The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1876. NO. 10.

KENT COUNTY LEVY LIST, FOR 1876.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Kent County, to wit:

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for Kent County, begun and held at the Court House in Chestertown, on the thirtieth day of May, and continued by adjournment until the twentieth day of June, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and seventy-six: composed of the following named gentlemen, who are duly qualified according to law as said County Commissioners, viz:

Thomas P. Dixon,
William V. Lucas,
T. Romie Strong,
George W. Davis,
James R. Jones, Esqs.,

They proceeded to examine and ascertain the expenses of the county, and laid the tax for all county expenses at 92 cents in the 100 dollars, and the state tax according to law at 17¼ cents in the 100 dollars, making a total of 109¼ cents in the 100 dollars, and made the following allowances to wit:

First District.

JOHN H. THOMAS, Collector.

County Commissioners:
James R. Jones,

Per diem and mileage to July 1, 1876,	66 00
Per diem, mileage and extra services to July 1, 1876,	37 90

Witnesses to the Grand Jury, October Term, 1875.

Frank H. Greenwood	1 69
John H. Thomas	8 75
A. S. Hurlock	1 75
Henry Parr	1 75

WITNESSES TO GRAND JURY, April Term, 1876.

Geo H Hazell, use F H Greenwood	1 87
Charles Harris	1 81
James Hurtt	5 25

WITNESSES TO CIRCUIT COURT, October Term, 1875.

D C Blackiston	2 16
R Templeman	75
E S Morris	2 12
L M Bean	8 00
C S Hurlock	8 00
Thomas Bennett	6 00
John Shahan, use Wm J Blackiston	5 25
John J Solloway, use R S Griffith	4 87

Witnesses to the Circuit Court, April Term, 1876.

D C Blackiston	75
James Hurtt	5 25
Emory Camp	8 75
J Clinton Hurtt	7 00
J P Hoffecker	3 50
Albert Medders	1 75
George Steel	1 75

Witnesses in case of State vs. Trilus McKenney, October Term, 1874.

Jos H Boyer	25 50
H F H Caulk	10 94
R O Pennington	7 00
W A Whittaker	7 00
Enoch Jones	8 50
J A Benson	5 75
John M Ford	2 06
O B Chrisfield, use G W Chrisfield	7 25
J J Spear	2 06
Stephen Boyer, use J H Thomas	6 20
Edward A Benney	1 75
Emory Harris, use J L Pryor	3 25
Alexander Wilson	2 00
Wm S Merritt, use G W Crisfield	3 37
Thomas A Jacobs	2 00
E Hyland, use J L Pryor	4 12
James Jeffries, use G W Chrisfield	1 68
William Roe, use of same	5 06
Samuel Mander, use John Smith	8 75
Pere McKenney	4 25
William S Green	2 50
Thomas Neal, use J L Pryor	4 12
Christy, use same	4 12
Jefferson McWhorter	5 25
C J F Smith	2 94

Witnesses in case of Lemon & Tideman vs. State, April Term, 1875.
Appeal and Judgment Reversed.

Henry Ward, use G W Chrisfield	4 00
George W Walls, use T H Horsey	1 75
A S Hurlock	1 75

Henry Ward, colored	2 00
George W Walls, use T H Horsey	1 75
A S Hurlock	1 75

October Term, 1875.

T. J. Bailey use J. S. Walters, witnesses to Circuit Court, April Term 1874, failed to prove attendance (balance)	2 00

Judge of the Orphans' Court:

C J Scott, late judge	104 00

Officer of Registration:

James P Mason	100 00

ELECTION EXPENSES.

Richard C Johnson, return judge, two days,	8 00
William Casy, judge, one day	4 00
R E Knighton, judge, one day	4 00
A H Johnson, return clerk, two days	8 00
Henry Parr, clerk, one day	4 00

Room for Holding Election;

J [illegible] Ford	20 00

Magistrates' and Constables' Fees.

William J Blackiston, magistrate	33 16
William A Miller, magistrate	4 60
John H Thomas, late constable	60 15
A S Hurlock, constable	14 20
S G Smith, constable	4 54

SUNDRY CHARITIES.
Maryland Hospital.

For support of William F Smyth	200 00
For support of Maria Dudley	200 00

Pensioners.

