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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

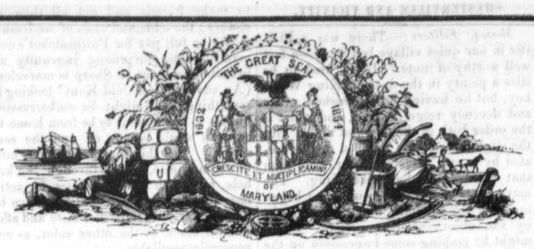
JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent  News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

Vol. 36. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875. No. 26

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. OBITUARIES at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such bjects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
xecuted with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE,
for both sexes, is 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Superior buildings, home care, earnest teachers, first-class Lectures. Small pupils admitted the entire year. Incorporated. Trustees are friends. Hon. Washington Townsend says: "As to the progress of my late ward who was under your care and tuition for over two years, I was well satisfied with the school, its arrangement and discipline, and the progress he made in knowledge." Term commences 9 mo. 13th. Address J. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Concordville, Pa. jy10-4m

Removed to Media.
Swithin C. Shortlidge Boarding School for young men and boys, is now open at Media, Pa., 13 miles from Philadelphia, is one of the finest school buildings in the State, heated in all stories, and lighted with gas, building 100 by 50 feet, porch all around, 55 lodging rooms, large school room with five class rooms, ample bath and water closet accommodations, 10 trains daily from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction, home care, good table guaranteed. Special attention to backward pupils. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Pa.

Washington College, Chestertown, Md.
FOUNDED 1782.
THE next Session will begin WEDNESDAY, September 22d.
Instruction in the usual branches of a College course, with special studies for those who do not desire a full course. There is also a Preparatory class.
Board per week $4; room rent $5 and fuel $4 for the scholastic year. Tuition: English $40; English and Classics or Modern Languages, $50; for all branches, $60.
For circulars address,
jy31-tf. WM. J. RIVERS, Principal.

LAW CARDS.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12-y.

HINES & SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.
Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.
Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES,
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH.

JOHN N. DODD,
Successor to JOHN T. DODD & SON,
UNDERTAKER,
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER, AND
DEALER IN
Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.
All business and work entrusted to me will receive my special and *personal* attention.—Having had entire supervision and control of the Undertaking department of the late firm for the last six years, I flatter myself am fully competent to give satisfaction.
I hope by attention to business and an endeavor to please, that I shall be able to retain all the customers of the late firm. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.
I am fully prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets and Burial Cases of the latest designs and finish, upon short notice. dec5.

BURNS & SLOAN
Lumber Dealers,
OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF
BALTIMORE.
YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,
OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF
BUILDING
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,
At The Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.

BEN STRAUSS
has on hand A FULL STOCK OF
GROCERIES,
BACON, HAMS, LARD, MOLASSES, VINEGAR, &c.
TOBACCO, CIGARS AND PIPES.
Mineral Water, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, Tonic Beer, &c.
Call and see B. STRAUSS,
Agent, at his Old Stand.
☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE for Cash or Trade. Also, Rags, Iron, Brass, Copper, &c. July 10, 1875.

Improved Cucumber-wood Pumps
Coupling Pipe and Extra Bands, Valves, Buckets, Nozzle Braces, Iron Nozzles, and Drop Valve, for sale by
J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 9, 1875.

QUEENSWARE, of all kinds, Can be had at low prices at
May. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO'S.

COTTONADES, LINENS and Cassimere for Men and Boys. Bleached and unbl'd Muslins, at the very lowest prices.
June 19. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

A CHEAP INGRAIN CARPET at
jy31. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO'S.

Fall and Winter
OPENING
OF
New and Desirable Goods,
AT
F. H. HARPER'S,
IN
Still Pond, Kent Co.

To convince yourself of the shrinkage in the price of Goods, I ask and solicit your examination of my stock bought at bottom figures, which I propose to sell at a small margin.

Lot of Standard Prints, 7c. per yd
Good article of Gingham 8c. "
Mallalieu's Kersey 80c. "
ALL WOOL.
4-4 Appleton A. Muslin 10c. "

In GROCERIES I Quote:
A. White Sugar - 11c.
C. Yellow standard 10c.
C. " - - - - 9c.
Tin Fruit Cans 75c. per Dozen.

