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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 17. CHESTER TOWN, MD., JANUARY 10, 1857.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD

PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To Clubs—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special Notices.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.

ESTATE OF J. P. D. BROOKS.

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, December 2, 1856.

On the application of Wm. B. Wilmer, administrator of J. P. D. Brooks late of Kent county, dec'd,

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 2nd day of December, 1856.

(SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of J. P. D. Brooks late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 26th day of June, 1857; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of December, 1856.

WM. B. WILMER,
Admr. of J. P. D. Brooks dec'd.

Dec. 6, 1856—4t.

ESTATE OF RICHARD STARTT.

Maryland; Kent county, Orphan's Court, November 25, 1856.

On the application of Mary E. Startt administratrix of Richard Startt, late of Kent county, deceased;

Ordered, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid I have hereto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed this 25th day of November, 1856.

(SEAL)

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters of Administration of the personal estate of Richard Startt, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 26th day of June, 1857, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1856.

MARY E. STARTT,
Adm'rx of Richard Startt, deceased.

Nov. 29, 1856—4t.

KRAUSERS PORTABLE CIDER MILL.

THESE superior Cider Mills can still be furnished, of improved construction and finish. Their grinding apparatus is peculiar and gives them an advantage over all other mills. By this action of two reciprocating pistons the apple, are forced up against the teeth of a rapidly revolving cylander and retained till ground to a fine pulp, which of course yields more juice when subjected to pressure than if the pomace was coarse. The screw press has been greatly improved and strengthened since last year and the whole frame is tightened by strong joint bolts. It is adapted to either hand or horse power and can be worked by hand to the extent of six to eight barrels in a day.

P. & A. SCHALL MORRIS & CO.,
Implement and seed store,
7th and Market street, Philadelphia.

oct. 11, 1856.

SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME,

PREPARED FROM FORMULA,

BY DR. JAMES HIGGINS,

State Agricultural Chemist of Maryland,

Expressly for B. M. RHODES,

141 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

Put up in bags, 150 lbs. each, $42,50 per ton.

June 7, 1856

Circuit Court of Kent County,

October Term, 1855.

Ordered by me, James F. Gordon, Clerk, that the report of sales of James B. Ricaud trustee, &c. for the sale of the real estate of Edward J. Records, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shewn on or before the fourteenth day of January next: Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county once a week for three successive weeks before the 14th day of December next.

The Report states the amount of Sales to be $500.

JAS. FRISBY GORDON, Cl'k.

Nov. 14, 1856.

True Copy—Test,

Nov. 22, 1856.—4w. J. F. GORDON, Cl'k.

POETRY.

A SNOW STORM.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the storm is heard like a chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with his wings to night;
And over the sky, from South to North,
Not a star is seen as the winds come forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day the snow came down—all day—
As it never came down before,
And over the earth at night there lay
Some two or three feet or more.
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone.
The window's blocked and the well-curb gone;
The haystack grown to a mountain lift;
And the wood pile looked like a monster drift
As it lay at the farmer's door.

As the night set in came hail and snow,
And the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a sullen blow
Was heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther see! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts along the plain ho! ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will!

MISCELLANY.

THE HERO WOMAN.

A Revolutionary Incident.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

In the shades of the Wissahocken woods not more than half a mile from the Schuylkill, there stood in the time of the Revolution, a quaint old fabric, built of mingled logs and stone, and encircled by a palisade wall. It had been erected in the earlier days of William Penn, perhaps some years before the great apostle of peace first trod our shores, as a block house, intended as a defence against the Indians.

And now it stood with its many roofs, its numerous chimneys, its massive square windows, its varied front of logs and stone, its encircling wall, through which admittance was gained by a large and stoutly built gate, it stood in the midst of the wood, with age-worn trees, enclosing its veteran outlines on every side.

From the western window you could obtain a glance of the Schuylkill waves, while a large casement in the Southern front commanded a view of the winding road, as it sunk out of view, under the shade of thickly clustered boughs, into a deep hollow, not more than one hundred yards from the mansion.

Here from the Southern casement, on one of these balmy days which look in upon the dreary autumn, towards the close of November, a farmer's daughter was gazing with dilating eyes and half clasped hands.

Well might she gaze earnestly to the South and listen intensely for the slightest sound! Her brothers were away with the army of Washington, and her father a grim veteran—he stood six feet and three inches in his stockings—who had manifested his love for the red coat invaders in many a desperate encounter, had that morning left her alone in the old mansion, alone in this small chamber in charge of some ammunition intended for a band of some brave farmers, about to join the hosts of freedom.

