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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. S. 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.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JOHN B. PARROTT,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 19th day of July, 1887, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under our hands this 11th day of January, 1887.

WM. S. BUSICK,
JOHN B. PARROTT,
Jan. 15-4t. Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

THOMAS MASSEY,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 12th day of July, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 4th day of January 1887.

HENRY T. MASSEY,
Jan. 8-4t. Adm'r c. t. a.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

HARRY WALLEY,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 11th day of July, 1887, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of December, 1886.

CHAS. H. DAVIS,
d25 4t. Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

S. M. Wilkins versus D. P. Jones,

In the Circuit Court for Kent County.

THE creditors of D. P. Jones are notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereon with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County within two months from this date.

S. M. WILKINS, Trustee.
Dec. 25, 1886—4t.

Professional Cards.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining Store of T. W. Eliason, Jr.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

DR. JAMES W. URIE,
HOMEOPATHIST,
STILL POND, MD.

Dr. THOMAS H. COOPER,
(HOMEOPATHIST,)
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. EDWARD A. SCOTT,

A graduate of the University of Maryland, and with a practice of twelve months in hospital attached thereto, having located in Galena, offers his professional services to the public. He will be found at all hours at the residence of his father, Cornelius J. Scott, when not professionally engaged elsewhere. au28-6m.

—FOR A—
Reliable Dentist,
Making but Moderate Charges, Visit
DOCTOR PHELPS,
GALENA, MARYLAND.

Worthless Teeth removed without pain. Examine his samples of beautiful artificial teeth. Full set for $5. oc30-6m.

1837. THE SUN. 1887

A. S. ABELL & CO.....PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

On the 17th of May, 1837, the BALTIMORE SUN will celebrate its Fiftieth anniversary. From the earliest period of its career the SUN has been a "Household Word" in the homes of its subscribers, and a synonym for accuracy of statement, fair dealing, promptness, energy and enterprise in the collection of news. It is noted throughout the country for the independence, conservatism and thoughtfulness of its editorial utterances. There is probably no newspaper published in the United States whose opinion carries more weight or whose influence is more widely extended than the Sun's; a fact upon which it may justly pride itself as the legitimate result of painstaking care in the preparation of all matter admitted to its columns. The SUN'S facilities for collecting news from all quarters of the globe are being constantly extended and improved, and new features are added without regard to expense as occasion demands.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN has long occupied an enviable position as a model family newspaper, containing not only the news of the world and a variety of literary matter and miscellaneous reading for the family circle, but special features of recognized value, including an agricultural department, which supplies every week a mass of well-digested information for the farmer.

Full commercial, financial, cotton, cattle, market and stock reports up to the hour of going to press.

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FIVE COPIES	$5.00
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Address A. S. ABELL & Co., Publishers, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 1, 1887.

THE PEOPLE'S TOWN HALL STORES!

A COLD WAVE COMING!

Which probably may last all Winter. For prevention and comfort you can obtain

A Stove at a Low Price

—AT THE STOVE STORE OF—

JOSEPH S. CLARK,

Who has a full and complete line of HEATERS, both Single and Double, COOK STOVES and RANGES, FIREPLACE HEATERS, both for Comfort and Beauty, with or without Slate Mantels, at a LOW price and put up at short notice

STOVE REPAIRS FOR ANY MAKE OF STOVES.

In addition to Stoves I have a full line of HARDWARE, both ship and builders' supplies; a full line of TINWARE, GUNS, Ammunition, and everything pertaining to a First-class HARDWARE STORE. ☞Call and examine my Stock and I think I can convince you of the fact that I am selling goods as LOW as can be bought.

HARDWARE AND STOVE STORE
OF
J. S. CLARK,

Under Town Hall, (Postoffice in same department), Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

GEO. H. CLARK'S
GENERAL STORE.

The Leading Dry Goods Store of Still Pond.

WE ALSO HAVE A LARGE AND VARIED STOCK OF

FINE GROCERIES AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Also, a complete line of BOOTS and SHOES. We have everything in the line of NOTIONS that the people need and the Stock is new and complete.

GLOVES To Fit any Hand—Prices and quality cannot be beat! GLOVES.

We have a HAND-MADE BOOT which we GUARANTEE.

This is the place to buy your ROPE YARN, as we buy direct from headquarters and we can give you the benefit of the LOWEST PRICES.

We Guarantee Complete Satisfaction Both as to Our Goods and Low Prices.

