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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.

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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.
☞ ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

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.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

THOSE in want of CHEAP and GOOD GOODS will do well to call and examine before purchasing in the city. We think our prices will compare favorably with the lowest city prices. We have on hand and are receiving the following:

CARRIAGE, COACH, WAGON AND
Cart RIMS,
Hickory SPOKES,
Oak Wagon and Cart Spokes,
Carriage, Wagon and Cart Hubs,
Carriage Shafts, Poles with Circles, Neck Yokes, Double and Single Trees, Cultivator and Plow Handles; Pick Handles, Shovel, Fork, Spade, Hoe, Rake, Brush, Ax and Hatchet Handles, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, by
March 12. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

NEW GROCERY STORE UP TOWN!

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.

Our stock comprises
SUGAR, COFFEE,
TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at
WHALAND'S,
GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

THE CELEBRATED Hyland & Co. FARM WAGON!

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 is an acknowledged fact that most Wagons are built of green material.

Ours are built of the VERY BEST and most THOROUGHLY SEASONED MATERIALS, and the workmanship

Cannot be Excelled!

☞ We recommend them to be in every respect an article superior to any other Wagon built or sold on the Peninsula, and know their use will demonstrate this fact.

We are located in the midst of an excellent Timber country. We carry a very large stock of thoroughly seasoned Oak, Ash, Hickory and other Lumber adapted to our business, and are prepared to make any size or style WAGON or CART at short notice, and will give, when desired, a guarantee on every Wagon and Cart we sell.

☞ Farmers and Carters please give us a call. Yours, truly,
W. A. HYLAND & CO.
Feb. 5, 1881.

BLACKSMITHING —AND— WHEELWRIGHTING.

NEW SHOPS IN CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned having taken charge of the new Shops in Chestertown, adjoining Mr. Geo. E. Lambert's Carriage factory, and having laid in a supply of good material, is prepared to do all kinds of BLACKSMITHING and WHEELWRIGHTING in the best manner and at the lowest prices.

We Make to Order:

WAGONS, CARTS, DEARBORNS,
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators,
and Farm Implements generally, and do all kinds REPAIRING at short notice.

HORSE SHOEING a Specialty.

We have one of the best Horse-shoers on the Peninsula, and we guarantee to do all work in this line as good and as cheap as can be done anywhere.

☞ We earnestly solicit a share of public patronage.
HENRY S. DEFORD.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

Roofing & Spouting,

TINWARE AND STOVES.

WM. A. BISCOE, Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of

ROOFING and SPOUTING

at the very lowest prices for cash.

TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work, Stovepipe, Lard Cans, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.

REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty ☞ A share of public patronage solicited.
W. A. BISCOE,
Nov. 6. CHESTERTOWN.

Renovating Feathers.

THE undersigned has located in Chestertown, on the corner of High and Mill Streets, for the purpose of renovating by a patent process and the use of steam

FEATHER BEDS, MATTRASSES,
&c., &c.

By the means employed all the dirt is removed, the feathers are thoroughly renovated, rendered pure and fresh, and so enlivened that old beds are made almost as good as new.

For particulars apply to
J. U. MUMMERT,
feb12-tf. Gardner Building.

GO TO J. W. PERKINS', Lynch's, if you want to buy Bargains in Bed Comforts, Blankets, Fine Toilet Sets, Glass Sets, China Chamber Sets, Nickle-Plated Clocks, Silk Handkerchiefs for Gents and Ladies, Jewelry, Cutlery &c.

Dr. T. H. COOPER & BRO.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS,
VOSHELL HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN.

REFERENCES—Rev. I. T. Cooper, D. D.; Hon. S. B. Cooper, Dr. E. Cooper, Camden, Del. Dr. Cooper, Kenton; Dr. Cooper, Wilmington; Dr. Cooper, Philadelphia. mh5-3m*

☞ RILEY'S MILL.

HAVING rented the Mill property known as RILEY'S MILL for the present year (1881), and secured the services of a competent practical Miller, I am now prepared to give satisfaction as to QUANTITY and QUALITY of

MEAL and FLOUR

and would thank the residents of Kent and Queen Anne's counties to give us a call and judge for themselves.
R. RILEY.
mh5.

GARDEN SEED.

A Very Large Stock of

LANDRETH'S CELEBRATED GARDEN SEED

of the finest quality, all FRESH. Also, ONION SETS.
For sale at Lowest Prices, by
T. W. WICKES,
March 12. DRUGGIST.

