msa_sc2901_scm1624-1084 ©Maryland State Archives

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

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, FEB. 3, 1883. No. 43.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

In the Orphans' Court for Kent County,
January 23, 1883.

IN THE MATTER of the distribution of the
Personal Estate of W. V. Lucas,
now pending before this Court, it is ordered that any persons claiming to be interested in said distribution be and appear before this Court on
WEDNESDAY, the 7th February, 1883,
and show by competent legal evidence how said personal estate shall be distributed.

ROBERT NICHOLSON,
THOS. J. SHALLCROSS,
R. B. WILLSON,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

True copy—Attest:
JOEL C. SLAUGHTER,
j27-2t. Register of Wills.

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
MARY MARIA ROEDER,
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 31st day of July, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 23d day of January, 1883.
JOHN J. ROEDER,
Jan. 27—4t. Adm'r.

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
MARY A. BRICE,
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 11th day of August, 1883, or they may by law be excluded from all benefit in said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of January, 1883.
BENJ. F. H. CAULK,
jan13-4t. Executor.

Harrison W. Vickers. J. Thomas Rowler.

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

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,
e30-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

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.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

W. H. LAMBERT
DEALER IN
Family Groceries Specially,

Has just opened a large stock of RAISINS, PRUNES, CITRON, Currants, Dates, Candies and Nuts, and a large variety of Fancy Cakes

FOR THE NEW YEAR!

All kinds of CANNED GOODS, Plum Puddings, Potted Meats, Chow-Chow, Sauces, Jellies, Preserves, Mince Meat, &c., constantly on hand.

☞ FINE CIGARS AND TOBACCO a specialty, at lowest prices.
Give me a call.
jan6. W. H. LAMBERT.

1883 1883
WHEATLEY'S UP TOWN GROCERY

We have now in stock and shall keep constantly on hand a
Full line of GROCERIES
Such as COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, &c.
Bacon, Flour, Meal, Feed, Fish, &c
A choice lot of *Broiling Beef* and *Sugar cured Hams* kept on hand.
Also, TOBACCO and SEGARS.

We shall use every effort to please, and hope our friends and the public will remember us when making their purchases. All goods in our line will be sold as low as they can be bought in town.
WHEATLEY BROS.,
j14. Corner Store, Up Town.

READ! READ!

The People Shall Know!

NEW BUSINESS DEPARTURE

J. B. SAPPINGTON

Has determined to offer GOODS at the following prices until further notice. He will sell
10 lbs. Standard Fine Granulated Sugar for $1.00.
10 lbs. good, clear Green Coffee for $1.00.
11 lbs. Ext. a C. (nearly white) Sugar for 99 cts.
10 lbs. Enterprise Roasted Coffee $1.40.
One pound fine R. A. Jah Tea for 60 cts.
8 lbs. GOOD Roasted Coffee for $1.
4 lbs. pure Java Roasted Coffee for $1.
Genuine Gravely Tobacco 85 cts a pound and

ALL GOODS in the GROCERY LINE
EQUALLY LOW.

DRY GOODS and NOTIONS
AT
HARD PAN PRICES!

Lot of Boys' Shoes at HALF PRICE!

FLOUR.
We offer Clifton Mills F. F. F.
Kirkwood Mills Good Family,
Patapsco Superlative Patent,
Patapsco Family,
Patapsco Extra,
Orange Grove Extra,
and other grades of Extra and medium brands. ☞ *We guarantee our Prices the LOWEST in Kent County.*

Glassware, Queensware, Stone and Woodenware. Oils, Molasses, Syrups, Bacon, Lard, Hams, Canned Goods, Dried Fruits, Hominy, Beans, Mince Meat, Fruit, Butter, Mackerel, Herring, and a general line of goods suitable to the people's wants.

We herewith tender our sincere thanks for past patronage and respectfully solicit a continuance of your favors, promising our best efforts to please.
Respectfully,
JAS. B. SAPPINGTON,
LEADER IN LOW PRICES,
Opposite Hudgins' Bakery and Confectionery,
Jan. 13, 1883. CHESTERTOWN.

1882 —AND— 1883
NEW STOCK!

S. R. STEPHENS & SON
MAMMOTH STORE.
At MASSEYS, Kent Co., Md.

ALL KINDS OF GOODS for LADIES GENTLEMEN and CHILDREN
AT CITY PRICES!