Even as she stood there, gazing out of the southern window, a faint glimpse of sunlight from the faded leaves above, pouring over her mild face, shaded by clustering brown hair, there not ten spaces from her side, were seven loaded rifles and a keg of powder.

Leaning from the casement, she listened with every nerve quivering with suspense to the shouts of the combatants, the hurried tread of armed men echoing from the south.

There was something very beautiful in that picture! The form of the young girl framed by the square massive window, the contrast between the rough timbers that enclosed her and that round face, the lips parting, the hazel eye dilating, and the cheek warming and flushing with hope and fear, there was something very beautiful in that picture—a young girl leaning from an old mansion, with her hair waving in glossy masses around her face.

Suddenly the shouts of the south grew nearer, and then, emerging from the deep hollow, there came an old man, running, at full speed, yet every few paces turning round to fire his rifle, which he loaded as he ran. He was pursued by ten or more British soldiers, who came rushing on, their bayonets fixed, as if to strike their victim down ere he advanced ten spaces nearer to the house.

On and on the old man came, while his daughter quivering with suspense, hung leaning from the window. He reaches the block-house gate—look! He is surrounded—their muskets are leveled at his head—he is down, down at their feet, grappling for his life! But look again. He dashes his foe aside; with one bold movement he springs through the gate; an instant and it is locked; the British soldiers, mad with rage, gaze upon the high wall of logs and stone, and vent their anger in drunken curses.

Now look to yonder window! Where the young girl stood a moment ago, quivering with suspense, as she beheld her father struggling for his life, now stands the old man himself, his brow bared, his arm grasping the rifle, while his gray hairs wave each from his wrinkled and blood-dabbed face! That was a fine picture of an old veteran, nerved for his last fight—a stout warrior preparing for his death struggle.

Death struggle? Yes, for the old man Isaac Wampole, had dealt too many hard blows among the British soldiers, tricked, foiled, and cheated them too often to escape now! A few moments more and they would be reinforced by a strong party of refugees; the powder, the arms, in the old block house, perhaps that daughter herself, would be their reward. There was scarcely a hope for the old man, and yet he had determined to make a desperate fight.

"We must bluff of those rascals," said he, with a grim smile, turning to his child. "Now, Bess, my girl, when I fire this rifle, do hand me another and so on, until the whole shots are fired. That will keep them on the other side of the wall for a few minutes at least, and then we will have to trust to God for the rest."

Look down there and see a hand stealing over the wall! The old man leveled his piece—that British soldier falls back with a crushed hand upon his comrades' heads.

No longer quivering with suspense, but grown suddenly firm, the young girl passed a loaded rifle to the veteran's grasp, and silently waits the result.

For a moment all is silent below. The British bravoes are somewhat loath to try that wall when a stout old 'Rebel,' rifle in hand, is looking from yonder window!—There is a pause—low deep murmurs, they are holding a council!

A moment is gone and nine heads are thrust above the wall at once—hark! One—two—three! The old veteran has fired three shots—there are three men groveling in the yard, beneath the shadow of the wall!

"Quick Bess, the rifles!"

And the brave girl passes the rifles to her father's grasp. There are four shots one after the other—three more soldiers fall back like weights of lead upon the ground, and a single red coat is seen slowly mounting to the top of the wall, his eyes fixed upon the hall door, which he will force ere a moment is gone!

Now the last ball is fired; the old man stands there in that second-story window, his hands vainly grasping for another loaded rifle! At this moment the wounded and dying band below are joined by a party of twenty refugees, who, clad in their robber uniform, came rushing from the woods, and with one bound are leaping from the summit of the wall!

"Quick, Bess, my rifle?"

And look there—even while the veteran stood looking out upon his foes—the brave girl, for, slender in form, and wildly beautiful in face, she is a brave girl, a 'Hero Woman'—had managed, as if by instinctive impulse, to load a rifle. She handed it to her father, and then loaded another and another. Was not that a beautiful sight? A fair young girl, grasping powder and ball, with the ramrod rising and falling in her slender fingers.

Now look down on the wall again!—The refugees are climbing over its summit, again a horrible cry, and another wounded man toppling down upon his dead and dying comrades!

