msa_sc2901_scm1621-0431 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising.

VOL. 23.—NO. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862. WHOLE NO. 1177.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office, Masonic Hall, Court House Green.

JAS. H. PLUMMER & WM. B. USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, *payable in advance.* If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS will be *invariably charged.* No subscriptions received for less than six months.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be published three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in the same proportion.

Advertisements inserted for three months, six months, or one year, at moderate rates.

CARDS not exceeding five lines will be published three months for $2.50; six months $4; one year $7. Six to ten lines—three months $3; six months $6; one year $10.

Job Printing.—Having added to our Office an extensive assortment of New and Beautiful JOB TYPE, we are prepared to execute every description of Job Printing, at short notice, and on very reasonable terms.

Select Poetry.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MAN.

BY JUNIUS.

What constitutes a man?
Not wealth's resplendent show or beauty's smiles
The rosy cheek to scan;
Not mansions grand, with spires, and sculptured tiles
That glitter in the sun;
Not fashion's richest garb or merchant's store;
Not office, where thousands run
With flattering incense to adore.

Not friends, with anxious care
For ev'ry ill the human heart can feel;
Not pride, with haughty air
That steals the selfish will against appeal;
Not power, known to few;
Not eloquence, attentive crowds to draw
Inspired by doctrines new;
The ill-timed off-spring of a "higher law."

No—these make *not* the man.
A soul imbued with love of truth and peace,
A heart for ev'ry plan
Through which erroneous strife may cease,
'Tis this, that makes the man.
'Tis this that brings eternal happiness;
That holds secure the strand
Of union, amity and justice.

The Showman at Home.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

If Stonewall Jackson will get religion and come over to our side, I'll give him ten dollars a month out of my own pocket.

We hear very much about great plans of battle. The only plan of battle should be—*to lick 'em.*

Onless there's different management right off, the American Eagle will have to disguise hitself as a Shanghi Rooster and make tracks for Canady; while the Goddes of Liberty will have to go out doin' gin'ral housework at two dollars a week.

As for Pope I can only say that I like poetry a good deal better than I do his gin'ralship.

A hansum young gal in our town was sot-up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with scissors in his vest pocket—I mean a dry goods clerk—and the young gal's mother, hearin' sothin' pop, arose from her couch, under a impression that her oldest boy, who was given to friskyness, was holdin' a wild revel on the root beer in the west room. But on openin' the door she diskivered it was huggin' and kissin' which had awoken her from her peaceful repose. "My daughter, O my daughter!" this fond parrint did cry, "oh that I should live to see this doings in my own house!"

"I know, dear mother," said this sweet village madin did unto her mamy quickly reply, "that it is quite unproper, *but its orful soothin!*"

So the subscriber isn't quite sure that it's right to speak so freely as this about public affairs, but it kinder soothes him to do it.

It's now the sweet, and season of the year gentle Ortum. My little daughter is singin an entirely new song called "Listen to the Mockin' Bird." Guess you hain't got it in New York yet. She's been a singing it to me about all the time day and night for the past four weeks. I think I'm goin' to like it. But I can't tell until it has become somewhot familiar to me. Yes, this is Ortum! And is it not sad to think that the leaves now so beautiful and green, will soon wither and fade? Is it not? I'll bet 'tis. My family and I and several nabers sot round the fire (for its coolish up here) the other night. There was the School master, the two Miss Balkinses, the editor of the Bugle Horn of Liberty, Mis Sary Peasly, and a few others. Mis Peasly is an old maid, but tain't her fault. It gin'rally taint in these cases. And before I forgit it, let me tell you a little story, and let me call it "Mis Peasley's Revenge."

Mis Peasley was once betroughed to a young feller which was engaged into mercantile pursoots. He said he thought all the world of her, and stated that onless she consented for to be his'n, he should lose all relish for vittles, and his dead corps would be found floatin' in the river some fine mornin'. Mis Peasley rekiprocated his pretended love, and, like a good girl, as she was, she said his people should be her people, and that wheresoever he wentest, she would likewise wentest with him. But she never wentessed. The false lover went and married a rich young gal, with a temper like winegar and crab apples. She made him mis'ble by her cuttins up, which it pleased Mis Peasley. But she wasn't sufficiently revenged as yet. She bided her time, and it came. The mercantile man got religion one day, and it was given out that he would be baptized on a certain Sunday, with some other converts. A large crowd assembled to see baptismal, and as the minister was leadin' the mercantile man into the lake, Miss Peasley stepped up and gave him a large bar of yellow soap. The minister was so astonished he scarcely knew what he was about, he took the soap in one hand and the mercantile man in the other, and marched into the water. The convert's wife stood among the crowd on the shore of the lake at the time, and bein' as it has allus been supposed, actooated by a spirit of cussedness, hollered out as loud as she could holler, "That's right: Give him a good washin' Mister Minister!" Mis Peasly went home. Mis Peasly was revenged.