1500 Yards CARPETINGS,
consisting of Brussels, all wool and half wool Ingrains, Hemp, Cottage and Stair Carpets from 20 to 85c. per yard.
Fine CASHMERES and all kinds of LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
SILK TRIMMINGS,
Fine Col'd and Black Silk Gloves,
New Style Ladies' Collars;
Ladies' and Gents' Water-proof Gossimer Coats,
Ladies' Fine City Made Gaiters,
Ladies' Latest Style Hats,
A large stock of Men's and Boys' First Class CLOTHING, ready made or to order.
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,
Blankets and Comfortables from 1 to $4.50.
Clocks, Looking Glasses, &c.
Notions, Hardware, Tinware, and all goods can be had at very low prices. Our friends and the public will please call and see our stock.
Country Produce taken in exchange for goods
Agents for Wanamaker & Brown,
Agents for Lucas' Paint.
S. R. STEPHENS & SON
Sept. 30—6m.

FAIRLEE MILLS.

THE undersigned, having leased the above Mill, would solicit the patronage of its old customers and the public in general.

Prompt and close attention will be given to all work entrusted, and

We guarantee a High Grade of Flour

from good quality of wheat. GRAHAM FLOUR a specialty. A full supply of
Flour, Meal, Chop, Mill Feed
constantly on hand.
HARBOURD & SAPPINGTON.
j13-1m.

THOMPSON, Up Town!

RAISINS CURRANTS,
CITRON, PRUNES,
APPLE BUTTER,
MINCE MEAT
and NUTS of all kinds, at
THOMPSON'S, up town.

Hecker's Self-raising and New York and Penna. Buckwheat by the lb. or bag, at Thompson's, up town.

Cheap and Good Brown Sugar, Pulv., Standard A, Granulated and Cut Loaf Sugars, at Thompson's, up town.

Who'd have thought it? A pound of Splendid Green or Roasted Coffee 12½c. and a pair of 21 in. Leg Boots with thick heavy soles, for $2.50! and an Undershirt or pair of Drawers for 25c., at Thompson's, up town.

Protect Yourselves!—A full plated 7 Shot Revolver for only $1.00 at Thompson's, up town.

Gum Boots and Shoes—for the little and big, at Thompson's, up town.

Hominy, Beans, Dried Fruit; Canned Goods & Jelly, at Thompson's, up town.

C. A. Gambrill and Wm. Lea & Sons, brands of Flour, always on hand by the barrel or pound, at
THOMPSON'S, Up Town.
Dec. 16, 1882.

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

COPARTNERSHIP.

THOS. L. HINES and JOEL R. CLEMENTS have this day formed a copartnership for the purpose of conducting the HARDWARE, STOVE, TINWARE and FARMING IMPLEMENT business at T. L. Hines' old stand adjoining the Bank, Chestertown.

☞ All parties indebted to T. L. HINES will please call and settle.
January 1, 1883. 13-4t.

1883 1883

HINES & CLEMENTS.

T. L. HINES. J. R. CLEMENTS.

We purpose making our stock of
HARDWARE, TINWARE
STOVES,
Heaters, Ranges, Woodenware,
FARMING IMPLEMENTS, &c.,
complete in every department, and hope by earnest endeavor and strict attention to business to merit extensive patronage. Among the many articles comprising our stock we may mention—

HINGES, LOCKS, SAWS, AXES, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Augurs, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Chain Traces, Tongue Chains, Back Chains, Halter Chains Breast Chains, Grub Hoes, Ropes of all kinds, &c.

Also, a full line of
TABLE and POCKET CUTLERY,
including a complete line of Rogers' Plated Spoons, Forks and Knives.

We will manufacture our own TINWARE, and will be prepared to do
ROOFING
AND SPOUTING.
REPAIRING OLD TINS, &c.

We can furnish Cook and Heating STOVES at lowest rates, and as good and durable as can be had anywhere.
Stoves guaranteed.

There are many other articles we might mention such as Tubs, Wash Boards, Rolling Pins, Butter Prints and Paddles, Saw Cutters, Water Buckets, Mouse and Rat Traps, Wire Clothes Lines, Dust & Scrub Brushes, &c.

It will be our pleasure to keep everything in the Hardware line consistent with the demands of the public.

We shall be glad to have all our friends and the public generally to call and examine our stock and prices.