STILL POND CLOTHING HOUSE
AHEAD OF ALL!

Genuine, Honest CLOTHING at Prices Lower than any store in the county. A GOOD SUIT OF CLOTHES FOR FIVE DOLLARS!

- WINTER CLOTHING -

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

Elegant Cutaway and Prince Albert SUITS, Satin-lined, Tailor-made, at the LOWEST possible price. OVERCOATS of all kinds and prices, from a heavy Overcoat for $5 to a Gent's Satin-lined, Corkscrew or a nice Melton, Satin-lined.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS A SPECIALTY.

PARAGON OVERALLS, warranted not to rip. HATS and CAPS.

LOUIS LAMBORN,

Nov. 20, 1886. Middle Store in Town Hall.

SHINGLES!

A Bonanza in Shingles

that were never offered LOWER.

ALL KINDS of SHINGLES

Another lot of CHEAP NORTH CAROLINA CULLINGS received; WHITE PINE CULLINGS, etc.

Buy Where We Sell on Low Cash Figures

Small, fair profits and large sales. We do business to the advantage of our customers as well as ourselves and when we can't we will try another clime.

JOSEPH TURNER,
SCOTT'S POINT LUMBER-YARD, Dec. 11.

LUMBER! LUMBER!

A LARGE STOCK OF

North Carolina Frame Stuff

on hand and to arrive.

Also, just received a large lot of very fine

12 Inch Stock

North Carolina Boards.

A cargo of the best grade of

Shaved Cypress Shingles

expected in a few days.

Stock Large. Prices Low. Terms Moderate.

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

Many Of the good things of this life are sorrowfully let alone on account of Dyspepsia. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Constipation; sold on a positive guarantee at 25 and 50 cents, by C. F. STAM, Druggist.

Our Holiday Gift.

OUR determination to effect a speedy clearance of our immense stock of thoroughly reliable and stylish Men's and Boys'

WINTER CLOTHING

before taking inventory, has induced us to present

A WATCH!

—WITH EVERY—

CASH PURCHASE EXCEEDING $11.99.

These Watches are the genuine Waterbury Stemwinders, are warranted excellent time-keepers (not a toy), and are sold by jewelers at $3.50. From today until further notice we give them to you absolutely and positively

FOR NOTHING!

with every Retail Cash Purchase exceeding $9.00. Largely increased sales and a certainty of having no stock to carry over for next winter form our compensation. We want you to buy our clothing on its superior merits in every detail, and because our prices are guaranteed to be honest, and then accept the Watch as a genuine present. If you do not need it, it will be such an acceptable and useful Christmas present for some one else. Come at once; certainly, before Christmas, as this grand opportunity continues but a very short time.

OEHM & SON,
Pratt & Hanover Sts., Baltimore, Md.

DR. HERNANDO MORA'S
Great Spanish Specific
CURES

Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Summer Complaints, Piles, Kidney Diseases, Female Difficulties, Lassitude, Low Spirits, General Debility, and, in fact, everything caused by an impure state of the Stomach, Liver or Kidneys.

This wonderful Remedy was discovered a few years since by a distinguished Spanish Doctor of the Homeopathic School, who after using it with great success in his own practice commenced putting it up for sale. It is now for the first time offered to the public in this country.

Dyspeptic Symptoms. Low Spirits, Sour Stomach, Pain in the Bowels, Restlessness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Variable Appetite, Low Fever and languor call for the immediate use of the Specific.

When symptoms of Malaria in any form appear the Great Spanish Specific should be at once resorted to, to prevent the development of the disease and the treatment continued until the patient's health is fully restored.

Remember the Great Spanish Specific can only be obtained of the authorized agents, and any medicine bearing its name sold at drug stores is a worthless counterfeit.

Send to any address on receipt of price. $1.00 per Bottle or 6 Bottles for $5.00.

LINNELL & CO.,
SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS.
d15-y. 25 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

PRISON PRIVATIONS.

FACTS THAT OUTDO FICTION.

Getting North Through a Hostile Country —A Thrilling War Story.

BY JOHN F. PORTER.
Late Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel New York Volunteers.

Philadelphia Times.

