The Chestertown Transcript.

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MARRIED.

There was not a stain on her snowy robes,
Nor a gem on her glossy hair;
They had gathered the silken tresses back
From her face so young and fair.

Not the faintest flush did the purple veins
Send up to her pearly brow,
For the red-ripe lips that trembled once
Were white and passionless now.

And little she recked in her long deep sleep
Of the loved one kneeling there,
Or the low, sweet tones which would break no more
On the night of his despair.

Or ever the formal pledge of love
Had crowned them one—came Death:
And the ready vows were frozen to ice
As he kissed away her breath.

Alas for Roland! they led him forth
Like a child with a tottering tread,
And Alice they decked in herbridal robes,
And bore to her bridal bed.

But the seasons passed in their flow, and Time,
Though he steals our joys like a thief,
Drops into each bosom the balm of life,
And softens our heaviest grief.

So Jennie, the younger sister was decked,
When a few short years had flown,
And the marriage bells on the wintry air
Rang out their mellowest tone.

The guests were gay, the maiden was fair,
And the wine was sparkling and red,
But the hand that Roland held in his palm
Seemed cold as the touch of the dead.

And the picture upon his breath awoke
To life—or it seemed to him so—
And the deep sad eyes gazed into his own
With a warm and searching glow.

As if they would find some lingering proof
In the depths of the love of yore;
One solemn moment the living and dead
Stood face to face—no more.

They marked the pallor that crept to his cheeks
And the pensive cast of his brow,
And the quiver that shook his bearded lip
As he uttered the nuptial vow.

But the guests were gay and the bride was fair,
And the wine was sparkling and free,
And 'twas not the time to dampen the flow
Of a glad festivity.

Ah! little the beautiful Jennie dreamed
As she hung on his arm that night,
That the innermost temple of Roland's heart
Was hidden and locked from her sight.

But the angel who keeps the records of earth
Wrote thoughtfully on his scroll,
"Wedded to Jennie, the bride of his hand,
And to Alice, the bride of his soul."

BEST THINGS.

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The very best philosophy—a contented mind.

The best law—the golden rule.

The best education—self-knowledge.

The best statesmanship—self-government.

The best medicine—cheerfulness and temperance.

The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best science—extracting sunshine from a cloudy day.

The best war—to war against one's weakness.

The best music—the laughter of an innocent child.

The best journalism—printing the true and the beautiful only, on memory's tablet.

The best telegraphing—flashing a ray of sunshine into a gloomy heart.

The best biography—the life which writes characters in the largest letters.

The best mathematics—that which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

The best navigation—steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention.

The best diplomacy—effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

The best engineering—building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

☞ The leaves of the gigantic waterlilly known as the "Victoria Regia," in the Botanic Garden at Ghent, having attained a remarkably large size, Mr. Van Hulle, the chief gardener, recently undertook to determine their buoyant power. One leaf easily supported a child, and then a man, when the gardener heaped bricks over its entire area, and found that, before the leaf became submerged, a weight of 761 pounds was floated.

☞ Spilkins says there are two ways in which "fair, fat, and forty" makes itself conspicuous, viz: its waste of sighs, and its size of waste.

☞ "Cemetery" is the name of a new station on the Stoney Creek railroad. All "dead-heads" are expected to get off at this station.

THE PRETTY MARKET-GIRL.

'Dear me! I'm sure I don't know what to do; if ever anybody was in a fix I'm in one now.'

'What is it auntie; can't I help you out of your fix?'

'Sakes alive! no, Lutie, dear, you can't help me one bit.

'Now don't say that, auntie; I'm quite certain I can be of some service to you, if you will only allow me. Why, I've been here a whole week, and I've done nothing but dress, read, eat and sleep, and I'm as useless as the stuffed owl upon the bookcase the library, and a great deal more in the way.'

'Why child!' and good Mrs. Bentley stopped her work of preparing a turkey for the market, and looked lovingly upon her niece. 'I don't like to hear you talk that way. Why, bless your dear heart, the loved child of my dear sister can never be in my way.'

'Well, auntie, I shall not feel like coming out here to spend another Thanksgiving if you will not allow me to be of some service during my stay. Come, tell me all about your 'fix' and see if I am not worth something besides running around and amusing myself while other people are making themselves useful.'