HINES & CLEMENTS,
Adjoining the Bank, CHESTERTOWN.
Jan. 13, 1883.

If You Want BARGAINS
Go to the NEW STORE,
The "NEW IDEA."
Everything Marked Way Down!

I will give you a few of my prices:
Ladies' and Gents' Striped Hose, 8, 10 12c. and up.
Children's Hose, 6, 8, 10c., and up.
Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, 15c. and up.
Handkerchiefs 4, 6, 8c. and up.
Ladies' and Children's Lace Collars of the newest styles 8c. and up.
Gents' and Boys' white and col'd Shirts, 40c. and up.
Ladies' Silk and Lace Ties 12c. and up.
Ladies' Skirts of all kinds, 40c. and up.
Ladies', Gents' and Chil's Under Shirts, 15, 20, 25c. and up.
Corsets, all makes and kinds, 25, 30, 40c. and up.
Ladies' and Chil's Hats, newest shapes.
Feathers, Flowers, Satins, Ribbons, Velvets, all shades and widths, ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.
Ladies', Gents' and Children's GLOVES of all kinds.

I CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION
To Our Manufacture of
Ladies' and Children's FURS,
which we will sell very low. Furs altered and repaired.

SKINS of all kinds bought; the highest market price paid.

I hope you will give me an early call and be convinced of our low prices.

Our motto is "quick sales and small profits." Respectfully,
J. CANTORWITZ,
Opposite Post Office, Chestertown.
Jan. 13, 1883.

BOOTS and SHOES
—AT—
LOW PRICES.

A GENERAL INVITATION is extended to visit the BOOT and SHOE STORE OF
James A. Shaw,
COURT ST., CHESTERTOWN,

Where can be found a well selected stock of Boots and Shoes for Men and Boys. He is anxious to sell them at low prices and will guarantee that the same quality of goods cannot be bought for less money either here or anywhere else in the State.

He will also have a large lot of GUM BOOTS, SHOES and ARCTICS.

☞ Fine Boots and Shoes MADE TO ORDER, and a fit guaranteed.
aug12. J. A. SHAW.

SPORTSMEN, LOOK!
Guns, Shot by the lb. or bag; Caps, Shells, Wads, Shot and Powder Flasks, Breech Loading Implements, pat. Cleaning Rods, &c. JOHN K. ALDRIDGE.

STANZA.
TO W. H. K. AND BRIDE.

KYSER.

How aimless the spirit of he who alone
Existence consumes with no passion aflame.
How sad and forlorn is the heart that never felt
A passionate throb at the sound of a name.
And is there today in this bright world of ours
A soul that has drank from the depths of an eye,
That did not bow low to the shrine of a love,
And offer in homage a long, lingering sigh?

No, life has been thus since in Eden's fair bow'rs
An Eve raised a heart from approaching decay:
And lo! on Time record we notice the banns
That join a fair M. to a fortunate K.
That date now is pass'd—the fair M. is a K.,
True happiness theirs without any alloy;
And whilst we attempt to congratulant be,
We truly do wish them health, wealth, peace and joy.

May blessings attend them—may pray'r be their guide—
May Heaven protect them and keep them from harm—
May peace and sweet comfort reign over their hearts,
And the "Blessings of Home" reign over the farm.
May sorrow and woe never darken their door,
Never shadow their hearth with sadness and tears.
Through life may they glide like a bird through the air,
And live for a hundred and twenty-five years.

TWO TYPES OF WOMEN.

The Woman Who Can Take Care of Herself.

"What a blessing and what a relief to find a woman who can take care of herself!" The remark fell from the lips of a beautiful matron, richly dressed and surrounded by every appurtenance of wealth and luxury. She was president of an association of women whose object was to aid their own sex in obtaining employment and to assist them in straits of any kind. As part of their machinery they had an employment bureau. The cause of the exclamation above quoted was that a self-possessed, but by no means handsome, young woman had called the day before and asked permission to look over their employment list. She stated that she was a stranger in the city, had but little money and that she wanted employment as soon as possible. There was, however, no whining, no complaints, no apprehensions expressed, nor aid asked further than to obtain the desired information as to vacant situations. Making a note of an advertisement for a lady printer to work on book work, a governess for a small family, and a forewoman in a millinery store, she departed. The next day she returned and stated that she had secured the situation as governess. The ladies were somewhat surprised, as many applicants had tried for it, but for some reason or other no engagement had been made. In explanation, the young lady said that the place was evidently a hard one, the wages low, and the duties exacting; "but," said she cheerfully, "I will take it and do the best I can at it, till I get something better. I am sure I shall soon find just the employment I want; I am used to taking care of myself."

