Kent News.

KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
☞OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.☜

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

SUBSCRIPTION: $2 PER ANNUM.

☞JOB-PRINTING of all kinds executed at short notice and at low rates.

Vol. 48. CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND: SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887. No. 11.

Commission Cards.

Established 1862.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER. FRANK LAWDER.
SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,
General Commission Merchants,
For the sale of Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Live Stock, &c., &c.
88 South Charles Street,
jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

PERCY T. McFEELY,
Formerly with Chester River Steamboat Company,
—WITH—
WRIGHT & LONEY,
Successors to Wright & Sparks,
FLOUR, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 215 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞REFERENCES.—Drovers and Mechanics' National Bank, cor. Eutaw and Fayette sts. [ja29.

ANDREW W. WOODALL,
Successor to Greenwood & Woodall,
Commission Merchant & Produce Dealer,
No. 53 West Pratt Street.
☞Special attention given to the sale of Grain, Dried, Evaporated and Green Fruits.

T. H. WINPENNY & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO GROVES & WINPENNY,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
All Kinds of Fruits--Peaches a Specialty.
Live Stock, Hides, Furs, Wool, Poultry, Eggs and Country Produce Generally.
No. 324 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

J. K. B. EMORY. F. W. NEAVITT.
WM. H. RUTTER,
—WITH—
EMORY & NEAVITT,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Seeds, Hay, Fruit, Live Stock, Wool and all kinds Country Produce.
No. 68 South St., Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Citizens' National Bank, Agents for Wheeler Line of Steamers. je12-y.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEORGE W. BERRY.
D. B. STEWART & CO.,
General Fruit and Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
150 West Pratt St., Balto., Md.
☞We refer to our present shippers, among whom are many of the most successful fruit growers in this county, also The Peoples Bank of Baltimore.

A. P. CREW. W. H. LOANE.
CREW & LOANE,
Grain and General Produce
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 4 Camden St., New Number 15,
ja29. BALTIMORE, MD.

JAS. W. STEVENS. R. NELSON STEVENS.
STEVENS BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
—FOR THE SALE OF—
Grain, Fruits, Live Stock, Wool and Country Produce Generally.
☞Special attention given to the sale of GRAIN and FRUITS.
320 Light St., (Old No. 114), Baltimore, Md.
Reference—Merchants National Bank.

JAMES W. JEROME & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK, AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
No. 20 East Camden Street, (Old Number, 3,)
Near Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

PHILADELPHIA.

WALTER S. HILL,
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant
180 Reade and 206 Duane Sts., New York.
REFERENCE—My account sale and check every Monday. je4.

E. C. CROW,
No. 6 Vine Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
WHOLESALE
COMMISSION MERCHANT
—IN—
ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.
Market Price Guaranteed. d18.

R. E. BRICE. J. E. HENDRICKSON.
J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,
Produce Commission Merchants
IN ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE AND LIVE STOCK.
128 North Front Street, Philadelphia, Penn.
☞Consignments solicited. Returns promptly sent on sale of goods. Orders promptly filled and inquiries cheerfully answered. fe12-y.

Professional Cards.

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

DR. THOMAS H. COOPER,
HOMEOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Maryland, opposite the Voshell House.

DR. C. P. GILPIN, Dentist,
☞Office in the dwelling-house on High street, adjoining the store of Mr. A. J. Cahall. He will be pleased to see his friends and patients at his new location, where, having more room, he will be able to afford many more comforts than in the past. js-tf.

THOMAS N. FRAISER,
ARCHITECT,
No. 1027 MIFFLIN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PERRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

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

"Diamanta" Spectacles
EYE-GLASSES.

I HAVE the agency for these Celebrated Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. They are ground on scientific priciples, perfectly colorless and do not fire the eye as common glasses do. ☞If persons will call on me who need glasses I will test their eyes with an Optometer and give them glasses that will suit them.
I have also on hand a nice assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES and JEWELRY, Rogers' & Bros.' SILVERWARE, &c., &c. Respectfully,
C. M. LUCAS,
mh12. Jeweler and Optician, Chestertown, Md.

HAY AND STRAW FORKS, Horse Muzzles, for sale by W. A. WHEATLEY.

NEW STORE in CHESTERTOWN!
Under Kent News Office.
F. J. CARTER
HAS just opened under the NEWS office a FIRST-CLASS STOCK OF
WALL PAPER, PAINTS,
Putty, Glass, Kalsomines, &c.
I have 15,000 pieces of Wall Paper, to select from. Call and examine. My styles equal city styles and my prices cannot be beat anywhere.
☞Paper Hanging a Specialty!☜
Estimates on Painting and Paper Hanging furnished on application. m28-3m.