But now look! A smoke rises there, a fire blazing up around the wall; they have fired the gate! A moment and the bolt and lock will be burnt from its socket—the passage will be free. Now is the fiery moment of the old man's trial.—While his brave daughter loads, he continued to fire, with that deadly aim, but now—oh, horror!—he falls with a musket ball driven into his breast! The daughter's outstretched arms received the father, as with the blood spouting from his wound he topples back from the window.

Ah, it is a sad and terrible picture.

That old man writhing there on the oaken floor, the young daughter bending over him, the light from the window streaming over her father's gray hair while the ancient furniture of the small chamber affords a dim back ground to the scene.

Now hark! The sound of axes at the hall door—shouts—hurrahs—curses.

"We have the old rebel at last."

The old man raises his head at that sound makes an effort to rise, clutches for a rifle and then falls again, his eyes glaring as the fierce pain of that wound quivered through his heart.

Now watch the movement of that daughter. Silently she loads a rifle, silently she rests the barrel against the head of that powder keg, and then placing her finger on the trigger, stands over her father's form, while the shouts of the enraged soldiers came thundering from the stairs. Yes, they have broken the hall door to fragments, they are in possession of the old block house, they are rushing towards the old chamber with murder in their hearts, and in their glaring eyes.—Had the old man had a thousand lives, they were not worth a farthing's purchase now.

Still that girl, grown suddenly white as kerchief round her neck—stands there trembling from head to foot, the rifle in her hand, its dark tube lain against the powder keg.

The door is burst open—look there!—Stout forms are in the doorway, with muskets in their hands, grim faces stained with blood glare into the chamber.

Now, as if her very soul was coined into the words, that young girl with her face pale as ashes, her hazel eye gleaming with deathly light, utters this short yet meaning speech:

"Advance one step into the room, and I will fire this rifle into the powder there!"

No oath quivered from the lips of that girl, to confirm her resolution, but there she stands, alone with her wounded father and yet not a soldier dare cross the threshold.

At last one bolder than the rest, a bravo, whose face is half concealed in a thick beard, grasps his musket, and levels it at the young girl's breast:

"Stand back, or by —— I will fire!"

Still the girl is firm. The bravo advances a step and then starts back. The sharp 'click' of that rifle falls with an unpleasant emphasis upon his ear.

"Bess, I am dying, gasps the old man faintly extending his arms. "Ha, ha, we foiled the Britishers! Come daughter kneel; kneel and say a prayer for me, and let me feel your warm breath upon upon my face, for I am cold—O, dark and cold!"

Look!—As these trembling accents fall from the old man's tongue, these fingers unloose their hold of the rifle; already the troopers are secure of one victim, at least a young and beautiful girl; for affection for the father is mastering the heroism of the moment! Look! She is about to spring into his arms! But now she sees her danger! Again she clutches the rifle; again, although her father's accents are in her her ears, stands there, prepared to scatter the house in ruins, if a single rough hand assail that form.

There are a few brief terrible moments of suspense. Then a hurried sound far down the mansion: then a contest on the stairs; then the echoes of a rifle shot, and the light of rifle blaze, then these ruffians in the door fall crushed before the strong arms of the Continetal soldiers. Then a wild shriek quivers through the room, and that young girl—that 'Hero Woman'—with one bound springs forward into her brothers arms, and nestles there, while her dead father, his form yet warm, lays with fixed eye-balls upon the floor.

HOOPIANIA.

That quaint colored lecturer, Julius Cæsar Hannibal, lately perpetrated the following:

"Does not de ladies wear umbrella petticoats? For sartin dey do. What's de consequence? Whalebone's up, and I sometime tremble for de sister's safety when I see a gust of wind comin, for fear some ob dem will go up like a balloon and come down like a pancake. De ladies petticoats hab got to sich a spread dat a gemmon can't git git widin ten foot ob dem, and it takes a putty nimble feller to make his way trew Broadway on an afternoon without skinning his shins on the projectin hoops. He has to pick his way like a kitten over a slippery fence or a crab on a grabbled beach. It's all wanity my frens, but I dedent know how much wanity dar was in a modern petticoat till broder Ike Somerdike axidently broke sister Florinda's bones lass lectüre nite as she tried to squeeze past his long knees to her seat, and it seemed to me she collapsed and slunked down like an old dry umbrella wid de sticks broke, and she, dat a minit before, come sailin in as grand as a man of war, sat down as meek as a drenched tom cat—one puff and de wanity was gone.