REMOVAL!

J. A. PERKINS respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the store room recently occupied by S. B. Foard & Co., where he proposes to keep a FIRST CLASS STOCK OF

PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES,
SUCH AS
Hams, Shoulders, Side Bacon, Lard,
Sugar, Coffee, Tea,
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, by sack, barrel or pound.
TOBACCO, SEGARS, Snuff, Pipes.

Canned Goods:

Canned Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, Peaches, String Beans, of best quality.
PICKLES, SPICES, SOAPS, BEANS, HOMINY, DRIED FRUITS,
Syrups, Molasses, Pure Cider, Mackerel, Herring, Corned Shad, Apples, Crackers, Candy, Nuts, Prunes, Citron, Lemons, Oranges, Figs, &c.

Give us a call and try our goods.
Country Produce wanted for cash or trade.
mh5. J. A. PERKINS.

TOULSON'S PHARMACY

Fresh Drugs,
MEDICINES, CHEMICALS
FANCY ARTICLES, &c.

I HAVE now in stock a full supply of Fresh Drugs, which have been obtained from only first-class dealers, and which may be relied upon as of best character.

The PRESCRIPTION Department

is complete in every particular. Physicians' Prescriptions compounded with accuracy and dispatch, (being under my own personal supervision) and in most improved pharmaceutical manner, from English, French and American drugs, at the very lowest possible figures.

PATENT MEDICINES of every description furnished at short notice.

A Full Line of Fancy Articles.
CHOICE PERFUMERY
in great variety.

☞ I can suit both Old and Young in SPECTACLES and EYEGLASSES, of very superior PEBBLE GLASS.

School Books, Stationery, &c.
at the lowest prices.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO!
Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars. Gravely Tobacco, &c., &c.

A trial is respectfully solicited. I am determined to spare no effort to please all who favor me with their patronage.
M. A. TOULSON,
feb5. Bordley's Corner.

J. C. HUTCHISON, JR., of Middletown, Del.
WALTER S. HILL, of Kennedyville, Md.

HUTCHISON & HILL,

Wholesale FRUIT AND PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
Peaches, Berries, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Live Stock, &c.
No. 242 North Delaware Avenue,
feb5-3m* PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN T. GALE,
Wholesale Commission Merchant,
—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME,
Live Stock, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
254 NORTH WATER STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
jan8-6m.

NOTICE!

Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
Use LEARY'S Herbatine COUGH SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
For COUGHS, COLDS, &c.,
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine at 50 cts. At TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown; CANBY, GILPIN & Co., Baltimore, Md., agents.
J. F. LEARY, PHARMACIST, *Proprietor,*
d18-3m* Rock Hall, Md.

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

Before the daybreak shines a star
That in the day's great glory fades;
Too fiercely bright is the full light
That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird
That stills her song ere morning light;
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
A light wherein no traveler errs;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that lonelier bird;
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
And sing of love, when love's unheard.

Mattie.

Mattie had a fiery temper, but that was her worst fault. When she married Marsh Hunter, people said:

"She'll make his life a warm business for him."

But Mattie thought differently.

"I'll show them what a triumph of love will work. I'll teach them I'm not the vixen I seem."

And so she married him. The wedding was a very pleasant affair—something to look back to as long as they lived. Mattie looked very sweet in her new white Swiss. Her long, jetty curls trembled and shown in the brilliant light, her eyes sparkled like twin stars, and her soft cheeks were mantled in softer blushes as she leaned trustingly on the strong arm of the stalwart man who was to be her guard and guide through life.

The honeymoon was rich with the pleasures of new married life to the humble pair, but the time soon came when the bride must leave the old roof-tree for the untried realities of a home of her own. This was the first sorrow—the trial of leaving home and mother—but it was fleeting, for in the excitement of "setting up" housekeeping in the white cottage on Squire Blackburn's farm, the little sorrow was drowned.

It was very funny, and Marsh laughed and Mattie laughed, when just they two sat down to the little new table and ate the viands prepared by Mattie's own hands.

Everything was new and strangely sweet. Everything went on nicely, and Mattie was triumphant. But all things earthly must change. The weather grew warm and the kitchen hot, and one of the hottest days of the season Mattie had the headache, and the supper must be ready at five o'clock. Mattie tried to get it ready, but burned her wrist; then she burned the bread. Then she looked at the clock, and saw that it had stopped, and looking out the door she saw Marsh.

"Is supper ready?" he asked, and she blurted out something, and they had their first quarrel.

