The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1877 NO. 10

KENT COUNTY LEVY LIST,

For 1877.

STATE OF MARYLAND,

Kent County, Sct.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for Kent county, begun and held at the Court House in Chestertown, on the twenty-second day of May, and continued, by adjournment, until the twenty-eighth day of June, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, 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. Ronie Strong,
George W. Davis,
James R. Jones,

they proceeded to examine and ascertain the expenses of the county, and laid the tax for all county expenses at 98 cents in the 100 dollars, and the State tax according to law at 17½ cents in the 100 dollars, making a total of 115½ cents in the 100 dollars, and made the following allowances, to wit:

First District.

RICHARR H. CORBALLY, Collector.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER:
James R. Jones.

Per diem and mileage from January 1st to July 1st, 1877, 227 00

WITNESSES TO CIRCUIT COURT.

October Term, 1876:

James Clinton Hurtt	3 38
James P Hoffecker	3 38
Albert Medders	1 69
E G Clark	6 75
C H Smith	4 12
William Conner	2 06
F Sparks	3 25
C H J Sparks	1 50
Henry Miller, use of John G Myers	1 50
Henry Sheppard, use of same	3 12
Elizabeth Sheppard, use of same	3 13
Henry Martin, use of same	1 50
William Beck	1 56
Aaron Weist	3 62
William Johnson	3 75
James P Mason	3 50
William Roe, senior,	1 69
Eugene Gooding	1 75
A S Hurlock	1 75

April Term, 1877.

Aaron Weist	1 81
Wm Johnson, use F H Greenwood	1 87
Henry Hurtt, junior,	1 62
John Mayberry, use F H Greenwood	1 94
Frank Ross, use of same,	1 63
John Pearce	12 37
William J Blackiston	11 81
Albert H Redding, use of George T McCauley, use W H Pennington	12 75
R A Pennington, use of W H Pennington	10 50
George T McCauley, use of same	10 50
John C Briscoe, use of W A Miller	8 75

WITNESSES TO GRAND JURY.

October Term, 1876:

A S Hurlock	1 75
J G Smith, use F H Greenwood	1 69

April Term, 1877.

A S Hurlock	1 75
J G Smith, use F H Greenwood	3 37

OFFICERS' FEES.

W J Blackiston, Justice of Peace	30 26
Wm A Miller, do do	15 20
A S Hurlock, constable	29 40
James G Smith, constable, use of William J Blackiston	19 32

Registration Officer:

James P Mason	100 00

Assessor:

E E Miller, balance due	160 50

ELECTION EXPENSES.

Richard C Johnson, return judge	8 00
William Cacy, judge	4 00
R E Knighton, judge	4 00
A H Johnson, return clerk	8 00
L M Bean, clerk	4 00

Room for holding election:

A Wallen	20 00

SUNDRY CHARITIES.

Maryland Hospital, for support of

William F Smyth	150 00
Maria Dudley	150 00

Pensioners:

Sarah E Jory, use E E Welch	25 00
M J Rollison, use J N Edwards	25 00
William Ellis	25 00
Matilda Tucker	25 00
Sarah A Hurtt	25 00
Abraham Stanley	25 00
William B Redgraves	20 00
Elizabeth Boulden	20 00
J T Cunningham	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 do	15 00
Susan Kennard do	12 00
Sarah Smith do	20 00
Sally Brown do	20 00
Maria Mander do	15 00
Mary Cook do	2000
Nancy Brown, col., use C H Smith	25 00
Margaret Massey, colored	15 00

Burial and other expenses of Paupers.

Chrisfield & Solloway, for coffins	8 00
Robert Alexander, for taking Geo. Walker to alms house	5 00

ROADS AND BRIDGES.