William Ellis	25 00
Matilda Tucker	25 00
Sarah A Hurtt	25 00
S C Ivey, use J F Earnest	25 00
Wm B Redgraves, use J L Pryor	20 00
Abraham Stanley	25 00
Elizabeth Boulden	20 00
J T Cunnegan	25 00
Mrs. Thomas Lynch	25 00
Martha Thornton	25 00
Lydia Cunningham	25 00
Mrs. Ruth	25 00
William Hadley's widow	25 00
John Brown, colored	20 00
Esther Massey, colored	15 00
Susan Kennard, colored	12 00
Sarah Smith, colored	20 00
Emily Brown, colored	20 00

Burial expenses of Paupers.

R C Johnson, for coffin, &c.,	25 00
William K Sutton, for coffin, &c.,	28 00

Work on Roads and Bridges.

Archie Mullen, use C J Scott	118 60
John D Boyd, use same	53 95
John D Boyd, use same	87 91
John D Boyd, use same	65 41
John D Boyd, use same	74 89
Archie Mullen, use J H Thomas	17 88
Moses Lambson	176 00
John D Boyd, use C J Scott	40 10
John D Boyd, use same	70 12
John D Boyd, use same	49 06
George Kennedy, use Wm Wilson, account for work in 1874	175 53
John H Thomas, for lumber for bridges	10 43

Estimated cost to keep Roads and Bridges in repair	1800 00

Special Appropriations

Subject to the order of Commissioners:

To grade hill and improve road near Head of Sassafras	150 00
To improve Scott's road, near Galena	150 00
To pay for bridge across Long Meadow Branch, per contract	450 00
To open road from Catholic Church to Gooding's Mill	875 00

Jail Expenses.

R E Knighton, for iron bedsteads, mattrasses, stoves, &c.,	182 45

Treasurer School Board	
For support of Public Schools	3,000 00

To pay Jurors

October Term 1875 and April Term 1876	500 00
To pay Kent County Rail Road Bonds and interest	3,000 00
Estimated per diem of Assessor to be paid by order when account is passed	520 00
For rebinding old Record Books in Clerk's Office and continuing index of judgments and decrees, subject to order	400 00
For keeping Sassafras river bridge	100 00
Damages and costs on road intersecting Shadding Reach road.	
Jesse Lake, land damages and fencing, subject to order	403 68

James R Jones, examiner, two days	4 00
Samuel Hurlock, examiner, one day,	2 00
Samuel Cacy, examiner, one day,	2 00
Henry Tonkin, surveyor	15 00
R F Moffett, chain carrier	1 25
Charles H Tonkin, chain carrier	1 25
To open said road, subject to order	170 82

Miscellaneous.

J R Redding, taxes paid in error	8 75
J H Hurtt, Jr., use J H Thomas *Witnesses to Circuit Court, April Term, 1873 (omitted)*	12 10
Wm A Whittaker, clerk to Register	20 00

Statement.

Amount county taxes on assessment of $1,703,245 at 92 cents is		$15,669 85
Amount State taxes on assessment of $1,702,695 at 17¼c.		2,037 15
		$18,607 00
State taxes	$2,037 15	
Amount levy for expenses	14,276 92	
Collector's commis. on Co. taxes 783 49		
On State do. 746 86	930 35	
Contingent fund to pay member of board, &c.	462 58	
		$18,607 00

Second District.

FRISBY H. BOULDEN, Coll'r.

Judges of the Orphans' Court.

Geo. W Davis, per diem and mileage to July 1876	57 20
" " " " "	

County Commissioner.

Wm T Hepbron, late judge	44 00
Thomas J Shallcross "	112 00
extra services	37 70

WITNESSES TO GRAND JURY, October Term, 1875.

C W Warren	2 50
Wm Jones	75

[Concluded on fourth page.]

OUR NEW "UNCLE SAM."

"Reform" is the cry sounding loud thro' the nation,
From Maine to the verge of the West—
From centres of glory and scenes of starvation
The word is no longer a jest.
Our country has suffered long pillage and plunder
While trusting each wolf-hearted lamb,
But the chains we are wearing we'll soon tear asunder,
When led by our new "Uncle Sam."

