The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1877. NO. 12

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. Romie 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.

RICHARD 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 Beam, 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 Ivey, 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
Emily Brown do	20 00
Maria Mander do uce C H Smith	15 00
Diana Cook do	20 00
Nancy Brown, col., use C H Smith	20 00
Margaret Massey, colored do do	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	403 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
Same, use same, road acct for 1876	137 67
Same, use same, road account	194 30
Thomas R Quimby, use of T J McWhorter, road account	88 5
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
F 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 Griffith, 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 Toukin, 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 Galena	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 $1,739,210 at 98c. in $100, is		$17,044.26
Amount of State taxes on assessment of $1,738,660 at 17½c. in $100, is		$2,999.19
		$20,043.45
By amt. State taxes to be accounted for to Comptroller	$2,999.19	
By amt. levy for expenses, &c	15,825.28	
By collector's comms. on Co. taxes 852.21		
Do. on State 149.96	1,002.17	
Contg't. fund to pay per diem of comms from July 1st, &c.	216.81	$20,043.45

Second District.

Frisby H. Boulden, Collector.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER:

George W. Davis, per diem and mileage from January 1st to July 1st, 1877.	176 52

[Concluded on fourth page.]

EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer's flowers quicken
Nor autumn's fruitage thicken
As they once did, for we sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older
Every year.
I care not now for dancing
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year,
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year.
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us
Every year,
While the clouds grow darker o'er us
Every year!
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
Come no new ones in their places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Thank God! no clouds are shift'ng
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year.
No losses there will grieve us,
Nor loving faces leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

THE STONEWALL BRIGADE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSES—THE HISTORIC SOUBRIQUET.

[*Kyd Douglas in the Phil. Weekly Times*]

The general formed his brigade along the crest of the hill near the Henry House, the men lying down behind the brow of it, in support of the two pieces of artillery placed in position to play upon the advancing foe.

General Bee, his brigade being crushed and scattered, rode up to General Jackson, and with the excitement and mortification of an untried but heroic soldier, reported that the enemy were beating him back.

'Very well, general, it can't be helped,' replied Jackson.

'But how do you expect to stop them?'

'We'll give them the bayonet!' was the answer, briefly.

General Bee wheeled his horse and galloped back to his command. As he did so, General Jackson said to Lieutenant Lee, of his staff:

'Tell the colonel of this brigade that the enemy are advancing; that when their heads are seen above the hill let the whole line rise, move forward with a shout, and trust to the bayonet. *I am tired of this long range work.*'

In the storm which followed Bee's return to his command he was soon on foot, his horse shot from under him. With the fury of despair he strode among his men, tried to rally and to hold them against the torrent which beat upon them; and finally, in a voice which rivalled the roar of battle, he cried out:

'Oh, men, there are Jackson and his Virginians standing behind you like a *stone wall!*'

Uttering these words of martial baptism, Bee fell dead upon the field, and left behind him a fame which will follow that of Jackson as a shadow.

SINGULAR CONDUCT OF A BIRD.—On the 2d of July a small bird entered the restaurant of the Salisbury (Md.) Hotel and perched upon one of the chandaliers. At length the proprietor captured the feathered guest and placed him in a cage. From this confinement he soon managed to escape, and strange to say he still remains in the room, seemingly perfectly contented, though the windows and doors remain open and allow of his free exit. At night he allows himself to be taken without resistance and placed in the cage, which he leaves early in the morning. The bird is about the size of a sparrow and somewhat resembles a canary, but as yet the most proficient ornithologist has not been able to classify him. He is an inveterate fly-catcher and makes this insect his only diet. He is now perfectly at home, and does not seem at all frightened at any of his surroundings.

☞ An old farmer near New York has not worn a hat for twenty-five years.

MY FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Have I ever told you, Nell, of my first love-letter? I presume not. It is a story I have not been very fond of telling. But years bring to me, if not philosophy, comfortable sense of the comical in regard to all early illusions and dis-illusions.