Richard F Moffett, balance of road account	653 21
Archie O'Mullen, use of C J Scott, road account	135 30
John G Foster, road account	73 80
John D Boyd, use C J Scott, road account, 1877	408 64
Geo Kennedy, bal. old road account	81 43
Same new account	65 00
John D Boyd, use C J Scott, road account for 1876	35 48
Sattie, use sattie, road acct for 1876	137 67
Sattie, use same, road account	194 30
Thomas R Quimby, use of T J McWhorter, road account	88 35
Hurtt & Hyrons, use T J McWhorter, lumber for bridges	8 10
J W Hyrons, use same, lumber for bridges	19 46
David C Blackiston, logs for bridge	2 00
Bradley & Bro. one half iron work on Crumpton bridge	5 41
E H Greenwood, nails for bridges	3 60
Andrew Woodall, for lumber and repairs on Sassafras river bridge (one half)	69 78
Same, for shells, lumber, &c.	47 48
Same, for one half of lumber and repairs on Sassafras river bridge (account of 1875)	28 75
James R Redding, use C H Smith, road account	42 40
William S Kirby, for shells	30 10
James Willis, one half account for repairing Crumpton bridge draw	5 00
John G Foster, road account	180 40

ROAD DAMAGES

And Allowance for Fencing and expenses.

New road from Catholic church through the lands of Myers and others to McCauley's gate:	
Jno Myers, land damages and fencing	564 57
Henry Kraft, do.	486 00
Dennis McCauley, land damages	4 50
Lambert Gooding, land damages and fencing	61 54
Walter J Grimth, commissioner, 2 days	4 00
Pere Hendrickson, do., 2 days	4 00
F H Taylor, two surveys and plots, including chain carriers' costs	26 00
Damages and costs of Lane from Cypress street, Millington, to Sandfield:	
George Kressler, land damages	33 55
Wm Dudley, col. do.	9 66
Ernest Queen " do.	7 27
Fencing, subject to order	128 00
J S Newnam, commissioner, 1 day	2 00
James H Pennington do	2 00
Charles P Loper do	2 00
H Tonkin, surveyor	6 90
To open said lane & to make bridge	100 00
Damages on that portion of the Coldwell road from Coldwell through the lands of Richard Frazier and others to the Townsend Branch of the Delaware Rail Road:	
Rich'd Frazier, damages & fencing	157 50
Charles Hessey " "	155 60
William Crippen " "	10 95
John Davis " "	256 50
William Jewell " "	92 90
To open said road	500 00

INQUEST

On the body of Richard Bradshaw, colored.

William A Miller, Justice of the Peace acting coroner	5 00
Jurors:	
F H Taylor	50
George W Jacoby	50
W G Dillehunt	50
Thomas O Gooding	50
Edwin Chrisfield	50
R F Briscoe	50
George T McCauley	50
T H Solloway	50
James R Hickes	50
Hamilton Barnes	50
Joshua Vansant	50
A E Burk	50
Dr. E J Latimore, post mortem examination	5 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

William Perkins, (colored) ice for Clerk's office, use D C Blackiston	14 76
T J McWhorter, taxes paid in error	8 74
T J F Smith, taxes paid in error	13 29
Dr. J W Latimore, surgical operation on James Brown, (colored) in custody of State officer	15 00
Kelly & Piet, use D C Blackiston, for stationery, &c.—2 accounts	121 50

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

E F Perkins, Treasurer of School Board, for support of Public Schools	4000 00

TO PAY ROAD ACCOUNTS

And to keep roads and bridges in repair 1300 00

TO PAY JURORS

October Term 1877, and April Term 1878 500 00

TO PAY KENT COUNTY RAIL ROAD

Bonds and interest 2250 00

SPECIAL APPROPRIATIONS,

Subject to order of County Commissioners:

To improve Scott's road, near Gibbons	700 00
To finish Shadding Reach road	79 00
For re-binding old Record Books and continuing index to judgments, &c., under Act of 1876	300 00

Statement for First District:

Amount of county taxes on assessment of $1,730,210 at 98c. if $100, is	$17,044.26
Amount of State taxes on assessment of $1,736,060 at 17½c. in $100, is	2,999.19
	$20,043.45

[Concluded on fourth page.]

THE EDITOR.

The editor who wills to please,
Must humbly crawl upon his knees,
And kiss the hand that beats him;
Or if he dare attempt to walk,
Must toe the mark that others chalk;
And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave—
Too much morality you have—
Give me some witch or wizard tales,
With slip-shod ghosts, with fins and scales,
Or feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous fashionable lies—
In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings and queens and lords,
Of border wars and Gothic hordes,
That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff,
To craze the fair creation;
Give us some recent foreign news,
Of Russians, Turks—the Greeks and Jews,
Or any other nation.

