless, ever hurrying on, never reaching the end of his journey. But there has been nothing in this phantom which bodeel evil to the rest of mankind. He may be regarded as the incarnation of Remorse, with a conscience goaded by a crime which he felt to be unpardonable, and was ever flying, and flying in vain, because he sought to fly from himself. Viewed in this light, although a myth, the "Wandering Jew" has a significanse which may well be heeded by those who close their eyes and hearts to the Divine Truth which he rejected.

There was another tradition, though not of as great antiquity, whose theatre of operations was the sea. This was the story of the "Flying Dutchman." Innumerable are the times and places in which this mysterious mariner has been visible. Now among the Arctic icebergs, now on tropic waves, at one time on the rough Baltic, at another on the smooth Pacific, he has scoured, like a locomotive, over the ocean wastes. Often in the black midnight, when the lightnings have been flashing, and the wind blowing a gale which has compeled mortal seamen to take in all sail, and scud along under bare poles, has this Flying Dutchman been beheld rushing like a thunderbolt past their straining barks, with every stitch of canvass spread from mainsail to sky scrapers, as if he were on a summer sea. Still, we have never heard that the Flying Dutchman ever did harm to anyone, not even to himself. If he has ever run into, or over, a vessel, or caused one to deviate from its track, it is not on record in the insurance offices. As a matter of course, all sailors believe in the Flying Dutchman, but beyond that there is no trace of his existence.

There is, however, another and a more tangiable visitant of this mundane sphere who has struck more terror to the souls of men than all the Dutchmen, flying or stationary, the world has ever beheld. This is the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER. As illusory and unsubstantial as the wanderer of the sea, he has covered the waves with the wrecks of goodly vessels and sent to the bottom many a bold mariner. He may be compared rather to the syren than the Flying Dutchman, singing a sweet song that beguiles the credulous to their destruction. How many a luckless newspaper which was enticed on its way by his musical promises, has been engulphed in an abyss of disaster and despair. Of all ignoble and treacherous demons, the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER is the falsest and the meanest. Tantalus, with water ever near his thirsty lips, which he was ever unable to reach, is but a faint type of the hapless wretch who is under the incantations of the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER. Sydney Smith speaks of a *potent* Tantalus which consisted of a small sieve of corn suspended on a semi-circular bar of iron from the ends of the shaft just before his horse's nose. The corn, rattling as the vehicle proceded, stimulated the poor nag to unwonted exertions, and under the hope of overtaking this imaginary feed, he did more work than mortal horse had ever been known to do before. The patent Tantalus of the newspaper press is the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

Not satisfied with afflicting the waking hours of his victim, the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER pursues him into his unrefreshing slumbers. Now, the unfortunate sleeper dreams that after a long voyage, when his provisions have well nigh given out and his crew are on half allowance of water, land suddenly comes in sight, the fields waving with golden grain, and sparkling streams rippling down the hillsides, and with heart elate he prepares to cast anchor. Suddenly, as soon as it has appeared, the vision vanishes and proves but a mirage which has promised only to betray. It is the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

Again he is in a storm at sea. Manfully has he struggled against the power of the elements. All the resources of intelligent seamanship have been exhausted. But still he stands at the wheel of his vessel with a high heart and nerves of iron. As long as his crew do their duty their is still hope for the vessel. The winds may howl, the waves run mountain high, the monsters of the deep may gather about the ship, hungry for their prey, but he sees so many stalwart forms gathered around the ropes who have enlisted with him for the voyage, that hope yet burns brightly in his breast. Suddenly they all vanish into thin air! Each one of them is a Flying Dutchman. Every man is a DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

Or, at another time, ship wreck appears to be inevitable. His vessel is on a lee shore, the breakers are roaring like hungry lions near his bow, his masts have already gone by the board, the keel is begining to grate upon the rocks; suddenly a life-boat darts through the mist and scud of the storm. A rope is thrown out to his succor. He reaches forth with convulsive hands to clutch it. It vanishes in his grasp. It is the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

As to the "Wandering Jew," the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER has this in common with him that he is found every where when he is not wanted, and never found when he is. He differs from him in this, that he does not know the meaning of remorse, and is never so well satisfied as in the recollection of not having performed his duty. He grows fat and sleek upon his own delinquencies. He feeds upon the ruins of others and seems "never to come into misfortune like other folk." His insatiate paunch grows capacious in proportion to the newspapers it has engulfed. If the carcase of this miserable catiff could be subjected to a post-mortem examination, his inferior would be found crowded with suspended and discontinued dailies and weeklies, innumerable printing-presses, founts of type of every description, broken-hearted and broken-backed editors, famished reporters, gaunt and withered correspondents, lean and hungry eyed compositors and miserable newspaper devils, besides the original devils that always swarm in multitudes in such a being from the moment he appears upon this unhappy earth.

When the journal which the DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER betrays to its destruction is a religious one, he adds hypocrisy to his other virtues. With characteristic modesty he designates himself the patron of a newspaper which he had never read. We trust the EPISCOPAL METHODIST has not many such *patrons*. If there are any such, we hope they will imitate the Flying Dutchman, at least in this, set all sail and get out of our neighborhood as soon as possible. If this puff don't help them on their way, we will give them a blast which, unless they are Flying Dutchmen in reality, will send them to the bottom.—*Episcopal Methodist.*

☞ A story is told of an editor who died, went to Heaven, but was denied admittance, lest he should meet some delinquent subscribers, and bad feelings be engendered in that peaceful clime. Having to go somewhere, the editor next appeared in the regions of darkness, but was positively refused admittance, as the place was full of delinquent subscribers. Wearily the editor turned back to the Celestial city, and was met by the watchman at the portals with a smile, who said: "I was mistaken; you can enter; there is not a delinquent subscriber in Heaven."

A man painting the cornice of a house in Hartford fell from a ladder, and it was supposed that he was badly hurt. Immediately after the fall a young man ran to the store to inform the painter of the misfortune that had befallen his workman. The "boss" listened to a thrilling description of the fall, and with the ruling passion still strong within him, asked, anxiously, "Did he spill his paint."

A darkey was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he had bought at a rival shop. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The darkey assented, and it was two pounds short. The "colored gentleman" looked perplexed for a moment and then said; "Guess he didn't cheat dis chile much, for while he was gettin, de sugar I stole two pair of shoes."

☞ "The blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years; first as a circus-rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster."

☞ Josh Billings says that a large policy of life insurance doesn't exactly make a man's corpse smile at his widow, but it helps amazingly to get another fellow to do it for him.

☞ The base ball clubs need not be dry this warm weather, for they carry their pitchers with them wherever they go.

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