Let Grant pack his baggage and Babcock attend him:
Let Belknap go join Billy Tweed;
Let Blaine get his champions to cheer and defend him,
And send us some letters to read.
The tide of destruction that runs thro' our land,
With Truth and Reform we will dam,
And on to the White House with Liberty's band
We'll march with our new Uncle Sam!

His record is proud, and his banner is waving
Beside the bright flag we adore;
The bald eagle guides us and echoes our craving
For men like our leaders of yore.
The Empire State sends out her champion so true,
As strong as a war-waging ram;
He needs but your trust and he'll dare and he'll do,
So cling to our new Uncle Sam.

Let rigmarole spouters and swindling shouters
Slink off with their business undone;
Remember your duty and look not for booty,
With Tilden our fight will be won.
Where wrong deeds are rampant he'll soon raise a storm,
And of Justice he'll ne'er make a sham;
He knows but one maxim and that is—Reform!
So a cheer for our new Uncle Sam!

JOSEPH P. SHELLY.

A Night of Terror.

This night which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left me, was in October a long time ago. I was at that time a telegraph operator, stationed upon the Grand Trunk Line of railroad.

Mine was by no means a model place of residence. There were beer-gardens, drinking-saloons, and gambling houses, out of all proportion to the more respectable shops and residences; we had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl amongst the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid blue eyed woman had come to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived there I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day and walked out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed at the telegraph business in the town, I was obliged to remain constantly at the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper.

There was a small room next my office, with a window, but only one door, communicating with the large room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing table and mirror, washstand, and some shelves, where she kept pepper and salt and pickles for my office repasts. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction I come to the story of that October night and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only 18 and afraid of her own shadow, played in it. I was in the office at about 7:30 o'clock, when one of the railway officials came in, all flurried, saying:

'Stirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?' The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office, on the east side.

'No; I have not.'

'It was a special providence took me there then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight up train comes without warning, there will be a horrible smash up.'

'It must stop at Postville, then,' I replied, 'I will send a message.'

'Yes. That is what I stopped in for. The down track is clear, so you need not stop that train.'

I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot, and I cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket, sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business afterward thought I. As I ate we chatted.

'Any message to-day?' my wife asked.

'One for John Martin.'

'John Martin?' Alice cried; 'the greatest ruffian in the neighborhood. What was the message?'

'Midnight train!'

'Was that all?'

'That was all. Mr. Hill has just been in here to tell me there was a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Postville. The passengers must wait a few hours there, and come on in the morning after the track is cleared.'

'Have you sent the message, Robert?'

'Not yet. There is a plenty of time. That train does not reach Postville until half-past 11, and it is not yet 8. Yes, it is just striking.

'Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident you would never forgive yourself. Send it while I put some clean towels in the wash room, and then I will come and sit with you till you can come home.'

She went into the dressing room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending on the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in the town, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak, two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke.

'Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the up train. You will not send that message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is $50,000 in gold in the train. Do you understand?'

'You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it?' I cried, horror-struck.

'Exactly!' was the cool reply. 'One-fifth is yours if you keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way along!'

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came it would be thrown off the embankment, and the robbers could easily lie in wait there.

'Come,' Martin said, 'will you join us?'

'Never!' I cried indignantly.

'We must force you then. Tie him fast!'

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered I could not take the blood of the passengers in the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied hand and foot to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked. Alice stood undiscovered—then the light was blown out and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief on my mouth to fall round my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

'Robert!' Alice said.

'Yes, love! Speak low, there is a man under my window.'

'Are you alone in the room?'

'Yes, dear.'

'I am going to Postville. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope so made reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim and reach Postville in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window you will know I am safely on the ground.'

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her.

'Heaven bless and protect you,' I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the cackle noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy and threatning a storm, and nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock. She had to go six miles and I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this dark ride through a wild country with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash, told me a thunder storm was coming rapidly, Oh, the long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock. The rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lightning flashing! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road overcome by terror, or perhaps stricken by lightning?

Eleven o'clock. The storm was over, though the still night was inky black—no sound to cheer me, none to make the hideous suspense more durable. A host of possibilities, like a frightful nightmare, chased one another through my tortured brain.

Would the next hour ever pass? Once the clock tolled midnight, all was safe.

I was drenched with a perspiration wrung from me by mental agony one hour, chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged along. In the dead silence a far off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away a faint whistle came through the air.—Nearer and nearer, then the distinct rumble of the train growing more and more distinct.