Oh, dear me, the first quarrel. How sorry it made the poor little woman.

But Marsh looked sullen, and went off without kissing her. They never talked that quarrel over, simply because they were both too proud to broach the subject. After that quarrels came oftener and easier. They did not mean to quarrel, but somehow angry words would come up.

After awhile a little boy came to their household, and it seemed for a month or two a good deal like the well-remembered honey-moon; out Mattie's wretched temper would fly to pieces again, and the happiness was spoiled.

"It's curious we can't get along without quarrelling," said Marsh, one Winter day.

Mattie felt the tears in her eyes in a moment, and her heart soften towards Marsh, and she was about to confess her feelings and ask forgiveness, when he continued—

"It's all your hateful temper, Mattie—you know it is."

That was enough, and what was meant for a reconciliation was simply another quarrel.

"Oh, dear me; it is my wretched temper—I know it is," sobbed Mattie after Marsh went out; "but he needn't have said so."

"If I only wasn't so blunt," said Marsh to himself with a sigh.

So things went from bad to worse. Little mistakes were magnified into terrible wrongs.

The neighbors had their fill of gossip about the matter, and finally, one day, when Marsh was away, Mattie thought the thing over.

"Im a wretched little nuisance," she said mentally; "I don't know why I am so either, but I can not help it?" she said, despairingly, her eyes filling with tears. "I've a great mind to take Neddie and go home, and stay there. My shame can't be any greater than it is."

She clasped the baby close in her arms; and the tears fell fast on his curly head.

Her heart seemed bursting within her, but she wrapped the child in her shawl, and with a quickened step she fled the place and hurried across the snow-covered fields to her mother's.

"What's the matter, child?" asked her mother, as Mattie, pale and shivering, appeared at the door.

"Don't ask me, mother," sobbed the wretched little woman.

"You ain't left home?"

"Yes, mother, forever."

"Don't say that to me. You shall go back this instant," said her mother, thinking of the scandal that was sure to follow such a proceeding by her miserable daughter.

"Oh, don't mother," and Mattie looked the picture of despair.

"Tell me about it, my child," said the mother, melted into tenderness by the look.

Then Mattie, through her tears, told her mother all, and ended with these painful words—

"But, oh, mother, I do love him, the father of my child—I love him, but he doesn't understand me!" and she fell sobbing beside her mother's knee.

"Let me advise you, my child," said the mother, softly stroking her daughter's glossy hair. "I've passed through it all and I'll tell you a secret. There is almost certain to be mistakes come up between husband and wife, and often words are spoken that are regretted a moment afterwards. But, my child, such a word can do no harm, if repented of and a confession made. If you have said anything to wound your husband's feelings, no matter what he may have said to you, go and tell him you are sorry, and I know that he will not only forgive you, but will beg you to forgive him. The hour that follows will be more delightful than the hour of your wedding. Let me tell you of a little instance in my own life."

And her mother told of one of those little family differences that come up between so many worthy couples. The story ended so pleasantly that it soothed the tempest in the breast of the heart-sick daughter.

After the story was done, Mattie still kneeled, resting her tired head on her mother's knee. Her mother stroked her glossy hair in silence for a quarter of an hour, but Mattie's thoughts were busy. Suddenly she arose, took her child in her arms and wrapped it closc in her shawl, and prepared to go.

"Where are you going, my child?" asked the mother.

"To my confession," answered Mattie, through her tears.

"Heaven bless you!" said her mother.

When Marsh Hunter came home that night a pretty scene met his view. The fire was burning brightly on the hearth, and before it stood Mattie, dressed in a neat calico wrapper with snowy collar and cuffs, and a scarlet bow of ribbon at her throat. Baby sat on his pallet before the fire, crowing lustily, and beating the floor with a tin rattle.

Supper was on the table, and the tea was steaming on the hearth. Marsh was cold, but such a scene warmed him. He went straight to the pallet and commenced to romp with the baby. Mattie went and knelt there, too, determined to make her confession, but she did not know how to commence. It is very easy to think of before hand, but when the time came she was lost. There was an awkward pause; then both spoke at once,

"Mattie, I've been—"

"Marsh, I'm sorry—"

Their eyes met, and each saw the tenderness in those of the other; all was now told in an instant. Both made their confession.

Marsh opened his arms and Mattie fell sobbing on his breast, while baby looked on in amazement. From that hour they were the happiest of couples.

A MODEL WILL.