The man of drilled scholastic lore
Would like to see a little more
In scraps of Greek or Latin;
The merchants rather have the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
Of India silk or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
A rebus or a riddle;
Some long for missionary news,
And some—of worldly, carnal views—
Would rather hear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
And scrawl against the paper;
Of all the literary fools,
Bred in our colleges and schools,
He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
A jumbled up variety—
Variety in all things;
A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
Composed—I only give the hint—
Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says miss,
It constitutes my highest bliss,
To hear of weddings plenty;
For in a time of general rain
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain;
At least, not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
Of people totally undone,
By losses, fire or fever;
Another answers, full as wise,
I'd rather have the fall and rise
Of raccoon skins and beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
For now and then a savory dish
Of politics to suit them;
But here we rest at perfect ease
For should they swear the moon was cheese,
We never should dispute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
Too haughty or too humble;
And every editoral wight
Has naught to do but what is right,
And let the grumblers grumble.

From the New York Observer:

THE SEAMSTRESS UNPAID.

BY MRS. LUCY C. SANFORD.

"Error is wrought by want of thought.
As well as want of heart."

She was just an average American girl. But on this last day of girlhood, when her face beamed with love and her tears and smiles seemed frolicking with each other, she was very pretty and sweet.

The home was full of kindness, and bustle, and merriment, and life-long wishes, who came with good wishes, good byes and bridal gifts.

And on that morning came a lone woman; thin and pale, weary and worn she was. Very quietly she lay down her heavy bundle.

'I could not leave Mamie, last night, to bring them,' she said gently.

'Oh! I knew you'd come, you never disappoint anybody,' said the happy girl, opening the bundle. 'How beautifully you have made them! Kate, Louise, see how how nicely Mrs. Allen sews.'

'I speak for your needle when I get married!' cried one.

'And I!' laughed the other.

Mrs. Allen heeded not, scarcely heard. All about her brought back so vividly the little while ago when she too stood betwixt the old life and the new, and her whole soul quivered with happiness, when she too leaned, with a full love and trust, on one good, kind and true. Then she heard that shrill whistle of the proud locomotive; saw it bound down the deep, dark gorge, heard those shrieks and moans and groans. Then she thought of that grave, flower-covered now, where, with a breaking heart, she had laid that broken body, thanking God her own beloved would suffer no more, and thence came forth to suffer alone. Then came a sweet thought of the dear little girl who, in that hour of bitter sorrow, was her joy; for whom she lived on then, and for whom (since, in the panic, her means had all been lost) she had labored. As thoughts of *her*—her stimulant, her idol, her all—came upon her; she roused herself to hear:

'I am very much pleased with your work, Mrs. Allen, and I am sorry,—but, really money slips through one's fingers so at such a time, I haven't any to pay you. Come around to-morrow, and mother will pay you, and give you some flowers and goodies for Mamie.'

In a dazed way, Mrs. Allen, half-sick and heart-sick, turned to go, but *could not*, and said falteringly:

'Mamie is sick, and I did hope to get something for her.'

'It is too bad! Please go into the store and ask father to pay you. Tell him I sent you.'

Mrs. Allen went to the store, and asked for the father. He was not in; no one knew where he was. With a slow step, for the heavy heart she took back weighed her down more than the bundle she brought out, she turned to her home.—Bewildered by her hopelessness and need of food, life seemed a burden she could bear no longer, and as she crossed her threshold she sank down. But a sweet voice called out:

'Mamma, dear mamma, what have you brought me to eat?'

Love winged her tired feet, and she went to a neighbor near,—one who had always been kind to and thoughtful for her. She had never begged, and now she would but borrow. The neighbor had gone to get a present for the bride. She went to the road, looked up and down, then desperately turned back, asked for pencil and paper, and wrote it all.

The neighbor came in late. It had not been easy to find anything the like of which had not been selected by some one; the teapot was smoking and she was chilled, and the family impatient. So tea was over and toilets commenced as quickly as possible.

The church and the home was dressed with flowers; the bride looked never so well; the presents were a very medley of rich and simple, useful and useless, delicate and common, but by their number a flattery and a charm. And life and light and joy was in all and over all.

The morning of so bright a night found all the gay town weary and dull and lazy. Over late breakfasts they relieved the last evening. Half-envious criticism of dress, sarcastic imitation of manners, just and unjust, took the place of the honeyed praises and sweet smiles of the last night.