The expression of confidence in her own ability to take care of herself was made so earnestly and yet so modestly, and was withal such a pleasing change from the manner of most applicants for employment or assistance, that the lady managers were much impressed and mentally made a note that the young lady would be sure to succeed at almost anything. The majority of those who applied to these good ladies seemed to feel that the most becoming attitude in which feminine nature could appear was the attitude of helplessness. To assert that they had never been used to doing anything, that they had seen better days, and to recount with tears the misfortunes of their lives, was the most general manner of introducing themselves. The secretary of the society, an energetic maiden of fifty years or over, was wont to declare that the whole race of employment seekers among women might be described under the title of "The Woman Who Cries;" and she was also emphatic in her conclusion that until a woman got over her weakness of tears in connection with her search for employment there was but little hope for her. Obtaining employment is a pure matter of business; so much service for so much pay, and pride and grief and tears are entirely foreign to the question.

It is probable that a large part of this supersensitiveness among women who look for employment arises from the fact that they think that women who can take care of themselves are not as much admired as those who are really, or affectedly helpless and dependent. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The woman who is sufficient unto herself; who goes where she lists and employs her talents at whatever she likes; who takes an honest pride in earning and handling her own money; who keeps her business to herself and asks neither advice nor assistance—she is the one who really secures the admiration and respect of all men whose reputation and respect is worth having. Grace Greenwood says that she has always observed that upon the ocean every man respects and admires and commends the woman that can swim. So, too, do all sensible women. Times are greatly changing; whether they will or not, women are thrown out into the waves and must swim or drown in the stormy sea of life. There is no use fretting about it; there is, indeed no time to even discuss the question; preconceived ideas of the proprieties of life, woman's sphere and all that have to stand aside; the question is bread, bread. And such being the case, the most admirable and encouraging person that one can meet in these disastrous days is the woman who can take care of herself.

The Woman Who Ought to be Cared For.

The woman who, when circumstances require it, can take care of herself, is a truly admirable and delightful person to meet. She encourages our hearts to feel that our daughters may be fitted, by proper education, to meet the emergencies of life cheerfully. But it is probable that we all feel, when planning for the future of our daughters, that if they are called upon to to fulfil the whole of woman's natural destiny, if they become wives and mothers, their normal condition, and that which would be the most favorable to their own happiness and complete and harmonious development, would be that of being cared for. In this condition as in all other conditions, they are entitled to all the rights and privileges and have all the claims upon the respect and kindness of men that could possibly be claimed or awarded to the most enterprising and successful workers among women in any department of the world's work.

A gallant statesman says that women have all the rights men have and one more, the right of being protected. In this statement he shows his discrimination and genuine politeness in that he did not use the common phraseology not say the right of being supported. A man has no more business to say he supports his wife than he has to say he supports his partner or his clerks. All good wives render a full equivalent in the partnership of the home, even though they do nothing but make it pleasant and meet their husbands with a smile. A young woman, by virtue of a fine education and natural abilities, is able as a teacher to earn, say, a thousand dollars a year. A young fellow asks her to relinquish this and join him in founding a home, her part in it being perhaps, mainly to stay in the house and oversee the housekeeping. She may consent to do so with most happy results both to herself and him; but one essential element in her happiness must be that by so doing she does not place herself in a position that shall create a painful sense of dependence. There is no high-spirited woman who can endure without pain such an attitude, yet there is no rightly constituted woman who does not under right conditions, enjoy having all her temporal wants supplied and of being cared for and protected.

An earnest and thoughtful writer upon social questions of the deepest importance says, what this country most needs is a leisurely, happy and care-free mother-hood. The period when a mother has her little ones around her knees ought to be the happiest of her life. But when maternal cares press, a stronger hand than hers should ward off all the cares and trials that would oppress her or interfere with her care for her children. This is the period when woman's most sacred right is that of being cared for and protected. Alas! that to so many mothers the period of maternity is the one of being overburdened physically and mentally, and of unrest and sorrow of spirit. And this condition is one from which, in a majority of cases, she cannot rescue herself. She may need recreation, change, help in her labors and many other things in order to a healthful condition of mind and body; but she lacks the strength and energy to provide herself with them. Here is the opportunity for the good husband. Here is his chance to bind his wife to him with "hooks of steel;" here is the time to show that he appreciates what is due to woman in the most important relations of life. But in order to do this he must render homage not as one who gives to a dependent, but rather as one who brings glad tribute to a sacred altar.

