# The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1876. NO. 11.


## 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 17½ cents in the 100 dollars, making a total of 109½ 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 15 |
| 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 |
| B F H Caulk | 10 94 |
| R O Pennington | 7 00 |
| W A Whittaker | 7 00 |
| Enoch Jones | 8 56 |
| 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 |
| J Christy, use same | 4 12 |
| Jefferson McWhorter | 5 25 |
| T 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 Casey, 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 M 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 [illegible] | [illegible] |
| 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 17½c. | 2,937 15 |
| | $18,607 00 |
| State taxes | $2,937 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.)

### CONSOLATION.

There is no night, however dark and dreary,
But what is followed by a cheerful day:
There is no journey, howsoever weary,
But what sweet rest doth end its toilsome way.

There is no heart however bow'd and fearful,
But what doth rise again, joy beating high:
There is no eye, however dim and tearful,
But what doth beam with gladness by and by.

There comes a calm for every storm of sorrow,
A rest for every weight of grief;
Though doubts possess to-day, the coming morrow
Brings new-born hopes to build the soul's r[illegible]

Not blessed methinks is the soul serenely riding
O'er life's fair sea in calm tranquility,
In ceaseless sunshine e'er with rest abiding,
Unknown to shadows of adversity.

Better that life should know somewhat of sadness,
That thorns should sometimes strew the path we tread;
Better that tears should sometimes dim our gladness,
That clouds should gather sometimes overhead.

For as the pruned plant gains richer blooming,
And gathers greater sweetness from the soil,
So will the life in purer light illuming,
Shine forth the clearer after hours of toil

Life-fruits are dwarfed 'neath skies forever beaming,
Where there's no trial, virture ne'er can be:
And strength decays, and lives but in the seeming:
Without a conflict there's no victory.

Let us not murmur at our sore afflictions,
Though darkly hidden from our mortal sight,
They come replete with the Master's benediction,
And lead us upward into clearer light.

The cloudy days, each stormy visitation,
Reveal a brighter shining when they cease:
And through the conflict of each tribulation,
We enter into more of perfect peace.

"Through a glass darkly," an imperfect vision,
These earthly ways appear to mortal sight:
But when one day we view from lands Elysian,
They'll shine more clear and glow in purer light.

When having passed the bright celestrial portal,
We stand upon the gleaming hills of God,
And looking backward from the life immortal,
View all the way through which our feet have trod.

Will know in truth and see with vision clearer,
The Father's love that gave each cloudy day,
And the resting place there will be the sweeter, dearer,
For all our pain and for each weary way.

### BIRDS COURTING.

(From "A Bird-Medley," by John Burroughs, in Scribner's Midsummer Holiday Number.

I have frequently seen the robin courting, and have always been astonished and amused at the utter coldness and indifference of the female. She will positively not hear a word of it, at least during certain stages of the ceremony, nor recognize her adorer by look or sign. Yet he is not discouraged; he follows her from tree to tree, and from field to field, spreading his plumage, pouring out his flattery, offering her food, challenging his rivals, and doing his utmost to gain her approval, which, no doubt, he soon succeeds in doing. I have noticed the same little comedy enacted among the English house-sparrows, but not among any other birds. The females of every species of birds, however, I believe, have this in common—they are absolutely free from coquetry, or any airs and wiles whatever. In most cases nature has given the song and the plumage to the other sex, and all the embellishing and acting is done by the male bird.

☞ "Love has a thousand modes and forms, all of which may be consistent with reality and truth. It may come like the burst of morning light, kindling the whole soul into life and radiance; it may grow inaudibly and unknown, until its roots are found to be through and through the heart, entwined with its every fibre; it is unreal and false only when it is a name for some form of selfishness."

### The Bride's Trial.

It is strange what different estimates people will put on a man's character, according to the eyes with which they may view him. In the opinion of some, Mr. Benjamin Benedict—not our hero exactly, but the next thing to it, his uncle—was a gentleman, a scholar and a philanthropist; while others quite as well qualified to reason and decide, wonder that such a monster was allowed to walk the earth unchallenged. For old Ben Benedict was just the sort of man to provoke and please in alternations—a human March day, with streaks of sunshine and chilling gusts sandwitched through his nature. People who knew him liked him passing well, but it sometimes took a life-time to know him as he really was.