'Oh, Lutie! there is nothing you can do, though I'll tell you all about it, to pacify you. You see, all this poultry and a lot of butter and eggs were to be delivered to-day in the city, for the day after to morrow is Thanksgiving; and Jonas our hired man is sick with a cold, and can't leave his bed; your uncle is away, and won't be home till to-morrow night, and how under the sun I can deliver these things according to promise is more than I can tell.'

To Mrs. Bentley's surprise, Lutie clapped her hands and danced about the room crying—

'Just the very thing! Capital! capital!'

'What on earth do you mean, child?' she managed to say, at last.

'Why, that I will go to the market and deliver the goods myself. Now don't say a word, auntie,' she continued, as her aunt elevated her hands and opened her mouth as if to give vent to an "Oh!" 'Don't say one word; the idea just suits me and I am determined to go—if you will allow me,' she added demurely.

'What, you! the heiress and daughter of Judge Haines? You, the belle of the city, going to the market with turkeys, butter and eggs!'

'Yes, auntie, and I can do it just as well as you would. Now don't oppose me, will you? That's a dear good aunt.'

Mrs Bentley really felt distressed to know how to fill her contract, and was thankful for the prospect of assistance but she could hardly reconcile herself to the idea of her niece the beauty and heir[illegible]

'Don't forget to deliver those fine geese turkies at Col. Ormsby's,' called her aunt.

'Oh, no; but you haven't told he where he lives,' said Lutie, drawing rein and waiting for the information:

'I declare I don't know where he does live; but you can inquire of the market where you are to deliver the rest. It's somewhere in the north part of the city, not a great way from the market, and they'll be likely to know him.'

'I think I can find it,' replied Lutie, and drove off at a brisk pace.

In due time she arrived at the market. Explaining the cause of her coming, she delivered the required articles, and then inquired for the residence of Colonel Ormsby.

'I cannot tell you, Miss, replied the proprietor; 'but if you'll step into that little restaurant on the corner there, I tilink you will find out. I believe they have got a young girl in their employ who was once a servant in Col. Ormsby's family.'

Lutie hesitated; should she allow herself to enter a third-class saloon, where she was likely to come in contact with low fellows who make such places their daily resort? In a moment she decided that she would be recognized by no one and as she had undertaken to perform this mission she must carry out the programme.

Lightly she tripped across the street, of the slovenly looking girl behind the counter, she made her inquiry.

'I don't know myself, Miss, but if you will wait a few moments I'll go into the kitchen and ask one of the girls that used to work there.

Again Lutie hesitated. She disliked the idea of remaining here for a few minutes. What if some of her acquaintances should chance to pass, and looking in recognize her? Seeing she hesitated the girl said—

'If you don't like to wait here, you can step into the sitting-room.'

Lutie confessed that she had rather step into the sitting-room, for if Leon Lancaster should happen to pass the door and see her he would recognize her, she thought, as she believed that his loving eyes could not be deceived.

'The girl threw open the door of the sitting-room and Lutie, started back, turned pale, and almost fainted for there, seated at the table, with a bottle of some kind of liquor before him and a half emptied glass in his hand, she beheld Leon Lancaster her affianced husband.

'Ho! ho! my pretty one,' he cried rising and coming toward her with a drunken leer upon his face, which made him actually loathsome. 'What do you fear that you look so alarmed? I will not harm you; come give me a kiss.'

'Back!' she cried, raising her hand from which she had removed the mitten.

'Ah the little beauty is to be dignified, isn't she?' he grinned. 'But you must be more kind; come give me a kiss from those red lips.'

'Back, I say! or I shall call assistance. I merely came to make an inquiry of one of the servants, and did not expect to come in contact with a drunken and insulting villian.'

'Oh, how spirited she is. I like that,' he said, stooping and picking up the mitten which in her excitement she had dropped. 'Come give me a kiss, or you shall not have your mitten. Ah!' he continued, starting back, as he noticed a magnificent ring upon her forefinger, 'where did you get that ring? Let me look at it wont you?'

'No, I will not.'

'Where did you get it?'

'It matters not now, since I came by it onestly. I will give it to you the next ime I see you.'

