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The Kent News:

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

Terms of Subscription:

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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.

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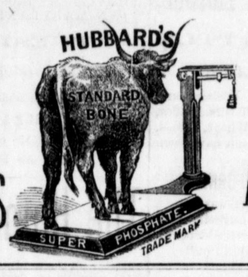
ADVERTISING RATES.

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.

Notice —TO— FARMERS



Important Announcement

OCEAN BIRD GUANO!

Office of T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Sole Proprietors and Importers of the O. B. GUANO,
FOUND IN LARGE CAVES IN THE WEST INDIES.

The deposits were discovered some two years ago by the owners, who last Fall sent samples to this country by a sea captain, which we obtained, and by analysis found it to be very valuable, containing all the elements of plant food—being a complete fertilizer without manipulation. The Island was visited by our senior in December, 1882, for the purpose of exploring and contracting with the natives, the original owners, for the entire deposits, which arrangement has been effected. Samples, with full analysis made by Dr. G. A. Liebig, can be seen at our office, and the goods now in stock at our Factory *WILL BE PUT ON THE MARKET THIS SPRING* in connection with **Our STANDARD and EXTANT BONE SUPER PHOSPHATES,** at prices based upon cash value, adding interest upon all bills sold on time. Will also furnish the "O. B" from warehouse in Baltimore City to any parties desiring, large lots of which we propose to sell very close above the price of importation.

T. R. HUBBARD & SON,
Feb. 17, 1883—13t. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

FOR 30 DAYS ONLY!

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALES!

Entire Stock of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS,

And GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

WILL BE SOLD AT A **GREAT REDUCTION** FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY in order to make room for Spring stock. We mean business, and guarantee GREAT BARGAINS to EVERY BUYER. For want of space we can only mention a few articles and prices:

GOOD MELTON OVERCOAT .....worth $2.75 selling for.....$2 00
HEAVY CHINCHILLA " ..... " 5.00 " " 2 75
FINE " ..... " 8.00 " " 6.00
" Double Bo. P. Overcoat, light and dark 6.00 to 12.00, selling for 4.00 to 8.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Overcoats worth 2.50 to 3.50, selling for 2.00 to 6.00
All other fine Overcoats reduced in like proportion
MEN'S GOOD SUITS worth $7.00 ..... selling for $5 00
BUSINESS all-wool Suits " 11.00 ..... " 7.50
FINE DRESS " 15 to 18 00 ..... " .....11.00 to 13.00
Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits reduced in like proportion.

We respectfully invite everybody to call and examine. You will see for yourself that

The STAR CLOTHING HOUSE
Under the KENT NEWS OFFICE,
is the place to buy your Clothing.
Feb. 3, 1883. A. FRIEDMAN.

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. Extra 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.

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.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS!

WE PROPOSE TO KEEP A FULL LINE OF

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

and will be glad to supply Farmers with their PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS, REAPERS, HORSE RAKES, SPRING TOOTH HARROWS, GRAIN DRILLS, &c.

Call and examine our stock.

HINES & CLEMENTS.

PLOWS! PLOWS!

The New REMINGTON CLIPPER
(*CARBON METAL,*)
is now acknowledged to be the culmination of Plow improvements. All we ask is for the farmer to take it home and try it before purchasing any other. He will say he has never seen its equal.

We respectfully refer farmers to J. Z. Clark, Fletcher Melvin, Lewis C. Justis, and others, as to the merit of the above Plow. For sale at city prices.

Hines & Clements
CHESTERTOWN.
Feb. 3, 1883—tf.

HAIR-DRESSING.

TO THE LADIES.

THE undersigned takes this method of informing the Ladies of Chestertown and Kent county that Mrs. LIZZIE PRICE, of California, a First-class HAIR DRESSER, is stopping at Mr. William Perkins' Rising Sun Saloon—and will be glad to do any work for the ladies in her line. Calling when notified at their residences, or will do any work sent her.

I also manufacture Ladies' Switches, Hair Braids, Ventilated Front Waves, Rings, Chains, Breast-Pins, Shades all colors of hair, Bleach and Clean Gray. Hair of bereaved friends made into Flowers, Crosses and Wreaths.

All work promptly done.

She has worked at Cambridge, Easton, Oxford, Centreville, Queenstown and other places on the Shore — coming well recommended from the above places. Respectfully,
jan6-tf. LIZZIE PRICE.