The moment of the opening and reading the first love-letter is a thrilling, an august point of time, in which all the spring tides of passionate young life seem to meet in a swift, dizzying whirl of emotion. If from the right man, what triumphant joy! If from a suitor one can not smile on, what sweet pain! But you know all about it dear

I was very young when I received my first love-letter—indeed, not permanently out of short frocks and the bread-and-butter age.

Having lived the greater portion of my life in the country, the companion of my brothers, I was a desperate romp and gipsy, delighting to roam the fields and the woods, preferring the fishing rod to the needle and even the stable to the parlor. As yet, a fine horse was the rival of all mankind in my affections. Still, I had read Scott, Edgeworth, Hemans, with an occasional stealthy dip into Byron, and had my own foolish little romantic dreams of my hero, my fairy prince, who was to come in Love's good time.

I used to dream of him, as I sat like little Ellie, among the elders, with my feet in the brook, or as I rode alone in the woods. I thought little of his pedigree, but I resolved that he must have a patrician Greek profile, dark blue eyes, and black, curling hair, coming down on his lofty brow in a Byron peak. I made no account of houses or lands in Love's Arcadia; but my hero must possess a fine horse. The "steed of steeds" was a *sine qua non*.

Our removal from the country to town was an absolute sorrow to me, with my nature-loving heart, and wild, free habits. I hated the busy monotony, the thronged loneliness, the dull whirl of city life. I could only console myself by occasional flights back into my old rural haunts. From the longest, roughest tramps I would return to the city refreshed, prepared to endure what I could not cure.

I "came out" prematurely and temporarily when I was scarcely fifteen, on the occasion of a large wedding party. I wore a long dress and white kid gloves for the first time. *My* hair was curled. Oh, the torture of a night and the hideousness of a day in curl-paper! I wore natural flowers and carried a huge bouquet in my hand.

Distressingly diffident, not to say awkward, I early in the morning retired to a deep window-seat, where I remained watching the merry groups of wedding guests, and listening to their easy chatter as they passed, with childish wonder and delight.

Among the gayest of the gay was a certain fair young lady, whom I had known for some time as my double. Not that she was in the least like me. She was a blonde—very much blonde—while I was a brunette. She was distinguished for sumptuousness of attire; and dress was not then, any more than it is now, my besetting sin, or peculiar virtue, whichever you incline to esteem it. But oddly enough, this fair lady bore my name precisely, surname and baptismal. I used to think the circumstance annoyed her, almost as though I had stolen the fashion of her Parisian bonnet, or the pattern of her costly embroidered shawl. Aside from the name, there was little in common between us, certainly no love. At this party she quite outshone the bride. I found it curious to watch her.

"Her lightness and brightness did shine with such splendor,"

Which was all very proper, she being a rich tallow-chandler's daughter.

But not long did I watch my double, for, my dear, at this very party I first saw him—my ideal hero—my fairy prince. From all that goodly company I singled him out at a glance. There were the dark blue eyes, there was the Greek profile, the light curly hair, the Byron peak and all.

Imagine the emotions of your friend when to her secluded window-seat this very young gentleman was brought and presented as "Mr. John Trevalyan." If it wasn't just Trevalyan, it was quite as respectable a name. The John I'll stand by.

Well, he stood by me and talked to me for a bright woudrous half hour, precisely as though I had been a full-grown belle; and I, under the spell of this pleasant flattery, fell in with the little make-believe, and chatted away, quite at ease, and said something that was not really so bad. Yet, when I spoke, it seemed to me it was some one else talking—a second double. My very voice had an unfamiliar sound.

