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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, DEC. 2, 1882. No. 31.

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. 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.

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

PETER STOKES,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 29th day of MAY, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of November, 1882.

WILLIAM STEVENS,
Nov. 25—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

WILLIAM DEFORD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 29th day of May, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of November, 1882.

WM. B. USILTON,
Nov. 25—4t. Adm'r.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

WILLIAM H. MEETEER,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of May 1883, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of October, 1882.

MARGARET H. MEETEER,
n4-4t. Executrix.

ESTATE of DR. W. H. MEETEER.

I hereby constitute HOPE H. BARROLL my agent to collect, and sue in my name, for all bills due the estate of Dr. W. H. Meeteer, dec'd, and authorize him to receive all monies and receipt for the same. M. H. MEETEER,
n11-3t. Exec'x of Dr. Wm. H. Meeteer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

ANDERSON W. MELVIN,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned, on or before the 1st day of May, 1883, otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 24th day of October, 1882.

SUSAN MELVIN,
MILTON MELVIN,
n4-4t. Adm'rs.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county Letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

THOMAS H. KENNARD,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the eighth day of May, 1883; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 31st day of October, 1882.

RACHEL E. TAYLOR,
n4-4t. Adm'x.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Kent county Letters Testamentary on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

CATHARINE A. LUSBY,

late of Kent county, Maryland, dec'd.

All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 8th day of May, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 31st day of October, 1882.

CHAS. L. PEARSON,
n4-4t. Executor.

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.

Harrison W. Vickers. J. Thomas Rowley.

VICKERS & ROWLEY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
ap29y.

SPICES—STRICTLY PURE.
Whole and Ground.

Cloves, Allspice, Cinnamon, Ginger Mace, Black and Cayenne Peppers, Mustard Seed, (white and black,) Celery Seed, Ground Mustard, Tumeric, Pure Olive Salad Oils.

M. A. TOULSON, DRUGGIST,
Aug. 19. Bordley's Corner.

LOUIS K. STAM,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

PICTURES & PICTURE FRAMES, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER,
LAMPS and LAMP GOODS, PAINTS, VARNISH,
WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c., &c.

My Stock of FURNITURE is Large and Complete

and is offered at Reasonable Rates, and DELIVERED FREE OF CHARGE to your door.

Having made arrangements with one of the Largest New York Houses to supply me with Samples, and with the aid of the LaForge Design Multiplier, I am prepared to offer you

CARPETS

At Exceedingly Low Rates. You will do well to call and examine. We are also Just Receiving a

Handsome Line of PICTURES.

PICTURE FRAMES Made to Order.

Large stock of LAMPS and LAMP GOODS,

I OFFER ONE LAMP

Which will give the Light of SIXTY CANDLES. CALL AND SEE IT.

WINDOW SHADES, many beautiful designs of Dado and Plain, made to order to fit your window.

Large Stock of Latest Patterns of WALL PAPER, to please the most fastidious.

WINDOW GLASS of all sizes, cut to fit any sash.

☞ Remember, Goods Delivered to Your Houses FREE OF CHARGE.

Always anxious and willing at all times to show you goods, even if you do not buy. [November 4, 1882.

A GRAND DISPLAY

—OF—

CLOTHING

Is now on Exhibition at the Store-room of

BORDLEY BROS.

During the next **SIX WEEKS** they will be sold at such prices as will actually astonish customers. Now read carefully and see what we claim for our Clothing, viz.:

1st. Wekeep the Finest Fitting Goods that are sold on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

2d. As we buy only from the most responsible manufacturers of clothing in the country, we claim superior workmanship to those who try to deceive the community by advertising that they manufacture their own clothing.

3d. BORDLEY BROS'. stock of goods is Three Times Larger than any other clothing establishment in Kent county, and is undoubtedly the largest Clothing House on the Peninsula.

4th. We claim to sell Clothing for less money than the same goods can be bought from leading city clothiers, as our expenses are not so great and we can buy goods as cheap as any one else.

THERE IS ONE THING CERTAIN

You can find the best assortment, and all the Leading Styles, both in OVERCOATS and ULSTERS at BORDLEY BROS'. And we claim today that we have fairly earned the reputation that our sales are made upon—a square, solid basis, and no misrepresentation or deception is practiced in order to effect sales.

Reader do you want to purchase a SUIT, or an OVERCOAT? If you do, call at BORDLEY BROS., and we will offer you clothing for less money than you can get them in this county.

The Coming Christmas Holidays.