'You will be sure to like my uncle, darling,' said Hugh Benedict to his young wife. 'He is eccentric, but he is sterling.'

Rachel did not answer, but her blue eyes were wistful and full of perplexity. Uncle Ben, whom she had never seen, but of whom she had heard so much, was to her an inscrutable riddle, whom she feared more than she was willing to acknowledge. For Hugh's future depended to a certain extent upon uncle Ben Benedict, and with Hugh's future her own was bound inseparably.

She was a fair, fresh-looking girl, with velvet cheeks, bronze-bright hair, and features as correct and delicately cut as a cameo. Hugh was quite certain that uncle Ben could not see her without loving her: but then these young husbands are not apt to be impartial judges.

She was sitting in the fire-light, at their lodgings, when the old gentleman first beheld her: and the only warning she had of his presence she saw reflected in Hugh's eyes.

'My dear, how do you do?' said the old gentleman, kissing Rachel on both cheeks

And she thought he was not so terrible after all!

He turned to Hugh when he thus unceremoniously made himself acquainted with his new niece-in-law.

'Well, young man, are you ready to leave these lodgings and go to your new home?' he asked; for be it known that the old gentleman had given him and Rachel a wedding present of a new house, wherein they were to live.

'Quite sir,' answered Hugh, cheerily.

'Shall it be to-morrow?'

'Yes.'

And Mr. Benedict sat down to spend the evening and enjoy himself.

'Well, sir?' said Hugh, when his uncle was taking leave, and paused on the front door steps to light a cigar.

'Well, sir?' said Uncle Ben camly.

'How do you like her?' he asked.

'How can I tell?' demanded the old gentleman, irritably. 'She's pretty to look at; so is a china doll or a white kitten! It isn't always the pretty calicoes that wash the best. Good evening!'

And Hugh Benedict, albeit he was very fond of his uncle, did not know whether to be vexed or not.

Early the next morning, however, Uncle Ben made his appearance before the young couple, breathless and eager.

'Trunks packed, eh?'

'All but the last one, uncle:—and Rachel lifted her pretty head out of the tray as you may have seen a red clover blossom rise up from beneath a child's footstep.

'I'm going to take you down to Bloomdale myself, my dear,' said Uncle Ben.

'Hugh, I want you to go off to Canterbury with these letters. They'er of importance. I'd go myself if I were ten years younger; but sudden journeys don't agree with old bones like mine,'

Hugh looked aghast at the proposal.—Rachel turned pale.

'Cannot the business be postpond, sir?' said Hugh, hesitatingly.

'No, it can't!' replied Uncle Ben, curtly. 'If you don't want to go, say so. I dare say I can find some one else to oblige me!

'Of course I shall go,' said Hugh.—'But about Rachel—'

'I suppose I'm old enough to take care of a little girl like that, said Uncle Ben, in an aggrieved tone. 'You'll find us both in the new residence, with the table laid for dinner, when you come back to-morrow.'

So there was nothitg for it but for Hugh to kiss his little bride a half score of times, and commission Uncle Ben to take the best possible care of her until he should return.

'Foolish children!' said Mr. Benedict, as he saw Rachel sobbing on Hugh's shoulder. But there was a cheery twinkle in his own keen gray eyes, nevertheless.

'Poor little girl! the atmostphere had lost somewhat of its sparkle, and the world looked less bright, as she journeyed in Uncle Ben's barouche towards her new home, with Uncle Ben's newspaper rattling at her side. As the autumn twilight began to fall, her thoughts became busy, as a woman's will at times.

'Uncle,' she said, turning suddenly towards the old gentleman, 'what sort of a house is it? Ours, I mean!'

'Well,' said Uncle Ben, reflectively, 'it's a cottage, I should say.'

