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# Kent News.

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

Vol. 43. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, NOV. 4, 1882. No. 27.

**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 in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.



**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 or other purposes, must be paid for the publishers standing on an equal footing with others ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

***JOB-PRINTING:***

HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.



**WANTED:**

50 Tons of Good Clover Hay.

**WANTED:**

Several able-bodied MEN,
To drive Wagons and haul straw.
CHAS. T. WESTCOTT,
Pres't Straw Board Co., Chestertown.
sep20-tf.

**SURVEYING.**

THE undersigned hereby offers his services to the public.

Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Esq., (Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md.,) will be promptly attended to. Can be seen in Chestertown on Saturday afternoons, or Address

COMEGYS BROWN,
s30-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

FOR SALE: a Large assortment

**LUMBER,**

SASH — DOORS — FRAMES.

COAL. The CHAMPION DRILL, PHOSPHATES, &c.

Special Lumber bills sawed to order.

TURNER BROS.
Sept. 30, 1882.

**CORN SHELLERS**

And HORSE POWERS.

I have now ready for delivery a large supply of the Celebrated

**Hyland Corn Shellers & Horse Powers**

which we think are unsurpassed, and we are selling them low.

ROLLERS.—We have the best Roller on the market, and persons wanting anything in this line should send in their orders at once.

THE CELEBRATED HYLAND

**FARM WAGON**

**And Iron Frame Cultivator**

To Our Friends and the Public:

In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula, we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public. It seems to be the unanimous verdict of Farmers that our Wagons track better and run lighter than any others made on the Peninsula. This was the decision of the Judges of the Worton Fair, held in September, 1881. Every piece is carefully selected, and nothing but the best material is used.

Our DEARBORNS and CARTS are *EXCELLED BY NONE.*

Please give these implements a trial, and you will find it to your interest.

WM. A. HYLAND,
CHESTERTOWN AND GALENA.
Oct. 7, 1882.

**Notice to Tax-Payers**
OF THE
*FIFTH DISTRICT.*

TAXES for the present year are NOW due, and it is to the interest of all tax-payers to make early payments.—My tax bills are all made out and ready to be receipted.

Until further notice I shall be in Chestertown on Tuesdays, and at ADKINSON & BOULTER'S store at Edesville at other times. B. B. ADKINSON.
s30-tf. Coll'r 5 Dist.

**Notice to Tax-Payers**
OF THE
SECOND ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE undersigned, Tax Collector, respectfully informs the Tax-payers of the Second District that for their accommodation he will be at Kennedyville on Saturday, August 19; Locust Grove on Wednesday, Aug. 23; Still Pond, Saturday, Aug. 26; Chesterville, Wednesday, Aug. 30, and at each of the above places every successive two weeks from the dates above named.
WM. F. ROEDER,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 2d District.

**Notice to Tax-Payers**
OF THE
*THIRD ELECTION DISTRICT.*

THE Books are in my hands for collection, and for the convenience of tax-payers I will be at Smithville every Saturday morning; at Worton Heights every Saturday evening, and in Chestertown every Tuesday. Please settle your taxes early. S. AMOS REED,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 3d District.

**Notice to Tax-Payers**
OF THE
FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE tax accounts are made out and ready for settlement. For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown all day on Tuesday and every Saturday afternoon, until further notice. Prompt payment is respectfully solicited. J. M. J. BYRON,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 4th District.

**WOOD! WOOD!**

HICKORY, OAK and PINE.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks. WILLIAM PERKINS.
Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown.
Aug. 30—tf.

**SCHOOL BOOKS.**

A FULL STOCK
on hand,
*READY FOR THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.*
Also,
SCHOOL SUPPLIES GENERALLY.
OUR PRICES
*Are Exceedingly Low.*
COLIN F. STAM,
Sept. 2, 1882. DRUGGIST.

CANNED MACKEREL and Cooked Corned Beef, at LAMBERT'S.

**SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!**

*Having moved to the large and commodious Warehouse*

**168 W. PRATT ST.,**

[Next to Corner of Light,]

I am prepared to furnish the public and trade generally WITH EVERYTHING APPERTAINING TO

**GUNNING and FISHING.**

as I have as complete stock as will be found in New York.

Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Leather Goods, Glass Balls, Glass Ball Traps, &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice.