The midnight train was coming swiftly, surely, to certain destruction! Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the long road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumble of the train was lost; far more did I feel the bitterness of Alice dead than the horror of the doomed lives the train carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

I tried to move, and writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried loosen even one hand. The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train and did not stop at my station, but as I listened, every sense sharpened by mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, preceding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, the sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were all hours till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison and a moment later two tender arms were around my neck and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to let you free! The villians left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man at the front watching, I crept around the house and saw him though I did not dare to be seen."

"But have you been to Postville?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my water proof cloak and hood! When I reached Postville the train had not come up."

"But it is here?"

"Only the locomotive and one carriage. In that carriage were a sheriff and deputy sheriff and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run in here and tell you all was safe."

While we spoke my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cord binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. 'Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect! Now old fellow for you."

A dozen clasp-knives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

As for the praise showerd on my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of it.

The would-be assassins and robbers are sent for trial and sentenced to penal servitude.

Alice and I left for a more civilized community the following year. But before we went, there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Postville. We accepted; had a dinner; were toasted and complimented, and then, Alice was presented with a silver tea service, as a testimonial, from the passengers upon the threatened up train, the company and the railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by my heroine.

HOW TO GET ALONG.

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Have order, system, regularity and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Do not kick every one in your path.

More miles can be made in a day by going steadily than by stopping.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say, No. No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Use you own brains rather than those of others.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Young man, cut this out, and if there be any fallacy in the argument let us know it.

☞ A man in Kilkenny recently sent a statement of his own death in a newspaper. He wrote to the editor:

'Sir—I notice a few errors in the obituary of myself which appeared in your paper on Wednesday last. I was born in Dublin, not Cork, and my retirement from business in 1860 was not owing to ill health, but a little trouble I had in connection with a horse. The cause of my death was [illegible] pox. Please make corrections.'

THE TURK AND THE PEASANT.

Mr. Farley, the author of several valuable works on Oriental Matters, in his recent [illegible], "Turks and Christians," tells this terrible story of the barbarity that makes the irrepressible conflict in the East.

"A short time since, the inhabitants of a little village in Roumelia were called upon to pay the taxes, at which they had been assessed by the authorities of the district in which the village is situated. When the principal inhabitants had assembled, they did what probably many others would have done in like circumstances; they rather discussed the means by which the taxes might be evaded than the mode of paying it. After many schemes had been suggested the only means which appeared satisfactory to those who were present was to compel some inhabitant who was not present to pay the whole assessment. In the outskirts of the village resided a Christian peasant, who owned a small strip of ground which he cultivated for his maintenance. He was industrious, and was supposed to possess a hoard of money.—Indeed, as he had only one child—a son who assisted him in the cultivation of his rood of land—how could he spend all his earnings? It was evident, so his Mussulman neighbors argued, there must be a store somewhere, and it was resolved that he should be compelled to pay the whole amount at which the village was assessed. By this means it was clear that the claim of the Porte would be satisfied, and the rest of the villagers would be lightened from the burden about to be imposed upon them. The discussion took place in the presence of the cadi. He assured the assembly that it was a matter of indifference how the money was procured, provided that it was duly paid to him. After some deliberation as to the best means of wringing the whole sum from one peasant, the following plan was suggested, matured, and finally carried out. It was agreed that the rest of the villagers should seize his only child, a lad of some sixteen years, and imprison him until his father should ransom him for the sum at which the whole village was assessed; and that the cadi should suspend the collection of the tax until this means had been tried.

"In order that this functionary should not, however, pocket the ransom himself, and then levy the tax upon the villagers, a deed was drawn up and witnessed according to the forms of Turkish law, by which the cadi covenanted to accept the money thus to be wrung from the parent, in lieu of all claim upon the rest of the villagers; to hold the boy in his custody until the ransom should be paid, and to release him as soon as this should be done. It was seed-time, and the lad, wholly unconscious of the plot, was employed with his parents in ploughing and sowing their little piece of ground, when he was seized, carried off to the cadi, and, amid the cries of his mother, and the entreaties of his father, thrown into prison, with the intimation that he should be released when the money was paid. The village was but ill-supplied with prison-buildings, and the boy was thurst into the small dome, of some six feet square, which covered an unused well.