I have a large and attractive stock of
Ready-Made CLOTHING.
UNDERSHIRTS
AS LOW AS 37½ CTS. A PIECE,
Not Shoddy stock either.
☞ REMEMBER THE PLACE: ☜
F. H. HARPER,
STILL POND.

☞ Special Notice.
That note now overdue, also that acc't now overdue, PLEASE LET ME HAVE AT ONCE. I must have money. A hint I hope is sufficient.
F. H. HARPER,
Oct. 16—3m. STILL POND.

The Bickford & Huffman
IMPROVED
FARMER'S FAVORITE,
An Entire New Style for DRILLING PHOSPHATE for 1875.
The attention of Farmers generally is respectfully called to the
Great and Important Improvements
made in the Bickford & Huffman "Farmer's Favorite" Grain and Compost Drill for 1875. Do not invest in any until you have seen and examined the IMPROVED.
We have reduced the weight one hundred pounds. We have *transferred* the Fertilizer Attachment to the *rear*, and so perfected the Drill by our Improvement as to make the distribution perfectly even and uniform.
We now use both running wheels in the driving process. The machine is so nicely balanced that *all the weight* is removed from the horse's neck. All the attachments are thrown out of gear *before* the teeth leave the ground by the same motion that raises the teeth. The friction has been so lessened that we are not only enabled to offer you the lightest in weight—but also the lightest in draft—Grain and Compost Drill in the market.
A Visit to the Ware-rooms of
HINES & BURCHINAL,
CHESTERTOWN,
(Next door to the Kent National Bank,)
will fully repay any one who may be in want of a Drill.
☞ Examine the Drill. Buy it. Try it; and you cannot but be convinced that the Bickford & Huffman "Farmers' Favorite" is not only a perfect Drill, but the ONLY PERFECT Grain and Compost Drill in the world.

FERTILIZERS.
HINES & BURCHINAL
Have for sale
Lister's Phosphate and Ground Bone, Whitelock & Co.'s Maryland Phosphate, Turner's "Excelsior" and Ammoniated Phosphate,
At Reduced Rates,
and on accommodating terms. Call before purchasing elsewhere.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
Next to Kent National Bank.
Aug. 21, 1875—3m.

A FRESH SUPPLY of GAMBRILL'S FAMILY and EXTRA FLOUR, received this week, and for sale 25 cts. a barrel less than city prices. Good Flour $6.50 a bbl. at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

CASH paid for BACON, by
aug28. J. M. VANDYKE.

New Styles—Latest Fashions
1875. Fall and Winter. 1875.
ABE SCHWARTZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR
FROM
PHILADELPHIA
RESPECTFULLY invites his friends and the public to call and examine his
New FALL Goods and Styles
RECEIVING DAILY from the Eastern markets.
Fine Goods a Specialty
BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and in ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.
☞ Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community, and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ We guarantee a fit in every case.
Oct. 16, 1875. ABE SCHWARTZ.

NEW STOCK
—OF—
Winter Clothing.
GOOD GOODS and LOW PRICES.
CHAS. ROLPH & CO.,
On Burchinal's Corner,
Have just received and opened a New Stock of CLOTHING, suited to the season, selected with special reference to the wants of this community.
A full supply of
Furnishing Goods,
HATS and CAPS,
always on hand. Give us a call, and you will be sure to save money.
GUNNING SUITS also in store and for sale cheap. CHAS. ROLPH & CO.
Oct. 23, 1875—2m.

The Only Clothing House
In MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
GOOD GOODS! LOW PRICES!
S. R. ESTES & CO.
Having recently opened a
First Class CLOTHING HOUSE,
Are prepared and determined to sell GOOD GOODS at the lowest prices practicable.
We will be pleased to have the citizens of the upper part of KENT COUNTY to give us a call and be convinced.
S. R. ESTES & CO.,
Main St., opposite Middletown Hotel.
Oct. 16—y.

New Supply
—OF—
MILLINERY & NOTIONS.
Selling Out My Entire Stock of DRY GOODS at Low Prices for Cash!
MRS. C. R. FIDDIS calls the attention of her lady friends and the public generally, to a GREAT REDUCTION in the price of her goods. Being desirous of CLOSING OUT all her stock suited to the season *during the season*, she is selling some goods even LESS THAN COST.
WHITE GOODS and Figg'd Pique, worth 25 cts., now selling for 20.
Also, great reduction in
Fine Dress Goods,
Muslins, Prints, Flannels, &c., &c.,
In the Dry Goods line, and
The Latest Styles in Millinery Goods
HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, LACES, RUFFLING, &c.
Silks, Thread, Cotton, Needles, Pins, Hosiery, Sewing Machine Silk, Cotton and Needles, and many other articles of use and ornament, too numerous to name.
Those in want of anything in my line are invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. My goods will be found as good and cheap as any in the county.
☞ Strict attention paid to STAMPING for embroidery and braiding.
Oct. 9, 1875. C. R. FIDDIS.