I had escaped from Libby Prison and had walked a few miles from Richmond. A half-famished, worn out, lame and discouraged man, alone, drenched by the rain which had fallen for an hour, chilled to the marrow, with no human soul to speak to or advise with, I think for a time I lost heart. With despair I thought of the patient watcher in my Northern home, and reason seemed to tell me I had failed and there was nothing else to do but to return and give myself up. I trust no reader of mine may ever feel, as I did, the bitterness of death drowning out hope and courage, as I tramped back into Richmond. Once there I sat down again by the roadside and tried calmly to reason and think. Possibly fatigue overcame me, and I lost myself in sleep for a few moments. I know not, but suddenly I seemed to see my betrothed and to feel her hand upon my shoulder while her voice whispered, "Courage! Courage! You can do it yet." Whether it were dream or vision God knows, but it roused in me a strength which never again failed, and from that moment nothing ever daunted me or shook my confidence in ultimate success. It must have been close upon midnight when I found myself at a point less than a block of Libby, where stood the quarters of a negro pair whom I knew to be friendly to Union prisoners. Listening I recognized their voices, and announcing my presence by a knock I pushed open the door and entered without waiting for a reply. They were sitting at the open fireplace and seemed much startled by the interruption. I told them rapidly that I was a Yankee officer just escaped and wanted to see Mrs. Green. This was a woman known to all prisoners as our steadfast friend, but she had never seen or heard of me. I besought these black friends with all earnestness to find and bring her to me. Naturally they hesitated, for to be upon the streets without a pass after nightfall meant in those days the lash and the calaboose. I was dressed in gray and they suspected a spy set to detect them in something which could be punished as treason. I scarcely know how I prevailed against their fears and suspicions, but surely their inborn loyalty must have plead for me, for somehow they procured for me the necessary interview before the night was over. She too staggered at my story, but becoming convinced of its genuineness, resolved to place me in a refuge till something better could be done. At this late day I may give names that once might never be uttered.

There was in Richmond at that time a man named John C. Quarles whose house was a rendezvous for Union men and women. Thither Mrs. Green took me, and there I remained hidden during nine days which elapsed before transportation could be managed for me, for it was vain to attempt to journey on foot, as I had though to do. My lameness and the debility brought on by eight months of captivity in a place like Libby, alike forbade it. Starvation, stagnation and the sordid miseries, inseparable from such a confinement, had sapped my strength and weakened my blood till nature could make but a weak fight against fatigue and exposure.

Few have known, and probably fewer still remember, what Abigail Green did and suffered for her country. Masculine in form and feature, she was loyal and true, womanly, to the heart's unsullied core. By her aid and through her influence opportunities were afforded me of learning all there was to know or see about the Confederate capital. At different times I appeared in public as the orderly of an officer of ordnance, again filling the same humble office for a naval officer. I visited camps and stations, observing, noting and conning carefully all that could be of use to the cause I served. In and about the city were 7,000 available troops, if one may apply that term to material furnished from the cradle and the grave—too old or too young for service in the field. Money supplied by Unionists in Richmond was never wanting to the necessary costs of these expeditions, and while I studied plans and fortifications my staunch friend sought a way for me to travel northward in comparative safety. A passport was obtained for me as George W. Watson, a teamster, and part of a wagon train sent into Westmoreland county to seek supplies. Quarles had meanwhile decided to accompany me, and a passport was obtained for him as Lucas A. Rice.

On February 7 our train left the city, headed northward, and led by one Sheban, our wagonmaster. Between us and the Potomac stretched the cordons of seven lines of pickets, supposably alert. By noon we had passed safely through three of these and covered eighteen miles, meeting with our first adventure. His white hair streaming in the wind, an old man galloped by us shouting an excited warning to hide in the woods, as the Yankees under Butler were advancing. The rumor proved a true one, for we soon saw that the country was up to meet the foe. So into the woods we went, and after waiting an hour or two I left the teams to reconnoitre, and almost before I was aware of it I had blundered into an ambuscade near the roadside. I do not know if I or the sergeant in charge of the party was the most surprised, but I was in their midst before either of us realized the other. Promptly I was greeted with a hail of questions and as promptly replied that I was a government teamster, sent after supplies, and had at the alarm bidden with my train in the woods, hoping to evade any of Butler's scouts. Not fully satisfied, the sergeant ordered me to be taken before his commanding officer, who was three miles away. I protested warmly against the delay and offered my pass as proof that I was on government business. Reluctantly and but half convinced, the sergeant decided to hold me under guard while a mounted messenger bore my papers to headquarters.