"Day by day the parents came, but could not weary the patience of the unjust but impressive judge. The only answer which they received was that when the money was brought the boy should be released. The parents were not wealthy; they had no hoard; the supposition of their fellow-villagers was unfounded; they had nothing save the small strip of land which they cultivated for their daily needs. The last thing which a peasant will give up in Turkey is the privilege of being a landed proprietor. The father, who loved his son, clung, however, to his bit of garden ground, and exhausted all other means of raising the required sum before selling his land. He appealed to the authorities of the district. He was referred by them for redress to the cadi by whom the wrong was done.

"Despairing of any other means of delivering his child, the wretched parents now endeavored to collect the money which the cadi required. Their furniture was first sold, then their tools and implements of husbandry were parted with. The sum thus obtained fell so far short of the amount required that it was at length evident that the rood of ground, the family estate, must be parted with.—This also was sold, and still there lacked a portion of the total sum required. The cadi was inexorable and rigidly upright. The government expected so much from the village and so much must be brought before the lad could be released. At length the last paistre was procured and the wretched parents hastened joyfully to the cadi with the whole amount.

"All this had taken upward of ten months to collect, and for so long a time the poor lad had been subjected to the horrors of solitary confinement, in total darkness, and in a dungeon only a few feet in extent, in which it was impossible to stand upright. The floor partly of rough stones and partly of mud, was equally cold and damp, and on this he had sat and lain, and lain and sat for more than ten months.

"On receiving the money the cadi assembled the villagers; the deed was read, the money exhibited, and the legal instrument duly canceled [illegible] all the mocking formalities of law. And now the prison door, or what served as a door, was unbarred to the parents, and they were permitted to look again upon their child. For a time nothing moved within the narrow limits of the cell; the call of his mother could elicit no signs of life in the poor prisoner. At length a bundle of humanity was dragged out; it breathed, it stirred; but these were the only tokens of life which could be seen. Signs of humanity there were none. The limbs had been contracted by cold, wet rheumatism, and by the crouching posture which the poor lad had been compelled to assume, and he could only crawl on all fours like a beast. His face resembled a skull covered with dirty parchment, and he was hopelessly an idiot. How long since reason had given way his jailers could not tell. He was now a slabbering jabbering idiot. The light, and joy, and hope of his parents' cottage was not merely quenched, it had become palpable and noisome blackness. Amid the wails of the prrents, and the, "God is great" of the persecutors, the crowd dispersed, some cursing more deeply than ever the despotism which rendered them liable to atrocities such as these."

INSTINCT OR REASON.

As a farmer in a neighboring town was getting in his hay, he noticed an unusual commotion among the swallows, which had built a long row of nests under the eaves of his barn. They appeared greatly excited, flying rapidly about, and filling the air with their cries of distress. As the load of hay upon which he was riding passed into the barn, he saw that a young swallow in a nest directly over the door had caught its neck in a crack between two shingles and was unable to liberate itself. He stopped the team and set the young bird free, restoring it to the nest. Upon his return to the barn with his next load of hay, noticing that the swallows were quiet, he examined the crack and found that they had filled it completely with mud, so that no matter how enterprising or how foolish the young swallow might be he could not endanger his life or the peace of that community by any experiments upon that crack.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

ALPHABET OF PROBLEMS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles dangers.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small faults indulged in are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

Long after the Ciceronian efforts of the anti-monopolist orators in the present campaign at the west have passed away, we shall be likely to find the following absurd parody cropping out:

I want to be a Farmer,
And with the Farmers stand:
A horney-handed toiler,
With a haystack in my hand.

Beneath the tall tomato tree,
I'll swing the glittering hoe,
And smite the wild potato bug,
When skipping o'er the snow.

I've bought myself a Durham ram,
And a gray alapaca cow,
A lock-stitch Osage orange hedge,
And a patten leather plow.

☞ A demure-looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query—

"Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth, and people will respect you."

And he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

☞ A sailor was recently brought before a magistrate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach by asking him if he didn't know his wife was the "weaker vessell."

"If she is, she ought not to carry so much sail," replied Jack.

☞ There are only two gallons of whiskey per year manufactured for each inhabitant of the United States, and it is a clear case that somebody has got to go without.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0129