W. P. PATTERSON,
July 2, 1881. 168 W. PRATT ST., Baltimore.

**NOW IS THE TIME**

TO CALL AT THE

**"STAR" CLOTHING HOUSE,**

*Under the Kent News Office, CHESTERTOWN, MD.,*
—AND—

**Take a Look at the Large Display**

Of READY MADE CLOTHING.

We have just received from New York one of the largest and best selected stocks of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods that were ever presented to the people of this county, if not the largest ever on the Shore.

A large assortment of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's OVER-COATS from $1.50 to $25.

We Sell MORE Clothing, BETTER Clothing, and CHEAPER Clothing

Than any one Store on the Shore.

For we buy our Clothing direct from the manufacturer and buy strictly for the CASH; therefore can afford to sell much lower than stores that are compelled to buy from jobbers on long credit, or who handle goods on commission.

Our stock consists of

*Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's*

**Ready Made CLOTHING.**

OVER-COATS, BUSINESS and DRESS SUITS of every description to fit children from 3 years old up to the stoutest man.

Also, a large stock of the newest styles of Cashmere and Worsted PANTS from 75 cents up to $10 per pair. Our stock of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS is complete in every particular.

GIVE US A CALL, examine our stock and compare our goods and prices with any other house in the State is all we ask.
Sept. 30, 1882. A. FRIEDMAN.

**DO YOU REALIZE**

THAT RIGHT HERE IN CHESTERTOWN,

At PIERCE'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

*Is the Neatest, Nicest and CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT of BOOTS AND SHOES you ever saw?*

**T. D. PIERCE** GIVES his exclusive attention to the **BOOT and SHOE Business,** and has a perfect collection of SPRING & SUMMER FOOT WEAR unsurpassed in Style, Elegance and Finish. We are prepared to prove it. Call and see for yourself.

T. D. PIERCE, Chestertown, Md.
*OPPOSITE THE BANK.*

N. B.—Measures taken for Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes. Fits guaranteed.

**SAMUEL BURNS & CO.,**

**—LUMBER—**

**Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.,**

**104 LIGHT STREET WHARF,**

BALTIMORE.

**EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES.**

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

SIXTEEN DIFFERENT SIZES AND KINDS!
SIX SIZES WITH ENAMELED RESERVOIRS!

Adapted to all requirements, and priced to suit all Purses.

LEADING FEATURES:—Double wood doors, Patent wood grate, Adjustable Damper, Interchangeable Automatic Shelf, Broiling Door, Swinging Hearth-Plate, Swinging Flue-Stop, Reversible, Gas-burning, Long Cross Piece, Double Short Centers, Heavy Ring Covers, Illuminated Fire Doors, Nickel Knobs, Nickel Panels, etc.

Unequalled in Material, in Finish and in Operation.

Manufactured by

ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.

And for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE, Chestertown, Md. d3.

**New Fall and Winter MILLINERY!**

MRS. KATE GILL
Has just opened a beautiful line of Millinery and Fancy Goods, for FALL and WINTER wear, which includes the latest styles in

HATS, BONNETS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Neck Wear, and all the various kinds of goods in the Millinery line.

I am selling at the very lowest prices, and the ladies will find it to their interest to call.
MRS. KATE GILL,
Oct. 7. nearly opp. Voshell House.

**Stoves! Stoves!**

We have just received as fine a line of

COOK & HEATING STOVES

as was ever offered to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.

Our Fire Place HEATER

*Is the FINEST on the MARKET,*

and our DOUBLE HEATERS cannot be excelled for durability and finish.

We only ask an examination of our stock to convince any one that no finer stock was ever presented. PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Call and see us before purchasing.

T. L. HINES,
Next door to Kent National Bank.

STOVE CASTINGS.

We furnish CASTINGS for any Stove made. Also, Brick and Pipe.
Give us a call. T. L. HINES.

**Fodder Yarn and Corn Baskets!**

As low as can be bought. Our stock of Yarn is complete both as to quantity and quality. T. L. HINES.
Oct. 7, 1882.

**Fall and Winter Stock**
—OF—
**NEW GOODS**
—AT—
**J. H. SIMPERS'**
*CHESTERTOWN.*

DRY GOODS—Kerseys, Cassimeres, Sacking, Wool Flannels, Canton Flannels, Prints, Muslins, Tickings, 5-4 and 10-4 Sheeting, Dress Goods, &c.

