The Chestertown Transcript.

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WATCHING FOR PAPA.

Up to the window are three little heads,
Lucy's, and Willie's, and two-year-old Fred's;
What are they doing there all in a row,
Bobbing up, bobbing down, every way so?

Watching for papa to come home to tea,
Dear is their papa to all of the three;
Which pair of little eyes sparkling and bright,
Think you will be first to see him to-night?

Hark! who is that now whose footsteps they hear?
Far out are heads stretched to see him draw near;
Somebody's papa, perhaps, but not theirs—
Up to the three eager faces he stares.

Back from the window bobs each little head:
"Papa, make haste now," says dear baby Fred;
Now they all see him just coming in sight;
Hark, how they clap hands, and scream with delight.

Happy at last, not a moment they wait,
Laughing and shouting they rush to the gate;
Joyfully papa the little troop meets,
Each rosy mouth with glad kisses he greets.

Up in his strong arms he takes little Fred,
Willie and Lucy go dancing ahead;
Into the house now all four of them come,
Mamma stands smiling her bright welcome home.

Pulling and tugging they make him sit down,
One brings his slippers and another his gown;
Round him they hover and chatter with glee,
While they are waiting the summons to tea.

Little they know how their sweet, loving ways,
Comfort him after the wearisome days,
Arms full and lap full of dear little pets,
All of his worries and cares he forgets.

—*Congregationalist.*

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

One of the most honorable characters in modern history is Mary, the mother of our great and beloved Washington. She was a remarkable woman; and, perhaps, to her teachings and guidance we owe that character of her great son, which we so much admire, for she was a God-fearing, prayerful, truthful and devoted woman. She passed her last years in Fredericksbury, Va. Near her residence were some picturesque rocks overshadowed by trees. A lover of woods, birds and flowers, she used to retire in pleasant weather to this lovely spot for meditation and prayer. She there tasted the sweetness of which Cowper sings—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee."

Here the still twilights of the summer days during the stormy period of the American Revolution, found the mother of Washington praying.

The burden of her prayers is known only to God. No step followed her to that leafy sanctuary. One cannot doubt that she prayed for her country and for her son, and that her prayers were heard in heaven. This place of devotion became to her one of the dearest spots on earth, and she selected it for her grave.

The spring of 1789 found her, at the age of four-score and five years, suffering from incurable disease. Just before entering upon the duties of the Presidential office, Washington hastened to Fredericksburg to make her a visit. It was their last interview.

"The people," said Washington, after the first emotions incident to such a meeting had subsided, "have been pleased to elect me to the Chief Magistracy of the United States. I have come to bid you farewell. As soon as the business of arranging the new Government is over, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—"

"You will never see me more," said the venerable woman. "My great age and the disease from which I am suffering, warn me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God I am somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfill the destiny God has assigned you, and may heaven's and your mother's blessing be with you always."

Washington wept like a child, kissed her furrowed cheek, then went forth to the great work before him. Her grave was long neglected. As Mrs. Sigourney sweetly and touchingly told the tale—

"Nature stole
In her soft minstrelsy around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews.
"She bade bright flowers spring,
Gifts of frankincense with sweet song of bird,
And autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy winter
Speaks
Sternly of man's neglect."

In 1833 a monument was commenced over her grave, the corner-stone of which was laid by President Jackson, on the marble slab of which we read:

MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

John Rogers and Mary Glenn were just married, and were going to housekeeping in the little brown cottage over the way.

Very proud, very happy, and very loving were this young couple, as they walked from the church to the little house that was to be their future home.

Many plans were laid, and many resolutions formed, that were to govern their future lives.

John was a government clerk on a small salary, but as he was very industrious and accurate in all that he did he stood in a fair way to be promoted.

And it had been only by the exercise of the strictest economy that enough had been saved to buy and furnish the aforesaid cottage.

For John, with a wisdom not always met with among men of his class, had determined to first have a home for his bride before they were married.

Mary had been left an orphan at a very early age, but by dint of hard labor, and much self-denial, had succeeded in giving herself and an education, and had been for some years employed as a teacher in the public schools of Greenville, a small town in one of our New England States.

It was at this place she first met John Rogers.

But, alas! for the stability of human happiness, the loveliest rose has thorns, and the sweetest cup is bitter, and so it proved with our friends, for in about six months they began to find that something besides love is needed for people to live happily together in this, the holiest of earth's relations.

In that time Mary had begun to learn that John considered himself master, not only of his home but also of the woman he called wife.