And the heavens, too, were changed. Where shown the crescent moon and the brilliant stars now cloud masses charged with snow. Slowly and calmly the storm commenced, heavy and thick it grew.—The fierce wind came up and caught the little flakes and hurled them and whirled them about. All the day long, all the night long, earth and air and sky were snow; and nought could be heard but the howling winds.

Much of the dull day and all the night the neighbor had slept, and, with bright eyes and rested body, looked out on the clear, broad, unbroken expanse—pure, clean, white, and dazzling in the sunbeams,—looked across to Mrs. Allen's cottage, and at breakfast said to her husband:

'As soon as the snow-ploughs have been along, I wish you would send John over to Mrs. Allen's path.'

'Certainly, certainly. No woman could dig through this snow.'

'She just looked sick-a-bed when she was afther writin' her letter to yez,' spoke the girl.

'Writing a letter to me! When?'

'When ye's afther buying your present.'

'Why didn't you tell me?'

'Faith, ma'am, I put it on the rack where ye always tells me to.'

'Go get it.'

She could scarcely read it through her tear-dimmed eyes.

'No wood, no fire, two days ago! And this fearful storm? Why haven't I seen to her! I might have known *she* wouldn't beg. Oh, I wish I had given *her* the money I spent on that *thoughtless* girl!'

The unfinished breakfast was left, and her husband, as anxious as she, with his man, both loaded with food and wood, tramped and shovelled a path through which she waded across with steaming coffee.

They found on the bed with closed eyes, composed limbs and hands folded across the breast, the loved Mamie. And by her the mother, turned to ice, kneeling, with clasped hands, upturned eyes, and great tear drops frozen upon her cold cheeks.

☞ The following may be given as an example of a punning epitaph. It is found in St. Anne's churchyard, in the Isle of Man, and is said to have been written by Sir Wadsworth Busk, who was for many years Attorney-General of the Island:

"Here, Friend, is little Daniel's tomb,
To Joseph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labor kept poor Dan alive.
Though strange yet true, full seventy years,
Was his wife happy in her *Tears*.
DANIEL TEAR died December 9th, 1787, aged 110."

☞ In these days half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain. In this railway age the wear and tear of labor and intellect go on without pause or self-pity. We live longer than our forefathers, but we suffer more from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles; we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves.

[Published by request.]

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN,

AN ESSAY,

READ BEFORE FAIRLEE GRANGE, P. H.

