The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1880. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 52.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

At LOW PRICES, From

SAML. BURN'S & CO.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

LUMBER.

Thomas Matthews & Son,

Corner of Canton Avenue and Albemarle Street,

OPPOSITE THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOT, AND No. 88 NORTH HIGH ST., BALTIMORE.

White Pine and Yellow Pine Lumber for Building,

DRESSED LUMBER AND FLOORING,

SHINGLES, LATHS, PALES, etc.,

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS

WRITE FOR PRICES.

Examine and you will Buy

OEHM & SON'S

SPRING CLOTHING!

IN PREFERENCE TO ALL OTHERS FOR

Style! Durability!

Finish! Cheapness!

MEN'S, YOUTH'S, BOY'S, and CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS fitted up with NEW FRESH GOODS, carefully made, and of latest designs, which we sell at REDUCED PRICES; having bought and manufactured our entire SPRING STOCK before the recent advance in the prices of raw material and skilled labor.

GREAT BARGAINS

In All of Our Departments.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

☞ Samples and Self-Measurements will be sent free on application.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.

230 W. Pratt Street, } *Adjoining Citizens Bank.*
55 Hanover Street, }

April 1, 1880.

A COMPLETE RENEWAL

IN OUR STOCK OF

CLOTHING.

NEW GOODS—BOUGHT FOR CASH—MADE UP BEFORE THE ADVANCE AND OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC AT PRICES FROM

25 to 30 per cent.

LESS THAN PRESENT COST OF MANUFACTURE—PREPARED BY

A. C. YATES & CO.

THE LEADING AND POPULAR CLOTHIERS OF PHILADELPHIA, FOR THE

1880. Spring and Summer. 1880.

FOR THE BEST AND CHEAPEST CLOTHING CALL AT THE

LEDGER BUILDING, Chestnut & Sixth Streets,

THE FINEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

SAMPLES TO BE SEEN AT OUR AGENTS, W. WILDS, JR., & CO., CLAYTON, DEL.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD & BOYER.

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. 12 ,1880.

Apple, Peach and Pear Trees.

The Ground Must and Shall be Cleared to Make Room for Young Stock.

30,000 Peach Trees from $22 to $40 per 1,000!
25,000 Apple Trees $7 per 100 to $65 per 1,000!
6,000 Standard Pear Trees (mainly Bartlett) $18 per 100; 2,000 Dwarf Pear trees $18 per 100.

A lot of Ornamental Trees and other Nursery Stock equally low.

All from fresh blocks of my last planting; just come of saleable size, never having been culled or dug over before, and are of the best and most popular varieties. This is the chance you will have to buy reliable trees, the best kinds, at less than half the usual prices. I am about to enlarge my Nursery, and need and must have the use of the ground, is my reason for quoting such very low prices.

Write for Catalogue. Come and see the trees. I know I can sell to you.

☞ Two Horses, 1 Alderney or Durham Bull, and one light double-seated Carriage, (second-hand will answer) taken in exchange.

N. BARNARD,
STILL POND P. O. or Station,
March 4, 1880. Kent county, Md.

RAMBO LIME.

LAST year I purchased from Nathan Rambo the fine Quarry upon the lands devised to him by his father, the elder Nathan Rambo. It was out of this Quarry that the Limestone came which gave this Lime its high reputation.

This, and this only, is the

GENUINE RAMBO LIME.

I own ALL of the land on which this stone lies. This Quarry was discontinued only because a vein of earth cut off the face. I have cut through this and re-opened these Quarries upon the original stone which old Nathan Rambo quarried as long as he could find it.

WE CHALLENGE ALL TESTS.

R. McCOY & CO.

Robert McCoy bought of me my Blue Quarry—I have seen it since he re-opened it, and am satisfied that he works on the blue stone worked by my father in his lifetime.

NATHAN RAMBO.

This Lime will be shipped by railroad or water to all stations and landings in Maryland and Delaware. For Prices and Terms apply to

B. F. FLEMING, Chestertown.
Office Under Voshell House.

April 1, 1880—1y

FOR a good fitting and superior Shirt, try the PEARL—at STAFFORD'S.

BONES! BONES!—Highest cash price paid for raw bones, at KENNARD & CO'S.