At last I was permitted to rejoin my train. Possibly to scan me more closely the same courier rode beside me for a mile or two, plying me with talk and seeking in various ways to surprise me into an admission that I was really bound for Baltimore. But I repelled his insinuations with so much show of indignation as I deemed prudent and finally got rid of him, to my great relief. Night overtook us when we were about twenty-eight miles from Richmond, and there a halt was called and we camped within the walls of a ruined church. Late in the night our party was aroused by the tramp of horsemen and awoke to find the building surrounded by guerrillas. These took forcible possession of us for a time and, placing me under guard, I was taken aside to be questioned closely, and while this was in progress my attention was caught by a voice among the strangers quietly humming, as though not meant for my ears, our own "Star Spangled Banner." The welcome sounds were for a second almost a temptation to own up, but recalling that carefully-drawn diagrams of works about Richmond lay concealed in the collar of my coat I resisted and remained mute. I did not regret my prudence when another voice favored me with this remark:

"We uns, Yanks of the Fifth New Jersey Cavalry." The unmistakable Southern dialect, together with the regimental numerals, two higher than the little State could boast, settled my opinion of the status of our visitors, just as their leader furnished a clincher by asking: "What will you give in gold or greenbacks if we will let you go on?" I simply repeated my tale of the mourning, assuring him that none of my train had either or present use for them; that we were quite powerless to resist him, and if he saw fit he might turn back the train, escort us to the capital and take the consequences of interfering with government property. It was bluff against bluff, but like Mercutio's wound "it served."

Upon the blanket where I had been sleeping lay a pair of gloves which had been given me in Richmond. Observing them the guerrilla chief promptly placed them on his own hands. To my mild suggestion, "Those are mine," he tersely replied: "They were, but it's a d——d sight better on a cold night to ride with gloves than without." I did not argue the point, nor did I when he searched me for money and found a roll of confederate bills, $300 in amount. So much of the "gentleman highwayman" yet remained to this son of the chevaliers, that in examining them he returned me every $1 note, reserving to himself all of higher denominations. Thus he left me $11, or enough, as prices then ran, to buy a breakfast at the next farm house. Finding no further hope of plunder, our visitors mounted and rode away, disappearing as suddenly and completely as though swallowed by the darkness.

At dawn we broke camp and moved on, shortly afterward crossing the Po river. Here the officer in charge of the ferry came suddenly at my back and demanded my name in the explosive manner which is supposed to take one unawares and unmask deception if any. But the trick was stale and had been rehearsed upon me so often already that I was able to answer with entire calmness, according to papers. "Are you under British protection?" he further inquired. "No, Southern," I replied, and, smiling, he left me.

This made five times my passport had served its purpose satisfactorily, as, indeed, it well might do, since it was a genuine paper, regularly issued by the recognized authorities, and I began to feel a greater faith in its efficacy than I had at starting. Two more would see me out, not to count the side issues, in the shape of guerrillas and scouters, which were liable to crop up at any time or place.

Early on the following day we reached the crossing of the Mattaponi, where we were delayed for hours. A rumor of Butler's advance, assisted by the reflection of the campfires our party had lighted at the old church, had created an alarm and thrown the neighborhood into disorder. The only means of ferriage consisted of an old scow, which as a precautionary measure had been run miles down the river, for the time rendering the ferry impassable. A number of very old men, all that could be spared from field service for a home-guard, were gathered at the ferry, but most of them on the farther side. Passports were now examined for the sixth time.

A numerous party of refugees were waiting for some means of crossing the river, and among them I saw two whom I knew, Harry Hall, captain of a New York regiment, and a young Englishman, a lieutenant and staff officer, named Campbell, and known among us as "Bull," either because of his nationality or from a special trait of pluckiness and determination which characterized him. The first I had known in my old command, ere straps or bars had graced our shoulders, and both I had seen in Libby patient under privation, brave amidst suffering, and bearing their lot without a murmur while the craving for food never ceased and the gnawing of hunger left body no rest, awake or asleep.