Why do ye wear dem? Do you spose dat us he fellows am so green as to believe dat you am made as much like a wasp as your hooped petticoats would infer? If you do, you may as well rip out de bones at once. Do you spose dat mankine don't noe dat human nater nebber formed a woman with a head like an apple, a bust like two potecary globes, a waist like de shank ob an urn, and a body like a molasses hogshead? If you ever find a case where natur cut up such shines wid de "human form divine," jist let me noe it and I'le Barnumise de kentry at once wid her. Some ob you ladies, I understand, am not content wid de simple whalebone, but hab absolutely sowed barrel hoops in your skirts, and some look as if dey had a young hogshead under dar dresses dey stick out so in all directions. In fact, "Hoopiania," rages so 'larmingly at de present time, dat de omnibus folks am contemplating a rise in de fare in consequence ob de dubble room dey occupy, and de lumber each lady brings in de omnibus wid her. It was rumored in the sewing circle last week, dat young sister Johnson had actually bound herself in iron hoops, and I 'spect to hear soon dat de bucks will hoop de tails ob deir shanghie coats. Dis fashion would take, bekase it will enable people of slender means to make a much greater *spread* dan ebber.

Now Living.—A cotemporary says that the boy is now living who will be President of the Republic in 1900.—What his name is, or where he resides, he does not stop to inform us. He may at this moment gathering pumkins in Oregon, or peddling pop corn around Troy. Daniel Webster once made "a new suit of satinet" by selling catfish at a shilling a string. Wherever he may be, all unconscious of his high destiny, he feels the divinity that stirs within him, and grasps his book, thirsting for knowledge. His parents, as they answer his endless queries, rejoice at his developing intellect, yet little dream that his will be a great name among men, known wide as the world. Or perchance the hard hand of poverty, or the cold hand of orphanage, are moulding and training him for the patient effort, that selfreliance and resolute will, that fit him for great achievements. He must pass through the school that prepares him for his high career. In his youth many a trial and wrong must break him to the hardness of life. In his manhood many hardship must be endured, many obstacles overcome, and rivals outstripped in the race; the voice of envy and detraction despised; and hatred and malice defied. Through such a school and training the President of 1900 will doubtless come, and is now coming. But from what condition in life, from what part of our broad land, no one can predict or know but Providence, who presides over the destinies of all nations.

A Good Anecdote.—During the inauguration of Gen. Taylor, at Washington, D.C., March 4th, 1849, the police regulations, as usual required that after the speech of the new President had commenced, the gates of the Capitol Grounds should be closed, and no carriage of any kind allowed to pass, until the speech was finished, to prevent confusion.

The Minister of all the Russias, M. Bodisco, was very late, and after the speech had begun, drove up to the gate in great haste, the horses covered with foam, when the coachman shouted to the guard, "*Open ze gates*, iv you please." The guard shook his head and stood still. The footman next called out, "Will you open ze gate for ze Russian Minister?" The guard again shook his head, without answering a word. Next, the grand Minister put his head out of the carriage window and called to the guard: "Open ze gates to ze gran Minister of all ze Russias, Minister Plenipotentiary, M. Bodisco; I am ze Minister."

There was a great crowd around the gates within and without, and all this fuss created quite a stir. The guard drew himself up, and in a firm and pleasant manner replied, "*If you were a free-born American citizen of these United States of America, you could not pass these gates in a carriage.*"

The crowd came very near giving three cheers for the guard, but better manners prevailed, and M. Bodisco stepped out of his elegant equipage, and entered the side gate with the sovereign people, his carriage remaining outside until all the ceremonies were over.

The Hiccup.—Some time ago I had occasion to call at a Highland shooting-lodge, and on entering the kitchen where two English sportsmen were sitting, I happened to be attacked by a fit of hiccup. One of the sportsmen took a piece of gray paper from his pocket, and after lighting and blowing it out, he started up, and held the fumes of it opposite my mouth and nostrils. I started, to be sure but was quite astonished to find myself immediate cured; and I have since seen it frequently tried on others, and always proving a never-failing remedy.

Mexican Church.—The Signor Lendo de Tegada, who is now head of the finances, asserts, with perfect confidence that the real property of the clergy of the Romanist Church in Mexico is of the value from $250,000,000 to $300,000,000!—In the city of Mexico containing 2,000 houses worth $80,000,000, the Church owns one-half and the income has been estimated by the Minister at fully $20,000,000. The estates in mortmain alone amount to $50,000,000. A single balustrade about 300 feet long in the National Cathedral is supposed to be worth $1,000,000.

☞ An Eastern editor says that a man got himself into trouble by marrying *two* wives.

A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying *one*.