How to train children is a subject of vital importance to every conscientious parent. How to bring out the better qualities of a child's nature and develop them in the highest possible manner and subdue and teach them to control the objectionable tendencies of their oftentimes unruly dispositions, is a subject that has agitated many a perplexed mother's heart since the day of the wise man who penned the admirable injunction, "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." The old saying, preaching is one thing and practice is another, is equally true in this, that teaching is one thing and training another; and yet the injunction is not, teach a child in the way he should go, but *train* him. How easy it is to teach; to tell *what* should be done and *how* it should be done; and what a vastly *different* thing it is to train. To always hold the reins of government with an even hand and not bring them up with a sudden jerk to-day, in order to make up for yesterday's loose driving. To patiently impart the line upon line and precept upon precept that is necessary to train those little ones in the moral virtue and correct habits that form the groundwork of their future usefulness and happiness. In the formation of a child's character I deem the development of their moral nature the first and highest consideration. And the advantage of churches and education go very far in the development thereof, but in the main it is the home life and the daily example of father and mother that does the work for weal or woe. Usually children consider their father and mother the standard of excellence, and who among us dare say that we have placed that standard high enough. If we tell a child a falsehood can we complain if the child tells us one in return? Let us teach a child to be *truthful*, to be *honest*, and that *morality* that is the very groundwork of a religious life. Let us teach them that fearless independence of character that they dare stand up alone, though it may be in the face of popular opinion, and uphold the right and condemn the wrong. Let us teach them to do right, without fear or favor, because it is right. Let us encourage in them that high-toned sense of honor that would make them scorn to stoop to anything mean. If we by precept and example can inculcate these stirling qualities in the hearts of our little ones we have but done our duty, for upon us alone rests the responsibility, and if we fail by reason of imperfect training or a bad example, how shall we answer for the consequences or expect them to hereafter call us blessed. In the formation of their business habits I would teach them that habits of *industry* were indispensible to their success, and in order to train them in those habits give the boy a chance to make something by his own exertions. A corner of land that he can till at odd moments, and havest and have the production thereof for his own. Advise with them upon the advantages of a judicious investment of their little savings. Impress upon their minds the necessity of being prudent and saving, and of the pleasure of giving; encourage the weekly contribution at church or Sunday-school, be it ever so small. And the boy is dumb indeed who will not under these circumstances develop an interest in and a talent for business that he would hardly acquire if industry alone was cultivated by work in his father's corn-field, and will carry with him into manhood the business habits formed when a boy that will hardly fail to lay the foundation of a fortune. Teach him to despise that poverty that is the result of indolence, but on the other hand teach him to have the highest respect for that honest poverty that is the result of disaster or of a combination of circumstances that cannot be overcome, and never fail to lend a helping hand. Let the little girls be instructed in all domestic duties. Let her be taught to make and mend. Let her acquire habits of precision and punctuality, of neatness and economy, that shall enable her to manage wisely that home of the future that every girlish heart looks forward to becoming the mistress of. And although she may not go out to till and to make, like her brother, do not fail to teach her the value of a dollar, and when she shall have arrived at the dignity of spending that dollar give her if possible an allowance, be it much or little, so that she may make her purchases to suit her income. And above all give her, with her brother, a solid English education, if nothing more, so that if disease should befall and the time should come when she must leave the fireside and go out into the world to make her living she may not be entirely helpless. God help the poor girl who must battle with the waves of adversity in the struggle for her daily bread if she has not that education. How often have we seen young ladies who have been tenderly nurtured and upon whom no expense has been spared when suddenly called upon to turn their talents to account have found that they were not thorough enough in any one branch to make their living by it. And what is the result; they must either accept an inferior position that would be galling to a sensitive nature, or live on the charity of their friends, or worse yet, marry for the sake of a support. Let us see to it that our daughters are not left that helpless. And I would earnestly recommend to parents the Normal school for the educating of their children that will give them a thorough training, that if necessary, they can turn to account, instead of the fashionable boarding school that frequently gives them a superficial education that fits them only for the parlor.' We cannot attach too much importance to the subject of properly training our children, for like an immense tree, its branches shadow nearly every hearthstone and its roots penetrate and underlie the very foundation of our domestic life. And these few leaves have I gathered from that tree, and, as I was bidden, present them to you and leave in your hands the subject I have feebly endeavored to open for your consideration.

For the Transcript.

MR. EDITOR:—The 22d of June found your correspondent on Tolchester Beach, drawn there by a notice in the papers, which stated that the ladies of St. Pauls church would furnish supper for the Excursionists from Baltimore The "Musical Socials" of Madison St. church had chartered the S. K. Taggart for a trip to this delightful place. When I first entered the grove, I saw young men and maidens engaged in an old-fashioned play. Soon the ladies stepped back and became spectator of the trials of speed and strength made by the gentlemen in running and leaping. I really enjoyed seeing them happy. No long, dreary columns of figures to be added in the counting room; no deed or conveyance to be written in a dingy office on St. Paul or Lexington street; no patients to be dosed with vile Drugs. All these cases are forgotten and they have given themselves up to the pleasures of the evening. But at last they are tired and would gladly rest. Then they sing. It has been a long time since I have heard such fine music. The singing ended there were several recitations which caused much merriment. The supper furnished by the ladies needs no higher praise than this; it was such a one as the ladies of Kent know how to prepare for their guests. There was one thing which particularly pleased me, and that was the absence of all such questionable ways of getting money for church purposes as raffling cakes, having grab-bags the contents of which is worth about fifty cents, but which will bring into the treasury about four dollars and seventy-five cents. There was not even a lemonade well with Rebecca drawing the sparkling water for weary travelers. Had there been, I am sure Isaac would never have allowed Eliezer to have been the first to receive the cooling draught from her fair hand, but would have been there himself Is it not, so friend H——y? Evening comes, and many wend their way to the shore to see the sun sink to rest beyond the hill of the grand old bay. Lower, lower he comes, and now he is gone; this day so full of pleasure to some and of sorrow to others is gone forever. But what train is this that comes slowly down the hill. Surely sorrow is not found in this gay and festive scene. Yes, alas! No time or place is free from its presence. In the little box is the body of an infant, and the pale, sad lady following it is the mother, who has tenderly watched and cared for it during its brief stay on earth. They are taken to the steamer and all through the long dreary night the young mother hears the waves breaking against the boat. Sad, sad vigil that she kept! "The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a screll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh thank God all who see it, for that older fashion yet of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!" The sinking of the sun to rest was a sight not more beautiful than the rising of the moon. There is something in the pale rays of the moon that brings back the ghost of other years. I sat on the shore, and by my side was one whom I fondly love. The moonlight shone on her hair, the wind played wild pranks with it, blowing it about her face which will always be fair to me. And her voice was as sweet to me as the strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" which was so finely rendered by the band, and which floated softly over the silvery waves of the Chesapeake. There were many more who could make a similar confession but will not. A handsome young couple near me, though I heard no words they spoke, could, I am sure. At a late hour I returned home sincerely thanking the Ladies of St. Paul's for having given me so much pleasure.