The Snow Hill (Md.) Messenger, of last Saturday, states that the following is a verbatim copy of a will—names omitted—filed in the office of the Register of Wills for that county on Tuesday last:

"Stait of Merryland, County of Warcester bee it none az my Will and Testmony at the Best of nolege I Give to my sun —— my Saril hoss and my hoss cart and my Lettel Brendel Cow and fere hade of Shepe and fore Gese and ssix hade of hoges and all my Plows and horrors and my big Chist and Cornor Cubbird and my 2 Bades and Bade qhiltes and all my hous firnature Givin him undir my hand and Seal this the 14 day of Febray 1881.
Test— ——SEAL.

Stait of Merryland, County of Warcestire bee it none az my Will and Testmony at the best of my nolege I give to my sun —— five dollurs cash and it Beain Given under my hand and Seal this 14th day of Feburary 1881.
Test— ——SEAL.

Stait of Merryland, County of Warcestire bee it none as my Will and Testmony at the Best of my nolege I give to my sun —— five dollars and it Beain Given under my hand and Seal this 14ih day of Feburary 1881.
Test— ——SEAL.

Stait of Merryland, County of Warcester bee it none as my Will and Testmony When I Died When at my Buriel When at my Grave when I am Dade this my Will and Testmony shall bee Rede and this Beain Given under my hand and Seal on this 14th day of Feburary 1881.
Test— ——SEAL.

A Tow-Path Acquaintance.

The newspaper correspondents at Washington now surround the White House in search of news and occasionally let their halting fancy play in dispatches like this:

After the public had been notified that no more people would be admitted, a very rough-looking man pressed forward and attempted to pass the guards. He was stopped. He then asked them to take his card to the new President, and after much persuasion succeeded. The guard took the pasteboard tremblingly to President Garfield, and he immediately directed that the visitor be admitted. The latter, with a pleased "I knew he would see me," went up into the President's office.

General Garfield welcomed him with outstretched hand and said:

"Hallo, Doc!"

"Hallo, Jim!"

The two shook hands, and "Doc" said: "Jim, you've had a good many soft things since you left the towpath, but I guess this is the softest."

"Oh, I don't know," said the President.

"But it's better than the towpath, Jim, and a good deal easier?"

General Garfield replied in a manner indicating his opinion that any duty, if properly performed, would be "hard" and he held a long tete-a-tete with his visitor, who was one of his old friends of the towpath.

KITTY'S FIRST PIE.

Baked in a patty-pan,
Flaky and light,
Done to a turn,
And seasoned just right,
By a receipt taken
From mother's big book,
And some words of advice
Thrown in by the cook,
Is Kitty's first pie.

She made it herself,
Did little Miss Kit,
Without the least help,
Not one tiny bit.
But in eating it she'll have
Assistance enough;
For there's Bertha, her sister,
And little dog Buff,
And dear Mrs. Purr,
(Who's a cat as you know,)
And all the sweet dolls
Sitting up in a row,
Each waiting her turn
For a piece of the pie;
And all the young people
Besides you and I
Would, if asked, take a bit
Of Kitty's first pie.

Of course 'twill go round,
For it's round as a wheel,
Though I doubt it for all
It would make a full meal,
But I'm sure there's enough
For each one to taste,
And pass an opinion
On the mince and the paste
Of Kitty's first pie.

—Harper's Young Folks.

SOMETHING LIKE A FLASH.

QUICK MOVEMENTS OF MEN AND HORSES WHEN THE FIRE GONG SOUNDS.

Engine Company 24, in Morton street, is said to be the quickest in the world. Capt. Wm. McLaughlin was found in his room on the second floor. He said, when asked how long it took him to hitch up:

"Excuse me, I decline to state."

"Why?"

"Because you'd think me a liar. Do you know how to use a stop watch?"

"I do."

The Captain walked down stairs to the first floor, where his men were standing about in little groups. The floor was as clean as could be. Every little bit of metal work on the engine and tender was glistening like polished glass. Within fourteen feet from the head of the shaft of the engine were two horses in stalls, directly beside the wheels of the apparatus. Formerly the horses had to run from the rear of the building. Twenty-four's horses are magnificent animals. They are perfectly matched eight year old grays, nearly fifteen hands high, with clean, tapering legs, perfectly arched necks, small heads and fiery eyes. When waiting for the stroke of the gong, ready to jump forward under the harness, they are the pictures of animation. Their immense strength and rigidity seemed to melt away, and they became as lithe and agile as kittens, pawing the floor, throwing their beautiful heads high in the air.