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

WANTED!

3,000 LBS. Country MIDDLINGS
3,000 lbs. " SHOULDERS,
2,000 " " HAMS,
2,000 lbs. LARD, 1,000 lbs. JOWLS,
2,000 lbs. Printed BUTTER,
2,000 doz. EGGS, for all of which we will pay good prices.

J. B. BURCHINAL.

☞ We have a good article of New Orleans Molasses. J. B BURCHINAL.
fe17-4t. Chestertown.

EGGS WANTED

I am paying the highest market price in CASH for EGGS.

Those having Eggs to sell will find it to their interest to call and see me.

A. SCHWARTZ,
fe10-tf. opp. Voshell House.

Travilla Poultry Yards!

FOR SALE:
20 Pairs Light Brahma Chickens, J. K. Felch's stock. 20 Pairs Plymouth Rocks.
5 Dark Brahma Cockerals, of Hulcome stock.
5 Trios of Pekin Ducks.

EDWARD SLAUGHTER,
jan6-3m. CHESTERTOWN, MD.

TREES! TREES!

A general assortment of NURSERY STOCK for sale:
20,000 First Class PEACH TREES;
10,000 Second " " " "
The late yellow canning varieties predominate.
200,000 Strawberry Plants and a quantity of Raspberry and Blackberry Plants are specialties.

☞ We will be pleased if customers will visit our grounds and view our stock.

Two Young Horses taken in exchange.

N BARNARD,
fe10-10t. STANLEY P. O., MD.

GO TO J. W. BIRD'S New Flour & Feed Store

(Nearly opp. the Voshell House, adjoining Mrs. L. J. Davis',) to buy

ALL KINDS OF FEED, such as FLOUR, MEAL, CORN shelled or in the ear; Cats, Bran, Chop, Ship, Middlings, &c., &c.

The best Cecil county HAY, in bales, kept constantly on hand.

Give us a call and be convinced that *our prices are the Cheapest in Town.*

Feb. 10—tf. J. W. BIRD.

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 it her 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.

Don't You Forget It!

W. H. LAMBERT
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,
GROCERIES a SPECIALTY,
Is selling goods as cheap as can be bought in town.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.
COFFEES, SUGARS, SPICES, Cheese, Syrups, Gelatine, Chow-Chow, Yeast Cakes, Graham Flour, Choice Family Flour, Oat Meal and Apple Butter.

1 lb. Good Sugar for 8 cents.

11 lbs. Good WHITE SUGAR for $1.

Positively the Best 5c. Cigar in Town!

Smoking & Chewing Tobacco a specialty.

☞ All goods bought for cash and sold at bottom prices.

Feb. 10, 1883. W. H. LAMBERT.

THE PLACE To Buy Harness.

MY WHOLE STOCK AT *THE VERY LOWEST PRICES!*

Great reductions have been made for this Spring's trade. I can suit all, and guarantee satisfaction. After 14 years' experience in the harness business I feel that I can and will give satisfaction in all dealings.

Call and examine my stock of
COLLARS,
BRIDLES,
HALTERS,
HARNESS,
SADDLES,
WHIPS,
BITTS,
TRUNKS, and a full stock of everything in my line. Be sure and call at

J. F. HOWARD'S, Court St.,

next door to C. F. Stam's drug store, if you want anything in the Harness line. I can accommodate you at lowest prices.

☞ REPAIRING ☜ of all kinds, done at the shortest notice and at reduced prices.

JOHN F. HOWARD,
March 1. Court Street

PURE home-made Apple VINEGAR, for sale at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

I always begin at the beginning when I write a story. Some authors like to commence in the middle and work at both ends; but that isn't my way, or rather it wouldn't be my way if I was in the habit of writing stories, which, thank heaven, I am not. I get my living in a respectable way, by the sweat of my brow, not by writing lies for newspapers. Consequently I have but one story to write, and that is my own.

My name is Roderick McStivers, and I'm a native of the good old town of Tadmouth; I'm 40 years old if I'm a day, and, if I do say it, as good looking for my age as any man you ever set eyes on. Twenty years ago I was fully as handsome as I am now, and at that time was engaged to the charming Mary Black, the belle of Tadmouth. That was the beginning of all my woe, that engagement. I was poor then (I own the largest boot manufactory in Tadmouth today), and the Lord only knew when I should be able to marry Mary. But she said she didn't care; she could wait two or three centuries just as well as not, if I'd only be true to her meantime—

Sooner shall the blue ocean melt to air,
Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
Or think of anything excepting thee.