Select Story.

THE SHE-EPICURE.

When honest Mr. Peter Jerring proposed for the hand of pretty Barbara Miffie, the young lady's father, a shy, care-worn man, cleared his throat, and said:

"My dear Peter, if I were selling you a horse you would expect me to inform you of any defects it might have, should you not?"

"It would be very kind of you to do so," answered Peter Jerring, civily.

"It would be my duty to do so," replied Mr. Miffie, in a sententious tone; and he sighed, "Well, I am not selling you my daughter, though I shall no doubt derive considerable pecuniary advantage from parting with her; but I feel bound in honor to tell you of her defects."

"Don't, don't," said love-stricken Peter. "You are, perhaps, a little exacting, as a father—h'm—has a right to be; I assure you Miss Miffie has no faults."

"None to affect her character, that I admit. Barbara is a good girl, and I daresay means well; but my dear Peter, Barbara is awfully greedy."

"Ah! is that all?"

"I am afraid you won't say, 'Is that all?' when you see the bill she will run up for you at the confectioner's and fruiterer's. Why, at school she spent all her pocket-money on sweets, and she got into debt besides. Haven't you noticed what a knife and fork she plays at dinner?"

"I have remarked that Miss Miffie has a good appetite, but I rather like to see that," said Peter Jerring with a laugh. "I don't like your namby-pamby girls who are afraid to own that they are fond of steaks and porters."

"If it were only a question of steaks and porter," moaned the sorrowful father, "However, I don't like to put you out of conceit with my girl. I have warned you, and that is enough. After all, you are a rich man, and can well afford to keep an expensive wife."

"I am not rich," demurred Peter Jerring. "But let us hope that I shall be able to keep a table that will satisfy my wife."

"Let us hope so," echoed Mr. Miffie, as if he felt rather desponding on the subject; and the consent to Peter Jerring's marriage with Miss Barbara having been thus given, the bridegroom expectant left his future father-in-law's study and repaired to the garden to join his intended bride. He found her among the strawberry-beds, holding in one hand a cabbage-leaf half full of powdered sugar, into which she lovingly dipped her strawberries as fast as she plucked them.

A most perfect sight this seemed to the amorous Peter, who was of a not unpoetical turn of mind. While he breathed his fate of love into Barbara's ear she went on eating fruit, and at the magic moment, when he implored her to be his, she gracefully gathered the biggest strawberry she could see (one almost as big as a small tomato), rolled it into the sugar till it was all white, and then offered it to her lover's lips by way of answer. "You bite off half of it first," was his softly murmured prayer.

She sweetly complied, and bit off the bigger half, then Peter ate the rest, and in a loving transport pressed the stalk to his white waistcoat, where it made a red stain. This, by a happy inspiration, he forthwith compared to his heart's blood, which he would always be ready to shed, said he, for the girl of his choice.

A month later the tender pair were married, and Barbara's appetite at the wedding breakfast left nothing to be desired.

Peter Jerring was a young man of about thirty, who had nothing to do beyond trying to amuse himself.—He owned a fine mansion in a country town, and before his marriage had resorted to many honorable expedients for killing time. He was lieutenant in the National Guards, Vice-President of a Society of Post-age-Stamp College, and secretary to a Soup Club. He was constantly busy about work which might well have been left undone; and, in discharge of machinary duties, he saddled himself with an amount of correspondence which would have appalled a solicitor. He spent quite $250 a year in stamping letters.

In taking a wife, he had cherished the unavowed purpose of increasing his tasks, by giving hospitality to numbers of persons with whom he was—to use his own term—"officially" connected—*e. g.*, his brother officers in his regiment, his fellow-committeemen of the Soup Club, and the various ladies and gentlemen who collected stamps under his auspices. As to these last, he rather hoped to become President of the Stampers, and to have the meetings of the club held at his house every week, coincidentally with a dinner and a party. As soon as his honeymoon was over, he said fondly to his young wife:

"My darling, I want you to manage a nice little dinner for twelve every Thursday evening. The President of our Stamp Club is getting beyond his work; if we feed the members of the board well, I daresay they will promote me to his chair next election day."