"They know there's something in the wind," muttered the captain; mighty clever beasts."

The captain handed a watch to the reporter, saying: "That watch belongs to Capt. Eustes, the oarsman. It was used by Wm. B. Curtis to time Courtney and Hanlan at Washington. It registers an eighth of a second. When I strike the gong you push that little knob. When the driver shouts 'Ready!' you push that one. If you hear a click or see any part of the outfit unclasped, don't stop the watch until it's remedied. I am going to hitch up ten times."

The reporter stepped within a little enclosure on a line with the end of the pole. The harness, already attached to the engine by a system of pulleys over the places where the horses were to stand. The collars were hinged at the top, but were open at the bottom, and they hung like a pair of open scissors. When the horse's neck is beneath this collar it is only necessary to let it drop and close around his neck when it clasps automatically. With the same movement the reins are clasped to the bit, which the horse always has in his mouth, and as the whole harness falls upon the animal, at the clasp of the collar he stands completely harnessed.

The Captain approached the gong.—The firemen were all on the floor. The horses were on the alert.

"Clang!"

The watch was started, and the horses, whose halters were unhitched by the same current of electricity that rang the bell, leaped forward, and stood like rocks under the harness, with their necks held up ready for the collars, which two firemen sprang forward and seized. There was a quick click, click, the driver vaulted into his seat, seized the reins, and shouted "Ready!"

The watch was stopped. The horses were examined, and found to be perfectly harnessed and ready to start. The Captain asked the reporter:

"How much?"

"One second and five-eights."

"If I had said that I'd been called a liar," said the Captain.

The horses were released. They ran back again to their stalls and were haltered. There was another trial, and the team was hitched and harnessed in one and one-half seconds. This made the Captain smile. The time occupied by each of the other eight trials was expressed in seconds, as follows: 2, 2, 2, 1½, 2, 1¼, 1¾, and 1½.

Fire Commissioner Gorman, who has been connected with the fire service since 1846, was found in his office in Mercer street. He said:

"The New York Fire Department does not hitch up for boasting, rivalry, or wagers, but for business. Their ingenuity is taxed to the utmost to get to fires as early as possible. We know, in fighting a fire in a dry goods district, that one second earlier is often worth one million dollars. Our companies are classed and timed, and if they are late they are reprimanded. We have a perfect system and carry it out to the letter. Take, for instance, a fire in Greene street near Grand. The alarm is sent from box 166, on the corner of the streets named. Now we open this little door and see that the engines should arrive at this point with No. 13 first, No. 20 second, No. 30 third, and No. 31 fourth. If No. 20 arrives before 13 we want to know why. If 13 ran into a car, was blocked or ran over somebody, all right; but if 13 was slow, then she must learn to be faster. The morning after every fire we receive the reports of the Captains of the different engines.—These reports tell who was first on the scene of the fire, what they did, how much pressure of water they used, how long they were there, and who was in charge."

The reporter then went to the house of Engine No. 32, and asked Captain McGill how long it takes him to start.

"Biff! Pull a lever, and away we go, Our engine's a self-propeller. We keep about eighty pounds of steam on her, and the instant the gong sounds she's off."

Assistant Captain Montania of Engine No. 3 said:

"There are lots of engines that hitch under three seconds. Every company has two men near the pole of the engine all night long. The instant the gong rings the horses are loosened and they jump forward. The firemen are there, and they clasp the harness while the driver is running down stairs. The engine is all ready in three seconds at any hour of the night."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE credentials of United States Senator Fair, of Nevada, which were presented in the Senate last week, were on paper almost as thick as parchment. They were were written with crooks and hooks and flourishes enough to excite the envy of a professor of penmanship, and the great seal of the State, as imprinted on gold leaf and attached to the paper, was as large as a sunflower.

A Singular Accident in Baltimore.

A PAVEMENT OVER AN OLD WELL GIVES WAY AND DROPS A CITIZEN DOWN.