We have not forgotten the fact that a great many people buy their Clothing during the Holidays, and we have prepared for a large increase of sales. Our Store is packed full of Clothing, and we can supply all demands. Don't go to the city to buy your Clothing when home people can supply and satisfy you.

BORDLEY BROS.,
November 18, 1882. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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.

TAX NOTICES.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

THE undersigned Collector of FIRST DISTRICT, hereby gives notice that he will be at the following places for the convenience of Tax Payers after this date, namely:

At CHESTERVILLE Tuesday afternoons.
At GALENA on Thursday mornings.
At SASSAFRAS Thursday afternoons.
At MASSEYS Saturday mornings.
At MILLINGTON Saturday afternoons of each week until further notice.

☞ Tax Payers are urged to pay their taxes promptly.

JOHN F. WHITTINGTON,
n25-tf. Collector 1st 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
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
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.

FALL and WINTER

Millinery and Fancy Goods

MRS. L. J. DAVIS.
Has just opened

A Fresh and Beautiful assortment of

FALL and WINTER

MILLINERY!!

embracing HATS, BONNETS, GLOVES, Handkerchiefs, Hoisery, &c., &c.

A large and varied assortment of every description of goods usually found in a first class millinery store is open to the inspection of the ladies and a visit is solicited.

Agency for Demorest's Reliable Patterns. "What to Wear and How to Make it"—portfolio patterns.

☞ Give her a call at the old stand.
Nov. 18-tf. MRS. L. J. DAVIS.

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.

Oct. 7. MRS. KATE GILL,
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.

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.

NEWEST styles of Fall and Winter HATS at J. H. SIMPERS.

WOMAN'S TRUST.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the hay,
And what'll we do with horse and kye is more than I can say;
While like as not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat."
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!"

He turned around with sudden gloom. She said:
"Love be at rest.
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best.
That was your work; you've naught to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain;
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!"

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must because we must."
She softly said: "I reason not; I only work and trust;
The harvest may redeem the hay—keep heart whate'er betide;
When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide.
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

He kissed the calm and truthful face; gone was his restless pain.
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane;
And went about her household tasks full of a glad content,
Singing to time her busy hands as to and fro she went;
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear.
The farmer said: "Dear wife it's been a good and happy year;
The fruit was gain, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know."
She lifted then a smiling face and said: "I told you so!
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see,
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be!"

TRAINING A HUSBAND.

So you want to know how I came to have Caleb when I saw how he used Nancy, his first wife. Well, I'll tell you all about it.

You know Dan'l left me purty poorly off. I had two little children, an' what to do I didn't know. The mortgage was to run out in a year and a half after he died. I'd sent the children to John's to school. Brother John wanted me to give 'em to him, an' he'd do well by 'em, an' I was meditatin' on it, orful loth to do it. But what else could I do with 'em when the old farm was took away from me?

One day when the time was near out, I was hoein' the beans side of the fence jinin' Caleb's corn. I tell you, Hanner, I never felt bluer in my born days. I'd always lived an' worked on a farm, and couldn't do no other kind of work; so what was to become of me I did'nt know.

"Purty good hoein' for a green hand," sez somebody over the fence.

"Yes," sez I, "I've done enough of it since I was left alone. 'Practice makes perfect,' we used to write in our copy books when we were children," and I couldn't help heavin' a sigh.

"Well, Emmerline," sez he, "you an' me seems to be in the same fix. You need a man to do your hoein' an' sich, an' if you're agreed, we'll hitch horses an' work in double harness. I can't find no hired help that will do as Nancy did." [Thinks I to myself, an' you'll never find another wife that will either.] "So, what do you say, Emmerline?"

Perhaps I didn't think o' nothin, for the next few minits! It all dashed over me in a second what an unfeelin' man he'd always been. Poor Nancy had to do all the housework, an' a good deal of it belonged to him to do, an' he was stingier than an old miser, too. I knew he was a smart man to work, an' was forehanded an' able to live a good deal better than he did; an' you know, Hanner, that poor Dan'l was just the opposite. He was an orful clever man, was Dan'l, but was kin' o' shiftless an' easy, an' it always worried me so much' to hev things goin' so slack. Sez I to myself, a body can't have everything; there's always some outs and a poor man is better'n none. So I spoke right up, an' sez I, "Caleb, we've been nabors for many a year; I know your failin's and s'pose you know mine; an' so, if you say so, all right; perhaps we both might do wuss."