'A modern cottage?'

'Well, no; rather of the antique order than otherwise.'

'Oh,' cried Rachel, 'I'm glad, I despise those new, stiff, formal places, that look as if they were merely to be admired not lived in and enjoyed. Uncle, what are you laughing at?'

'At your curiosity, my dear,' replied the old gentleman.

'Then I won't ask you another question,' said Rachel, resolutely.

But she fully atoned for that depriva-tion by sketching on the tables of her fancy an endless variety of little Gothic structures, with bay windows and trellises covered with climbing roses and honeysuckles; while Uncle Benedict watched her from behind the screen of his newspaper, with the quearest of expressions on his brown old face.

'I'm almost sorry I commenced the thing,' he said to himself. 'If I should be disappointed in her! But, pooh! its the only way to find out if she is worth my boy's love.'

Presently the lumbering old chariot came to a stand still; but to Rachel's surprise, in front of no fairy cot, or lowcaved edifice surrounded by verandahs and flower parterers. A tumble down, unpainted farm house, stood a little back from the road, with its shutters hanging loosely by one hinge, and one or two scrabby lilac bushes forlornly tossing their foliage in the wind!

'How dreary it looks!' thought Rachel with a little shudder, as she wondered whether the coachman had really meant to stop there. But Uncle Ben at once seized her carpet bag and umbrella.

'Come, my dear,' he said to Rachel.

'Is this the place?' she asked.

This is the place,' uncle Ben answered, with a sudden paroxism of coughing.—'Gate's a little out of order,' as that useful mode of ingress became suddenly detached from its sole remaining hinge, and fell to the ground; 'but that's soon set right with a screw driver and a half dozen screws.'

Alas! poor Rachel! What were her sensations as she looked blankly around the neglected, dismal spot which was the sole realization of her fairy dreams? This the home Uncle Benedict had given them! And for an instant our poor little heroine felt as if she could repel the unwelcome gift, and tell Uncle Benjamin plainly that she could not spend her days in a hovel like this.

But then came sober second thoughts. Uncle Benedict had meant kindly; they were poor, and could not afford to dispense with even the meanest of roofs over their heads. No, she must gratefully accept the present in the spirit in which it was given, and check in the bud all her rebellious and unaimable repinings.

'I told you it was a cottage, you know,' said Uncle Ben, keenly scrutinising her face, as the stood on the doorstep waiting for the door to be opened.

'Yes, I know, said Rachel,' glancing round with brightening eyes. 'That is a very choice climbing rose over the window if it was only properly trained-'

'It's rather lonesome,' said Uncle Ben.

'I like the country,' Rachel answered hopefully.

As she spoke a slipshod old woman appeared to let them in, and let the way to the best room, a green curtained apartment with a shabby carpet on the floor, and a fire in the grate that emitted far more smoke then caloric.

'Smokey chimneys,' said Uncle Ben.

'The draught seems to be poor, said Rachel, 'but I dare say it can be altered.'

'I hadn't any idea the ceilings were so low,' grumbled the old gentleman.

'It's all partly the effect of the large pattern of the wall paper,' said Rachel, with a glance at the red and green monstrosities. 'A narrow-striped pattern will improve it.'

'What queer little cupboards by the sides of the mantle!' said Uncle Ben.

'Oh, they will be nice for our best china,' said Rachel.

'My dear,' said the old gentleman, 'I believe you are determined to be pleased. Do you really think you shall like this place?'

'I shall like any place where Hugh is! said Rachel brightly.

She went all over the house with the old gentleman, planning improvements and suggesting and contriving until he really began to think she would make an Arcadia out of the temble-down old farm. And if she shed a few tears on her pillow when she went to rest under the eaves of the roof, in an apartment which must have been built for Tom Thumb, Uncle Ben Benedict never suspected it.

There was the chariot at the door when Rachel rose from her breakfast of bread and butter and coffee the next morning.

'Come my lass,' said the old gentleman, 'I want to show you a place further up the road, which has been taken by a friend of mine.'