Fall & Winter Millinery!
LATEST STYLES! LOWEST PRICES!
Mrs. H. Usilton & Miss Mollie Willis
Have just opened their new stock of
FALL & WINTER
MILLINERY
And FANCY GOODS,
of the latest and most fashionable styles, for FALL and Winter wear. HATS, BONNETS, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments.
Mrs. Usilton is a practical Milliner, having served a regular apprenticeship at the business and conducted it herself in former years.
☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.
The Ladies are invited to call and examine their goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. Oct. 16, 1875—tf.

CHASTITY;
Or, OUR SECRET SINS.
Dr. Dio Lewis's new and great work. Invaluable to all, whether married or single. *Price* $2.00 Sold only by agents. In its table of contents are: Reason versus Passion, Early Marriages, Marital Excesses, Unjust Suspicions, Preventing Conception, Women's Rulling Passion, Foeticide, Hereditary Influences, Masturbation, Obscene Literature, Advice to Young Women and Young Men, The Social Evil and Practical Suggestions, etc.
Agents Wanted everywhere. For full description, Table of Contents, extracts, strong testimonials, and liberal terms, address the publishers (at office nearest you), GEORGE MACLEAN & CO., Philadelphia, Chicago, or Cincinnati.

LAMPS! LAMPS!
At ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, Middletown, Del., where is a large new and varied assortment of Lamps of the latest pattern. Go and make your selection. Hand Lamps, Table Lamps, Bracket Lamps, Lamps with marble and bronze stands, very elegant. Also, Lamp Chimneys of every description. A pleasure to show goods. sep18-tf.

PRICE LIST.
T. W. Eliason, Jr.
OCTOBER 23rd, 1875.
5,000 yds. CALICO.
MERRIMAC, Lancaster's, Dunnell and Garner Calicoes, 9 cts.
GOOD do. at 6¼.
Warranted Fast Colors and good Cloth.
5,000 yds. MUSLINS,
Laurel D. yard wide Brown Muslin.....10 cts.
Appleton A " " " .....10 cts.
Heavy 3-4 " " " .....6¼ cts.
FLANNELS 25, 30, 37½, 62½, and 80 cts.
KERSEYS 37½, 50, 55, 80 and $1.00.
GINGHAMS, from 10 cts. up.
Double width Black Alpacas 30c., 40c. and up.
BLACK MOHAIRS, the nicest goods in the market, at reduced prices.
Men's Long Boots, $2.50, $3, $3.50 and up.
My standard line of
Men's, Boys' and Youth's BOOTS,
made to order, I invite special attention to. They have been used in this community for years, and the verdict is "They outwear any boot I can get." Try them.
Ladies' Buttoned Bal. Pebb. Goat Boots.
Misses' " " " "
Children's " " " "
Infant Shoes, Women's Heavy Shoes, &c.
BLANKET QUILTS, Felt Skirts, &c., low.
Give me a call.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Chestertown, Oct. 23, 1875.

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of one writ of fieri facias, issued by T. W. Russell, Justice of the Peace, at the suit of John N. Usilton, against James L. Bowers, to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of said Bowers, of, in and to

3 Head of HORSES,
2 CATTLE.
1 Yoke of Oxen, 1 Cart, 1 Carriage, 1 Dearborn, 1 Fan and Corn Sheller, 1 Tread Power, and Crop of Corn.
The FARM called Little Meadows
adjoining the lands of Benj. H. Startt, and Samuel H. Timms.
And I hereby give notice, that on
SATURDAY, the 6th November, 1875,
at the residence of said Bowers, near the I. U. Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M., I will sell said property for cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, interest and cost due and to become due.
H. E. COOPER, Const.
Oct. 16—tds. (5.50)