As I observed, we all sot there before the fire; and presently we was jined by my full and efficient orchestry. Her Yawcub Ven Skimmerhorn. He plays the hand orgin in my show, and to my mind there's no sweeter music than flows from an orgin, altho' I do not myself grind, I remember composin' a Dirge on my step cousin's death, with a chorus, which I sung with marked effect accompanied by the orgin.

My orchestra is a gigantic German, and can lick a yardful of wildcats without sweatin' a hair. He'll bear lettin' alone about as well as any man I ever saw. So I told him if he heard any man smaller than he was talkin' secesh to gently toss him into the lake, and then pull him out. He said he'd do it, and I kinder reckoned he would.

"Where has my Yawcub been?" I said. "Dutchman! what of the night?"

He has been sousin secessionists in the lake.

"That's quite right," I said. "Don't let the horse drink there for a day or two. Your conduct, Yawcub, pleases me. So you put the vile secessionists in the drink, did you?" and I larfed at the idee.

"Yaw," he said, "I buts dem all in.—Dey schqueal like ter tam!"

The door here opened, and Mr. Skimpins the village lawey, entered.

"How are you, Skimpins?" I said risin' to greet him.

He was a picter to behold. His hat was off, his hair looked like a parcel of drown-did rats, and his garments was soakin' wet.

"Why, bless me, Skimpins, I'm afeared you're wet!"

"Oh! you are, are you?" he replied; "well, perhaps I am a lettle moist. Your big Dutchman there has been throwin us into the lake pretty lively this evenin! He said it was your orders to duck all secesh-ers: an my tellin him I was a Union man, he said that wouldn't save me onless I took the oath of allegiance in Dutch!"

"He has a fine appreciation of American humor!" said the editor of the Bugle.

"You've carried this a lettle too far, my forrin friend," said I, "and I must supersede you, altho' I may give you a mountin department. If you shouldn't happen to like a mountain department, you can retire to Gloucester, Massachusetts. It is necessary," I said, "to put the foot down firmly once in a while. I shall adapt new views. What I do about things I do it about'em, and when I don't do I don't do it, not much, I don't. My wife don't neither."

"What's the matter with the old fool?" inquired Betsy, laying down her knitten work and comin to me.

"The giant intellect wanders!" murmured the school master.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Skimpins, who was ringing the water out of his coat-tails, "perhaps it's sothin with sugar into it."

"Neither," said I. "My mind is clear. I'm told I'm honest Old Abe! I'll tell you a little story. When I lived——"

"Ha!" cried the Editor of the Bugle—"a dispatch! a dispatch! and he tore a paper from the telegraph boy, who stood in the door way. "It's from Washington. Washington is safe!"

"It *must* be safe," I said, "I don't care whether there's a gun in Washington or not. Let all the men we've been sending there for the past year and a half just lay down on the outsquirts of the town, and it will take the rebel army six months to climb over them! Yes, I think Washington is safe."

"The affairs of the nation," said the school-master, "are conducted with signal brillance."

"Whichunce?" I asked.

"Brilliance, Sir—brilliance!"

"You speak skarcasticly?" said I.

"I do. Why don't the Gov'ment use the negroes. Why not make make'em useful in every possible way? The rebels make'em shoot at us—why shouldn't we teach 'em to shoot at the rebels? Admitten' for argyment's sake, that negroes isn't superior to horses and asses—don't we work our horses and asses?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied, "we work our horses, but we put asses *onto em!* That's what makes us so sick!"

"I think I see it," said the schoolmaster. "We ain't very well, that's a fact."

