

# The Index.

VOL. 1

TRAPPE, MD. DECEMBER 15, 1873.

NO. 4.

## Poetry.

### Playing School.

Six in a row on the doorstep there,  
Nice little schoolma'am, prim and fair,  
Funniest noses, dimpled chins;  
Listen awhile! the school begins.

"Classes in arithmetic, come this way!  
Why were you absent Mary Day?  
Now, Miss Susan, what's twice four?  
Maybe it's seven, maybe more.

Johnny don't blow in your brother's ear  
Stop it! or I must interfere?  
Say your tables—now begin;  
'Tables' might come dropping in!

"What would they ever say to us,  
Finding the school in such a fuss?  
Baby Johnny, how is that?  
D-O-G, dear, don't spell cat.

"Terrible boy! your face is red—  
Why will you stand up on your head?  
Class in spelling, that will do;  
Here's 'sterficates' for you!"

Faces as pure as the morning sun,  
Voices that ring with harmless fun  
Sweet is the lesson you impart!  
Sweet! and I learn it all by heart!

Six in a row on the doorstep there;  
Nice little schoolma'am prim and fair,  
Free of the world, and all its pain;  
Would I could join your school again?

JOINTS IN CHURCH.—A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncounted grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me: 'Sir you have made a great mistake. That young man was an idiot.' Since that I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church lest I should repeat that mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

From the Houston, Texas, Mercury.

### Steve Thurston's Chance.

BY TOM CAXTON.

There was something half sad, pathetic, half inviting, something like the traces of the look men's faces wear who have made a mistake of life, in the face of Steve Thurston that September morning when I found him, beneath an arching sycamore, on the bank of the little river, flowing close by Ansley. As he looked up from his fishing, a bright sheen of sunlight stole down between the throb of the russet leaves above, and lighted up a part of the upturned face, giving it the expression I have tried to describe. I joined him in his sport, and we grew together in sympathy, until he had told me of his life, then and now.

It is so much like the life many of the young men about the villages of Texas, are living, and gradually moving to, that I give something of it here; and I give his way of telling it:

"I don't like to say it, Mr. Caxton, but I've lost my chance in life. These rough clothes, these careless habits, the sprinkle of grey in my hair, all tell me that I've missed making life, what it ought to have been to me," and as he told me this, he turned his face away towards the water rolling by, and his eyes had that steady, far away look, when the thoughts are pushing back into the past, and the ear catches old hear sounds, in the long ago. A question from me, brought him back, and he resumed his story. "I had as good a start in life as any one ought to wish for. I had health, was strong and robust, and they all said I was the smartest boy in the school at Ansley, the village over yonder, where I was born, and raised and lived to this. My father had kept a little store, but just before I was seventeen he died, and

and when his affairs came to be squared up there was only the little homestead and a few hundred dollars left for mother, Mary and I. We gathered in the little sitting room one morning, soon after this settlement, and talked of plans for the future. How strong I felt that morning, why, I can feel it even now, strong to shape out a future for my mother's sake, and when we separated I was to seek work in the village, and Mary was to teach, after a time. Mary was soon after married, and moved to a Southern State, where she now lives, a happy, contented wife.

I went down the street that morning and one of my father's friends offered to take me in his store. He was a good business man and told me that I should have to commence at the bottom of the ladder, that I should do errands, and rough work for a while and then grow up to the business. Right there, I lost my chance. This I supposed soon a man of experience wanted me to be a thorough merchant, and foolish pride in Steve Thurston said, never, and from that day to this I have stayed along most any way. I had a few dollars, and before this was gone I got married to a poor, but good girl, an orphan, and if there is one thing more than another that I hate to think about it is the miserable life I've given Martha.

I lived along from hand to mouth, doing an odd job now and then, falling deeper into slovenly, lazy habits, and here, I am content with fishing. Sometimes I have laid awake nights, hearing the rain drops on the roof, and resolved to be more a man, but with the morning came the old lazy, wait-awhile, habits, and I went back to sit in the village store, shop or billiard room. My mother never entered a complaint, and died loving me, and Martha toils the day long, and her face always wears a sweet smile. When I was a young man, and had good clothes, provided, I hardly know how, I used to think it was so nice to have no thing to do, but go about and see the girls.

I see now that all these days I was letting my chances slip, and it was this that brought me to what I am, to day, almost a by-word for the people of the village.