TAX COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority conferred by the Act of Assembly approved April 1, 1872, ch. 348, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim and interest of James Crippin, in and to
CROP OF CORN,
on farm occupied by James Powderly.
And I hereby give notice, that on
MONDAY, the 15th of November, 1875,
at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, adjoining B. F. H. Caulk, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidders for cash, to pay and satisfy the taxes due and owing by the said James Crippin:
Taxes due for 1874.....$ 60 11
Together with interest, and all costs incurred in making the sale.
GEO. W. CHRISFIELD,
Oct. 23—ts. [4.50] Coll. 1st Dist.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority conferred upon me by the Act of Assembly approved April 1st, 1872, chapter 348, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of Jacob Rochester, col'd, in and to a
House and Lot,
Adjoining the lands of Thos. A. Jacobs and others.
And I hereby give notice, that on
TUESDAY, the 16th of November, '75,
at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the taxes due and owing by the said Jacob Rochester:
Taxes due for 1874.....$ 4 46
Together with interest, and all costs incurred in making the sale.
GEO. W. CHRISFIELD,
Oct. 23, 1875—ts [4.75] Coll. 1st Dist.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority conferred upon me by the Act of Assembly approved April 1st, 1872, chapter 348, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of Joseph Sinnickson, in and to a
HOUSE AND LOT,
AT SASSAFRAS, occupied by William Smith, colored.
And I hereby give notice, that on
MONDAY, the 15th of November, 1875,
at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the taxes due and owing by the said Joseph Sinnickson:
Taxes due for 1874 - - - - $5 74
Together with interest, and all costs incurred in making the sale.
GEO. W. CHRISFIELD,
Oct. 23, 1875—ts. [4.75] Coll. 1st Dist.

Last Notice.

I HAVE called the attention of those indebted to the late firm of John T. Dodd & Son, several times through this medium, and it proved of no avail. We need our money to pay off our indebtedness and must have it.—Our creditors are making demands on me which I am unable to meet. THIS IS THE LAST NOTICE I shall give, the next you receive will be from an officer.
JOHN N. DODD,
Surviving partner of J. T. Dodd & Son.
July 31, 1875—tf.

The Latest Out!
Batson's Patent Air Clothes Washer!
SAVES TIME! SAVES LABOR! SAVES CLOTHES!
Its simplicity and cheapness renders its use practicable to all. Can be seen or had at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S, in Chestertown, or at my residence near Bacchus' Mill. Price only $3.
C. H. HURLOCK,
Owner of Patent Right for Kent co.
June 12, 1875—tf.

STUDS, Sleeve Buttons and Collar Buttons, a nice assortment.
Oct. 23. S. MERRITT & CO.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

It was a wild, windy night, and the light snow filled the air with fine, cutting particles—a night when a good fire and the society of friends become vitally essential to a man's comfort and happiness.

Margaret Edgarton arose from her seat by the scanty fire, and opening the door looked out upon the night. She stood a moment, then, with a shudder, closed the door, and returned to her husband's side.

"Heaven pity those who are exposed to the storm this night," she said, fervently. "Amen," responded her husband in a deep, solemn voice. "Though we are very, very poor, Margaret, there are many even poorer than ourselves."

The man raised his dark, serious eyes devotedly upward, and the fair youthful head of his pale wife leaned down to his shoulders.

"Yes, William, I tremble to think of the future. The rent due, our stay here only an act of mercy on our landlord's part—oh, Willie."

The feeble voice broke down in tears.

"Take no thought for the morrow what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink," Margaret. "If it hadn't been for misfortune," and he glanced at the mutilated and bandaged arm which hung powerless at his side, "we might have been enjoying the fruits and comforts of my labor; but it is all for the best, I suppose."

"Who can be out on such a night?" and Mrs. Edgarton started up hastily to admit the visitor.

He was an old weather-beaten man of some three-score years, shabbily dressed, and carrying in his hand a lean, meagre bundle.

In reply to her kind invitation, he followed Mrs. Edgarton into the house, and took a seat by the smouldering fire After a few common-place remarks, the stranger said:

"It's a rough night, friends, and the travelling is none the best—can you let me stay all night here? A man has just told me that it is good four miles to the village."

Mr. Edgarton looked at his wife, and in her sympathizing face read her consent.

"Yes, my good man," he replied immediately, "you can stay if you will, but I'm afraid you will find our accommodations none of the best. We are very poor and destitute, but such as we have we offer you freely.

"Could you give me something to eat? I have travelled far to-day, and have not tasted food since yesterday night! Food cannot be got now-a-days without money."