"No," I replied; "and I'll say this; "if with our vast advantages, in almost every respect over the South; if we, a great free nation by ourselves, can't wollup the foe till he yells for mercy, then I'm goin to Mexico, where they have a stable Government, and the rest of you had better take suthin warm and lay down! But, my friends, never despair of the Republic.—We air about to try it on again with a army big enough to grind to powder—a army to be led, let us pray by *one* good man. Better or braver troops never fit than ours. They've done *their* duty. God bless em! But they've had too many bosses. The only trouble with our splendid army has been *Bad Bossin.* This is to be reformed hereafter—and so hoory for the old flag! May it soon fly over every State with all its wonderin stars come back agin, as in the happy old time! That's worth fightin for—it's worth dyin' for! Young man enlist right off. Air you afered it'll spile your beauty? Let me tell you that the best and prettiest girls in this country air hereafter going to be courted by fellows on crutches, who have done great things in battle, and you chaps who staid at home in your country's dark hour won't stand no more chance of gettin' one of 'em than Jeff Davis does of goin' to heaven in a balloon! Enlist—enlist! In the language of Hamlet's daddy, "list, oh! list!"

And it bein' late the company dispersed.

HOME.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

I recall a home like this long since left behind in the journey of life; and its memory floats back over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts toward whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains—humble and homely—but priceless in its wealth of associations. The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings, the woodpile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim blue haze upon the retiring mountains—all these come back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eye.

I sit again in the door-way at summer night-fall, eating my bread and milk, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys upon the hillside, calling or driving homeward the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious way of the dusky night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to the measured note and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the earth. Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the bay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open doors—open to the soft south wind of Spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces looked half human to me, as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate, while drop by drop the dissolving snow upon the roof drills holes through wasting drifts beneath the eaves, down into the oozing offal of the yard. The first little lambs of the season toddle by the side of their dams, and utter their feeble bleatings, while the flock nibble at the hay rick, or a pair of rival weathers try the strength of their skulls, in an encounter, half in earnest, half in play. The proud old rooster crows upon his dunghill throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest, and tells to her mates and to me that there is another egg in the world.—The old horse whinnies in his stall and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof and think of last year's swallows, soon to return again—and hear the tortious of their musical morocco, as it wraps their young, and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening that gave them egress and ingress. How, I know not, and care not, but that old barn is part of myself—it has entered into my life, and given me growth and wealth.

But I look into the house again, where the life abides which has appropriated these things, and finds among them its home. The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man in middle life—though very old he seems to me—takes down the well-worn Bible, and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knee, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around. I do not understand the words, but I have been told that they are the words of God, and I believe it. The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down, and the man prays. I fall asleep with my head in the chair, and the next morning remember nothing of the way in which I went to bed. After breakfast the Bible is taken down, and the good man prays again; and again and again is the worship repeated through all the days of my golden years. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement, as I bend over my school-tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetens every little success—all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven and straying, had lost my way.

For the "Kent News."

I Would not Live Forever.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I would not live forever,
No "blow me" if I would;
Where "fancy men" can't manage things
"As once they used to could."
Now, when I was a youngster,
The old folks used to think
There was no harm in any man
Taking a social drink;
But sentiments have altered,
In these degenerate days;
And everything and everybody
Have got contrary ways,
And they would make us mortals here,
Our favorite drinks discard,
And make us quaff their *water, soft,*
For fear we'd drink *too hard.*

I would not live forever
In this dark world of sin;
Where people seem to *take* a pride
In *taking* each other in,
And if a stranger stares about
With eyes out of his sockets,
He's sure to *pick* some straggler up,
Who is sure to *pick* his pockets.
Then, who would live upon this sphere,
With such a motley crew,
Who seem as if no work they had
But that of watching you?
Not I for one, and I think that all
From such would like to sever,
And join in saying I would not live
Upon this earth forever.

Baltimore, Md.

A WAIL FROM THE REBELS.

The following article from the Charleston Courier, a paper which was much less anxious to enter upon the sea of war than its cotemporary, the Mercury, when the long-sown seeds of the rebellion first began to sprout in that hot-bed of treason, shows the depth of the misery brought upon the Southern States. It says:

The continuance of this contest involves increased suffering. The evils that follow in the train of this calamitous visitation grow more direful with every day. Other hearts than those now aching with anxiety and bleeding from bereavement are rent with grief, and the friend who sympathized with some afflicted one yesterday, today weeps bitter tears over his own sorrow. The iron is driven the deeper, and our burdens become more and more heavy. And though more than eighteen months have passed away since the strife was begun, the end seems more distant than it appeared to be a twelve-month since.—Hope after hope has gone out in darkness, and expectations we had fondly cherished have turned out to be miserable delusions. So often have we been disappointed and deceived, that now our faith rejects every promise and turns away from every sign. Our foe is as active and determined and powerful as ever he was, and the agent that was to compel foreign nations to intervene and put an end to this wicked and infamous contest, has not been potent enough to accomplish that end.