Mr Travalyan talked of poetry, art, music, and flowers, in a low, sweet, beguiling, particular way after the manner of his kind. He said, of all the fine arts, his enthusiasm was decidedly for sculpture, "so cold, so pure, so exalted," and he begged to know if I shared his esthetic preference. I suppose, if I had been properly trained, or a year or two older, I might have answered: "I am enraptured with music—Beethoven, Mozart, Henry Russell, and the Seguins; I dearly love art—Titian, Michael Angelo, and Benjamin West; but *I adore poetry*—Milton, Byron and N. P. Willis."

As it was, with a desperately honest impulse, I replied:

'I admire art and music, poetry, and all such things, but I don't know much about them yet. To tell the plain truth, my particular enthusiasm is—just horses! I suppose it's preverse and improper, and all that; but I do know something about horses, and I love them."

My hero smiled, in a beaming, indulgent way, and declared that he participated in my enthusiasm—that his love for horses amounted to quite a passion, and that he flattered himself he owned the fastest trotter in all that region.

'Ah! at that very moment, to quote from dear Miss Bremer, "our souls met."

Mysterious sympathy of passionate young hearts.

His eyes upon a nearer view, were gray, but their expression was full of poetic sensibility. They beamed with that tender deference, half wistful, half wicked, hardest of all looks for even "little women" to resist. I suspect the fellow knew it. They all do.

There was, now and then, a mysterious shade of sadness over his brow—an interesting, Lara-like frown, that come and went in that festive hour. I divined that, young as he was, he had had great thoughts and ambition, great sorrows and sins, or meant to have them, which was all the same.

At parting, he begged from my bouquet a sprig of geranium, which he placed in his button-hole "for remembrance."—Then he asked leave to visit me, which I graciously accorded. Then we murmured our adieu.

I went home with my head among the stars. *My* dear, absurd as it may seem, I really believed I had that night met my destiny, and met it on the whole, in a very satisfactory shape.

I did not know just when to look for my admirer, but I was ready for him, morning and evening. I grew strangely careful of my dress. I most assiduously brushed and curled my hair. I applied cosmetics to my sun-burnt face. I slept in kid gloves.

These alarming symptoms were not unnoticed by my tender mother; but she noticed that my manner had grown quiet and maidenly, and took great comport thereat.

Six days I waited in vain. The seventh—magic number! brought—not him, but a letter. It was a dainty-looking missive, all rose-tinted and gilt-edged. This was before the time of envelopes—a remote age bordering on the "Drift Period," you may think, in the insolence of your nineteen summers.

It was directed—this letter of letters—in one of those rearing Italian hands once so fashionable. It was sealed with lilac-colored wax, and the seal bore the motto—how well I remembered it, though I didn't in the least know what it meant then—of "*Toujours fidele.*"

With my heart beating into my finger-tips, I broke the seal—I opened the letter. The very first line was something startlingly unequivocal: "*My* dearest Love!"

Without waiting to read another word, I turned the leaf to look at the signature: "Oh, my prophetic soul!" it was "John Trevalyan!"

I made no copy of that letter, and found memory has been a little unfaithful in regard to the exact wording. I know that I read it with great satisfaction—in especial, a love-like inventory which it contained of my most amiable and admirable characteristics. There were things set down there that I had supposed known only to myself.

Toward its close the letter assumed a practical tone. 'I will, with your leave,' it ran, 'call on your father in a day or two. In the meantime, love, perhaps you had better confide our dear secret to no one, unless it is to you dear brother Tom."

Ah, heavens! the letter was not for me! Alas! I had no "dear brother Tom."

Providence had been bountiful in sons to our house. Our cup had run over with that particular sort of blessing, but the respectable name of Thomas had never struck my mother's roving fancy. At the baptismal font she had never given it in.

Fatal omission!

'Madam, you might have saved me from this.'

I rescaled that letter. I sent it with all dispatch, and a courteous apology, to my double, not my rival. I was wretched, but I could not be base.

Yes, she married my John. After that, I got no more of her letters, which was some consolation.

No, she was not pretty—even on her wedding day; but she was charmingly dressed.