ROBERTSON'S
$2.50 and $3.00
SHOES
Beats Them All!
Made to Order at Our Factory in Chestertown.

PRICE LIST
MADE TO ORDER:

Men's Fine Buttoned Gaiters	$2 50	$3 00
Men's Fine Lace Gaiters	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Crimped Pegged	2 50	3 00
Men's Fine Hand-Stitched Buttoned, Lace or Congress Gaiters	4 50	5 00
French Calf Boots	5 00	7 00
Men's French Kip Boots		5 00

May 14, 1887.

CAST YOUR EYES
Over These Prices
TAKE in every Store in Town, Examine the Garments they will offer you at these Figures, and, if, when coming to us, we do not Show You 20 Per Cent Better Quality, then Don't Buy of Us, that's all.

FULL SUITS:

Good Black Suit from	$ 3 00 to	$ 4 50
Good Cassimere Suit from	5 00 to	8 00
Fine Imported do. from	10 00 to	15 00
All Wool Cheviot Suit	7 00 to	11 00
Fine Corkscrew Cutaway	8 00 to	10 00
Fine Corkscrew Sack	8 00 to	10 00
Imp'd Worsted Cutaway	12 00 to	15 00
Imported Worsted Sack	12 00 to	18 00
Prince Albert Suit	14 00 to	20 00

PANTALOONS:

Large line of Men's Pants	$1 00 to	$6 00
Large line of Youth's Pants	50 to	3 00
Large line of Children's Pants	25 to	1 50

Boys', Youths and Children's Suits

Large line of Boys' Suits	$3 00 and up
Large line of Children's Suits	1 50 and up

A COMPLETE STOCK OF
SUMMER GOODS
IN EVERY RESPECT.

Gent's Furnishing Goods:
Our Stock of Gent's Furnishing Goods is the LARGEST and BEST ever offered in this town before, and for the latest Styles and Prices in Stiff, Straw and Felt HATS of all colors, just take a look at our how windows.
A. FRIEDMAN,
The Popular Clothier opposite Stam's Hall
Chestertown, Md. May 14, 1887.

Prices to Suit the Times
—AT—
J. H. SIMPERS'
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
My stock is a general one, of which I enumerate in part the following:
Crinkle Seersuckers, Sateens, Lawns, Percales, Dress Ginghams, White Dress Goods, Calicoes, Muslins, Cassimeres, Cottonades, Linens, &c.
Hosiery all grades and prices, Gloves, Corsets, Jerseys, Gauze Underwear, Hamburg Edging, White and Red Table Damask, Nice Line Neckwear, Collars and Cuffs, Combs, Brushes, Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, &c.
Men's and Boys' Fine Buttoned and Lace Shoes, Ladies' and Misses' Kid, Foxed and Pebble Buttoned Shoes, Ladies' Slippers, Children's Solar Tipped Shoes. Men's Plow Shoes as low as $1.00.
Matting as low as 12½ cents per yard.
Fine Straw Hats for Men and Boys, Newest Styles.

Queensware and Glassware!
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Meat, Vegetable and Butter Dishes, Pitchers, Bowls, Tureens, Glass Sets, Goblets, Fruit Bowls, Lamps, &c.
Groceries, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Rice, Yeast Powder, Laundry Soaps, &c. Tobacco and Cigars.
I carry a large stock at all seasons and always offer same at lowest market prices. A call solicited.
JOHN H. SIMPERS.
June 18, 1887.

Don't trifle with any Throat or Lung Disease. If you have a Cough or Cold, or the children are threatened with Croup or Whooping Cough, use Acker's English Remedy and prevent further trouble. It is a positive cure, and we guarantee it. Price 10 and 50c.
C. F. STAM, Druggist.

REFRIGERATORS, Ice Chests, Water Coolers, Ice-Cream Freezers, for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

LAWN MOWERS! LAWN MOWERS! The Philadelphia, Boston and other manufactures for sale at the lowest prices. by J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Charles M. Gale. Custis W. Woolford.
Chas. M. Gale & Co.
(Successors to Harry Meginniss,)
MEN'S FURNISHERS,
30 and 32 Pratt Street (Under Maltby House),
BALTIMORE, MD.
A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves, Studs, Scarf-pins, etc.
We call particular attention to our large line of Shirts--ready made in White, Percale and Flannel--all sizes, embracing every variety, style and price.
Shirts Made to Order Our Specialty.

