

and three young children, was a popular favorite; and his tragic end caused a great excitement all over the country. Mr. Wise was generally blamed for having litigated the fatal encounter; certainly, he did not endeavor to prevent it. [CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

REMINISCENCES OF ELKTON.

Another Letter from the Gentleman who Resided Here Many Years Ago.

VINCENNES, Ind., July 3, 1880.

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Mr. Emron:—I resume my scribbles about Elkton. And by the way, I am strong in the faith that Indiana this fall will claim a rather conspicuous place in the Republican column. Politically, I am glad to say that the hand that writes this never cast a Democratic ticket. No, sir; and never will!

Although I helped to build a log fort at Frenchtown, I was too young for the army; but my father, Captain Sample, served some two years in the war of '14. With my mother and the children I used to scamper off to John Thompson's, near Newark, when the cry was given, "the British are coming," and remain away till the alarm subsided. I used to help to make cartridges up stairs in a small room in the academy, run bullets in Peter Miles' blacksmith shop, and carry food to my father while at the fort at the Landing; and more than once scampored with my mother and other women up the road by Allpin's mill. Once, I remember, when a number of the women were assembled there north of the creek, one of the Andersons—Jim, I think—came skulking along, going to the country, seeking safety in flight, the women tried to shame him back to the fort. But, no; he acted on the principle that "ho that skulks and runs away, may live to fight some other day." Those were days of alarm, and I remember well of seeing the smoke when Havro de Grace was burning. Those were perilous times. England will hardly ever try this country any more.

But my purpose in this communication was more particularly to speak of persons and things about Elkton. I certainly have a good memory for one now nearly eighty. But so it is, I doubt not that there are several persons about Elkton, if I could see them, who could, with me, recount many things which I have forgotten. I wonder if any one there remembers Boylo & Mackey, who used to keep store in a little frame building in the Hollow, not far from Billcan's saw yard. They were Irishmen. Mackey had a little son some four or five years old, named Boyle, and taught him, when naked his name, to answer Hugh Boylo Mackey, Esq., attorney and counselor at law, Elkton, Md. I remember with great distinctness the tall and dignified appearance of Rev. William Duke, an Episcopal minister. He and Hetty, his daughter, lived on the west side of the street as you go from Main towards the academy. There were two brick houses there—one a residence, the other he taught school in. In the Hollow was Billcan's saw yard.

But what most particularly I wanted to state is this. I spoke in my last of the marshes opposite Elkton, on the south, being covered with rushes in those days and overgrown with every kind. There was abundance of a small bird called rail. A gentleman named William Hollingsworth lived there—a perfect gentleman. He was in full health; was, in fact, consumptive. He was in the habit of going out at high tide in a little boat; having some one to row, while he sitting in the bow would shoot the birds as they arose from the rushes to fly away. He kept his boat locked when not using it, down near where the bridge is, and a family by the name of Miller, who lived in a little house just against the bank, took care of his oars. The Miller family was of a very low order and had three girls who were notorious. George Casden, if living, could tell you more of them than I can. Tom Giles used to be the clerk of the court, a worthy man, who did little jobs for people when necessary; was of that class of Englishmen who always crucify the letter "h," and put it to death when it should live, and supplied it in the wrong place—went one morning to get Mr. Hollingsworth's skill to take a hunt, and going to the door was met by Mrs. Miller, when this scene took place: "Good morning, Mrs. Miller." "Good morning, Mr. Giles." "Is Mr.

now a year since you will care to see a little about the matter that disturbs you to-day, and kept you awake last night.

Perhaps your eye is caught by some brilliant speculation, and if you are ready to take the venture, you may make your fortune in a day. "Let it lie over" till you have time to consider it, for you may come to ruin in a day. The whole thing may have a very plausible look, the maps and pictures may be very attractive, and the reports of experts highly satisfactory; but you had better wait and find how much those beautiful maps and pictures signify, and what the testimony of the experts is really worth. There are ten men who come to grief by jumping too soon, where there is one who suffers from a reasonable delay.

You may be in such a position that you are exposed to applications of various sorts from persons seeking aid, agents soliciting subscriptions, and the like.—The cause which you are asked to patronize is declared to be one of unquestionable merit and immense importance; the book that is thrust upon you is a work "which no reading man can afford to be without," and so you are wheedled into giving for an object that proves to be a sham, or buying a book which is mere trash. How often one says to himself, "what a fool I was to be humbugged in that way!" and very probably the next morning he is caught in some foolish trap all because he did not let the thing "lie over."