That's just what I said. You wouldn't think to look at me now that I could say anything quite so soft as the above—would you, eh? Bless you! I had more poetry in my head twenty years ago than you could shake a stick at.

Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspirations, and perchance the best.

That's what's the trouble with me. If I hadn't confined myself to leather, I should have played the deuce with "the nine." Well, you understand from the above that Mary and I were all right. I swore that I'd be true, and she dittoed; but, bless you, my dear Sir, the sweet girl had a father, and he was not so young as we were by several years.

Those were days when my heart was volcanic, but the old gentleman's palpitator was as hard and cold as a cast-iron grindstone. The paternal Black did not believe much in love, you see.

He had married for money, and, in his opinion, that was the only thing worth marrying for; and so, instead of throwing his only child away on a miserable vagabond like myself, he very unceremoniously showed me the door one evening, and the very next day brought a lover of his own choosing home to Mary. The lover's name was Bunsby, and he rolled in gold, metaphorically speaking; owned a fine house in New York, and had horses, carriages and servants "too numerous to mention." Oh, why should I linger over this period of my existence. I'm sure I don't know why, and hang me if I do.

You can guess the rest. Mary was dazzled with her new lover's wealth. She forgot poor Roderick McStivers, and married Thomas Bunsby, Esq., and I—I, alas, was not invited to the wedding! Anything more heartless than the above can scarcely be imagined. I suppose I might have "gone into mourning." They told me I couldn't be a nun on account of my sex.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I asked in a voice that sounded horribly strange, notwithstanding that it was my own. I defy you to tell me what I did do. In the light of my twenty years' experience, I am convinced that I did the best thing I could under the circumstances. I married my boarding mistress. She was 35 and I was 20 years of age; she was

A maid unmatched in manners as in face,
Skilled in arts, and crowned with ev'ry grace.

And, though I never learned to love her extravagantly, I must confess that she could make the best apple dumplings that I ever ate. In course of time I became a father. A daughter was born to us, and we called her Julia, after my grandmother, who was the most beautiful woman in the country, to judge from the portrait now before me. My daughter looks much as her grandmother did at her age. Well, as I said, a daughter was born to us and a son was born to Bunsby, and they called him Tom. We heard of the last mentioned even up here in Tadmouth; but for years and years I never saw either Mary or her son, notwithstanding they used to visit her father quite often while the old gentleman lived. But at last Mr. Black was gathered to his fathers, and at about the same time my wife was gathered to her mothers, and I was left alone with my little Julia. I was rich then—the most wealthy man in Tadmouth, and I had built a fine house, the same that I have lived in ever since, with my little Julia as housekeeper. Well, how things will come about! Last summer young Tom Bunsby came out to Tadmouth and put up at the hotel—they have quite a number of summer boarders there—and the first thing the young man did was to fall in love with my daughter Julia. Of course the poor fellow was not to blame. He couldn't help it, for she was the most bewitching little woman that you ever saw, notwithstanding that old McStivers is her father. He saw her first at a picnic, danced with her, kissed her in the ring and walked home with her at night. I remember the evening well. I was sitting in my library smoking a cigar and thinking of the late Mrs. McStivers—oh, those apple dumplings! my mouth waters every time I think of them—when, the windows being open, I heard voices at the door. I knew it was Julia, and I knew she had a young fellow with her, and, tear my wig, if he wasn't begging for a kiss!

"How silvery sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears,"

I remarked confidentially to McStivers. In about five minutes Julia came in blushing like a tenacre flower garden, and looking as lovely as a fairy queen.

"Oh, papa! I've had such a splendid time!" said she, throwing herself into my arms and kissing the cuticle off from my right cheek.

"Yes, I should think so, particularly during the last five minutes," I remarked.

"Oh, father!" and she hid her face in my whiskers.

"Who was it, my dear?" I inquired.

"Mr. Thomas Bunsby."

"Tom Bunsby!" I yelled, springing to my feet, while my eyes rolled fearfully.

Oh, it was a terrible sight, I know, because there was a mirror directly in front of me.

"Ha!"

Nothing that you ever heard on the stage ever equalled that blood-curdling "Ha!" of mine.