Though our recognition was mutual it was quite without outward sigh, and when they strolled carelessly up the edge of the river, as though to pass the time till the return of the scow, I furtively followed them, eager for their news. When well out of sight I joined them and learned that they had escaped through the tunnel on the night of the 7th, only a few hours after my own flitting, and had traveled thus far by slow and painful degrees, evading pickets and skulking as far as possible under cover, where cover was, and sheltered by darkness when naught else would serve. They urged me eagerly to join them, and were so bent upon my seeking with them a crossing further up stream that I could not refuse without a quarrel. I implored them to join the crowd of refugees which was incessantly on the road, sure that they might get through, as many others did; but as they had no passports, they were unwilling to risk that course. Inquiry among country folk of the neighborhood had given them the fact that "somewhere" further up there was a series of boulders which, if extreme caution were used, made crossing just possible, and this they were determined to try. A walk of several miles discovered the spot, but the river, swollen by recent rains and melting snows, was raging like Niagara over its rocky bed. The steppingstones, though visible, were wet and slippery, surrounded by a boiling torrent, whose rapids and whirling eddies threatened instant death. Insisting upon the danger, I plead hard with my comrades to return with me to the teams and take the safer if less speedy way. Campbell, however, was obstinately determined to brave the passage and Hall would not desert him. Both urged me so hotly and persistently to join in their desperate journey that I was finally driven to a consent and we started, I in front.

With utmost caution we crawled from rock to rock through the frightful torrent till nearly half way across a cry of agony rent the air and rooted me to the boulder upon which I stood. Nearly blinded with spray I turned to see Campbell in the water and struggling to regain footbold beside Hall, whose efforts to brace himself against the death grip of his comrade were vain, for instantly the swirling eddies caught and bore them both to certain, speedy death. Only that one bitter cry, and then the roaring river casting those clasped forms aloft in cruel exultation and mocking my sight with the white set faces, which had so lately met my own, flashed with vigorous life. Transfixed with horror I beheld them till a turn in the stream's course swept them beyond view. Crushed and stricken I cowered upon my rock, while tears of anguish and despair forced themselves from my eyes, while utter weakness rendered me powerless to go either way.

I have never known just how I finally rallied nerve enough to return to the starting point, but somehow it was done, and I retraced my steps of the morning and joined the teams at the ferry. Often since, as I have been required to rehearse the story of my journey through the lines among friends and relatives, I have avoided this circumstance, because if I but permitted myself to recall it for a moment the haunting horror of it so saturated my brain that for days I could not escape from it and the memory was torture.

Our next crossing was the Rappahannock, which we approached near nightfall and rested near the town of Tappahannock until morning. The river is over three miles wide and was upon the occasion full of floating ice, while a severe gale blowing with the current rendered the passage most perilous. Notwithstanding the official character of our train it required some forcible threats to induce the colored boatmen to attempt the crossing, which they finally did most reluctantly.

Their fears proved but too well-founded for ere we were half way over it became evident that the best exertions of all present would be needed to accomplish the trip in safety. Wagons and mules loaded the scow almost gunwale deep and all who did not work hard at the sweeps were compelled to take their equality to push off the blocks of ice that threatened to swamp us and to bale incessantly to keep the scow afloat. It was but ten in the morning when we started and the day was so far spent when we finally landed on the further shore that dusk was closing in.

It had taken us more than six hours to traverse that weary three miles and now but thirteen more lay between us and the Potomac. We continued our course all night and at dawn descried the dim line of blockading squadrons along the Maryland shore. At this period of the war a number of small boats, apparently fishing smacks, were always running the blockade, and these did a thriving trade of a far different sort. Every dark night passengers were carried over the twelve-mile journey for twenty dollars apiece, and just such a sum and for such a purpose had been sewed into one of my shoes. There were more to cross than could be taken, so it became necessary to resort to stratagem to reduce the party. A Hebrew family of refugees, four in number, John Quarles and myself, having secured a rendezvous for a later hour with the skipper of a fishing smack, he then stated that he could not cross in such rough weather and sailed away up the little bay upon which he lived.

Toward night we rejoined our skipper, and sailing out into the broad Potomac as if with fish for the Washington market, headed up stream with a favoring wind. Under cover of the sheltering darkness, upon which we had reckoned and which did not fail us, we cautiously approached the shore, with sail all stowed and oars well-muffled. A wholesome consciousness that to be heard or seen would bring instant retribution in the form of a shot from a blockader, kept us absolutely silent while we slipped in between two vessels of the squadron and gained the shore in safety. It was close upon midnight when our keel grated upon the pebbles, and I sprang into the water and wading ashore shouted aloud my own welcome, "Maryland, my Maryland." We sought shelter at a farmhouse close at hand, to which we had been directed by our skipper. The farmer proved crusty and unsympathetic, disinclined to receive us since it involved the necessity of a report to headquarters at Leonardtown.