NOTIONS—Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' red & white Knit Underwear, Ladies' and Misses, Merino Vests, Shawls, Nubias, Skirts, silk and linen Handk'fs, Soaps, Perfumery, &c.

**BOOTS and SHOES**
*A SPECIALTY.*

Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, all grades and prices: Ladies', Misses' and Children's goat Button Shoes, Laced Morocco, grain and calf Shoes, Gents' and Boys' Congress Gaiters, English Ties, &c. Rubber Over Shoes. A Large Stock at prices that will not fail to please.

HATS and CAPS

Latest Fall and Winter Styles for Men and Boys.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

Queensware, Glassware and Groceries.

Our stock is very full in all branches; our prices are at rock bottom.

Butter, Eggs, Lard, &c., taken in exchange for goods.

J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 14, 1882.

**A CARD.**

IT having been rumored that I intend to discontinue the Coal business, I take this plan to inform my customers, and the public generally, that such a report is without any foundation, whatever, but have secured the services of J. B. McIntyre, who will attend promptly to all my business connected with the coal trade. I will keep constantly on hand at my yard, at the Chester River Steamboat Wharf, Chestertown, a full supply of the best quality of White Ash Coal of various sizes; also, Soft Coal for Engines and blacksmiths. Orders for Coal direct from the vessel a specialty, and respectfully solicited. Thankful for past favors we hope by prompt attention to business and by selling an article that is good, to continue a share of public patronage. Respectfully,

THOS. DEC. RUTH.

N. B.—J. B. Intyre will receipt for all bills due for Coal. Parties owing me will please settle at once, I need the money. T. DEC. R.
*Aug. 15-tf.

**Merchant Tailoring.**

**SCHWARTZ**

Has returned to Town and located in the GARDNER STORE HOUSE. He has a Beautiful Line of Goods and guarantees a Perfect Fit. Old friends, please call and I will again satisfy you.

N. B.—Special attention given to Altering, Repairing, Cutting & Cleaning.
July 29, 1882.

**TO PARENTS and TEACHERS!**

SCHOOL BOOKS, &c.

WE have just received a Large Stock o SCHOOL BOOKS and

**School Supplies,**

which we are offering at the LOWEST PRICES. Call and compare the prices.

M. A. TOULSON, Druggist,
aug27. BORDLEY'S CORNER.

AT W. H. LAMBERT'S is the place to get Bargains in all kinds of Groceries and Meats. s30.

45 CENTS a Pound for good, sound TOBACCO. Try it, at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.


*BY AND BY.*

What will it matter by and by
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gay or a golden sky,
When I look back on it by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashed my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with laughing joy I went [tent,
Down through the years with a glad con-
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by!

What will it matter by and by
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh
"All will be elsewise by and by?"

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God—
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach him by and by.

Ah! it will matter by and by
Nothing but this: that Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by.

### Subjects for Thought.

The mainspring of a man's actions is hidden from view, as is the mainspring of a watch.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

Honest worth, clothed in poverty, often trembles upon approaching vice throned in wealth.

A false friend is like the shadow of a sun-dial—appearing in sunshine and vanishing in shade.

To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be what a heaven this world would be.

Fear of punishment and hope of reward moves cowards and sycophants. Virtue is independent of either.

Never be above your calling or be afraid to appear dressed in accordance with the business you are performing.

No man is more nobly born than another, unless he is born with better abilities and a more amiable disposition.

Pack your cares in as small a compass as you can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel, behind the mill the wheat field, on the wheat field falls the sunlight, above the sun is God.

Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a probable series of infinite evils. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity.

Home is not a name, nor a form nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence and a principle. Material and method will not and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine.

Show me the man you honor. I know that by symptoms, better than by any other, what kind of man you are yourself; for you show me there what your ideal of manhood is—what kind of a man you long expressly to be.

### Something to Live For.

It has been asserted by scientific surgeons that the will-power of a sick man has a great deal to do with his dying, and the case of Chas. O'Conor is cited as evidence. A still stronger case occurred in Michigan the past summer. An old man living in the Northern part of the State, got out a lot of timber many years ago for a toll-road company, but the company left him in the lurch. For years and years he tried to sell the timber to this one or that, but no one wanted it, and at last time and decay had rendered the beams almost worthless. Last summer the Supervisors of that county advertised for proposals to build a bridge, and the old man put in a bid. While waiting to see what would be done he was taken sick, and he grew worse so rapidly that a council of doctors was called. After due deliberation he was informed that he was approaching his end.