'By Jove! that's clever, but I must e it now,' and he stepped toward her.

'Stand back!'

'I will see that ring.'

He caught her by the shoulder, but s quick as lightning the little hand came own with a blow upon his cheek.

'I'll have a kiss for that, I swear!' he ied, and holding her firmly, he pressed ss after kiss upon her lips.

At length by violent effort, she freed rself from his grasp, and rushed from e room, when he called after her—

'I shall keep the mitten, my dear, un- we meet again.'

The girl now entered the front shop, hither Lutie had fled from the embrace Leon Lancaster. She received the dered information, and hurried away.

She completed her business and drove ome minus one mitten, but she was so oroughly angry that she did not notice at one hand was numb with cold when e got there.

Thanksgiving day arrived, and with it umerous guests came to enjoy the good d time festival at farmer Bentley's.—tie had taken a fancy to spend the week th her aunt, when she left her city me for that purpose, it was understood at Leon Lancester should come out and e dinner with her on Thanksgiving y. As he was Lutie's affianced husnd, he was of course a great favorite of r. Bentley's.

Before dinner hour arrived, Lutie went her room to dress.

'Hurry down, Lutie,' said her aunt, r the company have nearly all arrived, I wish to introduce you before din- to those whom you are not acquaint-

I will auntie, and here let me beg of not to find fault of my dress when I e down.'

Of course not, child; wear what you se and I shall be satisfied; only be ck, for Leon will soon be here.'

Lutie bounded away, wearing a queer pression upon her beautiful face, and s. Bentley bustled away to watch the preparation for dinner.

In a few moments a stylish turnout drove up to the door, and Leon Lancaster, looking strikingly handsome, in elegant attire, sprang out, and after being cordially greeted by Mr. Bentley entered the house, where Mrs. Bentley met him, escorted him into the parlor and introduced him to the guests already there assembled.

'Where is Lutie?' he asked, showing the least particle of annoyance that she had not been there to greet on his arrival.

'She is in her room putting on an extra finish to her toilet, I suppose. She will be here in a moment,' replied Mrs. Bentley.

As she left the parlor and passed through the hall, Lutie came trippling down stairs. Mrs. Bently gave one glance at her attair and exclaimed—

'Why, Lutie Haines, are you crazy?'

'Never more sane in my life, auntie. Will you present me to your guests now?'

'What do you mean, Lutie?'

'Never mind; I will explain all to your satisfaction by-and-by,' laughed Lutie?'

She wore the same costume in which she had gone to market in two days before. Upon one hand she wore one of the mittens which Mrs. Bentley had urged her to wear upon the occasion referred to.

Mrs. Bentley offered no further opposition, and led the way to the parlor, followed by Lutie, whom she introduced to the party there assembled.

A portion of them looked with surprise upon the costume of Lutie, and others noticed only the rare beauty of her face.

She greeted them with a queenly and graceful bow, and advancing to Leon Lancaster, she said—

'Mr. Lancaster, I think I promised at our last meeting that when next we should meet I would exchange this ring for the mate of this mitten,' and she removed the gem circlet from her finger.

He started to his feet.

'Great Heavens!' he cried, turning pale, 'what does this mean!'

'It means, sir, that I am the person whom you met in a low restaurant on —— street, and whom you so grossly insulted, mistaking me for a poor market girl. It was a freak of fancy which prompted me to assume this dress and take some things to market for auntie as uncle was away and her hired man was ill. I shall always thank my lucky star that I was led to do so, for thereby I learned your true character,' she replied, her beautiful eyes flushing looks of withering scorn and contempt upon him.

'Lutie there is some mistake about this. I—'

'Say no more, sir; I am not mistaken; I saw you there in a state of intoxication and you grossly insulted me; aye, you even dared to lay violent hands on me.—Here is your ring; take it. I never wish to see you again!' and she flung the bauble at his feet and swept from the room.

When she returned in a short time after, dressed in her own becoming attire and looking regally beautiful, the seat which Leon Lancaster had occupied was vacant.

She entered with zest into the festivities of the occasion, and if there was one heart amid that party which throbbed with joy and Thanksgiving, it was the heart of Lutie Haines, for by mere chance she had been saved from marrying a man wholly unworthy to bear the name of husband.