Woman's greatest and first claim to all rights and privileges is her claim as a mother. We hear a great deal now-a-days about the claims of the laboring classes, the wealth produced by the laboring classes. But does not the greatest wealth of the State consist in well-trained, good, law-abiding citizens? These are given to the State by the mother. Yet where is the political economist, where is the political party which recognizes the claims of, or seeks to reward those who by thousands of watchful days and nights give to the world its heroes, its poets, its statesmen? For this royal and loving service woman has richly earned all the protection that laws can afford by giving her the power, if necessary, to protect herself, by making plain and straight these paths for her feet when she walks alone, but above all, by making happy and elevating the conditions of wifehood and motherhood.

REBECCA FELL.

Written for the Kent News.

GOOD-BYE.

'Twas only one word—time-worn and old—
That we breathed 'neath the summer sky.
So simple! yet fraught with a *meaning* so deep,
For to us 'twas a life-long "good-bye."
And the stars that looked down with angel eyes
Seemed mocking us in our woe,
How could they tell of the tomb that it veiled,
Of the joy we, that night, buried low?

How hope and happiness died for us then,
How all our lives we must try
To live, so the world never see the corpse;
The name of whose pall was "good-bye."
Ah! as I say it, how memory brings
The buried hopes of long years!
And looking back—o'er my treasured dead—
They seem sanctified by tears.

These farewells that come to happy youth
Over-cloud all her lovely sky.
But beyond the tomb, a beacon-light
May beam from each earthly good-bye.
The human heart is only too weak
And to us on that summer night
The farewell that meant so much to both hearts
Gave no promise of future light.

But now while death's shadows are hovering
'Round this heart which shall soon cease to beat;
O'er my spirit the peace I have prayed for
And longed so often to meet
Has folded me now, and so gently
Driven earth's sad shadows away,
That here in the "border land" it seems
There was never a yesterday.

Surely heaven is nearer and sweeter to those
Whose earth-hopes were doomed to die,
And the tomb's deep shadow bears not the gloom
As when life's was a happy sky,
Who knows! but our hearts that in anguish wild
Have vainly longed to die,
May be purified and made brighter because
Of the tomb that we called "good-bye."

BY ALICE.

A MATHEMATICAL BRAIN-MASHER.

The following is taken from a Western paper:

An apple dealer employed two boys to sell apples.

The dealer gave Joe thirty apples, instructing him to sell them at the rate of two for one cent.

To Jim he also gave thirty apples, and told him to sell them at the rate of three for one cent, as his apples were inferior.

Joe sold out and turned in as proceeds of sales the sum of fifteen cents.

Jim also sold out and turned in ten cents, making a total of twenty-five cents.

The following day Joe was sick, so the dealer gave Jim sixty apples (the same amount taken out by both the previous day) and told him to sell them at the same rate as they did the day previous.

Jim reasoned that if the day previous Joe had sold two for one cent, and he three for one cent, they together sold at the rate of five apples for two cents, sold out at that rate. He returned to his employer and turned in twenty-four cents as the proceeds from the sale of the sixty apples. Then the apple dealer flew into a rage, and accused Jim of swindling him out of a cent—called him an embezzler and an unfaithful servant, and "fired him out." Jim, however, maintains that it was a fair and square transaction—that everything was correct each day. But what became of the cent?

A Georgia Editor on Early Marriages.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pastures without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do moustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are 20 years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have cut all their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of laths to build a henhouse. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there is not going to be girls enough to go around, and then they begin to get in their work real spry; and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead, they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath, and abuse the doctor because he doesn't run too, and when the doctor gets there there is not enough linen in the house to wrap up a doll-baby.—*Rising Fawn (Ga.) Gazette.*

WAR PICTURES FROM FAIRFAX.

How Women and Children Fled From Their Homes—The Guns of Manassas.