The Baltimore Sun reports the following singular accident:

Samuel Davis, brickmaker, aged 33 years, met with a singular accident yesterday, which, however, fortunately resulted only in slight injury. In company with John Wells and James McQuade, glass blowers, he was walking along the west side of South Paca street, near Cider alley, when suddenly the pavement gave way beneath him and he disappeared!—Wells and McQuade cast one surprised, frightened look at their disappearing friend, and then took to their heels, looking back every now and then as if they expected something to issue forth from the hole thus made and to start in pursuit of them. Davis' disappearance was witnessed by Michael Bergman, who was standing in front of Kelly & Ryan's blacksmith shop, on the opposite side of the street. Bergman called assistance and rushed across the street, carrying a rope with them. By this time a large crowd had collected, and as they peered over the brink into the hole, where Davis was standing up to his waist in mud the earth round the place broke loose and nearly buried the captive. A number of bricks also fell down upon him, cutting his head in several places, blackening one of his eyes and bruising his back.—Davis himself was gazing skyward, apparently wondering as to where he was and how he got there.

The rope was looped under his arms, and with the aid of a ladder he was pulled out safely.

The pavement where Davis sank from sight is in front of dwelling No. 24, occupied by Mrs. E. A. Shamburg. About 25 years ago an old city pump stood at the pavement's edge, but has long since been removed. The well of this pump was about twenty feet deep, and was fed by a supply pipe connecting it with another old well that once stood in the middle of the pavement, the pump of which had been removed to the newer well near the curb. The wall of the original well is nine inches thick, and that of the other four inches. They were both covered with cap stones, and their existence had been forgotten. It is supposed that the recent rainstorm washed a part of the nine inch wall away, and thus allowed the earth above to run down the well, leaving the pavement without a foundation. The place where Davis disappeared was just between the two wells. It is thought that he went down fully fifteen feet.—After he was taken out the hole widened to about twelve feet square.

Davis was able to walk home, and after he had recovered from his bewilderment laughed good-naturedly over the accident. A force of city workmen filled the well up. Quite a number of persons passed over the pavement just before the accident happened, and the bricks seemed to be as firm as ever.

How Officials Were Once Paid.

It is not a general known historical fact that from 1777 to 1784 the territory now know as Tennessee formed a part of North Carolina, and that in 1785 the Tennesseeans, becoming dissatisfied with their government, organized a new State government under the name of "Franklyn" which was maintained for some years. The organization afterward disbanded, and Territorrial Tennessee was again annexed to North Carolina. The following is among the laws passed by the legislature of the State of Franklyn. We copy as found in a speech by Daniel Webster on the currency in 1838:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Franklyn, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same: That from the first day of January, 1779, the salaries of the officers of this Commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

"His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 1,000 deer skins;

"His Honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer skins; or, 500 raccoon skins;

"The Treasurer of the State, 450 raccoon skins;

"Each County Clerk, 300 beaver skins;

"Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins;

"Member of Assembly, per diem, three raccoon skins;

"Justice's fee for signing a warrant, one muskrat skin;

"To the Constable for serving a warrant, one mink skin;

"Entered into law the 18th day of October, 1779, under the great seal of the State."

Novel Reading.

This eloquent passage from a sermon delivered by the Reverend Talmage describes the condition of the novel reader: The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color dashes to her and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of her grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the River of Death. The clock strikes 4, and the rosy dawn soon begins to creep through the lettice upon the pale form that looks like a detained spectre of the night. Soon in a mad house she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents and thrust her white hands through the iron bars of the prison and smite her head, rubbing it back and forth as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking 'My brain! my brain!'

MAN is not a bundle-carrying animal, says an exchange. He can tuck a few stray parcels in his pocket, to be sure, and lug a package under his arm, perhaps; but on the whole as a common carrier he is a failure. But a woman! well, we should hate to say anything that wasn't absolutely true; at the same time, a woman can carry parcels enough into a horse car to fill up one side of it, and pick them all up in one arm when she gets off at a crossing, and lead a pair of twins, carry an umbrella and hold up her skirts with the other hand.

BERNHARDT has made $126,400 as her personal share of her one hundred performances since her arrival in the generous country, and has had all her expenses paid besides. She is willing to die a hundred nights more on the same terms.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

JOHN B. GOUGH'S THRILLING ORATION IN LONDON.

A Haunt of the Dangerous Classes—Happy Colored People—Thrilling Speech by a Man in Fustian and Corduroy—His Telling Recital of His Reclamation from Drunkenness—What Dick and Tom Did—A Scotch Cabman's Gratitude—The Door to Knock at—Killed by Moderate Drinking—A Colonel's Death Through Intoxicating Communion Wine—The Mouse and the Cat—Do Your Duty.