And John saw that, although her love for him remained unchanged, her life in the schoolroom had entirely unfitted her to perform the role of submission in anything like the manner he considered proper and becoming in a wife.

"John," said Mary one morning at the breakfast table, "Mrs. Seever has invited me to spend the afternoon at her house to-day. May we expect you at tea time?"

"I can't see what women always want to be visiting for. If it was me, there would be very little visitig done. I think a woman's proper place is at home attending to her family, and not running the streets."

"But, my dear," replied she, 'remember that I have been out but one afternoon since our marriage. Knowing your wishes in that direction I have respected them. And you know that when one stays indoors all day, it is very pleasant to get out, if only to a neighbor's house. However, you did not answer my question. You will come, will you not?"

"No; I do not think it right to encourage, even by my presence, what I believe to be improper. Now don't cry, if there is anything I detest, it is a woman who is always crying and snivveling," was the unfeeling reply, seeing a grieved and disappointed look overshadowing her face.

"Thank you sir, for your opinion of me. It is very pleasing and refreshing, indeed, but since my presence is so distasteful to you, I will no longer intrude myself upon you," so saying she arose and walked from the room.

The dinner hour that day passed slowly away, for this was their first estrangement, one felt an apology was due from the other, and that peace could not be restored until such an apology had been made.

Mary felt that she had done or said nothing to call forth such an outburst on his part.

And John, though knowing himself to be in the wrong, still looked for some sign of reconciliation from her; for, said he to himself:

"Shall I, a man, beg forgiveness of a woman, and that woman my wife? No, never. It would be establishing a dangerous precedent."

So the hour passed without any reference being made by either to the occurrence of the morning.

As the hour drew dear, Mary started for the residence of her friend, not with any expectation of enjoying herself, for this, she felt, would be impossible, after what had occurred. But she had promised to be there, and therefore felt that she must go.

She had proceeded but a short distance when, on turning a corner, she saw a carriage coming with full speed directly toward her.

Escape was impossible, for the horses, mad with fright, reared and plunged, then all was blank.

When next she opened her eyes she was lying on her own bed in her own room, and seated at her side, his eyes filled with love and anxiety, was her husband.

"Where am I, and how came I here?" said she, essaying to rise, but failing in the attempt,

"You have been ill," said her husband.

"But what is the matter?"

"You were run over by a pair of frightened horses, and nearly killed.—But, please God, you will soon be well. Not another word now; just try and sleep while I sit and watch with you."

Too weak for resistance, Mary closed her eyes and was soon in a sweet slumber.

When John saw that his wife had fallen asleep, he arose and softly left the room.

And what think you, reader, that this strong man did? This man who considered tears a sign of weakness and imbecility. He went to his room and cried, yes, cried for very joy, and kneeling, he thanked God for sparing to him his wife.

Mary's recovery, after this, was rapid. It was found that no internal injuries had been sustained, and that, though greatly bruised and battered, nothing serious would be the result.

One evening after Mary was able to sit up, as she and John were sitting together in the twilight, John said:

"Do you remember, dear, what happened the morning of the day you came so near being taken from me? Well, when I saw you lying so still and white before me, I vowed that if God would spare your life, I wobld beg your forgiveness for my conduct of that morning."

"Dear John," broke in the sweet voice of his wife, "I, too, need forgiveness, for I was proud and hasty, and since that terrible day, I have been thinking that I have very little of that charity that suffereth long and is kind."

And then these two old-fashioned people shook hands over it, and agreed to say no more about it, but each try to do better in the future.

And now, if you visit their home, you will find that no cloud ever comes to mar the brightness of their married life, for John has learned that women have rights to be respected, as well as hearts to be grieved by unkindness.

And Mary had learned to give the "soft answer that turneth away wrath," and living thus in unity and peace, the scene of their first quarrel has never been repeated.

CARVING A TURKEY.