THE VIOLET AS A BONAPARTIST EMBLEM.

The Sport, speaking of this flower as the symbol of one of the political parties in France, narrates the following:

"The adoption of the emblem dates from the first years of the restoration, and was due to the inspection of Mlle. Mars, the celebrated actress of the Theatre Francais. She was a Bonapartist and did not disguise her opinions, so that shortly before the hundred days, while playing in a new piece, she appeared with a bouquet of those flowers in her bosom. The incident caused great excitement in consequence of the recollection attached to the violet, which was in season when Napoleon returned from Elba, at the end of March, and the population of Paris at once associated the flower in the homage with which they welcomed the return of the exile. The day after the arrival of the emperor in Paris, every button-hole was decked with it, and ladies wore it in their waistbands and in their bonnets. That circumstance was the starting point of the political meaning of the violet, but the bold manifestatiton of Mlle. Mars fixed the meaning of the symbol.

TAKING COLD.

One way is to "bundle up" in furs, or mufflers, tight about the neck; take a brisk walk, go into a warm room, or concert—sit with your things all on, get warm, perspire freely, breathe vitiated air for an hour or two, and when thoroughly relaxed, the pores of the skin all open, go out into the cold, damp air, and you will soon begin to shiver. After having a chill, send for the doctor, and he will dose you with something hot; then go to bed; then, it left alone long enough, you may get up in a day or two, and in a fortnight or so your may repeat the imprudence.

There are several other ways to take cold. We will mention but one, and that is to "overeat." Stuff the stomach with improper food, more than it can digest, and you will soon find yourself "all clogged up" with a cold. You will cough or sneeze, blow your nose, and "wonder how in the world you took such a cold."

☞ A minister of West Anstruther, Scotland, appealed to Sir Robert Anstruther, who was an extensive landowner in that parish, to assist in placing a stove in the church, which he said the congregation found very cold.

'Cauld, sir, Cauld!' Sir Robert exclaimed. 'Then warm them with your doctrine, sir. John Knox never asked for a stove in his kirk.'

☞ Your own family should be a picture of what you wish other families to be.—*Cecil.*

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

Naught may endure but mutability.—*Shelley.*

Character is a perfectly educated will.—*Navalis.*

As your enemies and your friends, so are you.—*Lavater.*

The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.—*Charron.*

Taste depends upon those finer emotions which make the organization of the soul.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

A mind that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.

Happiness is a ball after which we run wherever it rolls, and we push it with our feet when it stops.

Success is full of promise till men get it, and then it is a last year's nest from which the bird has flown.

The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

We cannot stay on the mount of transfiguration, but must go down into the valley and work. Our transfigurations are failures if we stay.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object, rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us; when we succeed, it betrays us.

The most agreeable recompense which we can receive for things which we have done is to see them known, to have them applauded with praises which honor us.

Men and statues that are admired in an elevated situation have a very different effect upon us when we approach them; the first appear less than we imagined them, the last bigger.

Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or a lower point than he had formerly occupied in the scale of public appreciation.

Perhaps the greatest good next to doing good to your "neighbor" is to benefit your enemy. But some people heap coals of fire on their enemy's head to scorch him, thus making use of a good precept to do evil.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing any thing beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him earnestly with your eyes. It is a charming draught, a cup of blessing.

Who says angels must be all young and splendid? Will there not be some comforting ones, shabby and tender; whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder; whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a gentle tremulous light, more soothing to our aching, earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits?

☞ There is in this city, says the Hartford Times, a Southern "contraband" who is as innocent of the guile of the Northern darkeys as any of the genuine Africans of South Carolina. He came, much puzzled, to his employer, saying Mary Jane and Mike were discussing in the kitchen, the relative antiquity of the Catholic and Jewish religions.

"Am de Jews as old as de Caffolicks?" he asked.

"O, yes," was the answer: "the Jews are older. Christ was a Jew."

"What!" exclaimed Sambo, his eyes and mouth opening wide; "What you say? Christ a Jew?"

"Yes."

Grasping for breath, Sambo was hardly able to respond;

"Whuf—whuf—whuffore day go back on Him?"