In every cautious matter we ought to move slowly and cautiously. Business engagements are formed in a hurry and repented of at leisure. Matrimonial engagements are entered in the same way, for which there is no place for repentance. In many cases the temptation to act at once and just as the feelings dictate, is almost irresistible. We sling back the contemptuous word, and in a moment of passion strike a blow at the heart of those whom we best love, which an hour later would give worlds to recall. It is a great accomplishment when one has learned the art of holding his tongue where silence is the truest wisdom, and of doing nothing where inaction is the safest course. The word *Procrastination* has a bad taint, although it means nothing but "the putting off until to-morrow," which is sometimes the wisest thing we can do.

But not always; there are cases in which it is bad to let things "lie over." The sooner they are disposed of, the better. If you have a disagreeable and inevitable duty to perform, it is well to have it through with as soon as possible. It will grow more and more formidable the longer it is deferred. As you brood over it day by day, and allow it to take possession of your night-visions, the mole-hill will grow into a camel. If you have got to take the cold plunge, the longer you stand shivering on the bank the more unnerved you will become.

The habit of "putting things off" is one that grows upon a man imperceptible and rapidly. Some persons never do anything in the morning which it may be possible for them to do towards night, or anything to-day which can be done on the morrow. If they have a note to pay they always wait till the last moment of grace. If they have letters to answer, they let them lie until most of them are outlawed. If there is a leak in the roof, they defer repairs until the house is half rotted. If there is a hole in the dam that ought to be stopped, they wait until the dam is carried away.

No one can estimate the harm that may be done by just letting things "lie over." Many a man puts off making his will because "he can do it at any time," until it is too late, and then his property all goes just where he was most anxious it should not go. A lucrative office is offered to a young man, and he lets the application lie over for a day or two, when he finds that another has stepped into his shoes. The farmer lets his crop lie over, and by the time he is ready to take it to market the crop is spoiled. The

man you treat "em the better it is for both. Some can be coaxed, some must be punished, some need watching, and once in a while you will find one which will dodge danger, keep her time and run herself while you dream of the curly heads tucked up in bed at home."

CAB AND TENDER.

"Ho's in the dumps because his locomotive has been 'off' for three or four days," said a railroad man at the Union depot, the other day, as he pointed to an engineer who looked as sour as any dyspeptic.

"How off?"

"Go and ask him."

It took a quarter of an hour and a cigar to clear the cloud from the engineer's face, and then in reply to the query said: "It is a queer thing. There's my engine, one of the best on the road, in perfect order, only two years old, and able to run or pull with the best of them. A month ago I hadn't the least bit of trouble in making time, no matter how the track was or the weight of the train.—She was ready at the word, held her steam beautifully, and she seemed to understand every word I said. To-day she is down in the round house, growling and spitting, and acting as if she wanted to pick a fuss with a gravel pit."

"Anything out of gear?"

"Not a thing. She's been looked over twice, and we can't find the least excuse for her conduct. She'll get over it in a day or two, perhaps. If she don't we'll punish her."

"How?"

"Put her before a freight stock train. I've seen it tried a dozen times, and it most always works well. Here she is now, bright as a new dollar and handsome as a picture, and I'll bet fifty dollars that there isn't the least thing out of order. She's simply sulking, the same as a child or a woman, and I know what started it. Three weeks ago, while on my run in with the night express, she just wanted to light right out for all she was worth. She took the bit like a running horse, and if I hadn't choked her off she'd have beaten schedule time by twenty minutes. She acted mad right away, and in running twenty miles she gave me more trouble than I had ever had with her in a run of three hundred. She lost steam, tried to foam over, choked her pumps, and when I wanted more steam she'd slide on her drivers. She was right back on me that night, and has been sulking around ever since."

"Do all engines do this?"

"Not all, but many of them. Some of 'em begin to cut up and get on their high heels the first day out of the shop, as if determined to 'be master; while others will be as obedient as you please for two or three years, and then all at once play with you at some rusty trick. People say that a horse is next to a man in point of intelligence, but I sometimes think the locomotive ought to have the place. We engineers do not look upon them as machines, but almost as companions, and I've known drivers to talk to them by the hour. I feel awfully down in the mouth about my pet."

"Is there no way to bring her back to good temper?"

"I've seen engineers on the Erie and other roads take a sulking locomotive out on the rails and bang her up and down and slam her around till she was as humble as pot pie, but our plan out West here is to degrade 'em. I'd hate to see my pet pulling a hog train over the rails on which she has drawn a big passenger train fifty miles an hour without a skip, but she'll have to come to it or behave herself."

"Is this your first experience with a sulking engine?"

"No; it's my third. Six years ago when I was running out of Chicago, west, I had ten years added to my age in about two minutes. I had a fine re-

ly patched and somewhat curtailed in length, it has not yet outlived its usefulness, and will probably live to do honor to the election of James A. Garfield in November next.—Eureka Leader.

A Beautiful Tribute to Woman.