One of the most celebrated and thrilling lectures of John B. Gough is that entitled "Who is Responsible?" delivered in the London Standard Theatre, and published in the "Herald and Signs of the Times." The following is the second part:

COME with me and I will show you a scene I once witnessed. Turn out of this magnificent street of palaces, and look at a new world. Every grade of existence as you advance becomes darker, filthier, fouler and more degraded; sickening odors, heavy with disease, come from open cellars; oaths ring out from subterranean dens. Here, thronging the filthy sidewalks, are children with no sunshine on their brow—children who are a walking heap of rags—children who often hear a mother swear, but who have never heard her pray—children who will occupy prisons, penitentiaries, poor houses, or worse. *Can they be rescued?*

Here they are—bad, precocious. In banter, sarcasm, and bold repartee—your child is a fool to them. What if all these sharp intellects, this acuteness, this strange intelligence, were trained for humanity, for God, for Christ and for heaven—instead of being trained to inevitably prey on society—for crime, for Satan, and for perdition.

Do we not blunder fearfully as Christians if we do nothing for their rescue? And shall we not pay a terrible price for our neglect? Come and see where they live. Come from your pleasant home, where children trained for purity and heaven climb your knee. Come from your family altar. Come from the comforts and luxuries that God has given you, and see where these children live. Jesus loved little children, and whosoever shall give to one of these little ones a cup of cold water shall not lose His reward. This broken door hangs by a single hinge. No fear of burglars here!

Enter! Is this a cage of wild animals? No, these are men and women and children—not beasts and their cubs. Every square foot of the filthy floor has some occupant; the wretched in rags, the drunken in their debauches, grey hair and auburn locks, old and young, black and white, the sick and suffering, the innocent and guilty—all herding together.

Here the robber brings his plunder, the beggar his refuse food; here, too, the shameless girl—God help her!—brings her horrible earnings. Here they sleep and grovel. Here they drug conscience with poisoned liquors. Here they spend their lives; and here, in the dark, many die. Such scenes are to be witnessed in nearly every large city to-day, within sound of the church bells. Oh, they are a hard set. They drink, and swear, and lie, and resist control.

HAPPY COLORED PEOPLE.

An old colored servant was asked—although I don't know why we should call them "*colored*" people, for a negro was once asked whether he was a colored man, and he said, "No, I was *born so*; I never was *colored*"—well, some one went to see this colored woman in her wretched little hut, said, "I don't see how you can manage to live in such a smoke." What did she say? "Why, honey, I say thanks to the Lord that I have got anything to make a smoke with." Another poor creature said, when some one talked to her about her pains, "Oh, honey! dat is nothing! Don't you know dat is in de hands of de Lord; and sometimes He whips us. But, bless your heart, just as soon as we cries like a baby, He takes us up and comforts us." Why, we have some of the most magnificent experiences of Christian faith and trust and devotedness among the poor—I think sometimes more than among the rich. There is no degredation in poverty; but oh! my friends, there is degredation in sin. Everything that defiles the spirit is a degredation; and there is no degredation like the degredation of drunkenness—none in this wide world.

THRILLING SPEECH BY A MAN IN FUSTIAN AND CORDUROY.

I once heard a speech, and it is a much better one than I can give you, and therefore I will repeat it. I spoke to an audience of eight hundred of the hardest men I ever came across in my life. Well, it was just like as if you threw a joke at them—oh, dear me!—it was like a stone in a bed of stone. You could not move them to laughter or tears, or anything else. There they sat, as much as to say, What are you going to do next? All were alike. I sat down very much discouraged, and the chairman said to me: "Now, Mr. Gough, if you have no objection, I should like to ask a man to come on this platform. You think these people have no enthusiasm, but you will find that they have. You have not yet seen them. There is a man here who cannot read or write, but who knows a great deal of the Scriptures, and who preaches wonderfully—hundreds go to hear him. If you have no objection, and would like him to come on the platform, you will see how he can move the audience." I said, "Objection! I should be delighted to hear him." So up he came, in fustian jacket and corduroy trousers. He had not washed the dirt from his eyes—he had been in the mine—he had just given himself a splash and a dash. He had a good honest eye. And what do you suppose he said first?—

"How do ye do, lads? The gentleman asked me to come on the platform because he thought you would like to have a look at me, and I have come so that you may look at me. I have no objection; you may look at me. Don't you see how fat I am getting? I doesn't drink no beer, neither, like you. Look at me. I bean't ashamed. My elbows bean't sticking out of my jacket, and my toes bean't sticking out of my boots. And I will tell you I have got a clean shirt on, and I gets one once a week; and, by the look of some of you, you don't get one once a week.