REID'S CREAMERY!
Butter Workers! Butter Printers!
SHIPPING BOXES, &c.,
for sale and guaranteed to give satisfaction. The great number of each of the above articles in use in Kent and elsewhere attest their worth. Below we give the names of a few who use Reid's Creamery:

MRS. GEORGE BECK,	MRS. BEDFORD ROE,
" GEORGE BELL,	" CORNE'US BROWN,
" JOHN BELL,	" COMEGYS BROWN,
" JAS. L. BECK,	" HENRY BROWN,
" P. A. M. BROOKS,	" ISAAC CLEAVER,

and others. Call and see them.
WM. A. WHEATLEY,
May 14, 1887. Sole Agent for Kent Co.

CHESTERTOWN
MARBLE, GRANITE
—AND—
STONE WORKS
A Full Line of
Monuments, Headstones,
Marble and Slate Mantels,
Cresting and Galvanized Tubing,
Iron Fencing,
ALWAYS IN STOCK AT
Lower Prices than can be Found in the City
☞Also, all kinds of Building Work in STONE carefully executed. Give us a trial. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
SHOW ROOM and Factory opposite Armstrong's Hotel, Cross Street, Chestertown, Md.
CHAS. H. MOORE,
May 21, 1887. PROPRIETOR.

OBLUM'S
invented to PREVENT animals from FORGING and the STEEL SHOE is used for the hind feet in connection with the Concave. ☞Call and see them.☜ I give personal attention to every horse and Guarantee satisfaction both in price and workmanship.
SAMUEL HICKS,
☞Shops near M. P. Church.

STRAW WANTED!
HAVING Leased the Chestertown STRAWBOARD MILL, I am ready to BUY ALL THE STRAW that Farmers may wish to dispose of. Will clean up ALL THE STRAW from the stackyards sold me, rejecting only rotten straw, on the basis of 2240 pounds per ton for dry straw; only asking those wishing to sell to take a little extra pains in Stacking and not put the chaff with their Straw.
☞Mr. JAMES BRICE is my authorised agent to buy.
WILBUR ELIASON.

DRY AIR REFRIGERATORS, and Water Coolers for sale by WM. A. WHEATLEY.

BRIDES AND GROOMS.

They Gather in Large Numbers at the National Capital.

There is a great opportunity offered at the Ebbitt House in Washington for the study of brides and grooms, the "turtle doves" on their "bridal tours," writes Frederick D. Mussey to the Cincinati *Commercial Gazette:*

Washington is getting to be the Mecca of American newly-married people, and the Ebbitt their headquarters.

There is scarcely a day in the year when there are fewer than four or five pairs of cooers, and upon one day a short time ago there were no less than twenty-eight couples at that house reveling in hymeneal bliss. Most of these people are from the well-to-do classes of the country—not the ultra-fashionable or very wealthy. Washington is getting to be the great show city of the country, and naturally it is chosen by newly-married couples as the point, or one of the points, of their "tour."

The observation of those ecstatic young creatures is exceedingly interesting. A good time to study them is at about ten o'clock in the morning in the breakfast room. It is most amusing to see the various couples distributed about the tables look at one another, the brides stealing sly glances out of the corners of their eyes at the other brides, and coloring when they happen to catch eyes; and the young grooms putting on immense pomposity for the benefit of the other young grooms, reading the morning paper with an appearance of absorbing interest, and assuming a dense indifference as to the presence or conversation of his wife.

The bride as a general thing does not attempt to deceive anybody as to the true situation. She is blushing and conscious and seems rather to enjoy the attention she attracts as a bride. But the man invariably endeavors to play the old husband, indifferent, nonchalant, a trifle blase in fact and invariably overdoes the thing ridiculously and makes a laughing stock of himself.

I said "invariably," but there was an exception at the Ebbitt a few days ago in the case of a couple from St. Louis. They were so utterly and awfully in love with each other that they were oblivious to the presence in the breakfast room of many other people, including half a dozen other newly-married pairs on their respective "tours."

They were not spring chickens. Certainly thirty-odd summers had passed over her fair and frizzled head, and time had almost despoiled his cranium of its capillary adornment. But it was evident to all spectators they were making up for lost time. And didn't they do it? Whew! Old bachelors winked and grinned at one another. Old married men and women also winked, and ladies hid their smiles behind their napkins, while the colored waiters kept their black faces straight with painful difficulty, and could be heard to "snort out" as they went through the doors toward the kitchen.