But, it is no use now to complain, I don't blame any one but myself, for what I am; but I do hope that the young men now growing up will take warning by me, and not let the chance of becoming men go past."



# The Index.

R. T. Mullikin,.....Publisher.

Trappe, Md.

DECEMBER 15, ..... 1873.

## TERMS.

50 cents, per annum, in advance.  
Advertisements inserted, on reasonable terms.

### THE MOAN OF A MIDDLEMAN.

I am one of those dreadful people who live by extorting from the farmers their hard-earned profits, I am a useless, worthless being, whose labor adds nothing to the wealth of society, an incubus upon and a curse to industry. I am well aware of this, for I have been told it very often, until at last I have come to believe it. And here is my confession: I would reform, but that is impossible. I have a large young family, and have been in this unfortunate business for so many years, and have grown so old in this iniquity, that I cannot now change. I live in the country, but am not rich enough to own a farm, and get my living by buying produce from the farmers and shipping it to the city markets. I am a poultry, egg, and butter dealer, and sometimes I buy hides and calf-skins, and wool. I have a good deal of money invested in my business; if I were to get all my debts collected, which is very improbable, and sell my horses and wagons I might own three or four thousand dollars. I have worked over 30 years to save that, late and early, in cold and wet, and have lost in bad debts, during that time, at least an equal amount. I pay cash for everything I buy from the farmers, and here is my crime. What I buy from them I sell again at a higher price. I admit my guilt, but, in extenuation, I would plead that I must do so to live, and that my living is an absolute necessity to the farmers of my neighborhood; for I am upon the road all day, collecting my poultry, eggs, &c., and get up long before daylight, when the farmers are all snug in bed, to pack my stock, and take it to the depot for shipment. I do this for a hundred farmers at least, who are my customers, and how are they to do it for themselves, I would ask? Then I send my stock away, and have to wait many weeks before the money comes back, and not seldom I lose quite a sum by the failure of a dealer in the city, who goes under in a panic. Then again I am often docked, and lose weight on my stock, for my customers will feed the fowls a lot of dry corn, and let them cram themselves, and leave a pail of water in the chicken house, so that when I weigh the fowls they have each at least a pound of soaked corn in their crops, which I pay 10 cents a pound for; but of course that is loss to me, and how can I make it up but by paying less for the poultry. I often have addi-

ed eggs get in among the fresh ones, because the farmers don't like to waste the nest eggs, and being honest farmers cannot bear the cheat themselves, not even out of a rotten egg. Then when I go home and candle the eggs, I have a few dozen to throw away. Besides I have to sort over the wool, and pick out the dirty tags which farmers will put in the middle of the fleeces, and shake the dust out of the hair of the hides, just because the farmers will drag them about in the dirt, and that makes them heavier, all of which extra weight I pay them for. I know I am guilty of all the farmer charges me with. I get a little out of him and a little out of those to whom I sell, but I think my case admits of some extenuation; for I must live, and if I were to put myself out of the way, which perhaps would be the best thing to do for such a poor worthless fellow, who is going to gather up the chickens and eggs, and other things for the market? I would get out of the way if I could, but I can't, and that's what's the matter; and the farmers' wives, too, never let me pass the door but they call for me and say "Mr. Snyder" (or Jake if they are well acquainted), "I've got some poultry I want to sell, when can you come and get them?" Now if Jake Snyder was to come up missing some fine day, who is to do the business? So after all they need not be so hard upon a poor middleman.—[Jake Snyder. N. Y. Tribune.

### THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

The new TRIBUNE building, now in process of erection in New York, will be a most ambitious structure, far overtopping everything else in that part of the city. A painted picture of it shows the largest newspaper office in the world, as well as the highest building in New York. It is nine stories and 190 feet in height; and on top of that there is a huge tower—upward of 100 feet more, and in its architectural design reminding the beholder of some of the lofty and picturesque spires seen in some of the old cities of Europe. The building fronts on Nassau-st. 91 feet; on Spruce-st. 100 feet, and on Frankfort-st. 29 feet. Depth of main building, 168 feet; height of tower above foundation 285 feet. The materials are stone, brick, and iron, and the building be fire-proof. Its cost, exclusive of the site, is \$1,000,000.

### Married.

GLANDEN-BERRIDGE. On the 25th. of Nov. by Rev. E. H. Hynson, James Glandon to Mrs. F. A. Berridge, both of this county.

Use KEMP's favor-  
ing EXTRACTS.