I remained in the background hoping the colloquy might end favorably without my interference, but finding that unlikely determined to resume some of the authority of which captivity had for months deprived me. I stepped forward and in the midst of Farmer Thompson's surly and persistent refusal transformed him with a phrase. "I am an officer of the United States. In the name of that power I take possession of this house. Let these people enter." It was enough and secured us not only welcome, but an almost cringing subservience. We had landed at St. Clements' bay, and learning that the nearest outpost was two miles beyond its furthest shore, I obtained from Thompson one of his servants as a guide and pushed on, reaching this point about 2 A. M. The patrol, as it proved to be, was in charge of a sergeant who had served under McDowell in Virginia, and a lively comparison of notes disclosed the fact, though unknown to each other, we had shared more than one long march under the same commander. I was treated with marked politeness and the sergeant sent me on to Leonardtown to his superior officer, "with an escort befitting my rank." That was the sergeant's graceful and delicate way of putting it, but to the unprejudiced eye I rode into headquarters in charge of a corporal's guard.

My explanations to the lieutenant proved so satisfactory that after furnishing me with money, clothing, horses and two orderlies he forwarded me to Point Lookout, whence I took steamer for Washington, reaching that city late on Saturday night. Maintaining absolute silence as to my identity and circumstances, I sought the War Office early on Sunday morning and was refused admittance, together with General Meade, who also awaited audience. Writing upon a card my name, rank and address, adding only the words, "Just from Richmond," I turned to depart, but I had scarcely gone a hundred feet when I was hurriedly overtaken and ushered with scant ceremony into the presence of the great War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton. I had the great honor of detailing my story in the presence of the most remarkable man of his age. Except as guard of honor over his dead body this was the only time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln, but his kindly voice as he said to me, "Captain, you have done well," remains with me a sacred memory, and made that my hour of triumph and reward. Nor shall I ever forget how suave could be that austere Secretary, who, placing his hand on my shoulder, said in hearty commendation, "You are the most valuable man we have ever had from Richmond yet." Grim autocrat as he was and a master mind in a Cabinet of mental giants, he could be very gentle when it so pleased him. I felt in those words a greater recompense than gold can give.

A thousand subsequent events proved that the Dahlgren-Kilpatrick raid followed closely many suggestions made by me during that interview. By this day I feel sure that had a column of light cavalry been moved by transports to a point on the Rappahonnock near Tappahannock, and thence marched over the route I had myself traversed they could have struck the Orange and Alexandria railroad and so destroyed it as to prevent relief by Lee.

To scatter the seven thousand troops in and about Richmond, release all prisoners held there, form a rear guard and escape down the peninsula would have followed with an ease incredible to those who had not seen, as I had, the utter weakness of the Confederacy at that time and at that particular point. I left Washington that night. Sixteen days of toil, danger and intense anxiety ended in safety and the warmth of home. Months of privation and scant food had left upon me marks which years would not obliterate, but all was forgotten as the flying train bore me to the joyous greetings of all I held most dear.

How to Prevent a Cold.

Under this title Dr. Brown Sequard makes a contribution to the Societe de Biologie which will be read with interest. Everybody catches cold more or less often, and nobody wishes to do so; hence Brown Sequard's "method" ought to be popular. Under the name of a "cold" are included a number of acute catarrhal inflammations affecting the nasal, pharyngeal, laryngeal, tracheal, or bronchial mucous membrane. In this country we even apply the term to acute affections of the middle ear, the eye, the stomach, intestines, or bladder. The cause of these so-called "colds" is the influence of cold, damp air upon sensitive portions of the body, producing thereby a disturbance of the vascular equilibrium. The result is a congestion which settles down, perhaps with the help of microbes, as the late Dr. Ashton Flint believed, into an inflammation. The most sensitive part of the skin, according to Dr. Brown Sequard, the catarrhal part, are the neck and the feet. In order to prevent "colds," therefore, one has only to harden these areas and destroy their sensitiveness. This is done by daily blowing a stream of cool air, by means of an elastic bag, upon the neck, and by immersing the feet in cool water. The air is at first only slightly cool, but is each day made colder, until the neck can stand an Arctic blast with impunity. The feet are immersed in water wich is at first at a temperature of about 90°, and this is gradually reduced to 38°. Dr. Brown Sequard's method is only a more rigid and elaborate form of a very well-known practice, viz., that of daily bathing in cold water. It will, no doubt, be useful if the person is not aged or weak. Such methods, however, seem after a time to lose their efficacy.—*Medical Record.*

Women As Breadwinners.