The eyes of Mrs. Edgarton filled with tears as she thought of the quarter loaf of bread, their earthly all—which she had reserved for breakfast.

"Heaven will take care of us," she said thoughtfully, and, rising, she placed the scanty store on the table.

The stranger ate the bread without comment, and when he had finished he seemed wonderfully invigorated, and conversed quite intelligently with Mr. Edgarton.

"You have a bad arm there, sir; may I ask how it happened?"

"Certainly; an unlucky fall from a high building has crippled me for life."

"You were at work on a building? A mechanic, eh?"

"A bricklayer. The staging on the new warehouse where I was at work gave way, and I was precipitated some twenty feet or more."

"The warehouse of Mr. Morgan?"

"The same, sir. It was a bad accident for me, sir, but I have tried hard to be reconciled."

"Well, this is a hard life for us all. But if I am to stay with you to-night I may as well retire. It's getting toward eleven."

The poor but clean bed appropriated to the stranger guest was made more comfortable by additional clothing taken from the couch of the poor couple; and the man, in apparent thankfulness, bade them good-night and retired.

They, too, leaning on the everlasting arm, took no thought of the morrow, though it was to see them houseless and without food.

Verily, the faith which can thus sustain the soul in the most trying moments is no delusion.

Morning came, and to the ultimated surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Edgarton, their guest was missing. Gone, and when or how they could not imagine, but gone he certainly was. They wondered over the circumstances, but in the trouble and anxiety of their utter destitution, the strange man was soon dismissed from their thoughts, to make room for their own immediate affairs.

Ten o'clock was the time given them by the landlord for the removal, and with heavy hearts they prepared to go forth. Through the kindness of a neighbor, they had been allowed the use of the building for the storage of their little furniture, and a room in his house until Mr. Edgarton's health should be sufficiently re-established to admit of his performing some light labor.

Nine o'clock pealed from the bell in the neighboring church tower—but one short hour of home light remained for them.

Fifteen minutes later there came a quick imperative knock at the door of Mr. Edgarton's house.

Mrs. Edgarton sprang to open it, and a well-dressed man put a large packet into her hand and turned hastily away.

The package was addressed, in a bold masculine hand:

"Mr. William Edgarton."

William tore it open, and there dropped out two papers, one being an official, the other a private seal. He examined the former and found it to be a deed, conveying to him and his heirs a certain piece of land with a large and handsome house thereon, and all its appurtenances.

Transfixed with surprise, he broke the seal of the letter, and a hundred pound note met his eyes, accompanied by these brief words:

"Last night you freely gave your all to a poor and destitute wayfarer, who now begs you to accept the accompanying deed and money, in reward for your noble kindness. A conveyance will come immediately to take you to your new residence. When you are fairly established there, your friend, the writer of this, will do himself the honor of calling on you.

Respectfully yours,
HOWARD MORGAN."

William Edgarton looked at his wife as he finished reading, and both burst into tears. Well did they know the name of Howard Morgan—he was one of the wealthiest men in the city; the upright and high minded but singularly eccentric old bachelor. It was in his employ that William Edgarton had received the serious injury that had disabled his left arm for life, yet, strange to say, he had never seen the rich man, his business being principally by an agent. He had now no doubt that his visitor was none other than Mr. Morgan.

True to the promise contained in the letter, conveyance came for the Edgartons, and without hesitation they entered and were driven to their handsome and pleasantly situated house. They found it prepared for immediate occupancy—even to the burning of the plentiful fires and the smoking breakfast upon the table.

They had scarcely had time to admire the rich taste which had furnished the spacious rooms when a ring at the door announced a visitor. It was the old wayfarer of the night before.

He received all the grateful thanks the bewildered Edgartons tried to make him, and, taking a seat upon the sofa, he drew them down on each side of him.

He was well dressed now, and Mrs. Edgarton wondered that she had not noticed the extreme kindliness of his countenance on the preceding evening.

"My good friends," he said, taking a hand of each, "I'll begin to explain a little mystery. I had heard of the misfortune of one of my workmen, through my agent, and that his family were in destitute circumstances. Before I could trust myself to do anything for you I wished to ascertain the true state of affairs, and last night's experience satisfied me. When I find charity and true goodness anywhere, I am determined that they shall be rewarded even in this world, and now, Mr. Edgarton, I am in want of a deputy manager, and I propose the situation to you, when you shall be able to endure the fatigue. The salary is two hundred pounds a year, and perhaps your pretty wife can manage affairs comfortably on that, eh, Mrs. Edgarton?" and the old man cast a good-humored look into her tear-wet face.