"You shall have nothing to complain of, love," answered Barbara, dutifully; and the fact is that she so schooled her cook, that her husband's Thursday dinners soon became things that were talked about reverently by all who were lucky enough to get invited to them.

Barbara Jerring spent a good deal of her time studying the divers cookery-books that have been published since the days of Mrs. Glasse, and she was an expert connoisseur in the science of roasting and boiling. A pretty woman withal; always well dressed and smooth-tempered, she had nothing in her appearance or manner that suggested an addiction to menal pursuits; and though visitors might call at a moment when she was anxiously engaged in rolling the paste for a pudding, they saw no traces of flour on her hands when she flowed into the drawing room, all spruce and smiling. She therefore passed as the model of a housewife, and her husband thought her such. To be sure the tradesmen's bills that he had to pay after he had been married three months seemed to him a little stiff; but then how well he had breakfasted, lunched, and dined in the meanwhile! Even to the 5 o'clock teas which Mrs. Jerring inaugurated and to the little "snacks" in which she indulged before going to bed—everything was perfect. Being of a somewhat dyspeptic habit himself, Peter Jerring had never fairly appreciated food of any sort until he had become a married man; but Barbara charmed his appetite, as it were. Her dainty side dishes would have tempted a monk out of his vows of abstinence on a fast-day; and what with the excellent buttered muffins of a morning, her entrees at noon, her tea-cakes at five, her *salamis* and *supremes* at dinner, her *consommes* and salads at supper-time, Peter gradually became conscious that he was consuming far larger quantities of nourishment than were good for him. He had first one attack of indigestion, then another, and he lost his slimness of waist. As for Barbara, she got plumper and plumper; and what is worse, the increase in her girth was accompanied by a corresponding decrease in her intellectual vivacity, so that a time arrived when she seemed unable to talk about anything else but eating and drinking. If spoken to about family affairs, she yawned, fidgeted, and answered in languid monosyllables; but if her husband, licking his lips, said:

"My dear, that is a savory smell of truffles coming up from the kitchen," she would rouse herself like a charger at the sound of a trumpet, and hold forth on the divers methods of accommodating the vegetable pearl of Perigord.

Now, this was all very well; but a man requires something more in a wife than that she should be able to expatate on the art of dishing-up food. Peter, for instance, having won the good graces of the Stamp Club by his Thursday entertainments, was growing anxious about his election to the Presidency, and devoted many arduous hours to the compilation of a memoir which was to be read at the next quarterly meeting of the club, and which treated of that exhaustive subject, "The growing scarcity of three-cornered Cape of Good Hope stamps," He had some reason to expect that his wife would take some interest in this composition which was to set the seal to his fame; but so far from doing so, Barbara, being one day in want of paper to cut out frills for some cutlets, carelessly abstracted the manuscript from his study, and clipped it with her scissors.

"I couldn't find any clean paper, dear," said she, artlessly, when caught by her husband in the very act; "but as we are dining alone, paper that has been written on wont much matter, you know."

"Won't matter?" roared Peter, his first shock of faintness culminating in furous wrath. "Why, it's the labor of three months you are destroying in that fashion."

"Oh, you can write the essay again; you are so clever," said Barbara, sweetly.

Peter was not appeased. This was his first conjugal tillt, and the accumulated bitterness of many months now burst from his lips. "I have much to complain of in you, Barbara," he cried, excitedly; "I saw you at the pastry-cook's again to-day at noon."

"Why, but I go there every day," she answered innocently.

"You go there to eat ices and sponge cakes at noon, when you lunch here at one! Are you utterly insatiable, then?"

"I don't know what that long word means, Peter; but it seems that I have every right to eat ices if they agree with me." Thus spoke Mrs. Jerring.

"Ah, and I daresay you think yourself entitled to consume sandwitches and buns towards three in the afternoon, when you are going to take tea here at five? Perfectly. And why not?"

"And to carry home bags of sweetmeats which you eat in the middle of the night when you awake. I caught you at that game last night."

"Well it's your fault if I wake up in the night—you snore so terribly loud."

"Better and better! Be saucy now," retorted Peter, indignantly. "But pray tell me now, where the money is to come from for all your gluttonous orgies?"