At the Annual Sabbath School Convention held in Somerset county, in this State, the Rev. G. D. Buchanan in his address paid the following beautiful compliment to the worth of woman:

"It is the personal experience of every civilized man, who has lived since the world began, that no influence which God has ever seen fit to breathe upon mankind at any stage of his existence has been so efficacious in all that tends to the perfection of human character as that of woman. Truly it may be said: 'the hand that rocks the cradle moves the world.' To the mother is comided the training of the child, and the years of childhood are those in which character is formed. At the mother's knee the first lessons of life are learned. The character of the mother by every relation she sustains as such, is imparted and indelibly impressed upon that of the child. It has been said by an ancient and illustrious philosopher, that 'a child of six years of age has learned more than it will ever acquire thereafter,' and in most cases this is probably true. The bulk then of the acquisition of those six years is merely a reproduction in the child of a corresponding part of the character of the mother. Fortunate then it is for the human race, that woman is endowed with those finer traits of character which has made life beautiful and the mind to eagerly grasp for culture and refinement; the embellishments which adorn reason and beautify the grandest achievements of science and art. The volaries of science and art, too, receive their inspiration from the finer mind of woman. 'We would indeed have been beasts without you, O Woman!' But the misison and influence of woman is not ended with the child, nor is it confined to the mother. The influence of woman is seen and felt throughout life. The gentleness of her nature, the beauty of her person, her magnanimity and her superior moral nature, dazzle the admiration, command the respect and engage the affections of her more selfish and less wooling companion—man. The character of woman is the loftiest conception we can form of the perfection of human character, when we shall have passed to the realm of peace beyond the grave.—The influence of woman is so gentle, so conciliatory, so opposite to all that is harsh and rude in man's nature, yet so consistent with his ideas of that which is worthy of his admiration that he is lead a willing captive to higher realms of thought, to broader fields of usefulness and a higher sphere of happiness than would otherwise be within the range of his capabilities. Whenever you see human suffering, there you will see the tear-moistened eye and alleviating hand of woman. Whosoever you see the soul weighed down by the vicissitudes, cares and sorrows of life, you will hear the sweet, consoling and inspiring voice of woman, and you will see the reflection of the sunshine which lights up her face.—Whosoever you see men groping in the blackness of moral degradation, there, through the gloom, you will see the fair form of woman leading the way 'out of darkness into light.' Whosoever you see desolation of poverty, there you will find charity clothed in the habiliments of woman. Whosoever you hear the groans of the sick and witness the gasps of the dying, mingled therewith will come the holy agent of woman as she lifts up her voice in their behalf, to Him who hath power to heal the sick and raise the dead. Were the influence of woman withdrawn all that is noble in man would soon perish and his misison in life would be lost in the terrible wreck that would ensue."

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JUNE 25, 1881

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Old Tom Miles was a noted man in his day. He came up to a man one day in court who had his hat on and requested him to remove it. The man did not do it. Miles said, "If the Court please, I have a man who won't take it off." Miles was near sighted. "Perhaps," said the Judge, "the man is a friend."
"Quaker, well, if even, he has nettie buttons on his coat any way."
I would like very much to enlist some one in Elkton, man or woman, to correspond with me. I am old, the trip, but my money brings the light of other days around me. I hope I will not be thought presuming when I say that I am a Methodist and have been for nearly fifty years. This reminds me that Isaac Wilson became a Methodist shortly before I left Elkton. Can any one tell me about him. I remember the Rev. John Sharples, who was a local Methodist preacher and a good one, and came there from Baltimore. T. J. S.

"that way" and very probably the next morning he is caught in some foolish trap all because he did not let the thing "lie over."
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The writer for the *Ledger* lets his articles lie over until the printer is clamorous for copy, and that is the last time he is allowed to figure here.

The Story of a Flag.

The first flag raised in Baroka in honor of the nomination of James A. Garfield was hoisted over the Eureka House by Messrs. Ammond & Long. Many ob-