A family living in Munson street celebrated Thanksgining Day with a turkey and company. The former weighed ten pounds, and the latter consisted of an uncle, aunt and their two daughters. These were relatives of the wife, and came from New Haven. The wife's mother, who lived next door, was also present at dinner. It was the first turkey for that family.—Both of them preferred chicken, but on account of the company and the day they had this turkey. The wife had prepared a splendid dinner, in spite of her flustrations (if flustrations is not really an inseparable adjunct to a good dinner)—The bird was done to a turn, the onions seemed to creep upon the edge of the dish and laugh in your face The potatoes fell apart as if laughing at the feast and, the dishes and bread fairly vied with each other in whiteness, both, realizing that neither could compete with the snowy tint of the table-cloth. And what a grand table-cloth that was—of the purest linen, fine in texture, chaste in figure, and beautifully hemmed at both ends. We wish that every homeless, hungering person in the land could have seen that table-cloth. It would have been such a comporting spectacle. The wife never came near the table nor looked at it, but that she saw that table-cloth; and as for the mother it was easily seen by the tenderness with which her glance rested upon it, that the beautiful article was a gift from herself. As it indeed was. The dinner was finally ready, and the party took their seats at the table, fully prepared to attack the meal, and even anxious for the affray to commence.

'John,' observed the wife, shooting an apprehensive glance at her husband as he hesitatingly lifted the carving knife, "don't you think mother had better do the carving?"

His hand tightened on the knife at once. Whatever doubt he may have experienced of his ability to dissect the bird disappeared in a flash in the presence of the threatened danger. He set his teeth together with great firmness.

'I can attend to that little business, I guess,' he said. And then looking around the table with a complacent smile, he intelligently added: 'I wasn't brought up in Morocco.'

'But you know you never carved a turkey before, John,' urged his wife, with a glance of increased apprehension.

"Well, Sally," he observed, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, "you'd better give me lessons in carving. I'm forty years old, and if I don't know how to carve a turkey I'll stick my head in a —' he looks around on the guests with an approving nod—"in a swill barrel."

And then he plunged the fork into the breast of the noble bird, and endeavored to look as scientific as possible to conceal the trepidation he was really feeling. The knife descended on one of the limbs. It went into the flesh without hindrance, then it struck a bone and paused. The wife, whose apprehension was somewhat modified by his remarks, immediately grew concerned again, while the visitors looked at the turkey with that unconscious interest peculiar to all people under the same circumstances. The knife paused but an instant, and then it pressed forward again, under the careful manipulation of the head of the house, who was on his feet with his legs properly spread apart and his sleeves rolled up. He was feeling for the joint. He pressed the knife forward, and rolled it about, while the apprehension deepened in his wife's face, and the look of triumph which had been gathering in his wife's face, fairly seemed to be approaching a head He found the gravy bowl was in the way. It was removed, and he went to work again. The platter partaking somewhat of his own nervousness, rubbed violently against the goblet of spoons. That was also removed. There was a tremor in the carver's hands, and a violent flush in his face, to say nothing of a glitter in his eyes. He worked the knife more rapidly while other dishes got in the way and were pettishly removed by him, while the turkey moved around on its axis as if endowed with new life. Still the joint could not be found. It was evident the man was losing his composure, and fast verging upon desperation. He wriggled his sharp blade with all his muscular force. The turkey fairly danced upon the plate, while the wife almost raised herself from her chair.

"Be careful of the table-cloth," she creamed, as she saw a portion of stuffing slop over.

"I guess I know what I'm about," he hissed, fiercely jobbing away with the knife.

"You'll ruin that table-cloth," she cried, in a paroxysm of fear.

"Darn the old table-cloth," he hissed. *Old* table-cloth! It seemed as if the wife's mother would swoon dead away where she sat. Old table-cloth, forsooth! Well for him that the suddenly doubled up fingers were not located where the owner undoubtedly hoped they were.—Well for him that there was company from the eminently select city of New Haven present. But he paid no attention. His whole soul, as shown through his eyes, was centered on that turkey.—He prodded it with the knife until the prespiration started on his forehead, but he could not sever that joint. His breath came thick and fast, while the platter danced around the table, knocking against the dishes, while the guests stood in imminent danger. But he did not heed.—He was determined to split that turkey open, if he dropped dead where he stood. Suddenly there was a grand splurge.

"Mind the table-cloth!" screamed the the unhappy wife.

But it was too late. There was a sudden crash. The princely bird flopped off the platter in a twinkling, overturned the dish of hot gravy into the lap of the worthy uncle, prostrated the milk pitcher and sugar bowl, sent the boiling onions clear across the table and impartially distributed them among all the guests, and then passed to the floor. The ladies screamed, while one of them fainted away, and the uncle from New Haven explosively gave utterance to an oath and a yell that fairly started the ceiling. The unhappy husband was fairly paralyzed by fright and horror. But the presence of mind of his wife's mother saved him.

"I knew you would do it—I knew you would do it!" she hoarsely whispered.