My daughter fell at my feet the picture of terrified terror or horrified horror; I can't tell which. The whole thing was grand and awful in the extreme.

"Girl!" said I, in a voice of thunder and lightning, "did you know Tom Bunsby's father?"

"No-o."

"Or his mother?"

"No."

"Or his grandfather?"

"No."

"I am sorry," said I, making a terrible effort to calm myself, "I'm very sorry you didn't know his grandfather, very sorry, indeed; because the old gentleman kicked me out of his front door once for daring to make love to his daughter; and, by Jove, girl, if young Tom Bunsby comes here to see you I'll serve him in the same manner. Oh, revenge is sweet—'tis sweet."

Julia got up then.

"Can I go now, father?" she asked.

"Yes: but remember, no more of Tom Bunsby. Good-night."

* * * * * * * * *

Time passed on and Julia seemed the same as usual. Whether she saw Tom or not at the time I did not know, though I have since learned that they were in the habit of meeting quite frequently. No, I did not know that they met, but I suspected that they might, and, to prevent any chance of elopement, I never allowed Julia to go out in the evening unless I was with her, and at 10 o'clock every night the doors and windows were all made fast against burglars and lovers, and we slept secure until morning. You perceive by this that I am not one of those who wait until the mare is stolen before locking the stable. Well, it was one night about a month ago that, after locking up the house as usual, I retired to my room, and, disrobing this lovely form of mine, crept into bed. I had just finished my first nap, and had turned over for the second, when the door bell rang. And how it did ring! Egad! I thought they'd pull it down. Was it fire, burglars, or did somebody mistake my house for the doctor's? I didn't stop to think, but, throwing on my clothes in the shortest possible time, I rushed down stairs and threw open the door, holding my revolver straight out before me as I did so.

"A note for you, Sir," said a small boy, handing me a folded paper. My first thought was that it was a telegraphic dispatch.

"Anything to pay?" I asked.

"No, Sir," and the boy vanished in the thick darkness. Closing the door, I tore open the note and read:

MR. MCSTIVERS: Your daughter will elope tonight with Tom Bunsby, if she has not already. If you find her not in her room, run to the hotel room 15, first flight. Adieu. JOE KERR.

All the tiger in the McStiverses was aroused. I dashed madly upstairs, and throwing open Julia's door, rushed in. Alas! I was too late. She was gone—the bird had flown. She had not been in bed that night. I did not continue the search there, but flew on the wings of the wind out of the room, out of the house and along the street until I reached the Tadmouth hotel. The clerk was dozing in the office and did not see me when I entered. I did not speak, but crept cautiously upstairs and along the corridor until I reached No. 15.

"Death to the Bunsby!" I muttered through my clenched teeth.

Oh, how ferocious I must have looked. My blood curdles even now while I think of it. I knocked at the door.

"I will call him out and shoot him in his tracks," said I. "I'm insane now. McFarland was nowhere compared with me, and no jury will convict me." But no one answered the knock. I tried the door. Ha! it was unlocked. I entered the room. The above four words are of terrible import, and I want you to consider them well. The gas was burning, but all was still, save the soft breathing of a sleeper whose face was hidden from me by the curtains of the bed. I sprang forward, tore open the curtains, seized a bare arm, and, with the celerity of lightning, yanked the sleeper into the middle of the floor. The ex-sleeper screamed. I yelled once, and then, with a musical groan, fell to the floor, tearing my hair as I went.

"Roderick!" said the screamer.

"Oh, heavings! where are I? Ma-mary, is it thou? Where is—is Bunsby?"

"Dead."

"And you?"

"I'm a widow; and you?"

"I'm—I'm a widower," I answered with a groan.

"I always loved you, Roderick," said she.

"And you are just as handsome as ever," said I.

"You've acted very improper to-night," said she.

"Infernally so," said I. "Where is your son?"

"I know not. He loves your daughter and she loves him—and I love you."

Mary blushed. (Considering that she was in a very light evening costume it wasn't strange that she should.)

"And Bunsby's dead?"

"Bunsby's dead!"

"Mary," said I, "may I be a second Bunsby—that is—oh—ah! will you be mine?"

She threw herself into my arms. Just then I heard footsteps; turned, and saw Tom and Julia standing at the door.

"The deuce!" cried Tom.

"No, no, it's my father!" said Julia. "Oh, father, won't you forgive us?"