The drive and the delicious September air were like an invigorating tonic to our wearied little bride; and a picture after the style of Watteau awaited them, in the exquisite villa with its rose clad bay windows and picturesquely sloping roof.—Rustic iron chairs stood under the bowing branches of the elms on the lawn, and a marble Cupid, holding up a carved conch-shell, scattered bright rain into a flower bordered basin directly in front of the gate.

'Oh, how beautiful!' cried Rachel. 'I never saw such superb scarlet geraniums in my life; and what a lovely marble paved hall!'

'You like the appearance?'

'Oh, yes; 'tis beautiful.'

'Come in my dear, and see how you like the interior,' said the old gentleman, serenly.

It was perfect, from the drawing-rooms, with their superb Brussels carpet and exquisite silk hangings, to the chambers, all in white and pink, like the inside of a rose's heart, and the fairy conservatory, all stocked with camelias, heliotrope, and rare fuchsias, at the south end of the house.

'Is it like fairyland!' cried Rachel, enthusiastically. Do tell me, Uncle [illegible] who is to live here?'

Uncle Ben turned round and faced her.

'You, my dear.'

'And Hugh, of course?'

'To be sure?'

'But Uncle,' gasped little Rachel, quite overwhelmed by this unexpected good luck, 'the other house—'

'That's only a little joke of mine. This is the real home, and I give it to you with all the more pleasure that you were disposed to make the best of the bad bargain you thought you were in for. My dear, the contented mind you possess is worth a thousand houses!'

And Rachel felt something warm and wet upon her cheek, like a tear, as the old gentleman stopped to kiss her.

When Hugh came home, to find his little wife upon the verandah, all welcoming smiles to greet him, he exclaimed, 'Why, Uncle, this is a perfect casket.'

'But none too good for the little jewel that inhabits it,' Uncle Ben answered.

And Hugh read in the tone that his young wife had won the capricious old gentleman's heart.

### A CURIOUS ROMANCE.

Norfolk st., Strand, says the London Court Journal, has a curious commemorative monument. An observant spectator will notice that the first windows of a large house at the corner of Howard st., present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust, while through the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust, and mouldering away with age. Those shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position, for about fifty years. During that time no human foot, it is believed, has entered that room. And the reason is this:

Fifty years ago a certain nobleman was engaged to be married, the day fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the breakfast was laid out in that spacious and handsome room, the bridegroom was ready to proceed to church, when it was discovered that the bride was missing; a note in her handwriting was found addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his "best man," a gay and gallant captain of dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much; but he went alone to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out, with his own hands put up all the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door and took the key.

He gave orders that the doors should be nailed up and barred with padlocked bars, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let, it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and a sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant for the deprivation of the use of the room. The nobleman has been dead some years, but it is believed that the room has never been entered since he closed it, and there are the "wedding meats" mouldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbling to dust in the funeral gloom.

### TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May care be a stranger where virtue resides.

May hemp bind those whom honor cannot.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate for the frowns of fortune.

May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.

May the road of preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.

May the liberal hand find free access to the purse of plenty.

May the impulse of generosity never be checked by the power of necessity.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May the feeling heart possess the fortune the miser abuses.

May we draw upon content for the deficiences of fortune.

### MULE DISCOURSE.

A pious editor of the Chicago Journal, discourseth as follows:

A mule is a great prophet.

He can prophecy a man's sudden illness or death twenty feet off.

He is also possessed of great healing power.

The saying that a jewel lies deeply buried in the end of a mule's tail is a delusion and a snare.

The only way that we could be persuaded to eat a mule would be to (b)eat him.

Likewise the only way we could be got to ride a mule would be to (de)ride him.

And the darkey was right when he said that the only way to "lub" a mule was to "(o)lub" him.

The safest way to stand by a mule does not exist.

He is the dynamite fiend of the four legged kingdom.

The mule is a very headstrong beast.

He is likewise exceedingly headstrong.

The mule—but "blame a mule," any way.