Well, to make a long story short, we agreed to have the business done right off. Caleb said it was stylish to go on a wedding tour now-a-days, and as he wanted to go down to Bangor to see about selling his wool, and as Sarah Jane Curtis (who used to work for him) lived about half way, and we could stop there both ways, and not cost anything, he thought we'd better go. His niece Rebecca Gillman, lives there, and we could visit her at the same time. Brother John lives there too, you know, and I made up my mind that I'd jist bring home the children. And I did; but Caleb was orful sot agin it, but sez I, "Of course they can come an' make us a visit," and let him think so, because I wasn't ready to have words with him yet.

We stayed about a week, and got home along in the afternoon all right. The next morning I woke up purty early, and sez I to myself, "Courage, Emmerline; now or never." I kept still, for Caleb was still a snorin'; but bimeby he fetched an unearthly snort, waked himself up, and when he sees it gettin' daylight he nudged me an' sez he:

"Wake up, Emmerline; Emmerline, it's broad daylight; come, come, we shall not have breakfast today."

I was orful hard to wake, but after awhile, a-rubbin my eyes, I sez: "Got a good hot fire, ain't you Caleb?"

"Fire!" said he, "no, I never build my fires. Nancy allers built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, cool as a cucumber; "so did Dan'l." I turned over and went to sleep again—or at least he thought I did.

Well, he wriggled and turned and twisted, and he didn't move to get up for about an hour, but when the sun rose and shone in at the window, he got up and built the fire. There wasn't no kindlin' nor a stick of wood, and he had to skirmish round and get some in.

After the fire got to crackin' good shape I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I was 'most dead, lyin' abed so long, but says I to myself, "Ef I make the fires now, I'll probably hev to do it in cold weather, and I won't do it for any man."

He was pretty sullen all day, but I didn't take no notice of him and he got over it. The next day he was to begin hayin', and had six men to help him. I had to do all the work and take care of the milk and churnin', and it wasn't no fool of a job It come time to git dinner, and there wasn't a sliver of wood cut. I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old,) out to the field to tell Caleb I wanted him.

He came in lookin' savage enough, and wanted to know what it was I wanted.

Sez I, "I want some wood to burn."

"Well," sez he. "There's a whole wood pile out there; help yerself."

"And not a stick split," sez I. "You will hev to git a bigger stove to burn that."

"Well, it ain't sich a hard job to split it," sez he; "Nancy used to, often, when I was bizzy."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Dan'l."

He got tired o' holdin Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would offset her with Dan'l every time. He found I was powerful sot in my way, and he thought he might as well let me have my own way, an' so he sez, "I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on by anybody."

When he wouldn't let me have what I wanted, I'd sell something every time. I sold two tons of hay one time, when I knew that he only had enough to winter his critters. So, on the whole he found I wasn't afraid of him, and he behaves quite decent. I told him not long ago that he was growin' clever.

But I notice he has improved, and I lay it to his training.

A Breath of Fire.

Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Mich., contributes the following interesting though incredible observation: I have a singular phenomenon in the shape of a young man living here, that I have studied with much interest, and I am satisfied that his peculiar power demonstrates that electricity is the nerve force beyond dispute.

His name is Wm. Underwood, aged 27 years, and his gift is that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take anybody's handkerchief, and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns until consumed. He will strip, and rinse out his mouth thoroughly, wash his hands, and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath blown upon any paper or cloth, envelope it in flame.

He will, when out gunning and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start the fire and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice in a day, and the effort is attended with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion, after he had set a newspaper on fire as narrated, I placed my hand on his head and discovered his scalp to be violently twitching as if under intense excitement. He will do it any time, no matter where he is, under any circumstances, and I have repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a swallow of water, and by blowing on his napkin, at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says that he first discovered his strange power by inhaling and exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief that suddenly burned while in his. It is certainly no humbug, but what is it? Does physiology give a like instance, and if so, where?—*Michigan Medical News.*

A SMALL BOY who was playing truant the other day when asked if he wouldn't get a whipping replied: "What is five minutes' licking to five hours of fun?"

It may be doubted whether there ever was greatness of character which had not been nurtured in the school of affliction.

BULL RUN.

How Henry J. Raymond and Dr. Russell of the London "Times" Rode Like Mad for Washington—Rumors of the Occasion.

Probably the best description of the wild stampede which followed the battle of Bull Run ever printed appeared in the Pittsburg *Dispatch* recently. The historian is Kennedy Marshall, of Butler, Pa., a prominent lawyer. Mr. Marshall at the date of the battle was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, and with hundreds of persons followed the army to see the rebels crushed by McDowell. Mr. Marshall was accompanied by Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, and Dr. Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London *Times*.