A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely *promising to marry* without going any further.

A Southern editor says that friend of his was bothered enough by simply being found in company with another man's wife.

THE POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT—COMPLETE.

We give below, as we find it in the N. Y. *Daily News*, (Dem.,) the vote for Presidential Electors. These returns are nearly perfect. We yet require the official vote of Texas and California, but they will but slightly vary the result. We believe this will be found more full and correct than any yet published:

States.	Buchanan.	Fillmore.	Fremont
Maine,	38,038	3,235	65,514
New Hampshire,	32,567	414	38,158
Vermont,	10,577	511	39,561
Massachusetts,	39,240	19,726	108,190
Rhode Island,	6,680	1,675	11,467
Connecticut,	34,995	2,615	42,700
New York,	195,878	124,667	274,705
New Jersey,	46,943	24,115	28,351
Pennsylvania,	230,154	82,178	147,350
Delaware,	8,003	6,175	306
Maryland,	39,115	37,462	281
Virginia,	89,975	60,039	291
North Carolina,	48,246	36,886	—
South Carolina,	35,000	None.	None.
Georgia,	56,617	42,372	—
Florida,	6,358	4,833	—
Alabama,	46,817	28,557	—
Mississippi,	35,668	24,409	—
Louisiana,	22,164	20,709	—
Tennessee,	73,638	66,178	—
*Kentucky,	69,509	64,391	—
†Texas,	29,446	15,332	—
Arkansas,	21,899	10,796	—
Missouri,	58,164	48,524	—
Iowa,	36,241	9,444	126
Wisconsin,	52,867	576	66,092
Illinois,	104,279	37,451	96,280
Indiana,	118,672	23,386	94,816
Ohio,	170,874	28,126	187,497
Michican,	52,136	1,560	71,762
California,	49,690	34,809	18,999
	1,860,453	870,232	1,336,816
Additional for Ky,	1,709		
	1,862,155		

*The vote of the following counties was thrown out for informality in the returns:

	Buchanan.	Fillmore.
Crittenden,	644	606
Harlan,	254	331
Marion,	1154	418
Rockcastle,	144	417
Union,	225	652
Rowan,	257	106
Total,	3408	2431
	2431	

Buchanan's majority, 977

The other counties not reported to the Secretary, viz: Grant, Bracken and Letmer—gave, together, about seventeen Democratic majority; these, added to 6118 as officially counted, would raise the total Democratic majority to 7112.

†Ten counties to be officially heard from.

For Buchanan	1,862,155
Fremont,	1,336,815
Buchanan over Fremont,	525,340
Buchanan over Fillmore,	991,923
Buchanan and Fillmore over Fremont in the free States,	278,571
Fremont over Buchanan,	115,752
Buchanan's vote in the free States more than in the slave States,	570,659
Buchanan's vote in the free States more than Buchanan and Fillmore's vote in the slave States.	82,455
Buchanan's vote in the slave States, together with Fillmore's vote North and South over Fremont, is	204,886
Whole vote South,	1,138,623
Of which Fremont received,	1 247
Total vote in the free States,	2,949,740
Total number of votes in the Union,	4,069,203
Of which the sectional candidate, Fremont, received,	1,336,815
Popular vote against Fremont,	2,732,387

Among the speculations of this election is the following very striking one, showing the great inequality of the Popular and the Electoral vote. The per cent runs thus:

	Popular Votes	Electoral Votes.
Fremont,	30 per cent.	99 per cent.
Buchanan,	45 per cent	59 per cent.
Fillmore,	25 per cent	2 per cent.

Thus Mr. Fillmore receives about 25 per cent. of the Popular vote and 2 per cent of the Electoral vote. About as great an equality as one could wish, and one not very Democratic, nor much in accordance with a true popular equality.

We give the return as we find it estimated for South Carolina, but it should be added that there were many true Fillmore men in that State, and who would have so voted, but for the fact that the Legislature there elects.

Polygamy in Utah.—A correspondent of the San Francisco Herald furnishes the following as the Polygamious condition of the members of the last Utah Legislature:

Council—13 members, 151 wives
House of Representatives—26 members, 160 wives
Officers of the House—5, 22 wives
Governor Young, 68 wives
Total, 44 persons, 420 wives

☞ The value of the real and personal estate of the United States is reported for the year 1856 by Mr. Secretary Guthrie at $14,317,611,672—that is over eleven and a quarter billion of dollars. The total population is 26,934,942 souls.

The bed Comforter—Miss Sally Williams.