MARION R. BROWN, IN PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

The raid upon Fairfax Court House by Tompkins' cavalry of the Federal service, which was so bravely met by Gen. Ewell in his shirt sleeves, gave assurance to the Southern people that the Federal army was no myth, and that this night scare would soon be followed by a general advance of the enemy. It was a time of great suspense and anxiety and the fair June days were oppressive with fearful rumors and an undefined horror of some bloody work.

After the attack on Fairfax Court House our refugee friends from Alexandria and vicinity concluded that their present position was unsafe, and they decided to press on beyond the lines of the Confederate army. Before her departure Mrs. M——— and I walked in the garden and looked at the strawberry beds, red with their luscious, ripening berries; at the bending fruit trees doubly laden with pears and peaches; at the clustering grapes, the blooming roses, and sadly asked each other: "How will it be?" Alas! we knew nothing then of war and its horrors beyond that undefined dread that hung over us as the shadow of death. We innocently thought "War is fought in a few pitched battles; victory must perch on one or other of the starry flags and the victors must be crowned very soon like little Belgium, that one could cover with one's handkerchief."

After Mrs. M—— and I parted, never to meet again, other refugees continued to pour in; they thought us so safe; they called it "Alabama," and sat down to rest. Truly it was almost amusing to witness the flitting from one homestead to another, a few miles in advance of the first, and the filling up the next moment by a class of refugees who wondered at the desertion of the former party. We were forced to leave our fair home by the inexorable demands of war. Colonel Ball (not of Alexandria fame,) an officer in command of the Chesterfield (Virginia) Troop, Confederates, took possession of the house. I desired to remain, but the officers said: "It is hard, madam, to leave this beautiful spot, but consider, this is on the high road to Manassas; it is the highest elevation in this neighborhood; here cannon will be planted, consequently, drawing the enemy's fire. Suppose one of your little children should be killed or wounded? I beseech you to go, for we are in expectation of the enemy's advance." Thus I was compelled to depart. Our breakfast table was laid for many guests that morning—the half-eaten meal was upon it. Many times afterward, when the war was no longer young, but grown to an insatiate bloody monster, did I have visions of those pyramids of white rolls, of that savory steak, that fragrant coffee and the crimson berries heaped in glittering bowls. I gave orders to the servants to care for all things, gathered up a little silver, filled the carriage with the babies and some clothing, then drove away.

In a More Retired Spot.

Six miles above us was the home of Mr. Ayre. He had just completed a large house which, being in a sequestered spot off the high road, was deemed safe from shot and shell. Here we were welcomed with genuine Virginia hospitality and here we spent weeks of dread and anxiety, starting from our sleep at every sound, imagining the tramp of armed men and the rattle of the deadly rifle. The Confederate army at that time was stretched from Fairfax Station to the plains of Manassas, the fate of the army frequently resting upon the shoulders of some mere stripling who kept lonely watch upon the bleak pine hills at Fairfax Station. Woe be unto the little company of Fairfax Rifles commanded by Captain Wm. H. Dulaney, at Fairfax Station, if that young stripling of fifteen years had slept upon his post. One of them has told me of those nights of terror, when conscious that the fate of the army rested with him, when war was a new thing and the dark shadows of the scrubby pines seemed often to be creeping foes, he would shoulder his rifle and know not whether to fire his rifle or forbear. We were at this time in the midst of the Confederate forces; the soldiers went in and came out among us, the quartermasters coming to buy forage from Mr. Ayre and the officers to buy milk and eggs.

The Boy Major.

Here I must lay a little tribute, a wreath of fame, upon the grave of one of the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. Joseph Latimer, of Prince William county, Virginia, was a mere boy of eighteen when he was assigned to duty in the Confederate army. It was said of him at the Military Institute that he never received a demerit. He was very small and delicate in appearance, appeared to be about fourteen years of age, yet he was commissioned major at nineteen, commanded a park of artillery at bloody Gettysburg, lost an arm and died from the effects of the amputation at Harrisonburg, Virginia. He was widely known as the "Boy Major." Over such whom Robert E. Lee called the "seed corn" did the stricken South shed many tears. The "Boy Major" was frequently at Mr. Ayre's buying forage, and his small, slight figure, with his serious, manly face, impressed us all very much. He rests among the veterans, a man "sans peur et sans reproche." Brave giant heart.

Advance of the Federals.