That was a happy day for Mr. and Mrs. Edgarton. It was also a happy day for the charitable Mr. Morgan, and no doubt the Angel who records the good deeds of man, wrote many a shining line against his name that day. William Edgarton resumed the post offered him in his patron's establishment, and faithfully were his duties discharged, and more than satisfied was his employer.

Mrs. Edgarton grew to be the merriest, blithest little woman to be found.

Mr. Morgan spends many a delightful evening at their house, holding their bright-eyed little Howard on his knee, and telling him pleasant stories of the great and good.

Blessed be charity.

PREACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Messrs. Editors Kent News:—We have often heard of the "public eye." If the press is a reflex or representative of that eye, and its mission is to correct evils, good may be accomplished by the *News* giving a glance or so around in a direction which, for the present shall be unnamed. In our Sunday perambulations we recently dropped into —— M. E. C. at service time, where the injunction "Let all things be done decently and in order," seemed to be set aside, and behaviour not calculated to promote a healthy religious development of soul or body, greatly marred the profit of the occasion, and was discreditable to this time honored place of worship for the Methodist, many of whom sleep the long, silent sleep beneath the green sod just back of the pulpit.

The preacher, a plain, good man, had just laid down the outlines of his discourse when he was forced to stop on account of loud, boisterous talking just outside of the house. This trouble over, he was not allowed to proceed far before he had to stop again to suppress conversation inside the house. By this time we were quite convinced that this was indeed preaching under difficulties, but when the minister stated that they were out of coal; that all the ventilation they got was from below, and we beheld the seats all covered over with dust, it did seem to us a marvel that any man could possess the piety and the patience to preach in such a place. Add to this the fact that briars and bushes have run away with the grave yard, one would scarcely believe such a place of worship existed in the bounds of Kent county, but such is the fact, astonishing as it may seem. WITNESS.

A ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—At the gaming table the Duke of Richmond incurred a debt of honor to Lord Cadogan, which he was unable to pay, and it was agreed that his son, a lad of fifteen, who bore the title of Earl of March, should marry the still younger daughter of Lord Cadogan. The boy was sent for from school and the girl from the nursery, a clergyman was in attendance, and the children were told that they were to be married on the spot. The girl had nothing to say; but the boy cried out, "They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy!" But married they were. A post chaise was at the door; the bridegroom was packed off with his tutor to make a grand tour, and the bride was sent back to her mother. Lord March remained abroad for several years, after which he returned to London, a well educated, handsome young man, but in no haste to meet his wife, whom he had never seen except on the occasion of their hasty marriage. So he tarried in London to amuse himself. One night at the opera his attention was attracted to a beautiful lady in the boxes. "Who is that?" he asked of a gentleman beside him. "You must be a stranger in London," was the reply, "not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March." The Earl went straight to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride. The two fell in love with each other on the spot, and lived long and happy together; and when the husband died she also died with a broken heart within a few months.

WENDELL PHILLIPS speaks of the Venetians using paper money. The New York Sun suggests that doubtless *Othello* had just received his pay in that currency when he exclaimed, "He who steals my purse steals *trash*."

WE found a large package of genuine greenbacks the other night, but before we had a chance to invest them in a new press we—awoke.—*Bethlehem Star.*

A CENTENNIAL ROMANCE.

BY MRS. H. M. CROOK.

It may not be inopportune just now, when patriotism is so rife in the hearts of our enthusiastic countrymen, to submit a little sketch of centennial romance, which found room, budded and blossomed, in the heart of one of Massachusetts' earliest governors, proving, no matter how full and earnest may be the purpose that inspires the heart and life of the most zealous, the "tiny god" can ever find room to set up his banner, on which is transcribed, in letters of light, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

William Bradford, who became second governor of Massachusetts after the melancholy death of Governor Carver (who soon slept by the side of his wife and only child,) was born at Ansterfield, Yorkshire England, March, 1588. His father and mother died when he was quite young. He was tenderly cared for by his grandparents, and subsequently by an uncle. His family were among the yeomanry of England, and very respectable. He was reared to agriculture. When quite young he assumed the care of his own landed estates, and enjoyed his occupation in cultivating and beautifying them; and, though much of his time he was busy with his men in the field, he still found opportunity to be quite a student.