THOUGHT OF NONE BUT THEMSELVES.

Meanwhile the loving pair ignored the presence or existence of anybody in the world except themselves.

She reached across the corner of the table to arrange his necktie, sugared his berries and scowled at a bad berry she picked out. Such a shame to give her hubby a bad berry! He cut off a choice piece of his steak and put it upon her plate with a look of mild devotion, and with the beefsteak in her mouth, she gazed up into his eyes in adoration.

I saw them out sight-seeing during the day. Their driver was dutifully pointing out objects of interest and they were sitting holding hands and looking at each other lovingly.

Their sight-seeing was perfunctory. What in the world was Ginneral Jackson on his r'airinn, snorting charger, or the Washington monument, or the Capitol to people in their condition of mind. It will be a very unsatisfactory account of Washington sights they will be able to give their friends when they return home.

In the breakfast room this morning were five of these blissful pairs who have linked their necks with the silver chain and gone paddling out upon the uncertain sea of matrimony, where the waves may get rough and the chain become iron. But just now it is a summer sea and a silken sail, soft zephyrs and blue skies, and they are getting such great store of happiness now they are laying up a capital of sweet and sacred recollections to draw upon when the evil days come that must come to all.

FROM THE BLUE GRASS REGION.

There was one couple from Kentucky. It needed no second glance at the lady to determine that. You can tell a Kentucky lady at first glance anywhere you may meet them.

Generally they are pretty, and invariably they are pronounced in style. As to their faces they are seldom satisfied with what nature has done for them, no matter how lavish the old lady has been in conferring charms, and they try to help her out. There is a hint of the pencil in the eyebrows and eyelashes, another of rouge on the cheeks, and as for "whitening," as they call it, there is always plenty of that. A Kentucky girl carries her box or bag of "whitening" and bit of chamois skin in her pocket. At watering places I have seen Southern ladies who seemed to have enough flour distributed over their faces, necks and shoulders to make a biscuit.

The Kentucky girl is fond of bright colors and striking costumes, often going to the extreme in this matter, and sometimes good taste gets slightly disfigured at the hands of the fair daughter of the Sunny South. In her conversation she is liable to use sometimes some of the conventional phrases of the race track. I once heard of a very lovely Louisville belle (and there is no city in the country, not excluding Baltimore, which has more beautiful), when asked which of her many ardent lovers she would make the happy man, replied that it was a very uncertain race. She named two who she said were running neck and neck slightly in advance of the field, who were "bunched together so that a blanket could cover them."

Another thing about the young bride at the Ebbitt House marked the Kentucky girl. Though it was the breakfast hour, she wore in her ears heavy solitaires, a large diamond brooch in her bosom and a big solitaire ring. The only purely American girls who wear diamonds at all hours and can't display too many of them are the Southern girls. The ladies of Hebrew extraction betray the same weakness for diamonds and the same inattention to the canon of good taste that declares diamonds are for semi or full dress, for the ball, the party and the opera, and not for the daylight, the sidewalk, the street or the hotel breakfast-room.

A REPRESENTATIVE KENTUCKIAN.

The groom in this case wore linen with a check in it, a diamond shirt-stud and heavy watchguard. As usual with Kentuckians he was a good, virile and vigorous specimen of humanity.

They were having a great time over something he was reading to her from a newspaper. I was near enough to see that the newspaper was the *Courier-Journal*, and that he was reading was an account of their wedding.

When he read the customary statement that "the bride looked very lovely," she said: "Of course I did—how could I help it?" She said "Great Scott" several times, and declared some blunder made about dress "perfectly horrid." About one of her sister brides I heard her say, "What a guy!" The fact was that the bride she made this remark about, though not nearly as pretty as the Kentucky lady, was dressed in far better taste, and was much more becomingly subdued.

Another couple was from Cleveland, O., and the bride was the prettiest one in the collection. Her brown eyes sparkled with fun, and every time she cast them around at the other couples she appeared disposed to explode with laughter over what appeared to be a ludicrous situation. Her husband gave her a warning "sh-h-h" several times, but she whispered that it was "just too awfully funny for anything," or words to that effect. The endeavors of the grooms to act like old married folks made her stuff her napkin in her mouth to suppress her laughter. She was hardly more than 17 years, and her husband not older than 21 or 22. Opposite me sat a German couple from Philadelphia, handsome, well-dressed young people. Trusting to the ignorance of the German language among those about the table, the bride said real sweetly to the groom:

"Uns wird niemand fuer ein Brautspaar nehmen; wir schen wie alt verheirathete leute aus. Nicht wahr, Lieber?" [Nobody will take us for a bridal couple; we look like old married folks. Isn't it so dearest?"