John still lives. He has grown rich and stout. He has no longer the Byron expression; but the Byron peak on his brow is more pronounced than ever. Of all the beautiful enthusiasms of his youth, that for fast horses alone remains. He has, I believe, never been so unhappy or wicked as he promised to be, though, for a time, he fell into evil ways and was sent to the Legislature. My double has made several visits to Paris, and has grown fonder and more *au fait* of dress than ever. As she has no children, she gives her whole mind to it—"but that is not much."

I never could think her the companion for John in intellect and soul. I never, in truth, could help thinking that, if I had had her clothes—if I had had her brother Tom—it might have—but ah—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "it might have been."

Tomatoes twenty-five cents per bushel—that is, at Key West, Florida.

TO RESUSCITATE PERSONS APPARENTLY DROWNED.

It is stated that the lady and gentleman drowned at Atlantic City the other day could have been easily restored to consciousness if the most ordinary treatment in such cases had been followed. In such view it is not inappropriate to republish Dr. Marshall Hall's plain directions for resuscitation of persons apparently drowned. They are as follows:

1. Treat the patient instantly, on the spot, in the open air, freely exposing the face, neck and chest to the breeze, except in very severe weather.

2. Send with all speed for medical aid and for articles of clothing, blankets, &c.

I. To Clear the Throat.—3. Place the patient gently on the face, with one wrist under the forehead. All fluids and the tongue itself then fall forward, and leave the entrance into the windpipe free.

II. To Excite Respiration.—4. Turn the patient slightly on his side; apply snuff or other irritant to the nostrils, and dash cold water on the face, previously rubbed briskly until it is warm. If there be no success lose no time but apply the third rule.

III. To Imitate Respiration.—5. Replace the patient on his face. 6. Turn the body gently but completely on the side, and a little beyond, and then on the face, alternately, repeating these measures deliberately, efficiently and perseveringly, fifteen times in the minute only. (This number of thoracic movements per minute agrees with the natural order of respiratory thoracic dilations and contractions, corresponding with a slow movement of the heart, averaging something less than sixty pulsations per minute, and therefore merits due attention.) The rationale of the operation is this: When the patient reposes on the thorax, this cavity is compressed by the weight of the body, and expiration is promoted; when he is turned on the side this pressure is removed and inspiration is facilitated. 7. When the prone position is resumed make equable but efficient pressure along the spine, removing it immediately before rotation on the side. (The first measure augments expiration, the second commences inspiration.)

IV. To Induce Circulation and warmth. 8. Continuing these measures, rub the limbs upward with a firm pressure and with energy, using handkerchiefs, etc. 9. Replace the patient's wet clothing by such other covering as can be instantly procured, each bystander supplying a coat or waistcoat. Meanwhile, and from time to time, proceed to the fifth rule.

V. To Excite Inspiration.—10. Let the surface of the body be slapped briskly with the hand; or 11. Let cold water be dashed briskly on the surface, previously rubbed dry and warm.

SUICIDE IN DELAWARE.

The Wilmington (Del.) Commercial says that Mr. Carey, who shot himself a few days ago, in Sussex county, Del., is dead. The causes which led to the tragedy were of a domestic nature. His daughter, an only child, had married against her father's wishes, which caused the old man much uneasiness. He had himself for some time been paying attention to a young lady who is now in Philadelphia, and it is said they were soon to be married. His daughter, who is high-spirited and of a decidedly energetic disposition, did not fancy such an arrangement, and made vigorous protests. At one time hearing that her father was making a call upon the lady she went to the house armed with a shot gun and compelled him to leave, threatening to shoot both parties if the courtship continued. These constant threats frightened the old gentleman and he determined to give up the match. This led to threats of civil suit for breach of promise, and so between the two fires he led anything but a peaceful life. The consequence was the taking of his own life. The only family connections which Mr. Carey leaves are his daughter, a brother, (a well-to-do farmer, who lives near,) and two nieces. It is not thought that there is any will, in which event the entire property, amounting to sixty thousand dollars, will go to his daughter.