Ah! The next instant he had that turkey by both of its legs, and was whipping it across the chairs with ferocious vehemence, while his eyes shown like diamonds, and his lips framed the words.

"Take your old turkey, gaulblast ye, and shove it down your throat." And then he fled. Reader, he has taken to drink.—*Danbury News.*

NUMBER SEVEN IN THE BIBLE.

On the seventh day God ended his work.

On the seventh month Noah's ark touched the ground

In seven days a dove was sent.

Abraham plead seven times for Sodom

Jacob mourned seven days for Joseph.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel.

And yet another seven years more.

Jacob was pursued a seven day's journey by Laban.

A plenty of seven years and a famine of seven years were foretold in Pharoah's dream by seven fat and seven lean beasts and seven ears of full and seven ears of blasted corn.

On the seventh day of the seventh month the Children of Israel rested seven days, and remained seven days in their tents.

Every seven days the land rested, on every seventh year the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho seven persons bore seven trumpets seven days; on the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, add at the end of the seventh round the walls fell.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and fasted seven days at its dedication.

In the tabernacle there were seven lamps.

The golden candle-stick had seven branches.

Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams for an atonement. Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection appeared seven times.

THE REASON WHY.

An impertinent youth at Saratoga amused himself by exhibiting the following lines to some of the young ladies at a hotel:

Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce would kiss a brother;
But women want to kiss so bad,
They kiss and kiss each other.

Whereupon a young lady pencilled this retort on the back of an envelope, and left it for the fool's instruction:

Men do not kiss among themselves,
'And it's well that they refrain;
The bitter dose would vex them so,
They would never kiss again.

As sometimes on poor women's lip
Is applied this nauseous lotion,
We have to kiss among ourselves
As a counteracting potion.

☞ Hope, though valuable, is not always a sure antidote to misfortune.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by George A. Hanson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Old Kent.

Notes Illustrative of the Early Records

OF

KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

SECTION 98. B. Mary Tilghman, daughter of Richard and Anna Maria Lloyd Tilghman, married 12th Oct. 1721, James Earle, and had children, viz: Michael, born 19th Oct. 1722; Anna Maria, born 8th May, 1725; Richard Tilghman, born 18th July 1727, died 17th January 1728; a second Richard Tilghman, born 10th Feb. 1728; Henrietta Maria, born 26th March 1730; Joseph, born 11th Nov'r. 1732, died 12th December following; and James Earle, born 21st April 1734. His wife, Mary Tilghman Earle, died 10th of Jan. 1736. He married, again, 6th Nov. 1738, Sarah Chatham widow of Edward Chatham, of Queen Anne's county, and had one son Joseph Earle, born in 1739.

James Earle died in August 1739, aged 45 years.

James Earle was the grandson of James Earle the immigrant, who was born 25th July, 1631, of the family of Earles of Craglethorpe, Lincolnshire, England, and emigrated to Maryland 15th Nov'r. 1683, with his wife Rhoda Earle and a large family of sons and daughters. He died 20th Sept'r. 1684, in the 55th year of his age. Michael Earle, his second son, married 14th Oct. 1686, Sarah Stevens, who died childless, 7th March 1688. He married, again, 27th Dec. 1690, Ann Carpenter, at Trumpington, Kent county, Md., on Chester river, and had children, viz: Elizabeth and James, twins, born 17th of Feb. 1694; Carpenter, born 26th of Dec. 1697. Michael Earle and Ann Carpenter Earle, his wife, died 5th April 1709, and rest in the same grave. Michael Earle was an eminent lawyer at the bar of Kent County Court, and in this profession he was followed with like distinction by his eldest surviving son James Earle who married Mary Tilghman.

Capt. Michael Earle, eldest son of James and Mary Tilghman Earle, followed the sea for several years, sailing from Frederick Town, Cecil county, Md. When he retired from a sea-faring life he settled upon his farm, Swan Harbor, in Cecil county, Md., and married Mary Carroll, a sister of his uncle Edward Tilghman's wife, and a relative of Lord Baltimore. They died, without children, in 1787, the same day, and were buried in the same grave at St. Stephen's Church.

Anna Maria Earle, daughter of James and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Thomas Ringgold, merchant, of Chestertown, Md. He died 1st April 1772, in the 57th year of his age. She died in July 1794, in the 70th year of her age. They had one son, Thomas Ringgold.