"It's horrible to be economical," said a young girl to Quin, with the utmost gravity. "There's no use of living if you can't dress well. What is a woman anyhow, without her clothes?" And Quin laughed a little, and choked himself, and blushed, and didn't answer.

### ABANDONED WOMEN.

Yes, kick her down as low as possible! Don't give her a chance to rise and invade respectable society again.

She has been tried and tempted, and she has fallen from the high and noble estate of innocence and it behooves every virtuous woman to see to it that she is not allowed to breathe the foul malaria of her presence among the pure of her sex.

There is a contamination in her touch. There is moral darkness and degradation in her presence. Beware of her as you would of one smitten with the plague!

When she passes by, or when her disgraced name is mentioned, wrap your pious garments around you, and let the blush of shame tinge your maiden cheek and the pocket handkerchief of insulted modesty cover your face.

Men will deem you modest, and do not men adore modesty in a woman, and do they ever by any act of theirs destroy that quality in the female character?—Oh, no. Certainly not. We all know that the world of men at large are equally as careful of the character of the guiltless young girls with whom they associate as they would be if these same girls were their own grandmothers! To be sure!

Always think of the abandoned woman at her worst. Never for a moment indulge in the idea that there may be good left in her.

The days when it was possible for "good to come out of Nazareth," are passed away.

She has fallen—let her lie where she has chosen her place. In the mud or the gutter, under the flaring gaslight in the wintry streets, in the shine of the river—do not trouble your fair heads about her! "She has made her bed; so let her lie!"

You can pity the poor heathen in foreign lands, and knit stockings for the godless inhabitants of the tropics, and send Bibles and tracts to the South Sea Islanders, and put pennies in the mission box, to enlighten the Hindoo as he goes out to cast himself under the wheels of the Juggernaut, but with these wretched heathens at your very gates, you have nothing to do! Your eyes must be blind to the sad fact of their existence, and if, perchance, they cry out for help, you must not forget that you are a virtuous woman, and as such your ears must be deaf.

Smile your sweetest on the men who have made them what they are, and ignore the certainty that there are temptations in the world to which you have never been exposed.

Your gilt-edged, gold-clasped Bible holds for you no lesson of mercy and forgiveness, for you read it with a heart set in judgment, and your idle eyes have never paused to rest with grave consideration upon the sentence:

"For the greatest of all these is charity."—*Kate Thorn.*

### THE BABBOON MOTHER.

A Mr. Hazely in a lecture on Africa, tells the following story:

A woman, belonging to a settlement of about one hundred and fifty souls, went one day to gather some wood, and left her child on the ground to take care of itself. And while the mother was gone a female baboon appeared on the scene and espying the child, approached and began to fondle it. The child was allowed to partake of the baboon's milk which deprived it of any appetite for its mother's. When the mother returned she noticed that the child was carefully covered with leaves, and had lost its hunger. This was done for several days before the mother ascertained who performed the unthankful act: but when the mother did find out the doer, she induced the men of her tribe to lie in wait for the baboon the next day. The animal noticed the men raise their weapons to fire, and began to wave her hand, or paw, as if asking them not to kill her, and at the same time pointing to a young one at her breast—but the natives killed her. No sooner had they done so, however, than the male baboon put in an appearance, and, by a loud shout, summoned others of his tribe to the spot. Then, in a body, the animals attacked the natives, and forced them to flee to their huts for safety. One of the baboons tracked them to their settlement, and the next day they were visited by about five hundred baboons, who assaulted them with cocoanuts and compelled them to run away from their homes. The animals kept watch over the huts for several days, and prevented the natives from returning to their dwellings.

Brown came home late the other night, and Mrs. B., reaching out of the bedroom window, said:

'So you've been tipping the glass again, have you?'

'Glass,' said Brown, (hic) 'is a funny word; take off the 'g,' and it's you, my dear.'

'Yes,' answered the wife, 'and then take off the 'l,' and it's you, you wretch,' and she slammed down the window with a bounce.

☞ Many a poor woman thinks that she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one she finds she can do nothing with him.

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