### TAKE NOTICE.

The subscriber having erected a new MILL HOUSE, is now prepared to saw all kinds of Timber, at the shortest notice, and low terms. A discount of 25 per cent for cash.  
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### Confectionary.

The subscriber keeps constantly on hand a full stock of CAKES, CANDIES, FRUITS &c Also TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS.

oct'73-1f D. CHAPLAIN.

### PHILIP SCHUHMAN.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKER.

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Roofing and Spouting on reasonable terms.  
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R. T. MULLIKIN,

TRAPPE, MD.



# The Index.

DECEMBER 15, ..... 1873

## LOCALS.

The concert given by the Choir of the M. E. Church, on Thanksgiving evening, was a decided success. The net proceeds amounted to about \$15.00.

It is understood that they are to give another concert, on the evening of Christmas day.

The house and lot belonging to the estate of Captain Sped. Seymour, deceased is advertised for sale, by R. R. Butler, trustee.

The sale to take place in front of the Post Office, Trappe, Saturday January 3rd. 1874.

The Jno. F. Kemp house and lot will be sold on the 6th. of Jan. at Easton.

Mr. I. D. Clark has set out, on the edge of the side-walk, in front of his residence, a number of shade trees.

A great improvement to that part of of the town.

Thomas E. Lloyd Esq., a most estimable citizen, died at his residence in Trappe, last Thursday afternoon.

He had been sick for more than a year, and had just got well enough to attend to business, when he was attacked with erysipelas, of which, after two weeks suffering, he died.

He was a consistent christian, and a prominent member of the M. P. Church.

He leaves a wife, and a son about sixteen years of age, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his death.

Mr. Charles W. Haddaway, made a large shipment of poultry from Harrison's corner, last Thursday for the Philadelphia market. Poultry is lower in the city markets now, than it has been for a number of years.

Subscribe for the INDEX.

## DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN

Delia Mackey a coloured woman, said to be over 100 years old, died a few days ago, in this district. She was very active up to within a short time of her death, though her mind had been somewhat affected, for some time before her death.

R. R. Butler, Esq. has been appointed Magistrate for this district, in place of Samuel B. Merrick, Esq. elected County Commissioner.

A good appointment.

On Saturday night Dec. 6th. a horse belonging to George Jenkins, a coloured man living near this place, was stolen from where he had hitched him after riding to town.

He offers a liberal reward for him.

Mr David Chaplain has just returned from the city, with a nice stock of Christmas goods, consisting of Notions, Confectionaries, Toys &c.

Call and see him

Mr. James M. Parrott, slaughtered a hog this season, 20 months old, which weighed 470 lbs.

Who can beat it?

## THE MOST

### Acceptable Present

You can make your

Wife,

Mother,

Sister,

or Friend,

FOR CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S IS THE

A. B. HOWE SEWING MACHINE

In price it is within the reach of every body.

None too poor to own one,

None too rich not to need one.

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W. F. MADDUX, Agent

R. J. DAWSON.

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at their popular store.

They are offering A FINE FALL STOCK, comprising, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, HARD-

WARE, QUEENSWARE, WOOD-WARE,

STONEWARE, GROCERIES &C. &C. &C.

Which they are offering at their usual low figures.

Would like for all to come and examine. No trouble to show goods—whether you buy or not.

A fine stock of

## CLOTHS

and

## CASSIMERES,

from the cities of PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE just received.

Their usual pretty line of

PRINTS.

A large stock of SHOES for

LADIES and GENTLEMEN

WINTER BOOTS,

LARGE STOCK! SMALL PRICES!

The latest styles in

HATS & CAPS.

The cheapest and fullest line of

UNDER-SHIRTS.

GROCERIES, CHEAP!

Highest market price for Country Produce.

Dawson & Boyle.

TRAPPE, MD.



# THE INDEX.

IS PUBLISHED ON THE

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Give me a call before purchasing.

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nov'73-1f

TRAPPE, MD

## NEW YORK

and

## Philadelphia

## Fashions.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has received the latest styles, from New York and Philadelphia, and is prepared to cut and make suits in the newest styles, and GUARANTEED to fit equal to city clothes and at cheaper rates.

oct-1y

W. MULLIKIN.

SALLIE B. MULLIKIN

FASHIONABLE

DRESS MAKER.

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Opposite the M. P. Church



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Will do all work entrusted to him in a neat and substantial manner, and as cheap as any other BLACKSMITH in the county.

HORSE-SHOEING done in the best manner and on reasonable terms.

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