He became proficient in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and was familiar with the German and French, which he spoke fluently. He had embraced the faith of the Puritans, and at seventeen years of age was one of the company who made an effort to escape to Holland in search of religious liberty, but was unsuccessful, having been betrayed, and was for a season confined in prison at Boston, Lincolnshire (from which the city of Boston received its name.)

But though religion and other momentous subjects claimed his attention and seemed to engross all his mind, there was one, less grave, but not less potent, that permeated his whole being, and gave to his life a halo of brightness. Love had taken possession of the heart of young Bradford; and, often when he seemed most engrossed in his books, the golden curls and soft blue eyes of Alice Carpenter were all he saw. His lands joined to her father's, and they had been playmates and companions in childhood, he being but a few years her senior. As time passed rapidly away, and she grew into womanhood, her sunny curls turning to a soft chestnut brown, she only became to the earnest, honest heart of William Bradford more dear and more beautiful; and yet he said nothing to her of the deep and earnest passion which he never forgot, even in his sleep, till one evening in autumn they had been enjoying a long and pleasant conversation, leaning over the hedge that divided their lands, when Alice told him she was soon to go to London to reside with a relative. This was a very sad announcement to him.

The Carpenter family had in former times received the title of nighthood, but they were comparatively poor, and William determined to know his fate, and asked Alice if her haughty old father, hoping his own worth and broad lands might induce the father to accept him as a suitable match for his portionless daughter. But he was mistaken. He had never before had occasion to fathom the pride of the strange old man. His religious belief alone would have been a sufficient barrier had there been no other, and he was haughtily dismissed.

There was a last sad meeting of the lovers across the hedge that night, and the moon looked down on two heavy hearts and two tearful faces as they both turned to their homes, the one to wet her pillow with tears, the other to walk his room in bitter repinings at the fate which seemed to be setting on his life in clouds and thick darkness, forgetting for the time to listen to the still, small voice which was whispering, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavily laiden, and I will give you rest."

Alice was hurried off to London, and, after a few years, was married to Mr. Southworth, a man of wealth and honor. Mr. Bradford sought alleviation from his disappointment in his books and farm, and subsequently married Dorothy May, a woman of his own rank and persuasion, who proved a genial and faithful companion.

After a few years we find them abandoning their pleasant home, for he was one of the first advocates for the removal of the little band of Puritans to America; and next we see them upon the tempestuous ocean, in the cabin of the Mayflower. After arriving in Cape Cod harbor, Mr. Bradford set out with a small party to explore the coast, and, on returning, was pained and afflicted to find that during his absence his wife Dorothy, had fallen from the ship and was drowned. He deeply mourned her loss, for she had proven a good wife, and they were mutually attached.

He bore this second disappointment of his life with Christian fortitude. He had no leisure to sit and brood over his grief, for life with him was now a warfare with cold and hunger, for he shared in all that the colonists suffered. It is well known to any child of history how they struggled with disease and savage enemies.

Mr. Bradford was now over thirty years of age, a man of rare piety and dignity of manner; and a few months after their arrival, Governor Carver, dying, he was elected Governor of the little colony, a position which he ably filled for more than thirty years. And while with fatherly care he tenderly watched all the interests of the little colony, there was a blank in his household, and none knew better than himself how he realized the need of a woman's ready sympathy, and he was often annoyed at his inability to keep his thoughts from wandering across the "deep blue sea." The love he had cherished for Alice had never died out of his heart. True, it had been sleeping, and while the husband of another had never wished himself other than he was; but now they were both free—for Alice, too, was left alone—he often said to himself, "I wonder if she remembers the love of her youth; and even if she did, would she not think it too great a sacrifice to share his fortunes in the wilderness."

Men are not like women, and will not wait a lifetime without knowing their fate when it can be decided by a single word. So he resolved to write and ask Alice, and in the spring of 1628 the letter was sent across the Atlantic. He faithfully set before her all the privations and sacrifices she would be called upon to endure, saying as an equivalent for this that he had only the love of an honest heart to offer her, and requested her if she thought favorably of this proposal, to take passage in the first ship that would sail for America, as he was too occupied to come over to England for her, fearing the colony might suffer during his absence.