There was a queer twinkle in her eyes when she said that.

"Forgive you for what?"

"For marrying Tom. I'll promise not to do it again."

"And will you forgive me for marrying his mother, as I mean to do to-morrow!"

"Oh, will you pa?"

"I will if somebody'll tell me who wrote that note to me to-night," said I.

"I wrote it," replied Tom, with a laugh. "Julia was hid in the closet when you went to her room, and when you rushed out of the house she followed you, met me, the minister was waiting, and we were quickly made one flesh. But how came you in this room?"

"The note said I should find you here."

"Yes, I thought you would like to see my mother, though she didn't know you was coming. But how did you get in?"

"I forgot to lock the door," said Mary.

"How lucky!" said I. "We'll have another wedding to-morrow. And now, good night."

I kissed Mary and the dear children — bless them—and then, taking my hat, returned to my home, a much happier man than I had been for years.

There was a wedding next day, a quiet affair, and then a short tour.

At present we are all at home — Tom, Julia, Mary and I—and if you don't believe my story, just come down to Tadmouth and inquire. Everybody knows me here.

Adieu! Be virtuous and you will be happy.

HADN'T LOST FAITH.

In days gone by a Philadelphia Quaker, who was also a large ship owner, suddenly dropped all his insurance on his vessels, and when beset by all his agents to explain his singular conduct he said:

"I have come to the conclusion to depend upon the Lord for the safety of my ships."

No arguments or explanations could move him from his purpose, and things went along for five or six months without a loss. Then one ship was destroyed by fire, and another was driven ashore and close upon the heels of these disasters came the destruction of a valuable cargo. It was then that the old man sent for an agent and said:

"Friend Thompson, the 'Rover' is about to sail for Liverpool."

"Yes."

"And thee may make out a policy for $50,000 on her."

"Yes."

"And thee may also make ready to insure her cargo."

"Just so."

"I do not desire thee to understand," continued the old man, "that I have lost faith in the Lord, but it is more to save him the bother of keeping track of my sailing property."

GIRLS we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.

A CITY ENTIRELY UNDER WATER.

Thrilling Scenes in the Great Floods of the West—Several Hundred People in Imminent Danger of Death.

The newspapers are filled with accounts of the scenes and incidents of the great floods in the West last week. A dispatch from Cincinnati, dated, Feb. 13, thus pictures the scene in one of the towns of Indiana:

The flood at Lawrenceburg, Ind., has created sad havoc. As early as Thursday the city was inundated. On Saturday there was hardly a dry spot within the corporate limits of the place. Since then the river has risen several feet, which must place the ground at the highest point of the city from three to five feet under water. The place is cut off from communication. The telegraph office is under water. Railroad trains can no longer enter and the river steamers cannot effect a landing. The city is entirely surrounded by water.

Every family in the city has been compelled to seek safety in the top stories of houses. There is no means of communicating with one another except by boats. Hundreds of families are out of provisions and in imminent danger of their lives. The current is said to be swift through the main streets.

It is doubtful whether the frame structures can much longer stand the pressure of the fierce waves and increasing current. On Sunday afternoon before telegraphic communication was shut off, hundreds of people were seeking safety in the Court House and in such other public buildings as were safe and secure against the swelling waters. Hundreds of families have evidently been rendered homeless and destitute of any of the comforts of life. It is an ill-fated city, and before this reaches the eye of the reader hundreds of people may have found watery graves.

The imagination is not strong enough to paint the scenes of sadness and distress that is at this hour being enacted in the little city, which is wholly at the mercy of the wildest flood that has ever been known in the history of the Ohio Valley. If the water grows much more voluminous, death and general destruction must of necessity follow in the path. It does not seem that it can be prevented. It is to be hoped that no such calamity may befall it, but it seems probable it is doomed.

A gentleman who passed within sight of Lawrenceburg yesterday stated that in some parts the houses are completely submerged and only the chimneys are visible. On one chimney, which was a few inches above the water and a quarter of a mile from shore, a little dog clung for dear life and howled despairingly for rescue. Since then all communication has been cut off and the very worst is feared.

Appalling Scenes as the Water Burst Into the Bottoms of Bear Grass Creek.