☞ A story is told of an Irishman who had resolved to save four thousand dollars and was overheard debating with himself how he should do it.

"There are two ways," said he, 'I can save two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or twenty dollars a year for two hundred years. Which shall it be?"

☞ An amusing incident, musty with age, is told of the march of the British through Old Cambridge, Mass. Passing a field where an old man was sowing seed one of the red-coats, in jest, said to him, "You may sow, but we shall reap."

"Well, perhaps you may," replied the native, "for I'm sowin' hemp."

☞ It is related of Sidney Smith that once, on entering a drawing-room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

☞ A Berks county farmer has mowed with the same scythe for thirty-five years, 'tis said, and he expects to use it until he is no mower.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.

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Old Kent.

Notes Illustrative of the Early Records

OF

KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

1677.

SECTION 104. At a Court holden for ye County of Kent ye 30th day of October 1677.

Present—Col. Henry Coursey, Esq.,
Mr. Joseph Wickes,
Mr. James Ringgold,
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. Samuel Tovey,
Mr. Nathl. Evetts,
Commissioners.

This Day being appointed for Laying of ye County Levy and is as followeth: Publick Levy for 298 persons at 136 per poll.

Robert Smith was admitted to be an Attorney in this Court.

1678.

SECTION 105. At a Court held for Kent County ye 2d day of April 1678.

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes,
Mr. James Ringgold,
Mr. Henry Hosier,
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. Cornelius Comegys,
Mr. Nathll. Evetts.

John Errickson is admitted to be an Attorney in this Court, he was sworn accordingly.

There were 313 Taxable persons in the County this year: the County Levy was 201 lbs. of Tobacco per poll.

SECTION 106. The Court Proceedings from the year 1678 to 1685 appear to be lost; but in Liber B. For Transcribing Old Records, Fols. 33 and 34, the following is recorded:

Kent, July ye 13th 1680.

May it please your Lordship,

We the Justices of this County Court having had the perusall of a Letter from your Lordship directed to Maj. James Ringgold dated the sixth Day of Aprill 1680 wherein your Lordship hath signified that the Court house and prison of this County ought to be Conveyed to your Lordship for the use and benefitt of this County. In Compliance of which, we do humbly present unto your Lordship the Copy of the Conveyance drawn by the Expertest Councill we Could procure, which if your Lordship shall think it not sufficient Conveyance We humbly desire your Lordship would be pleased to order one of your Clerks to send up one which your Lordship shall approve of, which shall be willingly and Readily signed and performed by

Your Lordship's most humble servants
Henry Hosier
Nathl. Evetts
Conl. Comegys
James Ringgold
Saml. Tovy
Wm. Lawrence.

Vera Copia.—Elias King, Clerk.

SECTION 107.

A PROCLAMATION

For His Majesties Province of Maryland.

Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God to call to his mercy ye late Sovereign Lord King Charles ye second of most blessed memory, by whose Demise ye Imperiall Crownes of England, Scotland, France & Ireland, as also the supreme Dominion & Sovereegne Right of ye Province of Maryland & all other his late Majesties territories & Dominions in America are soly & Rightfully Come to yt High and Mighty Prince James Duke of York & Albany, his Majesties only Brother and heir;

We Doe therefore with ye * * * Officers and Inhabitants of ye Province aforesaid Doe now hereby with our Full Voyce and Consent of ye tongues & hearts Publish and Proclaime; That ye High & Mighty Prince James ye second is now by ye Death of ye Late Soveraign of happy memory become our only Lawful, Lineall & Rightfull Liege Lord, James the second by ye Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France & Ireland, Defender of ye Faith, supreme Lord of ye Province of Maryland, and all other his Late Majesties Territories & Dominions in America &c.

To whom we Doe acknowledge all faith and Constant obedience with all hearty and humble obedience and affections beseaching God by whom Kings Reigne to bless ye Royal King James ye second with Long and happy yeares to Reigne, &c.

God save King James ye Second!

Henry Darnell
Wm. Digges.

The above written is a true Copy of ye Printed Proclamation sent from England for proclaiming of his Majestie King James ye second in ye Province in testimony whereof is affixed ye great seale of This sd Province this Day of June Annoq Dom 1685.