"From your pockets, I suppose," answered Barbara drily; for her dander was up by this time, and she spoke with the spirit befitting an outraged wife. Her retort, however, only exasperated her husband.

"I'll put you on short commons," shouted he. "We'll dine off plain roast and boiled with a pudding, like others of our station; and you shan't see an entree except on Sunday. As for truffles—"

He stopped short, for Barbara had cowered under the unmanly threat, and was shedding bitter tears. One is sorry to add the consequences of Peter Jerring's roughness did not end here, for Barbara's heart and stomach were such tender allies that any attach on the latter wrung all the chords of the former, doing deadly injury. At dinner that evening, the aggrieved wife's eyes being all swollen with weeping, she could eat nothing. She sat looking mournfully at soup, fish, and entrees, but when the roast came on the sight was too much for her, and she fell down in a swoon. Alas! that swoon was apoplexy; and when the doctor arrived post haste, he could only certify that poor Mrs. Jerring was dead.

One can imagine the awful self-upbrainings of her husband.

* * * * * * * *

He took his bereavement, indeed, so much to heart, that he forthwith resigned his vice-presidency of the Stamp Club and his secretaryship to the Soup Committee. How could he bear to talk of stamps or to think of soup, remembering all that had passed at his last interview with Barbara? He abandoned himself to preparations for his wife's funeral; and by way of rendering a graceful homage to the poor departed one's proclivities, he resolved that all friends who attended that sad ceremony should be regaled with a stand-up luncheon.

Speaking to his cook in the mortuary chamber, Peter Jerring discussed the arrangements for this banquet in a tone of suitable gloom.

"We must have *foie gras* sandwitches. She dearly loved those, and so do I," said he sadly.

"Shall I put much mustard in them, sir?" asked the cook.

"I suppose so; isn't it usual?" he asked.

"Well, poor missis never let me do so, sir. She said it wasn't the thing. However, there's room for two opinions about that."

"Ah, well, it's I who rule now, so we'll have mustard," said Peter Jerring.

"Never!" cried an emphatic voice, that seemed to come from the nether world, and poor Barbara wrapped in her shroud, sat bolt upright in her coffin. She had only been in a catalepsy, and the heresy of mustard with *foie gras* had given her a shock which brought back life. "Never, never," repeated she, with flashing eyes; "and mind, an ordinary loaf wont do for these sandwitches, you must have new French rolls."

"My darling!" ejaculated the penitent husband, overcome with emotion, and he dropped on his knees; but at the same time he did not forget to turn to the cook and say: "Bring up a snack; your mistress must be hungry!"

Since then he has abandoned himself to his fate.

"The mere lapse of years is not life; to eat and drink and sleep; to be exposed to the darkness and light; to pace round on the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life.

In all this but a poor fraction of consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate; the death which startles us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest acts the best;
And he whose heart beats warmest lives the longest,
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps, as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—*God.*
The dead have all the glory of the world."

A NEGRO'S ELOQUENCE.

The Dallas (Tex.) Times recites the details of a case that certainly presents some of the most remakrable features known in the history of jurisprudence in this country. This occurred at Waxahachie during the last term of the Ellis County District Court. A colored man was indicted for entering into a conspiracy to murder. He was brought on trial, the evidence was strong, and, in spite of the good fight made in his defense by his attorney, he was convicted. A motion for a new trial was made, and the Judge, seeing that no error of law was made, and believing the evidence sufficient, promptly overruled the motion.—When the prisoners were brought in to be sentenced, this negro was among them. When asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he said he knew anything he might say would have no weight with the court, as all the forms of law had been complied with, and he must go to the Penitentiary, but that he had something to say for the benefit of his colored friends, and, with the permission of the court, he would make a few remarks. The court told him that he would listen. The negro started off slowly and deliberately, reviewing the testimony, showing the inconsistencies of witnesses' statements, and then, carried away with the idea of the wrong done him, he burst forth in a strain of eloquence seldom heard. When he sat down the Judge said: "Sam, I thought you guilty; I don't believe so now, and will set aside the judgement overruling your motion for a new trial and give you another chance." So eloquently had the negro presented his case that the County Attorney dismissed the case, and the prisoner walked out of the court room a free man. This is the first case in Texas, at least, where a man brought up to be sentenced was ever turned loose. Every person present says that the effort was the finest one ever heard. The negro is uneducated and a common field-hand.