A dispatch dated Louisville, Ky., February 13, says: The river all day yesterday just lapped the top of Fulton street and cut off the embankment; in places the water trickled over. At 3 o'clock a considerable break occurred at Adams street and a hundred men worked vigorously to stop the waves, but in the face of all this the inhabitants of the bottoms of Old Bear Grass Creek remained in their houses, and most of them went to bed as usual. About 11 o'clock last night the break came. The cut-off dam, overcome by the terrific weight of water from above, gave way and instantly, with a loud roar, the flood rushed over. It may be imagined with what force the waters came when they had a fall of from 15 to 18 feet to the low ground beneath. In less time than it takes to tell the yellow tide was sweeping in from all points. The unfortunate people was surprised in their houses. With a mighty rush the water swept from square to square, rapidly rising in the houses and swerving many of them from their foundations. The roar of the waters could not drown the screams of the terrified ones escaping from the doomed dwellings. Skiffs shot about from window to window, men, women and children waded through the advancing waters, each with whatever household goods they could lay hands on. Bonfires glimmered from the higher ground which the poor outcasts had gained. Hundreds of people shivered in wet clothing about the smoky fires. To an observer who stands today at the foot of Jackson, Shelby or Clay streets it is impossible to understand why the loss of life was not larger.

A VERY FUNNY BIT.

Showing How Two Georgians Were Badly Left in Calling on the Governor.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

J. M. D. Kelly, Clerk, and Jim Hewitt, Sheriff, of Carroll county, came to Atlanta and determined to call on Governor Stephens. Before doing so they took a shave, had their hair trimmed and dyked up in new suits. The hall door of the mansion was open and the visitors, noticing two men at the other end of the hall, walked in. As they passed the threshold they bowed and touched their hats gracefully. The men at the lower end of the hall did the same.

They motioned us to go in this parlor," said Kelly, turning to the right and walking in. After sitting there awhile Hewitt said:

"Are you sure that fellow told us to come in here?"

"Yes," said Kelly; "but I'll go ask him again."

As Kelly walked out of the parlor door he saw a man walk out of a door on the same side, at the other end of the hall.

"Did you say go in there?" Kelly asked, beckoning back into the parlor. Instantly the man at the other end beckoned back to the parlor and Kelly re-entered it.

"He says right in here, Jim. I saw him again!"

Another long wait. At last both visitors got uneasy and determined to try it again. As they walked out into the hall two men entered it again from the same side, lower down. Hewitt and Kelly again motioned toward the parlor.—Both the strange men pointed to the parlor.—They started back, when Kelly stopped suddenly, gazed intently at the two men and then stood his hood. The bald-headed man down the hall did the same thing. He then lifted his leg and the bald-headed man below did the same thing.

"Look here, Jim," said he, "I'll be swamped if we ain't been talking to ourselves all the time. That end of the house is a looking-glass."

And that's just what it was.

COL. YELL'S ELECTIONEERING.

How an Old-Time Congressman Alternately Shot for Beef and Sang Psalms.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

In 1835 Colonel Archibald Yell, of Arkansas, became a candidate for Congress. He had a competitor at the beginning of the canvass, but soon scared him off the track. Here hangs a tale, and I must tell it. The two were to dine together on a certain day, and came across some men who were shooting for beef. Colonel Yell asked them if they would allow him to take part in what he called their "game." On receiving their assent he alighted, made several shots and won several quarters of beef. He then inquired: "Who are the poorest families in the neighborhood?" On being informed he sent them all the beef he had won, with his compliments.

Mounting their horses they soon arrived at a camp-meeting on the wayside. There they tarried several hours. When the competitor thought it was about time to be moving on he searched all over the camp-ground for Colonel Yell, but could not find him. At length he went up near the altar and there stood Colonel Yell, singing at the top of his voice: "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord." The reader can imagine his surprise. With some difficulty he succeeded in getting Colonel Yell out from amongst the brethren, took him to one side and said, "I'm off." "Off where?" asked Colonel Yell. "Off the track," responded he. "I see it is perfectly useless to run against a man who on the same day can shoot for beef with the ungodly and sing pious songs over mourners at a camp-meeting."

Colonel Yell was elected, and reelected in 1837, serving until the 4th of March, 1839. In 1840 was elected Governor of the State for four years. In 1845 he was again returned to Congress, but resigned in 1846 to serve in the Mexican war. He was mustered into the service as colonel of the First Arkansas Volunteer Cavalry, and was killed in a gallant charge upon the enemy at the battle of Buena Vista, Feb. 23, 1847.