At last the Confederate forces fell back to Manassas, the advance guard holding the Bull Run ford. The Fairfax Rifles were there, and, as I before said, mainly composed of boys; but how they held the position and how they fought has now become matter of history; some are still living to tell of that day. Their captain, William H. Dulany, Commonwealth's Attorney, received on that day a fearful wound through the lung, which unfitted him forever afterwards for active duty. Now that the enemy had really advanced the gentlemen of the neighborhood had all retreated for fear of arrest, leaving servants, women and children. "The possibilities," which Geo. J. Tenney says dwell in Southern women, were now hourly developed. The strain on the nervous system was fearful; the loud-mouthed cannon, the cruel, crackling rifle ploughed their hearts, while they sent death and wounds to the midst of their hosts of sons, fathers and brothers. Mr. Ayre exacted a promise of me before he left that when the Federal army advanced that I should remove his sick wife and his little children to his brother's, beyond Upperville, which village lies on the borders of Loudon and Fauquier. The men had all left. The weather was very hot, but we neither undressed the children nor ourselves.

Many Perils in Prospect.

The little creatures were full of life and joy, and their merriment was really painful to us in our agonized state of mind. One night some one was heard raising a lower window with stealthy hand and creep in. A Confederate scout had been telling us of the Ellsworth Zouaves; how they were angered by the death of their commanding officer, and remarked that locks and bolts were no defense against them; that they "climbed the walls like men of war," but that their watchword was "booty and beauty." We frightened women thought it best to put on a brave front to meet the intruders, who crept slowly along the lower hall, feeling their way in the darkness by the walls. Three pale, trembling females dragged themselves to the top of the stairs and confronted, not the zouaves, but Mr. M——, whose wife was a refugee with us. He had returned at considerable risk to himself to tell us to be on the move at daybreak, and to appoint some trysting place for self and wife. He reported the "enemy" only half a mile from us at the house of Col. Thrift, who was with his command, and the Federals were destroying his furniture and supplies of every kind.

Preparing to Depart.

Salt, flour, molasses, preserves and lard were emptied on the floors and stirred into a paste, with whatever clothing the contraband did not claim. Now was our time for flitting. Mrs. A—— was almost prostrated and Mrs. M——'s infant was ill; on me devolved all preparation for our move before the horses should be seized for the exigences of war. I had the four-horse wagon laden with bedding and provisions. Mrs. A—'s carriage was more than laden with herself, Mrs. M——, and their babes, my own carriage with nurse, five children and self. As one horse had been ridden off by the gentlemen, I had to borrow an old worn-out cart horse, for whom we had to manufacture harness, which proved too tight for the heavy-limbed creature. It was long after sunrise before our cavalcade was in motion. For the second time in the course of a few weeks I left my breakfast table with the untasted breakfast upon it. We were compelled to travel very slowly, for the miserable harness continually impeded our movements. Seven times during the day did it require me to drop the reins and mend it. Once the whole affair fell the ground, leaving the old horse free to depart. This would have been the situation had he been young and vigorous; as it was, he only stepped a few paces beyond the shafts and surveyed the ruins with indifference.

Listening to the Guns.

This was the 18th of July, 1861, the day of the Bull Run fight. We soon heard the booming of the guns and were delayed by some Confederate forces, marching from Leesburg to Bull Run ford. Though very near the battle lines we could not divine how the contest waged. We only knew that there were many mere boys holding the ford, and every gun fired sent a thrill of horror through our hearts. Soon we met ambulances conveying Confederate wounded, but the drivers could give us no information concerning the battle. It had become intensely hot; the burning sun shone full in our faces and nearly blistered our ungloved hands. Yet we would have willingly lingered near the battle, for one must be less than human in such times not to share in the general excitement. Moreover there was an early opportunity then to have developed our nursing "possibilities," but for the children's sake (one of whom was ill and another had a broken arm) we were compelled to press on. It was necessary to reach Middleburg before night, and many a detour were we compelled to make in order to avoid the picket posts. And here I must insert an incident that occurred on the day of the Bull Run battle, and I do it without apology or comment, realizing that such occurrences can always be found among the war records, and history, which is continually repeating itself, will continue to furnish such incidents to the sorrow of those who dig up the records of the past.

Vows of Vengeance.