"When will I know about that bridge?" he coolly asked.

"The bids will be opened to-day."

"Well, I'll send John over to see who gets the job, and my living or dying will depend on his news."

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the son and family physician arrived in company. The old man was neither better nor worse.

"Well?" he asked, as John approached.

"Our bid was accepted, father."

"And we've got the job?"

"Yes; but the doctor says you can't live."

"I can't eh? I'm not only going to live to build that bridge, but I'm going to work that square timber into it up to the last foot, or my name isn't John Rodgers!"

It is a fact, vouched for by a dozen good men, that he was off that dying bed in a week, and in a fortnight he was to work on the bridge.

### Queer Escapade of an Heiress.

Miss Susie Pollard, of Cleveland, Ohio, fifteen years of age, disappeared from the home of her father, a wealthy merchant, two weeks ago, and the shrewdest detectives were baffled in their pursuit. As she was unusually attractive in person, and as she was known to have a considerable sum of money in her possession, it was feared that she had been decoyed away by some designing villian or had been forcibly abducted. Her father offered a reward of $2,000 for information, and this being read by a chambermaid at the Palmer House, Chicago, she was convinced that the missing girl was there in the hotel, calling herself Miss Gordon, who had registered on the 9th of October. Her conduct was irreproachable, and some of the lady boarders took quite a fancy to the lonely girl, attracted by her youth and innocence, and she readily made friends with them. During her stay of two weeks, however, she allowed no one to penetrate the mysteries that surrounded her. She discouraged all prying questions, and showed that she was perfectly able to take care of herself and keep her own secrets. She laughed heartily when she was addressed as Miss Susie Pollard, and tried to convince her questioners that they were mistaken. Having made preparations to leave, she was prevented by the clerk refusing to sell her a ticket, and she was placed in the family of Dr. Richard Foster to await the arrival of her father. She no longer denies her identity, and laughingly says that her intention was to make observations of life in an untrammelled manner, and then write a book detailing her experience. She is a niece of Governor Foster, of Ohio.

### The Love Bug.

A California physician who discovered a new disease—love-madness—has been experimenting with the persons afflicted therewith and has produced the "love parasite," or bacillius microcus. This he cultivated up to the twentieth generation, and with the parasites of that generation inoculated a number of subjects. The inoculation was invariably successful, symptoms of the disease appearing in a very short time after the operation. A bachelor aged fifty years, on the first day after inoculation had his whiskers dyed, ordered a suit of new clothes and a set of false teeth, bought a top buggy and a bottle of hair restorer, a diamond ring, a guitar, and began reading Byron's poems. The inoculation produced symptoms of the same nature in a young lady of forty-five. She spent $5 at a drug store for cosmetics, bought a lot of new hair and a croquet set, sang "Empty is the Cradle," sent out invitations for a party, and complained that the Chico young men do not go into society. An inoculated youth of seventeen employed in a country store did up a gallon of molasses in a paper bag, and also in a fit of absent-mindedness, put the cat in the butter tub, and threw some fresh butter out of the window. Finally he sat in a basket of eggs while looking at the photograph of a pretty girl, and was discharged for his carelessness. The Chico doctor is still experimenting, and will soon lay the results of his observations before the medical world.

A SIX-YEAR old boy was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."

### THE PRETTY SCHOOL MISTRESS.

In the thriving village of Hollythorne there (as is common in such places) is a church, post-office, a couple of stores and a district school, the said school being taught by a young lady, who had a widowed mother, and a brother and sisters to assist in supporting.

For the sake of economy, Miss Eva "boarded around" among the scholars, and was considered a paragon among the parents. Her father had been a respectable mechanic, but died after about two years' of illness, which bitterly impoverished his family. Eva, however, (she being the eldest,) received a good plain education before the great calamity came upon them, and unselfishly began her work of assisting in the support.

The last week previous to the holiday vacation she had been boarding with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she was expecting from New York.