A VISITOR.

☞ Falsehood is difficult to be maintained. When the materials of a building are solid blocks of stone, a very rude architecture will suffice; but a structure of rotten materials needs the most careful adjustment to make it stand at all.

Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them, then, to bear with one another.

☞ Friendship is infinitely better than kindness.

GOT OFF AT THE WRONG STATION.

The death of one of the oldest citizens of Brookfield recalls an incident in her career which happened some fifteen years ago.

She was going to Stamford to visit a daughter, and took her seat in the cars for the first and only time in her life. During the ride an accident occurred whereby the car in which she was seated was thrown down an embankment and demolished. Crawling out from beneath the debris she spied a man who was held down in a sitting posture by his legs being fastened.

'Is this Stamford?' she anxiously inquired.

The man was from Boston. He was in considerable pain, but he did not lose sight of the fact that he was from Boston so he said:

'No, this is a catastrophe.'

'Oh!' ejaculated the old lady, 'then I hadn't oughter got off here.'

This was so evident as to make a reply unnecessary.

☞ Judges are very accommodating in England, if this is a specimen. At the Huntingdonshire Assizes, recently, a man was convicted of stealing a quantity of clover hay, valve 14s., and Sir Baliol Brett sentenced him to one month's imprisonment. After the prisoner was removed from the dock a juryman remarked:

'That was rather stiff, my Lord.'

Lord Justice Brett—'Do you think so, gentlemen?'

The jury, after consulting, said they did think so.

The judge—'What sentence would you suggest, gentlemen?'

The jury—'Cut in halves, my Lord.'

The judge—'Very well, gentlemen, it was your verdict, and it shall be your sentence. Let the prisoner be brought back.'

Upon this being done, the judge said to him—'The jury think a month is too stiff; take fourteen days."

WORK FIRST; THEN PLAY.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, 'My father taught me never to play till all my work for the day was finished, and never to spend money till I had earned it. If I had but half an hour's work to do in a day, I must do that the first thing, *and in half an hour*. After this was done I was allowed to play. I early formed the habit of doing everything in its time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this habit that I now owe my prosperity."

VARIOUS ITEMS.

An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

Things past may be repeated, but not recalled.

So sad, so fresh; the days that are no more.

There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

For the potato bugs carbolate of lime is suggested.

Men of genius are often dull in society; as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

The most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals itself after sympathy, and not before it.

Miss Drinkwater is the appropriate name of a noted temperance advocate in Pittsburg.

They are generally better satisfied whom fortune has never favored than those whom she has forsaken.

Fools and their money soon part. It's worth while being a fool to have the money to part with.

Not many women are blacksmiths, we learn from the Worcester press, "but most of them can shoo a hen."

Modest men conceal their joys as well as their sorrows, for they consider the one as undeserved as the other.

I entered this world in impurity, have lived in anxiety, I depart in perturbation. Cause of causes, pity me!

Had I but served God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my gray hairs.

That awful lad again: "Ma, pa has got the best of you—you can't strike matches on your trowsers like he can."

An Irish sailor once visited a city where he said, they "copper-bottomed the tops of their houses with sheet lead."

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematic I have enough without myself.

Piety gilds mortality with rays of immortal light; and through faith enables its possessor to triumph over sin, sorrow, tribulation and death.

There is no merit where there is no trial; and till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.

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