Near the Bull Run ford lived an old lady, blind and bed-ridden; she was deserted by her servants, who fled in fright from the signal guns of the Federal army. "After the battle" her body was found riddled with shot and shell, for her house was exposed to the fire of the 'enemy.' The sight enraged the Confederates; many cut off a lock of the woman's gray hair, steeped it in her blood and wound it in their soldier caps and vowed vengeance. It was years ago; we tell it and hear it; the chronicles of war bear many such records, and say it was a sad thing, but who could help it? After the bloody massacre of Manassas more than one Confederate was buried with the lock of gray hair dangling from his cap. Murderer and avenger had gone to meet the victim, who was "somebody's mother."

ONLY SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

A Few Thoughts by the President of the Lime Kiln Club.

"If I had an only son," began the old man as the lights were turned up and Biblical disputes suddenly ceased—"if I had an only son, and he growed up as only sons am pretty sartin to do, an' he went off on a Sunday skule picnic an' got drowned, I should feel a leetle sorry an' a heap thankful. If I had an only darter, an' she growed up as only darters allus grow, an' she run away wid a lightnin'-rod man an' was left in de po'-house, I should be a leetle sorry, but not a bit surprised. De family wid an only son or an only darter needs no odder trouble. When you meet a man who carries his cigars in his hind pocket and goes off behind de barn to take a chew of terbacker, sot him down fur an only son. When you meet a man who flusters an brags an' seeks to lord it ober odder people, you have found an only son. When you meet a man who thinks de world was made fur him alone, you have met an only son. De only son am de man who takes up two seats in de kyars—who crowds de chill'en at a festival—who eats hisself sick when he pays 2 shillins fur all he kin eat. I doan' say dat he am to blame, but I do say dat de worlds feels relieved when he goes to his grave. Once in a life-time you may h'ar of an only son who hasn't turned de family out of doahs nor had all de nayburs fur a mile around shoot at him an' offer to buy him a tombstone but be keerful how you believe it.

"When you meet a woman who puts you in mind of selfishness out fur an airin' sot her down as an only darter. When you fin' a woman who expects de kyar to stop in the middle of a block—when you meet a woman whose husband am allus ready to dodge, sot her down fur an only darter. De only darter grows up to whine an' complain an' tyrannize an' make de world mo' wretched fur people wretched 'nuff befo'. De odder day I was called upon to go over to a naybur's an' box de years of an' only darter whose poo' ole mudder lay upon a bed of sickness, an' I mus' say that I kinder enjoyed it. Dat same evenin' I was called upon to visit anoder naybur whose only son wanted to sell de family cook stove to buy him a yaller dog an' a single-barreled shot-gun. I had a short struggle wid de young man, an' he won't be out of bed for a week to come.

"My exper'ence is dat a family which de Lawd has forsaken arter sendin' one chile has woe an' sorrow in der household. Selfishness takes roots dar' an' grows amazin' fast. Wickedness creeps in dar' an' nebber lets go. De small-pox kin be stamped out—de yaller fever mus' give way to frost—de cholra only settles down heah an' dar', but de only chile am allus wid us. He or she meets us ebery day—walks wid us frew life—brings upon us de larger sheer of our miseries. Pity de fadder wid an only son—thrice pity de mudder wid an only darter. Wid dese few conggerashuns, frown out in a speerit of astonishment an' intensity meant to accomplish no desirability in pertickler, we will now close de winders, put a leetle mo' wood in de stove an' purceed to asphyxiate de transcendent order of de invidious programme.

"I no wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine that there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there ain't."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Don't you think, Clara, that you could love me a little?" And Clara, taking him at his word, answered with her most engaging smile—"Yes, Fred, a very little."

LOCAL LETTER.

Items of News from the Head of Sassafras and Places Contiguous.

As already reported in the KENT NEWS, a young lady in an adjoining village was legally "lynched" in the church! She manifested no reluctance, but sweetly said, "I will." She still survives, and is evidently happy in the possession of her Edmund. A bright future is before them. May they long live.

On the 25th of December the Sassafras M. P. Sunday School gave the children a Christmas festival at the residence of Mr. B. F. H. Caulk. The generous and hospitable host and hostess gave up the house to the school and the invited guests. It was a feast of good things to old and young; each child took home a box of confectionery. The pastor of the church was the recipient of many useful presents. Mr. Caulk is the superintendent of the school, and like his worthy and efficient predecessor—Mr. Arthur Johns—he puts his heart in it. He has many hearty and efficient helpers.

Professor Quimby gives lessons in vocal