"You never met my brothers, Eva," she said, and then began to give the young teacher a description of them.

"There's Sam, George and, John the youngest, and such times as they have when they get here and rusticate, as they call it. But, dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a pack of boys let out of school. Such tricks and pranks no one ever saw. The last time they visited me altogether, John and Sam actually cut a pane of glass from the window and pelted George with snow out of my best room. You see there is always a regular strife for that particular room, for the bed is a spring one and they don't sleep on any other in the city But they don't get it this time, that's certain, for I intend to keep you in that room, and so end the controversy. I am so afraid that they will break or ruin something that I am glad you are here. It may keep them in check a little.

"I had just as soon occupy some other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and do not wish to incommode your brothers—have no right to do so."

"No, you shan't, Eva," peremptorily exclaimed the hostess. "And what is the use of your going home vacation week? You can stay here just as well as not, and do your sewing on my machine. Your mother has got enough mouths to feed, I guess, and won't miss yours."

The subject was dropped and the entire household retired early, for on the morrow the brothers, young, ardent, and full of life were to be there. But without sending any word of their intention, they had concluded to take the evening train, which would land them at Hollythorne about bed time. John and George did so, and when safely seated in the cars, began to speculate about the absence of Sam.

"No reason why he should not be along," said George.

"No; for he told me this morning that he certainly would be on hand," said John.

"I can't make it out, unless he has taken the five o'clock train by mistake."

"Not a bit of it," laughed John, who fancied he understood the entire programme. "It is more than likely that he took the train on purpose to get Hannah's spare bed-room, and make us take up with straw tick and feathers."

"I didn't think of that, but I reckon you are right. We must contrive to get him out somehow."

"Bet your life on that."

The brothers put their heads together, and laughed merrily over some scheme for outwitting Sam, and accordingly, when the train reached Hollythorne, about eleven o'clock, they approached the house in a very stealthy manner.

Climbing the fence in the rear, they softly opened a window and gained access to the pantry, where they demolished a nice pie and a quantity of doughnuts. Then with appetites appeased, they removed their boots and prepared to examine the best room. They stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair filled with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the clothes, and had not the remotest idea but that Sam was enjoying sweet repose upon Hannah's best bed.

A few whispered words were exchanged, and then, as softly and lightly as if shod with down they drew near.

"All ready," whispered John.

Quick as thought they seized upon the form of the sleeper, bed-clothes and all, bore it swiftly down stairs out into the snow, and were just about to deposit it in a huge drift, when a shrill shriek broke the stillness of the night, and, oh, horror!—it was that of a woman! And in their consternation they dropped their burden plump in the middle of a huge drift.

"When will I know about that bridge?" he coolly asked.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed George, "it isn't Sam, but some woman, sure as I'm a sinner, and she has fainted. Run and call Hannah!"

"George! John! for goodness sake, what does this mean, and who have you there," asked Mrs. Carpenter in a breath.

"Blessed if I know," said George; "thought it was Sam; so we thought we'd give him a dose of snow for getting into the best bed and trying to deceive us. Quick, I believe she has fainted."

"Just like you," scolded Hannah, as she assisted in depositing Eva upon the bed from which she had been so unceremoniously taken, "you begin your tricks on each other before you get fairly into the house. Clear out!"

Long before she was done with her tirade, her discomfitted brothers had betaken themselves down stairs, where they almost went into hysterics over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" said George, rolling over the floor and letting off peal after peal of laughter.

"I should think it was" replied John, holding his sides. "Oh, my! But what the dickens is to be done about it, and who do you suppose it is, George?"

"Some guest of Hannah's, of course, and young and pretty; at that. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel particularly small and extremely cheap—would sell myself at a very low price."

"Cheap!" roared John; "cheap! I would actually give myself away this blessed moment and throw in something to boot. What we are to do I can't say, but I believe I shall dig out of this place and get back to the city before morning. I haven't got the courage to face the music, so I'll get up and go."

He began hastily putting on his boots, and would have put his threat into execution but for the appearance of Hannah, who at once asserted her authority.

"You are not going a single step; but I don't wonder that you feel ashamed of yourselves. What on earth possessed you is more than I can tell."

"That's right, Han, pitch in, scold away, I'll take any amount just now, for I'm as meek as a lamb. But who is it we have played so shabby a trick on?" replied George.