"You may look at me if you like. I bean't ashamed if you do. I say, lads, I have made a change. I have changed beer for bread, and brandy for beef, and I have changed gin for good clothes—they are pretty good ones, though they be short-skirted—and I have changed rum for a happy wife and a comfortable home. My wife does not lie no longer on a lot of rotten rags, and my children don't run no more in the streets learning devil's tricks. I have made a change. You remember that old song that we used to sing—

'When a man buys beef, he buys bones;
When a man buys plums, he buys stones;
When a man buys eggs, he buys shells;
When a man buys drink, he buys nothing else.'

Ain't it true?

"Ay, lads, that's all true, and every one of you knows it," and they began to shout, "Hurrah! hurrah!" every one of them. "I don't want you to hurrah. I didn't come here for any hollering. I will tell you what I did the first night, when I put my name on the Temperance pledge. I went home and told my missis, and that brightened her up a bit. Then I took my children out of the gutter. Then I got out of the den I was living in, and took a house—a two roomed house. I am a 'householder' now.

"My children goes to school, and I pays a penny a week for each of them, and they are going to be better educated than their father was; and then I thought I was going to cut a dash, and I did, but I'll never do it again. I got a black pair of trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat and jacket to match, and then I got a stiff hat, and I'll be blowed if it wasn't a stiff 'un; and then I strutted up and down, and when the people that knowed me afore they seed me, blowed if they was not putrefied, every one of them.

WHAT DICK AND TOM DID.

"Now, look here, I don't want none of your hollering; I want to make this here speech—what some of the learned gentlemen call a practical speech. There's *Dick over there.* Go it Dick. He bobbed his head down when I said 'Dick.' Everybody knows Dick. He has just the hand of a man and the heart of a woman. Dick? Everybody knows Dick. Why, he would share his last crust with a brother pitman, and lend his tools to his brother workman if he knowed he would pawn them the next day. Dick knows it. He is an honest, big-hearted man. But why did Dick bob his head when I said 'Dick'?

"Dick, my lad, you knows me and I knows you. I want to ask you a question. Do you remember that bitter November night, when the wind was drifting the sleet through the thick clothes of a man, and you sent your little girl out, and she had but one garment, and that was hanging about her bare legs, and you sent her with a blacking bottle, and she could hardly stand and put the blacking bottle on the counter, and you sent her with a silver sixpence for gin; and there was your half-starving wife lying on the floor with a new-born bake wailing at her side? Ah, Dick, that was bad. I say 'bad.' Was it Dick that did it that night? No, *it was the cursed drink.* Down with the drink and up with the man. That's my motto.

"And there's *Tom there*, just like Dick. Tom bobbed his head down when I said 'Tom.' Ah, Tom, he's just such another as Dick. Everybody knows him. I want to ask yau a question, Tom. What did you promise the lassie, when you took her away from her mother's home? Did not you promise to love her, and cherish her, and protect her? Have you done it, Tom? Who gied her two black eyes three weeks since? Who thrust her down the stairs, and tore the flesh from wrist to elbow, and she covered the place over with her apron, and told people lies to shield you?

"Ah, that's bad, lads. Was it Tom that struck a woman? Was it Tom that threw his wife down the stairs? No, *it was the cursed drink* that did it. Down with the drink and up with the man! That's my doctrine. I say, lads, do you want to smooth the wrinkles out of your wife's face, like you smooth out the wrinkles in a sheet with a smoothing iron? I have! Put your name on the pledge. That will do it. I say, Dick! Dick is coming! Dick is coming! Tom! Tom! look here! Ah, that's right, Tom! Now, lads, follow a good example!"

And *fifty-eight men came* tramp, tramp, tramp on the platform. They seized the pen as if it were a pen of iron, and they were graving their names into stone.

That man did more work in ten minutes than I could do in ten hours, because his discourse was adapted to the character of his audience. Now, I have been working among such men; and I say again, there is no power on earth that brutalizes a man like the power of the drink. These men are warm-hearted.

A SCOTCH CABMAN'S GRATITUDE.

Why, I remember riding once in Scotland to a place—I cannot pronounce it; I pronounced it once, and they laughed at me; I can spell it, A-u-c-h-t-e-r-m-u-c-h-t-y. A man came to meet me at the Ladybank Junction, and took me six miles in a fly—a one-horse cab. As we sat together, I noticed the man was leaning forward very strangely; I saw him take a handkerchief, that was the beginning of it, and tie it around his face.