To ye Sheriff of Kent

County—These Recorded
Elias King,
Clk. Com. Kent.

SECTION 108.

October ye 28th 1685.

At a special Court called this day, by virtue of a writt to the sheriff appointing a day for Electing two Delegates for the said County for the Assembly to be convened the last Tuesday in March next. Present—

Col. Henry Coursey,
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. William Frisby,
Mr. Charles Tilden.

Ordered yt ye first Tuesday in November is appointed for electing the sd Delegates or Burgesses for the sd County and ordered yt the Sheriff make known the same in the sd County.

Elias King, Clk.

Att a Court called and held for the electing Delegates for the sd county this third Day of November 1685 & likewise for Laying the County Levy

By virtue of a New Commission directed to Capt. Wm. Lawrence & others to be Commissioners and Justices of the Peace for the sd County of Kent,—Capt. Wm. Lawrence, Mr. John Hynson and Mr. Charles Tilden took the Oath of Commissmissioners and Justices of the Peace, and wrre duly sworne at the house of Mr. Allen Smyth in Kent Island the fourth of this November, and this day (November ye 10th 1685) were sworne on the sd Commission Mr. Cornelius Comegys, Mr. Hans Hanson and Mr. Daniel Norist.

Mr. Philip Conner being called to take the oath refused it.

By a just and free Election of the Freemen of the sd County, Mr. Henry Hosier and Mr. Michael Miller were chosen Burgesses for this said County of Kent.

The Court adjourned untill to-morrow morning for Laying the County Levy,

Judges present—
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. Charles Tilden,
Mr. Hans Hanson,
Mr. Daniel Norist.

On Folio 39 is the following memmorandum:

James Frisby son of William and Mary Frisby, born at Sassafras river in Cecil county on Thursday near nine of the clock at night, September ye third 1685. Baptized by Mr. John Tillingston at the house lately belonging unto Mr. Simon Carpenter ye 18th of April 1686.

Col. Henry Coursey & Mr. Henry Coursey Godfathers and Mrs. Elizabeth Coursey Godmother.

SECTION 109. At a Court holden for the County of Kent at the Towne of New Yarmouth, the 22d day of June, By his Lordships Commissioners 1686;

Present—Capt. Wm. Lawrence
Mr. John Hinson
Mr. Wm. Frisby
Mr. Charles Tilden
Mr. Christo Goodhand
Mr. Isaac Winchester
Mr. Corn. Comegys,
Mr. Hans Hanson
Mr. Daniel Norist.

Mr. Michael Turbutt produced a Commission appointing him Clerk of the County.

Mr. Phillip Everett was Foreman of the Grand Jury at this Court.

Mr. Edward Sweatman was the High Sheriff of Kent Co. this year.

At the September Term the Court established and ordered the following to be published.

The Rates or Prices of Liquors Sett by this Court for the Ordinary.

	Lbs. Tobacco
Brandy per gall.	100
Rum per gall.	080
Brandy Burnt per gall.	100
Cider per gall.	020
Quince drink & Perry per gall.	025
Sherry Wines per gall.	120
Port, a Port Wine per gall.	060
Claret & white Wine per gall.	060
Canary per Gall,	150
A Bowl of Punch with one quart of Rum and Ingredients	040
Ditto Brandy	060
Madeira Wines per gall.	076
Molasses beer per gall	012
Mault Beer—strong—per gall,	020

This Court Orders the Clarke to draw out and put up A Copy of the above Rates of Liquors in the Court house.

Tho. Jose, Clk.

There were 401 taxable persons in Kent county in the year 1686.

Among the appropriations this year were the following interesting particulars:

To Valentine Southern for Expenses on the Towne on Kent Island, 400 lbs. of Tobacco.

To Mr. Anthony Workman for Expenses on the Towne on Kent Island, 320 lbs. Tob.

To Wm. Elliott for Laboring 6 days on the Towne on said Island, at 10—60 lbs. Tobacco. (55)

☞ A Trontier Texan who was asked if he was going to attend the Centennial Exhibition, guilelessly replied: "I'd like to, but I'll have to put it off till next year."

WHEN do two and two not make four? When they stand for twenty-two.

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