Miss Flora Brewster, M. D., lectured before the Unknown Assembly of Baltimore one night last week on the dignity of labor. She said: "We have still many old superstitions and convictions to overcome, which have been handed down from barbarian times. Even in these days, when the material development of the earth seems the main end towards which all men are striving, the old prejudice against manual labor shows itself quite plainly in men, and perhaps still more in women, and even in those who are educated. While I deplore the necessity for a woman to go out into the world as a breadwinner, yet, if she must assume this responsibility, let her do so in a dignified womanly way. My own experience teaches me that an idle woman is mischievous, discontented and wretched when well, and when ill she is the most querulous and disagreeable creature imaginable, while and idle man—oh, good Lord deliver us! He is too awful to contemplate. As we study the labor question we cannot fail to see that conscientious labor ennobles and beautifies the life of both men and women, and we should all strive to do our work so faithfully, so conscientiously and so intelligently that we may add to the nobility and dignity of labor."

"WHAT was it that ma said to you when you came in?" whispered young Bobby to Featherly, one of the guests. "O, simply that she was delighted to see me; that was all, Bobby." "I'm glad of it," said Bobby, and a look of genuine relief came over his face, "cause she said this morning that she hoped you wouldn't come."

EVERY individual should bear in mind that he was sent into the world to act a part in it, and, though one may have a more splendid and another a more obscure part assigned to him, yet the actor of each is equally responsible.

THE interesting information comes from Laurel, Del., that Benjamin F. Fooks has been shaved 7,300 times during the last twenty years by the same barber. That beats Vandegrift's record several points.

[Contributed to the Kent News.]

EMBERS.

Over the embers, this October night,
The Present recedes, the Past floats in sight;
Recollections arise in phantom-like gear;
Over the mind falls a mystical fear.

Solemnly, slowly night hours chime,
Minute and second swiftly decline;
Back from the ocean of vanishing years,
Memories, surge forward, white-capped with tears.

Over the shore of the Present is strewn,
Tempest-tossed vessels, ship-wrecked forlorn;
Vessels that sailed, in the morning of Life,
Filled with ambitions, fresh for the strife.

Gay sailors, young hearts, on life's sunny sea,
Sailing so bright, so fearlessly;
Never a thought of breakers or rocks,
Never a dread of Life's rudest shocks.

Happy young fancies went sailing along,
Wafted by laughter, and tied with a song;
Where was the haven, what was their aim?
Some seeking Fortune, some hunting Fame?

Down in the embers, as slowly they die,
I look for an answer, there is no reply.
The hours creep onward, midnight appears,
Our joys and our struggles glide on with the years.

Childhood's ambitions float swifully away,
Eternity touches the dawn of our day;
We aim for the things of the world,
Treasures of learning, of pride or of gold.

How seldom we pause, for the soul to commune,
Oh! embers revive, leave us not in the gloom;
Shall everything die, as your bright sparks are dead?
Go out into darkness, and ashes, and dread?

Is life only struggles, ground out in a mill,
And we only butterflies flying at will?
Answer me embers, before you depart,
And silence and ashes fall over my heart.

Hopes, sorrows, ambitions, tossed about by the tide,
Are nothing but bubbles, as 'man's life subsides;
Eternity, closes the gates of the world,
The keys are all lost, there is *nothing* to hold.

There is darkness and midnight, sorrow and shame,
Amid the confusion, does one taper remain?
Down in the flame of the embers' decay
An answer is burning, brighter than day.

The soul sees a vision, wonderfully bright,
The coals that were dying, leap high into light,
The ashes reflect a luminous flame,
Out of the embers blazes a name.

Jesus—MESSIAH, sad soul rejoice,
I *am* the Light of the world, and in me
All things are *ended*, that so puzzled thee.
I *am* the Saviour, the Life and the Voice,

I *am* the Haven thy ship sought in youth;
I *am* the rock, the rest and the Truth,
I *am* the Shore, where the fragments of dreams
Were tossed by the Tide of life's turbulent streams.

I *am* the Babe who came to mankind,
When Light was in Shadow, nought clearly defined;
I am the Lamb, which on Calvary's knoll,
Suffered and died, for the sake of thy soul.