she is down in the round house, growling and sputtering, and acting as if she wanted to pick a fuss with a gravel pit."
"Anything out of gear?"
"Not a thing. She's been looked over twice, and we can't find the least excuse for her conduct. She'll get over it in a day or two, perhaps. If she don't we'll punish her."
"How?"
"Put her before a freight stock train. I've seen it tried a dozen times, and it most always works well. Here she is now, bright as a new dollar and handsome as a picture, and I'll bet fifty dollars that there isn't the least thing out of order. She's simply sulking, the same as a child or a woman, and I know what started it. Three weeks ago, while on my run in with the night express, she just wanted to fight right out for all she was worth. She took the bit like a running horse, and if I hadn't choked her off she'd have beaten schedule time by twenty minutes. She acted mad right away, and in running twenty miles she gave me more trouble than I had ever had with her in a run of three hundred. She lost steam, tried to foam over, choked her pumps, and when I wanted more steam she'd slide on her drivers. She was right back on me that night, and has been sulking around ever since."
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"Not all, but many of them. Some of 'em begin to cut up and get on their high heels the first day out of the shop, as if determined to be master; while others will be as obedient as you please for two or three years, and then all at once play with you at some rusty trick. People say that a horse is next to a man in point of intelligence, but I sometimes think the locomotive ought to have the place. We engineers do not look upon them as machines, but almost as companions, and I've known drivers to talk to them by the hour. I feel awfully down in the mouth about my pet."
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"I've seen engineers on the Erie and other roads take a sulking locomotive out on the rails and bang her up and down and slam her around till she was as humble as a pot pie, but our plan out West here is to degrade 'em. I'd hate to see my pet pulling a hog train over the rails on which she has drawn a big passenger train fifty miles an hour without a skip, but she'll have to come to it or behave herself."
"Is this your first experience with a sulking engine?"
"No; it's my third. Six years ago when I was running out of Chicago, west, I had ten years added to my age in about two minutes. I had a big passenger engine, and we were the best of friends for over a year. One day when we were booming over the country at forty miles an hour, I saw a farmer's team stalled at a highway crossing. He had a big load of wood on his wagon, and the team was a pair of young horses. When I first caught sight of 'em they were danching up and down and not trying to pull a pound, and the old farmer was on top of the load and putting on the whip good and strong. Now I honestly believe that engine wanted to smash things. She suddenly increased her speed, and when I reversed and put on the air brakes, she plunged and kicked and almost jumped the rails. When I started up again she was sulking, and I had all I could do to make time. She was off all next trip, but I wouldn't give in. On the next trip she showed her teeth, and they had the gleam of a lantern of death.
You see I had orders to slide track at a

philosopher, that "a child of six years of age has learned more than it will ever acquire thereafter," and in most cases this is probably true. The bulk then of the acquisition of those six years is merely a reproduction in the child of a corresponding part of the character of the mother. Fortunate then it is for the human race, that woman is endowed with those finer traits of character which has made life beautiful and the mind to eagerly grasp for culture and refinement; the embellishments which adorn reason and beautify the grandest achievements of science and art. The volaries of science and art, too, receive their inspiration from the finer mind of woman. "We would indeed have been beasts without you, O Woman!" But the mission and influence of woman is not ended with the child, nor is it confined to the mother. The influence of woman is seen and felt throughout life. The gentleness of her nature, the beauty of her person, her magnanimity and her superior moral nature, dazzle the admiration, command the respect and engage the affections of her more selfish and less woolly companion—man. The character of woman is the loftiest conception we can form of the perfection of human character, when we shall have passed to the realm of peace beyond the grave.—The influence of woman is so gentle, so conciliatory, so opposite to all that is harsh and rude in man's nature, yet so consistent with his ideas of that which is worthy of his admiration that he is led a willing captive to higher realms of thought, to broader fields of usefulness and a higher sphere of happiness than would otherwise be within the range of his capabilities. Whenever you see human suffering, there you will see the tear-moistened eye and alleviating hand of woman. Wherever you see the soul weighed down by the vicissitudes, cares and sorrows of life, you will hear the sweet, consoling and inspiring voice of woman, and you will see the reflection of the sunshine which lights up her face.—Wherever you see men groping in the blackness of moral degradation, there, through the gloom, you will see the fair form of woman leading the way 'out of darkness into light.' Wherever you see desolation of poverty, there you will find charity clothed in the habiliments of woman. Wherever you hear the groans of the sick and witness the gasps of the dying, mingled therewith will come the holy accent of woman as she lifts up her voice in their behalf, to Him who hath power to heal the sick and raise the dead. Were the influence of woman withdrawn all that is noble in man would soon perish and his mission in life would be lost in the terrible wreck that would ensue."

Land and Water gives the following account of a curious operation recently performed at the Zoological Gardens in London: "One night one of the lions was observed to be in a state of great tribulation, rolling about and trying to get something out of his mouth with his paws. Upon examining the animal Mr. Bartlett found that a great bone had become a fixture in the poor brute's mouth. The difficulty was to remove it, as the lion was in a fearful temper. This was done by getting the lion into a 'whiffling den,' where his face would not be very far from the bars. It was then ascertained that the object in the lion's mouth was the spongy, round bone, as big as a cricket ball, which forms the hip joint of the horse. The lion had had a part of a haunch of horse for his dinner, and in amusing himself with the bone, first got his upper large canine tooth into the soft part of the bone and biting on it, the corresponding canine tooth in the lower jaw

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