HOSPITALITY.—Hospitality is a good deal a matter of latitude, I suspect. The shade of a palm tree serves an African for a hut, his dwelling is all door and no walls; everybody can come in. To make a morning call on an Esquimaux acquaintance, one must creep through a long tunnel; his house is all walls and no door. One might very probably trace a regular gradation between these two extremes. In cities, where the evenings are warm, the people have porches at their doors, and this is, of course, a provocative to the interchange of civilities. A good deal which in colder regions is ascribed to a mean disposition, belongs really to a mean temperature.

☞ It is remarkable that Providence has given all things for our advantage near at hand. But iron, gold and silver; being both the instruments of blood and of slaughter, and the price of it, nature has wisely hidden them in the bowels of the earth.

"HANGING ON."

One was a parcel-boy and the other a cash-boy, and as they halted under an awning for a minute the parcel-boy asked.

'Do you get the same old wages yet?'

'Yes, just the same.'

'Haven't you been presented with a watch or a cane, as a token of esteem?'

'No—not a thing.'

'Don't the boss ever ask you up to a Sunday dinner?'

'Not a one.'

'Never comes around and asks your advice about the markets?'

'Never.'

'And he hasen't got a daughter to fall in love with you and threaten to commit suicide if she can't marry you?'

'No.'

'Well, I don't see why you stay there. It must be awful humiliating to a boy of your temperament.'

'So it is—it is just awful on me, but I'm hanging on in hopes of finding a five dollar bill on the floor and buying all the rock candy I can eat. Seems as if I could taste it now—yum—good-bye. Few people know how we boys suffer day after day.'

ABOUT THE FLY.

When a Congress street woman answered the door-bell yesterday she found a stranger on the step. He had a bundle in his hand, a smile on his face, and he said:

"Madam, can I sell you some fly-paper?"

"Does the paper fly?" she asked.

"No, but it makes the flies fly," replied the man.

"What do I want the flies to fly for?" she continued.

"Every fly, madam—" he was explaining, when she called out:

"I want you to fly! I can get along with flies better than with agents!"

"But I am not on the fly," he softly protested.

"Our dog is," she grimly replied, and so he was. He flew around the corner, the agent flew for the gate, the roll of fly-paper flew over the curb, and a newsboy climed a tree-box to be out of the muss and shouted:

"She flew, thou fluest, he flied, and I believe the dog got a piece of meat with that coat-tail!"

VARIOUS ITEMS.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us beneath those we hate.

Little children are the lilies of the valley of life.

It is easier to enrich ourselves with a thousand virtues than to correct ourselves of a single fault.

An English announcement is that "ladies, without distinction of sex, are invited to attend."

Whims are harder to remove than sorrows; for time, instead of weakening, strengthens them.

When you are in danger from external enemies, look out. When the peril is from your own unbridled passions, look in.

Let it be impressed upon your mind, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all civil, political and religious liberty.

The liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants.

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

The Germans say there are three armies that follow every war, and are disbanded only by death—an army of mourners, an army of cripples, and an army of thieves.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others. In other words "mind your own business."

When we see the shameful fortunes amassed in all quarters of the globe, are we not compelled to exclaim that Judas's thirty pieces of silver have fructified across the centuries?

It is the result of practical, every day experience that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck.

If infidelity wishes to shake the Christian's faith in a personal God, it must account not for the miracles of the first century merely, but for those of the nineteenth.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that, for us, is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.

According to the Scotch Roman Catholic Directory for 1877, there are in that country 285 priests, 252 churches, 124 congregational schools, and 22 convents. Fourteen priests were ordained in 1876.

A RIDDLE.—Without a bridle or a saddle, across a bridge I ride astraddle, and those I ride, by help of me, though a most blind are made to see.

Girl babies, from sixteen to eight years old, are extremely popular.

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