When war and defiance, misgiving and sin,
Stalked over Earth, in terror and din,
Oh! sorrowing soul, when beset with despair,
When the mysteries of Life, are too much to bear,

Come to me, turn to me through Eternity's space,
Thou shalt rest in the peace of my love's embrace,
Through the shadows of death I will lighten thy way,
And upward, and onward, thy progress portray.

The Embers are dead, but the answer is given,
From the ashes of sin, we are led towards Heaven.

—ROSALIE MITCHELL.

Gunneries, Md., Oct. 14, 1886.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

How it Almost Lynched an Innocent Man Accused of Murder.

In the early days when the greater part of the money in circulation consisted of notes issued by State banks, the Pennsylvania seldom accepted notes issued by banks in another State, and a good deal of business was done by men exchanging the notes, charging a small commission for so doing, just as a man wanting to travel in Europe has his money exchanged to that of the country in which he is going to travel. John Burnsides left Pittsburg for Wheeling, intending to cross the river and buy some land he heard was for sale in Ohio. When he got to Wheeling he had his Pennsylvania money exchanged for that of Ohio at one of the banks and he then crossed the river and went to the house of his brother-in-law, a considerable distance away. Having investigated the land he thought of buying he returned to his brother-in-law's place and said he would like to have gone back to Pennsylvania by another route, but would have to go to Wheeling to get his money changed.

The brother-in-law said he had a good deal of Pennsylvania money which had gradually accumulated by his having frequently exchanged small quantities for travelers. He made the exchange, receiving the identical packages of Ohio money given by the bank at Wheeling. Burnsides bought a horse and intended riding home across the country.

"Have you got any weapons?" said his brother-in-law.

"No," replied Burnsides, "I never carry arms."

"Well, your road is a lonely one, so take this pistol. It may come handy. You can send it back with some traveler after you get into a more thickly settled country."

The revolver had the owner's name cut in the handle. Burnsides started, and the next day travelers reported the finding of his dead body. Examination showed that there had been a struggle, and in searching the bushes near the spot the pistol was found. The owner's name being cut on it, Burnsides' brother-in-law was arrested. The packages of Ohio money were found and these were positively identified by the bank officers at Wheeling. There was not the slightest doubt entertained as to the prisoner's guilt, and he was locked up in jail to await his trial, although the case seemed so plain that there was some talk of lynching him. The court did not meet till some months after that, but before the trial came off the authorities received from some obscure town in Indiana, the confession of a man who had just died of consumption, that he had killed Burnsides. In this case there were only a few links in the chain of circumstance, but they were very strong, and undoubtedly would have convicted the poor man but for that confession.

Something About Snakes.

There is a man in Danbury, Connecticut, who treats rheumatism, sprains, swellings, lameness and other disorders with the help of black snakes. A remarkable cure is reported upon the person of a man, whose ankle was so swollen as to prevent his walking, who was induced to test the snake cure. He was taken to the doctor's house on King street. After showing the swollen ankle to the keeper of serpents, he allowed him to do as he pleased. A large box, containing perhaps a dozen writhing black snakes, was brought into the room. Selecting one about three feet in length, the snakeman proceeded to wind it about the rheumatic limb, which was bared. The serpent hissed and tried to escape, but after another attempt it was held firmly, and in a few minutes became quiet. Twenty minutes elapsed, and the snake fell from the man's leg apparently stupified. The pain which had been intensified by the journey, was pronounced gone. Another application was made with a fresh snake, as the one just used could not be made to stay on. Soon it fell to the floor as the other had done. The swelling had by this time entirely disappeared.

ISAAC (instructing his son)—"Ven you zell a cost to a man vot vants a coat, dot's nodding, but ven you zell a cost to a man vot don't vant a cost, dot's peesniss, my boy."

THE finest epitaph ever carved on stone was a little girl's. Her companion said: "It was easier to be good when she was with us."

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, BILLHEADS, &c., &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

LETTER FROM STILL POND.

How to build a town: Of course the first thing to do is to procure a piece of ground to put it on. The size will be regulated by the calibre of its projectors. If they are possessed of broad and liberal minds the town may assume such importance among the business places of the world as to reflect great credit and sometimes immortalize the names of those who were foremost in the founding. If on the other hand narrow selfishness characterizes the efforts a bar impassable is raised against the future prosperity of the project.

It must be remembered that towns under no circumstances are self-sustaining, but are almost wholly dependent on the surrounding community. Hence the most friendly relations with the country should at all times be promoted. The country-folks should be made to feel that they are all stockholders and