HE WAS A BRAVE FELLOW.

A Young Soldier, Who Was Too Sick to Work Ordered to be Shot by Gen. Bragg.

When Gen. Bragg's army evacuated Corinth, Miss., in 1862, there was a great deal of sickness among the soldiers, nearly one-fourth of the army being unfit for service.

Capt. S. R. Weston, of Company H, Fifth Georgia regiment, and myself (belonging to Company E, same regiment), were on the sick-list and not able to march, but still able to do light duty, writes a correspondent of the Americus (Ga.) *Recorder.* So we were put in charge of the sick of our regiment, who were to be sent down on a separate train. While we were at the depot getting the men aboard and looking to their comfort, we noticed another squad to our left, as we faced the town, loading another train with quartermasters' and commissary stores, and everybody seemed to be in a hurry and some confusion. Every straggler was put to work and many of the sick were made to work who ought to have been in bed. Some boisterous, overbearing fellow was bossing the job, and if he ordered a man to go to work and he refused he reported him at once to Gen. Bragg, who seemed to be superintending the whole movement in person.

Finally a young soldier came along on his way to the cars for the sick. He appeared to be about 20 years of age, tall and handsome, but pale and delicate. The man (or brute) commanding the work-squad saw him and yelled out:

"Say, young man, fall in here and go to work! Heave these goods into these cars, and be quick about it."

The young man replied:

"I am not able to work. If I were I would be with my company."

"Eh? Won't work, eh? We'll see about that. "General!" he hollowed out to Gen. Bragg, who was passing, "here's a man who refuses to work," pointing at the youth, who stood as firm as rock. Gen. Bragg stopped and gazed at the young man, his eyes blazing as no other man's eyes can blaze, and repeated the order to help load those cars at once. The young man repeated his former answer, that he was not able to work; had he been able to work he would be able to march and would then be with his command.

The general's eyes seemed to flash fire as he exclaimed:

"What! You dare to disobey my orders?"

"I do," calmly replied the young man.

The general called a lieutenant of a Louisiana company of regulars doing guard duty, and said:

"Take six of your company and carry this man to that grove and shoot him."

The lieutenant called out six of his men and ordered them to load their guns, and while they were doing so Gen. Bragg beckoned the lieutenant, stepped behind a garden wall, spoke to him in a low tone, not heard by anyone else, and walked away. Guard marched the young man to the grove, about one hundred yards to our right, placed him on a stool against a large oak, and started to blindfold him, which he would not permit, but took off his gold watch and chain and a fine gold ring from his finger, handed them to the lieutenant and requested him to send them to his mother, at the same time writing her name and address on a piece of paper and handing it to the lieutenant, resumed his position against the tree, and with a proud smile upon his lips and without a tremor in his voice, said:

"Now, sir, I am ready."

The lieutenant stepped off ten paces, brought his men to "attention," and commanded in a loud voice, distinctly heard by us: "Ready! Aim!"

I became so weak I thought I should faint, and caught fast hold of a small oak for support and closed my eyes to shut out the awful deed. There sat the young man, gazing into the muzzles of six muskets pointed at his heart, a single one of which might send his soul into eternity in the twinkling of an eye. He looked on as calmly as if he were looking at a camera and was simply having his photograph taken. But the lieutenant's next command was: "Recover arms!" which was willingly and promptly obeyed. The lieutenant then stepped up to the young man, bade him rise, grasped his hand in admiration, returned his watch and ring, which he received with a polite bow and the word "thanks;" and walked away as unconcerned as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The lieutenant and his men returned to their former position, in a few paces of where we were, and pretty soon General Bragg returned and asked:

"Where is the boy?"

"Gone," said the lieutenant.

"What did you do?" asked the general.

"Just as you directed," replied the young lieutenant. He handed me his watch and chain and ring to send to his mother, took his position, refused to be blindfolded, said he was ready and never batted his eyes even when we were at 'aim.' He's the bravest man I ever saw in my life!" And tears came into the lieutenant's eyes.

"Who is he, and where is he?" demanded the general, evincing much interest and looking in every direction.

"I don't know," answered the lieutenant. "Here's his mother's name and address," handing him a slip of paper. He glanced at it, put it in his vest-pocket, and said:

"Well, find him. I'll promote him." And away they went to find the young hero.