"Trick, I should say it was. Why, it was Eva Stanley—just as nice a young thing as ever lived. She is our school teacher, and this is her week to board here, and I knew you boys would be squabbling over that bed as usual, so I put her there, little thinking you would come home in a stealthy way."

"Eva Stanley! Whew! A pretty school marm." And repeating his sister's words, he gave a lugubrious groan.

"Has she recovered?" inquired John, vainly endeavoring to restrain his laughter, at the wry faces his brother was making.

"Yes, I soon brought her to; but I don't believe the poor girl will ever get over the fright. She said the first thing she knew she was being lifted up and carried out, and she couldn't utter a sound, but the moment the cold air struck her she realized that she was being abducted, or something of the kind, and had just time to utter a scream when she fainted. It is too bad. I should not wonder if she had taken her death by being dragged out of a warm bed this time of night and dropped into a snow-drift in that fashion. No wonder she cried, poor thing."

"Cried, did she?" repeated George, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just took her in my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained to her how she had been mistaken for Sam and became the victim of your pranks."

"That was neat in you, Han. I am awful glad you hugged the poor thing. I wish you had given her a brotherly squeeze for me—'pon honor I do. Oh, dear! I am in sackcloth and ashes from this time henceforth and forever," replied George, with another dismal groan.

"And how on earth do you expect us to stay and take the consequences?" asked John, beginning to look serious. "I am for taking myself off instantly. I had rather face a masked battery than this pretty teacher, after making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answered his sister, indignantly. "The only way is to brave it out, both of you, and apologize for your rudeness. She is not a bit stupid, but pleasant and merry, and no doubt you will have a jolly laugh over the affair."

"But Sam! how the deuce are we to get along with him? You know well enough, Han, we shall never hear the last of it from him; and that it will be brought up at all times and in all places."

"If you two can keep the secret, I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and it's a subject Eva will not care to have discussed, and, fortunately, my husband is away. So go to bed and rest contented."

She showed them the room she had intended them to occupy, and soon all was quiet again.

Meanwhile their brother Sam had reached the depot a few minutes too late. He found the train he was to have taken gone; but upon consulting a time table he ascertained that another train started two hours later, and so he decided to take it. He figured to himself, as he impatiently crowded into an empty seat and was being whirled along at a rapid rate, how snugly his brothers had ensconced themselves in the best room, which by right belonged to him, he being the eldest, and consummated a plan to get even with them.

Sometime after midnight he was deposited at Hollythorne, and reaching his sister's house he scouted around until he found a way of entrance into the kitchen, where he deposited his luggage and removed his boots. Then he quietly stole up stairs and opened the door of the best room. "Sure enough," thought he, "my fine chaps, you are in clover!" for there were not-to-be-mistaken signs of the room being occupied. Garments were lying upon chairs, and the bed was pressed by slumbering forms.

To think of coping with their united strength by dragging them forth was not practicable; but there stood the pitcher of water, and he knew that a good dousing with the icy fluid would bring them out quick enough.

"If I can't have my old quarters," he chuckled, "you shan't—that I am determined. So here goes."

He lifted the pitcher, approached the bed, raised the pitcher high, and suddenly dashed the entire contents on the sleeper.

Such a torrent of screams he had never before heard ring through the house, and before Sam could collect his scattered thoughts door after door opened, and Hannah, John and George rushed in—in scanty apparel; Hannah with a frightened look on her face and a lamp in her hand, revealed the entire scene.

There sitting in bed, with hair dripping like a mermaid, her night dress deluged, her face colorless and looking terrified; and there was Sam with the empty pitcher in his hand, the very picture of imbecility, staring like an idiot at Miss Eva and the havoc he had made.

Hannah, George and John instantly comprehended the situation, and the latter at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away, while she assisted the drenched and terrified girl to dry her own clothing, and then took her to her own room and bed, explaining for the second time the mishap of the night.

"I'll keep you with me now, my child," she said, though with difficulty keeping back her laughter. "Those boys are nicely come up with at any rate, and if it wasn't for your having been so terribly frightened and the way my best bed is used up I would not care. They do nothing when they come home but study up tricks to play on each other; and," continued she, "they are so confined in their offices and stores during most of the year, that they let entirely loose when they are out here; but you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge and then went down to see about the boys, who, as soon as they were shut up in the region below, began to fully appreciate the joke, and now that Sam was as deep in the mud as they were in the mire, gave no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it means," said Sam, looking at his brothers, who were rolling and kicking in the convulsion of laughter.