Said the Arkansas man: "I respect religion, but can you fairly expect me to attend church when there is a circus in town demanding support?"

A Mansard roof is an architectural bang.

A BIG HOOSIER.

John H. Craig, known as the "Hendricks county giant," is in Indianapolis on his way to join a circus in Minnesota. A talk with him brings out the following facts; He was born in Kentucky, near Frankfort, and has lived near Danville most of his life where he owns a fine farm. Mr. Craig was at the Centennial Exposition, and while there was presented with a fine badge costing $125 by the Knights of Pythias, of which he is a member. In the inscription the lodges of Red Men, Knights of Pythias, and Independent Order of Odd Fellows all credit him with being the largest member of those orders in the United States. Mr. Craig is 6 feet 4 inches in height, weighs 720 pounds, measures 64 inches around the chest; around the waist 78 inches; hip, 86 inches; thigh, 56 inches; calf, 28 inches; arm, 20 inches.—There is considerable trouble sometimes in measuring him for a suit of clothes. While being measured for a coat yesterday by a tailor the latter had to measure part of the way around him, and then chalk it and take a fresh start. Twenty-one yards of cloth are required for a suit. His hand is very small, only a No. 8 glove being used, and a No. 9 shoe covers his foot. His hat measures 7⅞ inches. He cannot sleep in an ordinary bed, and requires two chairs for a seat. His muscles are hard and he possesses immense strength. While traveling over the Allegheny Mountains, during a recent trip, he sometimes stalled the horses while climbing up the steep sides. Mr. Craig is very jovial, wealthy, and takes things easy, is kind-hearted and noted for his benevolence. His wife is very large, weighing 307 pounds, is only 5 feet 2 inches in high, and measures 98 inches around the waist.

THE POWER OF A CYCLONE.

In discussing the two cyclones which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliott, meteorological reporter to the government of Bengal, incidentally gives some idea of the cyclodean forces which are developed by such storms. The average "daily evaporation" registered by the Bengal instruments in October is "two inches." The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large a area as the Bay of Bengal is enormous. "Roughly estimated," said Mr. Elliott, "it is equal to the continuous working power of 300,000 steam engines of 1,000 horse-power." A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft over 45,000 cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay, and transport it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of this whole Indian gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yet it would be easy to show that such figures, fabulous as they may seem, do not adequately represent the cyclone forces of a single storm.

SHARP CRITICISM ON LORD HARDWICKE.—The presiding judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia is guilty of some remarkable criticisms on the ancient law givers, and yet for strong sense and an intuitive sense of justice and equity there are few administrators of the law who are his equal. Recently a counsellor was presenting his points to this judge, when something, in the course of reading from a decision, struck the judge as being outside of his own idea of "the law, and the equity and right of the matter."

"Whose opinion did you say that was?" demanded the judge.

"Lord Hardwicke's' your Honor," was the reply.

"Why, he is *as fierce as a buck rabbit!*"

And after the applause of the audience, the argument proceeded to something else.

LET GIRLS LEARN

To be pure in mind and heart.
To be modest in demeanor.
To be helpful at home.
And then there are less vital things that they should learn; as
To sew neatly.
To do simple cooking.
To buy with economy.
To dress with taste.
To read aloud well.
There are many other useful and ornamental accomplishments within the reach of most girls, but those which we have given are indispensable.—*Our Mothly.*

But three months have scarcely elapsed and yet a Philadelphia girl is already disgusted with leap year. The other evening as she began, "Will you"—her young man, without waiting to ascertain whether or not she was going to propose, sprang from the sofa, rushed off and has carefully avoided the house ever since. And yet, aware that she possessed a very large mouth, she was merely about to ask, "Will you please shut you eyes while I gape?"

"No," exclaimed Mr. Penhecker; "no, madam, I object most decidedly. Once and for all I say it—the girls shall not be taught foreign languages."

"And why not, pray?" exclaimed Mrs. Penhecker, with withering sarcasm.

"Because," said Mr. P., with more withering sarcasm; "because Mrs. P., one tongue is enough for any woman!"

Mrs. Penhecker responded not.