Thomas Ringgold, merchant, was a distinguished patriot, a member of the Convention of Maryland, which met 14th of August 1776. He was born 5th of Dec. 1715, the son of Thomas and Rebecca Wilmer Ringgold, who were married 1st of May 1712. The last named Thomas was the son of Thomas, the eldest son of James Ringgold of Huntingfield, Kent county, Md., who was the son of Thomas Ringgold, the emigrant, who settled in Kent county, Md., in 1650.

Thomas Ringgold, of Chestertown, only son of Thomas and Anna Maria Earle Ringgold, married Mary Galloway, of Tulip Hill, Anne Arundel county, Md. He died 26th of Oct. 1776, in the 33d year of his age, leaving children, viz: Thomas, Samuel, born 15th Jan. 1770; Anna Maria, born 9th March 1772; and Benjamin Ringgold.

Anna Maria Ringgold, only daughter of Thomas and Mary Galloway Ringgold, married, 24th March 1795, Colonel Prisby Tilghman, son of James and Susanna Steuart Tilghman, and had children which are mentioned elsewhere.

Gen. Samuel Ringgold. (born 15th Jan. 1770, died 8th Oct. 1836), married, 3d of May 1792, Maria Cadwalader, daughter of Gen. John Cadwalader, and settled upon his paternal inheritance, the estate of Fountain Rock, now the seat of the College of St. James, in Washington county, Md

Gen. John Cadwalader, a distinguished Revolutionary officer, was an intimate friend and the chivalric champion of Washington, who on the 4th of July 1778 with a leaden bullet silenced the unpatriotic tongue of Gen. Thomas Conway. He married Elizabeth Lloyd, sister of Col. Edward Lloyd, and had three daughters, viz: Maria, just named, Ann, who married Mr. Kemble; and Elizabeth, who married Mr. McCall. Gen. Cadwalader married, a second time, Williamina Bond, and had children, viz: Thomas, who married Mary Biddle; John; and Fanny Cadwalader, who married Lord Erskine.

Gen'l. Cadwalader died 11th of Feb'y, 1786, at his country seat in Kent county, Md., aged 44 years, 1 month and 1 day, and was buried in the Church yard of Shrewsbury Parish, Kent county, Md. Upon his tomb is inscribed a noble tribute, a beautiful epitaph, written by Thos Paine, "who during his lifetime was his violent political enemy."

Gen. Samuel and Maria Cadwalader Ringgold, of Fountain Rock, had children, viz: Anna Maria, born 10th of July 1793, died 4th March 1828; John Cadwalader, born 15th Nov'r. 1794, died young; Samuel, born 16th Oct. 1796; Mary Elizabeth, born 18th Dec'r. 1788, died 9th March 1836; Ann Cadwalader, born 10th Jan. 1801; Cadwalader, born 20th August 1862; Cornelia, born 2d Sept. 1805; Edward Lloyd, born 6th April 1807; Chester, born 17th Jan. 1809; and Charles and Frederick, twins, born 22d and 23d July 1810.

Maria Cadwalader Ringgold, wife of Gen. Samuel Ringgold, died 28th August 1810.

Gen. Saml. Ringgold married in Washington, at the President's House, a second time, Marie Antoinette Hay, and had children, viz: George Ringgold, U. S. A. now deceased; Fayette Ringgold, U. S. Consul in Peru, South America; Virginia Ringgold, who married John Ross Key and Rebecca Ringgold, who married D. Hay of Chicago.

Gen. Samuel Ringgold died at the residence of his son-in-law, William Schley in Frederick City, Md., Sunday, 18th Oct. 1836.

Major Samuel Ringgold, U. S. A., son of Gen. Samuel and Maria Cadwalader Ringgold, greatly distinguished himself and fell at the battle of Palo Alto, Mexico, 8th May 1846.

Rear Admiral Cadwalader Ringgold, U. S. N., son of Gen'l. Samuel Ringgold and Maria Cadwalader Ringgold, died in the city of New York, 29th April, 1867.

Ann Cadwalader Ringgold, daughter of Gen. Samuel and Maria Cadwalader Ringgold, married William Schley, a distinguished Lawyer of Federick City, Md. 28th Sept'r. 1824, and died, June 1870. William Schley died March, 1872, in Baltimore, where he had resided for many years previous to his death. They had children, viz: William, born 9th of Sept. 1825, died 16th Sept'r. 1833; Cadwalader Ringgold, born March 1828, died 30th of July 1828; Ann Cadwalader; Agnes; Allen, born 20th Feb. 1835, died 10th July 1835; Samuel Ringgold; William Cadwalader; and Alice Schley, born 26th Dec. 1844, died 10th July 1847.