"Wait," replied George, "until Han comes, and see if you don't find out," and he gave another peal of laughter.

Sam had not smiled, and sat looking the picture of discomfort and perplexity, but answered:

"For heaven's sake, hold on boys! I'm willing to admit that I'm sold—gone dog cheap to the highest bidder—but hold on long enough to tell a fellow what it means."

"Means! Of course I will," continued George. "It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Stanley's chamber—who is a lady teacher boarding around; that this is her week here; and thinking it was your humble servant and Johnny snug in the bed, you attempted to drown us out, and made a grand mistake. How do you like it, Sam?"

"I confess I see the point, but can't see the joke. It is a most outrageous shame."

At this juncture Hannah came in and began berating them soundly, thereby letting the whole story out. It was Sam's turn then to laugh, and the whole thing was so completely ludicrous that he was compelled to join his brothers.

Miss Eva was not visible at the table the next morning, and Hannah announced that she was sick with a severe cold; whereupon George groaned out and called for a handful of peas to put in Sam's shoes, while that gentleman looked very contrite, and John declared he wanted to shoot himself. But Hannah had the unruly crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction of seeing them behave with something of dignity. They appeared to never forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went about on tiptoe; and Sam who seemed to take the whole responsibility upon his shoulders, set off to New York for choice fruits and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down stairs. She was looking quite pale, but lovely, and of course divinely, when presented by Mrs. Carpenter to her three brothers, who behaved well considering the unpleasantness of the situation.

But Sam who broke the ice by means of his presents, was most at ease, and by virtue of his age and experience constituted himself the protector, and was constantly on hand to offer Miss Eva a thousand nameless attentions, and before the week was out John declared in confidence to Hannah that he was done for!

"Gone up completely!" echoed George, with one of his dismal groans.

"Just think of it, Han, if it hadn't been for the pitcher of water, Sam would have been heart whole this blessed minute. The fellow meets lots of girls much prettier than she every day, and with lots of stamps, too. They say that pity is twin sister to love, and I believe it."

"Sour grapes!" whispered John, puckering up his mouth.

Hannah sang Eva's praise and secretly condemned Sam's choice. She recommended marriage to all of them as the only sobering process she was acquainted with. They do not feel inclined to follow the advice, notwithstanding Sam's happy plot with the pretty schoolmistress of Hollythorne.

She often reminds her brothers-in-law of her unceremonious introduction to a snowdrift at the dead of night, and they retaliate by reference to the shower-bath given her by Sam.

### AN EDITOR'S "DARE."

Dare to do right;
Dare to be true;
But—dare to pay up,
Whatever you do.
Dare to send check
For little bill due;
It's right and manly,
It's honest and true.

### Electricity in Time of War.

A prominent electrician of New York, in conversing about the dangers of handling the wires when full charged, made the following remarks as to the use that could be made of electricity as a defensive measure in time of war: "Suppose I had in a fort a steam fire engine, with a hose that would throw a stream of water a quarter of an inch in diameter three hundred feet. Now, if I had one end of a Brush machine grounded and the other end connected with the water passing through the hose, the very instant the stream of water struck a line of troops that were advancing to attack the fort it would then be really a flexible electric wire, and as it swept along the line of men it would mow them down like grass. If a thousand men were to march up in a solid body they could all be killed in ten seconds. It would be absolutely impossible to take the fort. It could be used with equally terrible effect in naval warfare. As soon as you make war so destructive as that, however, civilization will do away with it.

"Is this woman your wife?" asked the Justice of a colored man, and pointing to a woman. "Is what my wife?" "Is that woman your wife?" "I don't see no 'oman. I see a lady, an' de lady is my wife." "Is this man your husband?" asked the Justice of the woman. "Dat gen'leman is my husband." "Well, ladies and gentleman, I have investigated this case, and have decided to send this lady and gentleman to jail for six months."


**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 or other purposes, must be paid for the publishers standing on an equal footing with others ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

***JOB-PRINTING:***

HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.


### Pen Photos of some of Ye Old Folks.

Number IX.