A worthy couple in a Massachusetts town had lost their only daughter and were deeply depressed. As they sat one evening in the drawing room, heaving sighs at intervals, the wife remarked:

"Well, George, there is one consolation. Situated as we are, we could never have gotten Jane into Boston society."

All Sorts of Clippings

The Ohio idea—get off ice.

Good country butter—an old ram.

What is Edison doing in the dark?

Likely to get beaten soon—carpets.

Under our greatest troubles often lie our greatest treasure.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

A mere matter of form—cutting a dress.

The Edmunds boom died before it got out of New England.

An appeal to the understanding—"wipe your feet."

Love can excuse everything except a missing shirt button.

A good deal of the courage of the world is carried about in demijohns.

There are about 2,000,000 Hebrews in Russia.

The sheriff is an individual of strong attachments.

A cat's mouth is like a free show; open to waul.

Breach of promise is now regarded as contempt of court.

Dreamers are ever poor because they yearn more than they earn.

The soda-water fountain will soon begin to fizz. Let spray so.

What kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery, of course.

Why is the letter D like a sailor? Because it follows the C.

Everything good in man leans on something higher.

True honor is to honesty what the court of chancery is to common law.

The man who preserved silence must have had a candid tongue.

Brocatelle is a stylish and durable new stuff for overdresses.

The man that is always around the Hub must be a spokesman.

Ruby and dark red fabrics have a richness that delicate tints lack.

It is put up or shut up with the great American umbrella.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy.

A good batter can be made of buckwheat flour, but a good catcher cannot.

It makes Eli Perkins mad to hear an English cockney call him Helie Perkins.

A dairyman could furnish clean milk if he would only strain a pint to accommodate you.

It is rather odd that the Smith family have neglected to erect a monument to Pocahontas.

In Leadville never say "Colonel," but "Senator, shove the bacon." Colonels are too thick.

A poet calls the humming bird a winged emerald "by swiftness turned to golden mist."

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

As large a demand is made on our frame by nature as can be made by miracles.

Why are fowls fashionable birds? Because they always appear dressed for dinner.

An artist painted a cannon so naturally that it "went off" at a very good price.

A man is never so much a master of himself as when he has given himself up.

Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness by goodness.

In the birth of Christ humanity felt the first pulsation of the fatherly heart of God.

The faith which looks forward is far richer than the experience which looks backward.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.

Peace is the final result toward which every conception of true living in Christ should tend.

A dog that won't run from an elephant will break his back to get away from a tin can.

The best of the world, its best pleasures, its best honors, its best wealth, belong to the Christian.

The world is full of compensations. The more prices go up the more we have to come down for everything.

It is a wise fly that knows the difference between oleomargarine and butter.

Theodore Thomas gives Cincinnati up as a city devoted to politics and pork-packing.

Pasteboard shutters are now made in imitation of wood. This is merely for a blind.

The too humble man, who insists upon calling himself a worm, ought to be used as a bait.

The Boston Post says that the man who was run over by the cars experienced silent joy—mute elation.

All men able to lie are liable to do so. George Washington could not tell a lie when he saw it.

The thing to do is to look ahead. A blind man can see the mistakes that are behind him.

"My burden is light," remarked the little man carrying a big torch in the procession.

General Le Duc wants to be regarded as the deadly foe of the grasshopper.

The Queen of Italy is a good-hearted woman and wears No. 6 shoes made on a wide last.

What's the use of a college student kicking foot-ball for five years only to graduate as a lawyer?

Mary Walker calls the place where she hangs her clothes, not a closet but a pantry.

"My vocation," said a Justice of the Peace, "is truly one of the fine arts."

A man should fear when he enjoys only what good he does publicly. Is it not the publicity, rather than charity, that he loves?

Public Local Law

OPERATIVE IN KENT COUNTY.

CHAPTER 114.