"Raymond, Russell and I," began Mr. Marshall, "were seated on the roadside, taking lunch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. While we were talking together we heard locomotives whistling over on the Manassas railroad. The trains stopped in a cut, out of sight. Pretty soon out marched a lot of soldiers dressed in gray, with a stand of brigade colors, and came at double quick across the field. It was Kirby Smith with the last installment of Johnson's army from Winchester, which had eluded Patterson. The panic which seized our troops when these fresh fighters hurled themselves at the Union lines, already tottering with exhaustion, was wilder than anything in military history since three Austrian soldiers, coming out of the woods to surrender after the battle of Solferino put the whole French army to route for a time. Regiments that had stood up to their work bravely since 9 o'clock in the morning, melted away in a few minutes at the sight of the gray charging columns. There was no knowing what force was behind Smith, and Hunter's men did not wait to see. They took the road to Centreville pell-mell, every man for himself. The infantry charged their own batteries, cut the horses loose, jumped on their backs and went to the rear at a gallop. Russell disappeared on the tide at the top of his speed. Raymond drifted away from me, and I did not let many pass me in the race myself. It was the further the faster, and after covering what seemed to me about five miles, I dropped exhausted beside the road to rest.

"By-and-by Raymond came along. He had found his barouche and he took me in. We whirled along in the crush of ambulances, artillery horses, privates, officers and camp-followers on foot, ladies and politicians in carriages, and 200 or 300 steers, all making the best of their way to Washington. A drove of cattle had been driven out behind the army to be slaughtered after the battle. They were stampeded with the rest and added to the confusion. There were many amusing incidents. Earlier in the day I noticed L. L. McGuffin, of New Castle, since judge in this judicial district, now dead. He was carrying water to one of the field hospitals. He had been one of the 'On to Richmond' crowd, had come down to stiffen up the President's spine, and was loud in advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war.

"He was a large man and wore a long linen duster. When the rush in the rear began he ran with the rest. He was fat, and as the crowd gradually swept past him he began to think the rebels must be almost within grasp of his flying duster tail. Blind with sweat and dust, he tripped on a log and fell flat on his stomach, or as flat as he could fall on such a round stomach. A zouave, who was hard at his heels, came down with emphasis on top. Mr. McGuffin was certain that the Philistines were upon him, and with a weak endeavor to roll his eyes around that he might see his foeman's face, exclaimed: "Great Heavens, gentlemen, can't this thing be compromised?"

"Before Raymond and I had driven far an ordnance wagon crushed into our barouche and demolished it. I mounted one of the carriage horses. Raymond was in despair.

"'Get on the other horse,' I cried.

"'But I can't stick on."

"'Then good-evening; I'm going to Washington.'

"'Hold on; I can ride behind the nigger,' exclaimed the distinguished editor, and he was about to climb up behind the colored driver when a carriage drove past with some Congressmen whom I knew and he got in with them.

"I galloped away, but before I had gone far I saw a regiment drawn up in line across the road, with fixed bayonets, stopping the fugitives. I took to the fields, executed a flank movement and got past with a few others. When I came to a little field telegraph office, near Fairfax Court House, I was riding ahead of my party. A wire had been laid out thus far and dispatches from the field were carried here and wired to Washington. The last message had told how our troops were driving the enemy.

"'What news from the field?' cried the little operator, with his finger on the key.

"'Our men are routed. They are running this way,' I shouted back to him as I galloped past. He cut loose his instrument, tucked it under his arm and took to his heels. When the next orderly came with a dispatch he found the battery dismounted, and that was how I came to be the first to carry the news to Washington.

"I overtook Bull Run Russell, and we rode together for a while; but his horse was fagged and mine was fresh, so I left him. After that I rode for most and alone. At Ball's Cross Roads I was challenged by a Dutch sentinel. Ben Morgan had my pass through the lines, but I had an annual pass over the Pennsylvania railroad, signed by Tom Scott. I showed the sentinel the name of Scott, told him it was the name of General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief, and he passed me through. I got over the long bridge at Washington at 9 o'clock, just as the countersign was being given out for night. I rode up to Willard's hotel through streets thronged with people, wild with excitement over the favorable dispatches that had come in from the front. The brass bands were out in full force, and somebody was making a rousing 'On to Richmond' speech from the balcony of the hotel. I walked into the office under the sound of his inspiring words, knowing how soon these cheers would be turned to whispers of affright.

Chadwick was keeping the hotel then, and as I pushed up to the desk he stared at me, bareheaded and streaming with dirt and sweat as I was, and finally recognizing me, asked me where I had been and what was the matter.