Ann Cadwalader Schley, daughter of William and Ann Cadwalader Ringgold Schley, married, 9th Jan. 1855, William Woodville, Jr.

Agnes Schley, daughter of William and Ann Cadwalader Ringgold Schley, married 9th Feb'y. 1854, William Key Howard, and died 23d Sept'r. 1857. She had one child, William Key Howard.

William Cadwalader Schley, son of William and Ann Cadwalader Ringgold Schley, married, 17th of Dec. 1868, Ellen Teackle, second daughter of St. George W. Teackle, of Baltimore city, Md., and had children, viz: Ann Teackle Schley, William Cadwalader Schley and St. George T. Schley.

Cornelia Ringgold, daughter of Gen'l. Samuel and Maria Cadwalader Ringgold, of Fountain Rock, Washington county, Md., married, 16th Nov. 1826, George M. Potts, of Fountain Rock, Frederick county, Md., and had children, viz: Richard, Arthur, George M., Cornelia Ringgold, and Eleanor Potts.

Dr. Richard Potts, U. S. A. and C. S. A., son of George M. and Cornelia Ringgold Potts, married twice. His first wife (2d June 1852) was Rebecca B. McPherson. His second wife (9th Sept'r. 1862) was Eugenia Dunlap, daughter of Hon. G. W. Dunlap of Kentucky. He left one child, George Dunlap Potts.

Arthur Potts, son of George M. and Cornelia Ringgold Potts, married, 21st of January 1869, Hellen Mobberly, daughter Dr. Mobberly of New Market, Frederick county, Md., and had children, viz: Eleanor, Louisa, Richard, and Cornelia Potts.

Cornelia Ringgold Potts, daughter of George M. and Cornelia Ringgold Potts, married, 12th Dec. 1861, Charles W. Ross, son of William J. Ross, an eminent lawyer of Frederick, Md., and had children, viz: William J. Ross, Jr., Cornelia Ringgold Ross, Charles W. Ross, and George Murdock Potts Ross.

Eleanor Potts, daughter of George M. and Cornelia Ringgold Potts, married Arthur S. Johns, son of Right Rev. John Johns, Bishop of Virginia, and died leaving one child, Eleanor Johns, since deceased.

NOTE.—The following correction was not received till our first page, last week, had been printed:

Dr. Richard Tilghman was descended from Richard Tighman, of Holloway Court in the Parish of Snodland, Kent county, England, who lived about the year 1400; from his son Thomas Tilghman; from his son William Tilghman, who died 27th Aug. 1541; from his son Richard Tilghman who died in 1518; from his son William Tilghman, who died in 1594, and from his son Oswald Tilghman, of London, who was born 4th of October 1579, died in 1628, and was the father of Dr. Richard Tilghman the emigrant, who

"vulgar word." He is a minister and a writer of ability. "I resolved when I was a child," said he, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honorable man to-day. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words which she would not give utterance to before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart;" the "next thing to swearing," and yet not so wicked. It becomes a habit; it leads to profanity; it vulgarizes and degrades the soul; it prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Dear young reader, set a watch upon the door of your lips; keep your mouth free from all impurity; and seek the cleansing blood of Jesus, that it may be applied to your heart.—*S. S. Advocate.*

THE LAWYER'S TRADE.—A day or two ago when a young man entered a lawyer's office to study law, the practitioner sat down beside him and said:

"Now, see here, I have no time to fool away, and if you don't pan out well I won't keep you here thirty days. Do you want to make a good lawyer?

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, listen. Be polite to old people, because they have cash. Be good to boys, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work in with reporters and get puffs. Go to church for the sake of example. Don't fool any time away on poetry, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you can follow these instructions you will succeed. If you cannot, go and learn to be a doctor and kill your best friends.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A SCARE FOR MR. MORTON.—A Mississippi planter stopping at the Arlington House, Washington, was bragging about the very superior quality of some grapes that he raised on his premises. Senator Morton happened to be standing near at the time, and carelessly putting in his oar, observed:

"May I take the liberty of asking, sir, what kind of manure you use?"

The Mississippian surveyed his questioner a few seconds, and then gravely replied:

"Dead niggers."

The horrified Senator fell back in good order, hauled a little blank book out of his coat pocket and promptly made the following memoranda:

"Speech—Amnesty impossible; South unconquered; Democratic barbarities; the massacre of blacks; Dead niggers; Hamburg grapes."

☞ Fear is implanted in us as a preserver from evil.

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