AN ACT to better regulate the time and manner of taking and catching fish in the waters of Chester River and its tributaries lying within the counties of Kent and Queen Anne, in this State.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to take, capture or destroy fish in the waters of Chester River or its tributaries in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, by seines, drag-nets, set-nets, fish-baskets, fish-pots, weirs, pound-nets, fykes or any other means or contrivance whatsoever, which is now known or used in the capturing or destroying fish, or which may hereafter be invented for that purpose, from the tenth day of May to the first day of September, except with hook and line, provided, however, that seines or nets may be used for the taking of taylors and mackerel fish, provided the meshes of such nets or seines are in the bar not less than one and seven-eighth inches, or in the mesh less than three and three-quarter inches.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons who use stakes or poles in setting nets of whatever class or description, in the waters mentioned in the first section of this act, to leave such stakes or poles in the waters where they were used, but shall remove, or have removed such stakes or poles from the waters where they were used, on or before the twentieth day of May in each year, nor shall they again be put down in said waters prior to the twentieth day of September following.

SEC. 2. *And be it enacted*, That for any person or persons, in said waters, in the first section of this act, to empty their seines upon the beach or shore at any time whilst engaged in fishing, so as to leave the smaller fish to perish, but to empty the same in water of sufficient depth to enable the smaller fish to return to the waters for growth and maturation, and any person or persons using seines, pound-nets, fish-baskets, fykes, traps or nets of any class or description that catch the fish alive, shall immediately cull them and return the small fish to the waters at the place where they were taken.

SEC. 4. *And be it enacted*, That no person or persons, other than the bona fide residents of Kent and Queen Anne counties, shall use any boat or trap of any kind or description used in catching fish in the said waters of Chester River and its tributaries in said counties; provided, however, that persons owning or occupying lands in said counties on said river and its tributaries, shall have the right to rent or otherwise grant to non-residents the privilege of fishing in or opposite their shores during the fishing season hereinbefore limited and fixed; and further provided, that the right to take fish with hook and line shall be allowed to all persons at all times.

SEC. 5. *And be it enacted*, That upon the information of any citizen of either of said counties, that he knows or verily believes that any person or persons have violated any of the provisions of this Act, before any justice of the peace of either of said counties, the said justice of the peace shall docket a case in the name of the State of Maryland against such person or persons so charged by oath as offending, and issue a warrant at once to some one of the constables or the sheriff of such county, for the arrest of the party or parties charged in said oath with such violation of this Act, to be brought before such justice for trial, and said constable or sheriff shall seize the boat, tackle, nets or equipments owned by or in the possession of such person or persons so charged with the violation of this Act, when such violation occurred, or at the time of such arrest, and safely keep such property so taken during the time pending the trial for such offence so charged, and if upon such trial the justice of the peace shall enter judgment for the State, such person or persons against whom such judgment shall be rendered shall be fined not less than fifty dollars for each and every offence, in the discretion of said justice of the peace; one-half of which fine shall be paid the informer, the other half to the school fund of the county where such judgment is rendered, and if such fine is not paid within five days from the date of said judgment, the said justice of the peace shall, on the sixth day thereafter, enter judgment of condemnation against the boat, tackle, nets, or other equipments of such offender which had been seized by the officer aforesaid, which said boat, tackle, nets, or other equipments shall, after ten days' notice, be, by the said officer, sold to the highest bidder for cash, and from the proceeds of such sale shall deduct the fees allowed constables upon executions, the costs incident to such trial and judgment, together with such expense as such officer may have incurred in the taking and keeping of such property, and shall then divide the residue between the informer and the schools of the county equally, said officer not to be liable for any damage or loss of said property while in his custody which may occur without fault on his part.

SEC. 6. *And be it enacted*, That if any person or persons convicted of offending against any of the provisions of this Act shall think himself aggrieved by such conviction, he or they may appeal from the judgment of the justice of the peace before whom such conviction had, at any time within ten days from the rendition thereof, to the circuit court of the county in which the trial was had. If any resistance be made to the officer directed to execute this Act by any person or persons offending against the same, the said officer shall summons the posse commitatus and proceed therewith without delay to excute his duty under such warrant. The justice before whom such offender or offenders shall be taken shall have full power to issue summons for all witnesses that be named to him, to compel their appearance and to examine them under oath.

SEC. 7. *And be it enacted*, That all Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent with this Act be and the same are hereby repealed, and that this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY That the aforegoing is a correct copy of Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

Approved April 10th, 1880.
MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
Secretary of the Senate.

April 24, 1880—3t.

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