More of Fi'pennybit Joe—Whiskey—The Corse Brothers, Unit and James—A Rebellious Slave.

After an interruption of several weeks caused by sickness I resume the sketches of the "Old Folks," commenced July 22.

Joseph Rasin having had a disagreement with his brother-in-law, Coburn, left his house, and rented a dilapidated house at Locust Grove; the same which was afterwards used for a school room until the present school house was built. I had occasion to pay him a visit while he stayed there. I arrived about noon, and was urged to stay and enjoy his hospitality. As the weather was very warm, and my pony jaded, I accepted. The bill of fare was unique. It consisted of a few slices of oily bacon; a half of a cold johnny-cake, baked on a board, and a bottle of the commonest whiskey. After the death of his brother-in-law he returned to live with his sister, Mary Coburn, and when she died rented the farm, now a part of the comfortable and highly improved home property of Isaac Parsons. The land was wretchedly poor, and on it was a house in the last stage of decay and an apology for a stable. He had the breathing skeleton of a horse, an old cart and a much-abused plow. Late in the spring he made a journey up the county nearly to Chesterville, (then called New Market) to procure his seed corn. The farmer to whom he applied expressed surprise that he should undertake the tillage of a farm, and inquired how many horses he kept. "Only this one," said Joseph, nodding toward his equine property; "but I can till enough corn with him to keep me in bread." "But how about meat?" asked his friend. "Oh, I shall depend upon Churn creek; that is my meat-house." He got the corn to plant, on a long credit, and, it was said, traded it off for whiskey and tobacco before he got home. In that day whiskey was king, not only was it omnipotent but omnipresent. It was constantly on the side-board of the wealthy and in the cupboard of the very poorest. Bread was of small importance in comparison with this. At marriages and at funerals, at social meetings and political gatherings it was alike indispensable. I have known five barrels to be used in as many hours at "Taylor's Hill" or Worton Heights. And yet it is flippantly said that there is as much whiskey as ever drank in Kent county in spite of "local option!"

I am led to a painful reminiscence just here. Unit Corse lived at the "White House" above Urieville. His wife left home for a ride; the horse took fright at the brow of the hill on which the "White House" stands; the gig was overturned and Mrs. Corse had her neck broken. A few months later her husband was killed by a falling tree in the wood just beyond Perkins' Hill. He was an enterprising citizen, temperate in his habits and highly respected.

His brother, James, owned and cultivated the farm near Still Pond village recently the property of Joshua Clark. Though he never married he was of a social nature, gentlemanly in his deportment and fond of female society. On one occasion at a fish party he was invited to drink, but declined. On being strongly urged, he said: "You know how difficult it is for me to control myself, pray do not insist upon it." "O, a single glass of wine cannot possibly do you any harm." Still he plead, "it is a beginning, and I fear it will not prove a single glass, it will inevitably call for another and another, until it ends in shame."

But his tempters were too many and too strong. Society demanded that all should drink and it was a grievous offence to refuse. The dance was kept up through that day and until after sunrise of the next, but Corse was taken home by his friends, too drunk to know who they were. His spree continued a week or more. In one of his merry moods he caused one of his negro women to put on all her finery, and compelled her to take a seat by his side, and with two horses tandem, to drive through all the principal public roads while he played the violin. In one of these drunken frolics he went into his harvest field. Among the laborers was Israel Arguedine, a rather shiftless and thriftless white man. Corse called a brawny, young negro to him, known as "Big Joe" or "Anglers Joe," and commanded him to whip that lazy white man. Joe stubbornly refused, not being ignorant of the legal penalty he would incur for striking a white man. "Then put my horse to the sulkey," said his master. This was done without delay, and bidding Joe jump on behind, he drove to the village. John Usilton, the father of John Newell Usilton, your townsman, was a justice of the peace, and kept a country store at Still Pond. Corse stated his difficulty and demanded that his rebellious servant should receive nine and thirty lashes, well laid on at the hands of the constable. Of course, Esquire Usilton refused.

SEPTUAGENARIUS.

### The Disappointed Candidate.

The candidate who got left at the County Convention can be told by the way he grasps your hand, braces himself against his gurgling emotion, and whisperingly inquires:

"Did you ever hear of a case like it?"

You never did. You tell him that you never did, and he pulls you into a