Time, always so heavy-footed to the waiting, passed slowly to the governor; but late in August a tiny sail was seen in the distance. It was the ship that contained so much of interest to many, but none waited with such breathless anxiety as did Governor Bradford, for it was to contain Alice or her letter of refusal. The whole town crowded to the landing, and when the vessel reached the shore many went on board, and the governor pressed from one to another of the new-comers, telling them how welcome they were; but a close observer would have seen that the restless wandering of his eye were indications that something was unsatisfying.—*She* was nowhere to be seen, so he tried to say calmly: "It is God's will, and I will try and be happy without her; there will at least be a letter for me." He turned and asked for one, when he met coming from the cabin a matronly-looking woman. He seemed to have forgotten that while time was hastening him to maturity, that Alice, too, might be changed; he had always kept her in mind as the fair, frail girl of many years ago, and here she was, the beautiful, stately womoman. She, too, probably, had her surprise, for the two stood looking at each other, when "William!" "Alice!" were uttered simultaneously, and the two, so long kept asunder, met, never to be parted by man's decree again. They were married at once. There was no display, but that without which all outward show is but as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," the joy of two faithful hearts. They lived long and happily together; thirty-four years longer did he prosperously guide the affairs of the colony, then died; his wife surviving him several years. She was well educated, refined, and much beloved, and did much in assisting her husband in the improvement of the rising generation, and was sincerely lamented when she died.

The Oldest Living Man.

A COLORED MAN WHO WAS GROWN WHEN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR BEGAN.

The Nashville American, published at Milan, Tenn., has the following signed A. A. Davidson:

You recently published an account of a revolutionary soldier 114 years old, which induces me to write you the following account of old Fortune Snow, who *is one hundred and twenty-six years of age*. I visited him on the 9th of July, 1862, and learned from him his story. When I, in company with a friend, approached the house, a fifteenth amendment, 62 years old, came out and said his "grandpap" was in the house. Snow soon made his appearance, tripping down the steps as nimbly as a boy, without even a stick.—He said he was born in Georgetown, S. C., and was twenty-five years old when the Revolutionary war began. He was married at twenty, and became the father of thirteen children, the youngest of whom, a daughter 53 years of age, died two years ago. He belonged to Captain Snow, who served under General Marion. Old Fortune served with his master through the war, and in nearly every battle shouldered his gun and went in front, yet has never received a pension. If the "government" loved the negro as well as it loves his vote, the old man would have been cared for.

He moved from South Carolina to near Mobile, and lived there fifty years. At the death of Captain Snow, he gave Mr. Chapman—his son-in-law—$500 to support old Fortune the balance of his days. This man Chapman lived forty-six years, and died, leaving the old negro still hale and hearty. Snow subsequently moved to Gibson county, in this State, and settled about six miles west of Milan.

On examination with the opthalmoscope, I found his eyes perfect in all parts. The otoscope revealed a healthy condition of the organs of hearing. He told me he went totally blind at the age of ninety and remained so for two years. His hair, white as wool, all came out. Subsequently his sight returned and a new growth of hair made its appearance, which is now about half gray. He never suffers with toothache, not having an unsound tooth in his mouth—nor any other kind. He enjoys good health, never wore spectacles nor took medicine from a doctor.

I opened his bible at the eighth chapter of the book of Revelations, which he read loudly and distinctly without glasses.

He says he loves to fish and hunt, and can shoot birds and squirrels without the aid of glasses. He is very pious and believes strongly in the 'Good God,' as he calls Him, who, he said, "took him safe through the Revolutionary war." He reads his Bible and prays a great deal.—He has been strongly urged to go to the Centennial, but has refused all solicitations, and says "if the folks want to see him, let 'em come."

This venerable colored person recently emigrated to Mississippi with a large body of negroes, who took the train at Humboldt, where hundreds of the citizens visited him to see the oldest man living.—Many probably will doubt this statement, but a conversation with him would convince any one of its correctness; besides, there are hundreds of responsible persons who would corroborate what I have given above. A. A. DAVIDSON.

"YES, you may come again next Sunday evening, but,"—and she hesitated.—"What is it darling? Have I given you pain?" "You didn't mean, to, I'm sure, she responded, "but next time please don't wear one of these collars with the points turning outward; they scratch so."

"THEN you won't lend me that dime novel, eh?" inquired one boy of another in the Postoffice on Saturday.

"No, I won't:"

"All right then: next time our chimney burns out you shan't come into our yard and holler."

THERE is no real use in riches, except it is in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.—*