A YOUNG MAN who is a great talker, was trying terribly to raise a mustache. His girl said to him one evening: "J——, do you know why you cannot raise a mustache?" "No," he said. "Because you don't give your mouth enough rest." And now they don't speak to each other.

BRAVE MEN.

Acts of Heroism Showing that the Fire of Knighthood Still Burns.

One hundred thousand pounds of powder were in the hold and on the deck of a schooner moored to a wharf at Berkeley, Cal., on the day of the recent explosion there. Less than twenty-five yards away were piled packages containing one hundred thousand pounds additional. Close by were many houses, all with occupants, men, women and children. An explosion of the immense cargo would have wrecked the town and scores of people must have perished. As Frank Roller, the superintendent of the Giant Powder Works, stood looking from a window of his house, he heard the explosion at the works, of which telegraphic mention has been made, and saw a shower of sparks falling all around. He watched the wharf closely. It was plain that some of the sparks had fallen upon the vessel. The captain and crew of the schooner suddenly took to their heels, shouting in affright. The utmost consternation seized upon those who, gazing at the vessel, saw the tarpaulin covering the powder, in a blaze. But Roller had in him the true grit. He leaped through the window and ran to the vessel. Persons frantically running in the opposite direction warned him as they flew. When on the schooner's deck Roller searched for a bucket and coolly dipping water from the river splashed it over the tarpaulin. Though the canvas was burning in several places he put the fire out in every case and thus saved the town.

Engineer James Church runs between Chicago and Louisville. Like other faithful veterans of the throttle he is known as "Old Reliable." When Church's midnight express, bound north, reaches a point near Bainbridge it must switch off to make room for a south-bound lightning train. On Sunday night of last week all went well with Church until he was within a mile of the switch. Then, while running at the speed of thirty-five miles an hour, the side-bar of the driving wheel snapped in two, leaving stumps on each wheel. The middle portion of the bar was thrown against the cab, wrecking it, killing the fireman, Amos Thrope, and throwing the engineer back on the coal in the tender. In the meantime the stub of the bar attached to the rear driving wheel was pounding the cab to pieces as the train continued at an increased speed, the throttle having been thrown wide open by the blow. The engineer was struck in the face and chest, but staggering under the pain in the chest and almost blinded by blood he succeeded at the risk of his life, while the cab was being pounded to pieces by the flying stub of the side-bar, in shutting off the steam and applying the air-brakes, bringing the train to a stand still. If Church had not stuck heroically to his post the runaway train would have met the on-coming express with appalling velocity.

Kindness in the guise of cruelty was shown in a novel way by a Mountain stage driver on Wednesday of last week. The stage was on its way from Deer Lodge to Missoula and was passing over the Flint Creek Hills. So intense was the cold that the only passengers, a woman and her little child, were in danger of freezing to death. The mother's heart was so worked upon by the condition of her child that she placed around the babe all her wraps. The driver saw that drowsiness, the first stage of freezing, had fallen upon the wretched woman. He put his coat around her, but her blood seemed to be standing still. Then he grew very harsh, seized the woman, dragged her from the coach and left her by the roadside. "Oh, my baby," the mother cried. The driver cracked his whip. The stage flew over the snow, with the woman running after. The race was kept up for nearly two miles, when the driver took the mother in and again wrapped his coat around her. By a clever ruse he had warmed her blood and saved her life.

In contrast with the clerk at the Newhall House, who saved his books and let the guests die horrible deaths, is Walter Arndt, the clerk at the Eagle Hotel in Grand Rapids. When the Eagle House was destroyed the other night Arndt spread the alarm and then busied himself in guiding guests down stairs. In the midst of the flames he bethought himself of a sick girl in one of the rooms. While he was carrying her out a chambermaid frantic with fear, threw her arms around his neck. Thus doubly burdened Arndt fought his way to the street. He saved the two lives, but lost his books.

Coleman was one of the miners whom the Ruby snow-slide in Colorado swept down the mountain. Though buried several feet deep he fought his way to the surface. When he had time to examine himself he found that one of his shoulders was broken. He had been stripped of his clothing, moreover, and emerged as a brother of Aphrodite, naked from the snow fruth. Instead of limping away, Coleman began a long search for his missing comrade. One of these, Scott, he found at last, and digging the unconscious man from the snow, dragged him to a cabin, where life was brought back.