We stand alone. Vasts hosts are mustering to repeat in stronger force and with more obstinate courage the attempts that have been made, and strongholds hitherto unattacked will soon have to bear the most furious onslaughts the enemy, with his wonderful resources of ingenuity and material, is capable of making. To frustrate his well-conceived plans, to repel these terrible attempts, we have to depend entirely upon ourselves. The foe will do his utmost; military genius and knowledge, the boundless credit of the Government, the best mechanical skill—mind, money, muscle—have all combined to insure success.

And while these tremendous efforts are being put forth—while our homes are darkened by the shadow of the death angel's wing and our bosoms wrung with anguish—while we are enduring grievous privations and hardships, and our soldiers are almost naked, we stand alone.

It is true foreign tongues mention our name with respect and admiration. It is true our fortitude and gallantry have received abundant reward in glowing words of praise and in warm heartfelt wishes for success. But sympathy and admiration have afforded no substantial assistance, and all unaided we brace our nerves for the dreadful conflict.

What Vattal, the most reliable authority on the Law of Nations, says of Traitors.

A traitor has been in all ages the most infamous of men. His crime is esteemed in baseness and the exhibitions of a detestable nature more heinous than murder. Here is what Vattal in his Law of Nations says of him:—"If every man is obliged to entertain a sincere love for his country, and to procure it all the happiness in his power, it is a shameful and detestable crime to injure that very country.

He who becomes guilty of it, violates his most sacred engagement and sinks into base ingratitude; he dishonors himself by blackest perfidy, since he abuses the confidence of his fellow-citizens, and treats as enemies those who had a right to expect his assistance and services. We see traitors to their country only among those men who are solely sensible to a base interest, who have an immediate value for none but themselves, and whose heart is capable of every sentiment of affection for others. They are, therefore, justly detested by the whole world as the most infamous of all villians."

THE following words have been added to the oath which discharged State prisoners are required to take before their release is granted—"And that I will not at any future time commence, or cause any action or suit against the officers of any loyal State, or of the United States, for causing my arrest or imprisonment."

[From the Baltimore American.]

Release of the Maryland Prisoners.

The time having arrived when the Government may be considered as safe in exhibiting its leniency toward those who have made themselves obnoxious by their disloyalty to the Constitution and the laws, the opportunity is taken to return the Maryland prisoners to their State and to their families, with the simple admonition "go and sin no more." That the occasion called for their arrest and removal from a community in which their presence was dangerous to the public peace and the National safety, at a most critical period, will be the conclusion of all acquainted with the facts; and that for the part they took in sympathizing with and seeking to aid a great rebellion they have been leniently dealt with, we need only consult the histories of other Governments, in like perils, to feel assured of the fact. It is a matter for congratulation to all concerned that, with our State, now, the great danger may be considered as measurably passed. When these parties were arrested the most terrible revolution of any age or country impended over us, and it seemed as if but a spark was needed to fire a magazine here, threatening all with destruction. Open in their determination to precipitate the State into that revolution which has devastated our neighbor, Virginia, the Government had no alternative but to arrest the evil in its very inception; and whilst it is possible, and probable, indeed, that the most guilty were not seized upon and removed by the Government, it is at least apparent that the step taken was necessary and fully justified by the terrible exigency which was upon us, and that our rulers could have erred but slightly, if at all, in letting the blow fall when and where it did.

If there was doubt in the first place as to the wisdom of the policy pursued by the Government, the last shadow of doubt has been removed long since. From that date to this our community has been measurably quiet; saved from those terrible convulsions and disturbances which elsewhere have been fraught with the most horrible bloodshed and suffering. If there are those who, in their forced seclusion, have nursed the idea that they were needlessly the victims of a "military necessity," and if such will only look backward and compare the present fortunate position of Maryland with that of other States with whom we were to have been dragged into a rebellious alliance, even such men should now acknowledge their former mistake.

The Courting of a Sharp Man of Business.