"'I came from the front. McDowell is licked out of his boots, and the wreck of our army is not far behind me.'

"Chadwick dived back into his private office with a scared face, and in a few minutes came back and took me in with him.

"There sat General Mansfield, who was in command of the troops around Washington, with a bottle of champagne before him.

"'Mr. Chadwick informs me, sir, that you report our army retreating. Are you a military man, sir?'

"'No sir.'

"'Then, how do you know, sir, that they were not merely making a change of front or executing some other military maneuver, sir?'

"'Well, general,' I replied, as calmly as I could, while the gray-haired old martinet eyed me sternly, 'I saw whole regiments throw down their guns and take to the woods. I saw artillery-men cut their horses loose from the guns and caissons and gallop away. I saw officers, men, Congressmen and Texas steers running neck and neck down the road toward Washington, and the steers were the only things that had their tails up. It may have been a change of front, as you say, but—'

"'I don't believe a single word of it,' broke in the general, who had listened to me with evident impatience.

"'Good evening,' I replied, and walked out of the door. The crowd had got the news by this time from Chadwick, and I was almost pulled to pieces. Somebody noticed that I was wearing a gray suit, and shouted: He's a rebel.' There were several suggestions that I be lynched for trying to stimulate a rising of the rebel element in the city. General Mansfield hurried off to the war department, and pretty soon a sergeant and a squad of soldiers came for me and took me to the department. President Lincoln and his entire cabinet were there, with old General Scott, anxiously waiting for news from the front. Simon Cameron had known me as a member of the legislature and vouched for my loyalty. There was very little said while I told my story briefly.

"The President sat with his head bent down upon his hand, and was evidently very much depressed. Simon Cameron, then secretary of war, was the coolest head in the cabinet. He immediately consulted with Scott as to hurrying reinforcements across the Potomac, and orders were issued to stop all fugitives at Long bridge. They asked me very few questions, but after I had told my story and was dismissed, the newspaper correspondents nearly devoured me. Just as I came out of the war department I met one of General McDowell's aids bringing in the report of his commander's defeat."

The Old Rail Fence.

The placing of barbed wire fences around farms, usurping the place of the old rail fence, destroys half the pleasure of farming. There is something about the old rail fence that is real comfortable and the barbed wire fence is forbidding, cold, repulsive. Until you come to think of it, there does not seem as though there was a great deal of solid comfort in a rail fence, but there is. Did you ever see two old farmers leaning against a rail fence, whittling and talking politics or a horse trade for hours together? They are more comfortable, and rest more than they would if they were occupying the softest sofa or the best stuffed arm chair in the world. There are so many shapes a man can get into to rest about a rail fence. First the farmer will fold his arms and rest them on the top rail and lean his breast on the fence and talk for half an hour, until his legs are tired, then he will step one foot up on the second rail from the bottom, and stand and whittle for half an hour until the top of the rail is as polished as a piece of mahogany. Then he will change feet and lean one elbow on the second rail from the top, and sharpen his knife on his boot and talk for half an hour about how he is going to pay the mortgage on his farm next year. After that position becomes irksome he will turn his back to the fence, stand on his heels, and place his two elbows on the top rail, and for half an hour he will tell about how the old mare that he is trying to trade off cleared out all the road coming back from the celebration in town, after the fireworks on the Fourth, and how if he wasn't fixed just as he is, and wanted the twenty dollars boot money to send Nathan off to the select school, there is no man on earth that could buy that mare. Then he will get tired and stand around sideways, put his left arm upon the fence and begin to whittle again, and swear the man who runs the cheese factory down at the corner is skinning us farmers out of our eye teeth. Without going into details as to ninety-nine other combinations by which a farmer can rest on, about or against a rail fence, it, may not be out of place to speak of sitting on top of a fence. The farmer after trying several positions, will instinctively climb on the fence and rest on the top rail, their feet resting on the third rail from the top, which is always laid with projection enough to make good footing, and an hour will pass as the fellows talk of the times when they settled in the country, and of the hardships they have endured, and how the children have grown up and gone away, and the convention will drift into a sleepy channel, and the sun will begin to sink in the west, and the hornyhanded sons of toil will suddenly remember that the chores are to be done, and with a "good-night Lige," and a "Drop around again tomorrow, Ike," they will separate, and one will take a milk-pail and a one-legged stool and go towards the lot where the cows have come home, while the other will go across the road to the barn and throw down some hay for the horses, and they will both go to bed at eight o'clock as tired as though they had been mowing. But they had a splendid easy visit on the old rail fence.

LOVE does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.

TEXAS has over 5,000 miles of railway.