During a fire in Bangor, Me., last Tuesday night, some one shouted that a daughter of Michael Dunn was in the burning building. Geo. Chaplin stepped from the crowd, ran up the stairway, already on fire, seized the girl in his arms and brought her out. His face and hands were burned, but not so much that his acquaintances fail to recognize the hero in him.

SETTLING A DEBT.

A farmer in the corn growing district of Illinois sued a villager for debt this winter, but when the case came to trial the creditor's heart was by no means adamantine.

"I've waited a good while for my pay," he explained, "and wouldn't have sued you now if you had acted like a man who wanted to pay."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied the debtor. "Make it $23 and I'll fix it so you can get the money at once."

"I'll do it."

The debtor filled out a bank note for the sum, due in thirty days, and handed it to the creditor with the remark:

"Put your name on the back and they'll give you the money at the bank."

The farmer indorsed it, got his money, less the discount, and his grin of pleasure had not entirely died out when the note came due and the cashier explained:

"The signer has nothing we can get hold of, and of course the indorser has to pay."

THE KIND OF HUSBAND.

If you cannot find a gentleman to marry, girls, do not marry at all. By that term I do not mean a man who is above the need of work; he may be anything but a gentleman, but a man who knows how to work, who has self-respect enough to keep him from low habits both of speech and action; who is courteous and honorable; who is not afraid of soiling his hands; the farmer, the blacksmith, the carpenter, any man may be a gentleman under dust and soot and chips, but if he is not, girls, don't marry him! There is enough trouble in life without increasing it in any way. Do not subject yourself to the mortification that would be sure to come with a husband who would continually cause you to blush for his coarseness and roughness; for his slippery dealings or for his hypocritical polish. It is not sufficient that a man looks and dresses well; but he must act and live well besides.

THE REASON WHY.

Though she has not Diana's grace,
Nor Aphrodite's perfect face
And golden hair,
She is dearer unto me
Than another e'er could be,
And more fair.

"Is she rich, then?" Oh! dear, no:
But I have enough, I throw,
For us two.
"What do I love her for?" Ah well,
That I can't exactly tell.
But I do.

All my hopes of gladness lies
In the lovely light of her eyes;
The fond kiss
Of her tender, rosy lips,
Touch of her slender finger-tips,
Gives more bliss

Than you, cold cynic, e'er could guess;
But still the reason, you confess,
"You can't divine,"
Well, I love her, and she loves me;
What better reason can there be
For joy like mine?

OUR SLY PRESIDENT.

Said to be Carrying on a Desperate Flirtation With a Charming Lady.

Washington cor. St. Louis Republican.

President Arthur is said to be madly mashed on Miss Beckwith, of New York city, who is here, with her mother, staying at the Arlington for the season. She is a very handsome and engaging lady, and very wealthy, thus possessing all the attractions. The President has entertained her at several private dinners at the White House, and she was one of the honored guests at the state entertainment. A well known society lady informed me that on that occasion the President, Miss Beckwith and her *Chaperon* spent an hour and a half together inspecting the conservatory. The same fair informant assures me that ever since Miss Beckwith arrived in the city her table at the Arlington has been loaded with the rarest flowers in the Executive greenhouse. Today he arranged an excursion to Mount Vernon on the Dispatch in honor of his fair charmer, and with a select company they went to visit the last resting place of those model lovers, George and Martha.

My lady informant expressed the opinion that "nothing would come of it," and recalled similar attentions on the part of the President to a charming widow last winter as evidence that he only amuses himself with such striking beauties as catch his fancy for a time, and has no serious intention of re-entering the matrimonial paradise. But a gentleman standing near thought differently. He said he had it from good authority that the widow of last winter might have been mistress of the White House to-day if she had said "Yes" instead of saying "No," when Arthur forwarded his proposition to travel down life's shell road with her in double harness. It is hard to tell which story is right. Sometimes man proposes and women disposes, and sometimes it is the other way, but I noticed that most everybody finally gets married and goes to housekeeping.

A BIG FORTUNE.

One Hundred Millions Left to Ohio Heirs—How it Has Accumulated.

A special correspondence of the Phila. *Times*, dated Cleveland, February 8, says:

There are six brothers living in this city known as the McIlrath boys. Their father, who died a month or so ago, was said to be the most powerful man in Ohio. Yesterday A