Potts is a sharp man, a man of business tact, and when he goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Potts, like all men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately, Potts said to himself: "I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh! Mr. Potts, that is an affair in which I am not so greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Potts, "you are interested, and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed, hesitated, and finally, as Potts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Potts responded:

"Well, well, I'll look about, *and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back.*"

HOW TO BE HAPPIER.—Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him:

"I have lived on this farm over a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I am now. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be happier, I must have more religion."

A WOMAN'S mission, as the word goes, is to make home happy; a man's to find the means wherewith to do it. Woman's work should be, as woman was herself, the completion of all labor. From her must come those final touches and culminating graces which make a dinner of herbs a pleasant banquet, and a cottage starred over with jessamine a palace of contentment.

HOW TO CURE A FELON.—When one of these painful torments appears on the hand apply a piece of rennet soaked in milk to the affected part, and renew the application, at brief intervals, until relief is found. The rennet may be obtained of any butcher. It has been tried in many cases, and it has never failed to afford relief.

Winter Employment of Farmers.

The sullen winds of winter will soon begin to howl around the farm-house, and then the careful farmer who has made ample preparations in the fall for cattle and poultry, wood pile and coal-house, will have some leisure to be employed in laying in a stock of knowledge, meditating on the experience of the past year, correcting errors, improving the good, and be ready to begin in the spring the toils of husbandry with better chance of success. There seems to be an antipathy among farmers in some localities against book-farming and learned farmers, thinking that it is only necessary to plow, and sow, and reap, without any regard to the manner of sowing, provided it is in the right time of the *moon, the signs,* &c. But there are other signs of good farming, apart from moon and stars. And well-filled heads of grain are apt to accompany the farmer's well filled head. Farming should be one of the exact sciences, instead of the may or may not be crop lottery, that it now is through ignorant negligence of a majority of the tillers of the soil. The long winter evenings ought to be employed in gaining useful knowledge. Agricultural chemistry should be a part of the study of every man who would thrive by the plow. It is necessary to know the why of vegetable production. If a field fails to produce a certain kind of grain, the farmer should know what is lacking, and apply the remedy. Chemistry will furnish the desired information; and he who fails to consult it must not be surprised if his crops fail and his farm become a barren waste, instead of a fruitful garden. Let farmers employ their evenings in the study of Nature, and they will find their time is well spent. Their sons and daughters will be none the less fitted for the active duties of life by knowing the component parts of productive soil—the reasons for every step taken in manuring, plowing, and sowing lands. "Knowledge is power;" then how great must that power be in the hands of a class of men who must sustain, by their industry and success, all animal life. You who drive the plow, hold the destinies of nations in your sturdy grasp. Then be not content with your ability to turn a furrow. Great men have been taken from the plow to guide, lead and counsel in the affairs of States, and have proved themselves worthy of the trust. There is nothing degrading in the occupation of a farmer, and he has nothing to be asbamed of but ignorance. If any class of men can boast of independence, it is surely the farmer.

CURING BACON.

The English have a method of curing bacon, which they call "Dry Salting."—Those who have eaten it know its excellent qualities. A correspondent of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette* gives the operation of making good bacon, which he has followed successfully for the last thirty years. He says:

"I slaughter my pigs in the morning, cut them up and salt them the same night, taking out the two shoulder veins, which is very important. I get the best saltpeter I can; I use about one pound to a three hundred weight pig, more or less, according to size. I just rub a little on the skin side, and sprinkle it on the other side, carefully putting it on the ends of joints or bones; then lay it in a tub, the hams first, covering them thoroughly with fine salt; then the sides, and so on until all is done, finally covering all over with the salt. I let it lie three weeks; then hang it up to dry. I never have any more trouble, and never had bacon by any chance. I always pound and dry, by fire, salt and saltpeter before using."

A FRANK ADMISSION.—Billy Ross is a great temperance lecturer, and at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you musn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead?" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me—did you ever in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir! lots of them!"

"And where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"*Us boys!*"

Billy was thunder-struck for a moment; but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

THINK OF IT.—Out of debt, every sixpence you get ahead is your own; you may look on it with unalloyed sensation of right to save it or spend it, to turn it in any fashion it is equal to. But in debt, your money is not your own. It belongs to him to whom it is due, to him who patiently toiled for it—earned it.

WILLARD'S Hotel in Washington is making a profit of $1,000 per day. The proprietor bought the property for $75,000