But whether they ever found him, and if so, what came of it. I never knew.

When Gen. Bragg first gave the order to shoot the young man I suppose there were a hundred soldiers who heard it. They soon scampered away, some to work, some to hide out, and others—too sick to do either—took the places assigned them in the cars. And only Capt. Weston and myself, and perhaps two or three others, watched this episode to the end. Those others all thought, and those living still think to this day, that Gen. Bragg had that young man shot. Bragg was indeed a very severe disciplinarian, but not so bad at heart as many deem him.

A COUNTRY EDITOR says: "An interesting article entitled, 'The Soul After Death and What Becomes of It,' is crowded out this week to make room for more important matter."

AN exchange says: "Mary, in the poem 'Mary had a little lamb,' is now seventy years old and still hale and hearty." The lamb, however is dead. We ate apiece of it last week.

THOMAS HILL, ESQ.

The Baltimore *Argus* of July 9 contains a well executed picture of Thomas Hill, Esq., on its first page with the following sketch, which we republish as of interest to the many friends of this gentleman in Kent:

Mr. Thomas Hill's paternal grandfather was a native of Edinburg, Scotland, and was one of the few of his family who came to America. He landed here in 1762, and for many years he was a book publisher and seller on Baltimore street, where Dukehart's store now stands. He died in 1813, and was succeeded in the business by his son, who was burned out, and then became manager of the paper warehouse of Metteer's, on Lombard street. The second Mr. Hill was a strict Methodist, and particularly active in church work, his especial interest being concentrated on the Sunday schools. For many years he was President of the Sunday School Society of the Methodists. He was one of the original members of the famous old church on Light street, and afterwards connected with the present church on Monument street near Stirling. Mr. Hill was engaged in the battle of North Point with the Twenty-Seventh Regiment, which was the only regiment, except the Fifty-First, that made any stand against the disciplined forces of the British army. He married Miss Bryant, of Wilmington, Del.

The subject of this sketch was born in 1834, and was educated in private schools of Baltimore city. One of his instructors was Professor Thomas Henderson, a venerable gentleman, who is still living, and has recently made an important discovery in mathematics, which has been examined by the Johns Hopkins University, and will be published soon. The Professor, who is now a resident of Harford county, has also produced an English grammar, on an entirely new system. One of the well-known family of three Roszel brothers also taught Mr. Hill.

The death of his father compelled Mr. Hill to leave school at the early age of fifteen. Mr. Hill, senior, had fourteen children, of whom nine were living at his death. These were Nicholas S., John H., William B., Samuel E., George R., and Thomas and Jane, Elizabeth and Martha.

The subject of this sketch made his entry into business life in the capacity of clerk to the produce house of Tiffany & Dickinson. Afterwards he filled a position in the office of the Register of Wills under David M. Perine, Esq. On the election of Mr. Hickman, in 1851, he lost his place, and he then entered the office of Brown & Brune, and begun the study of law. He intended, however, from the first, to pursue the real estate business, and his legal studies were directed to that end in the main. He paid special attention to the laws of titles and to conveyancing, and versed himself thoroughly in the mysteries of deeds and leases and ground rents, and the like. In 1855 he left the firm of Brown & Brune, and opened a real estate office on Lexington street. He has, at different times, occupied the northwest and the southwest corners of St. Paul and Fayette streets, and his present office is situated on the northeast corner. He moved to his present location in 1856.

Mr. Hill has for many years been manager of some of the largest estates in Baltimore. A portion of the famous Howard estate was for twenty-five years in his hands. He was one of the founders of the Real Estate Exchange, and its first president, and is now filling his second term in that capacity. He is also director of the Maryland Title Insurance and Trust Company, and a director of the Massachusetts company of a similar character. He has just resigned as trustee of the New York Title Guarantee and Trust Company. One of his most successful transactions was the sale to the Federal Government of the old Guy's Hotel for $154,000. The owner at that time had held the property for nine years, and had realized over eight per cent on his investment of $85,000, and nearly doubled the latter on transferring the site to the United States Government. Mr. Hill has made many sales around Mt. Vernon Place, and once sold the site of Mr. George Brown's present house at a price of $65,000. He has never been in politics, though at all times a strong Democrat in his principles. At the outbreak of the late war he was a member of a cavalry company, commanded by Captain Charles Ridgely, and belonging to the Maryland militia. He is an active member of the St. Andrew's Society, and is a vestryman of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, and prominently identified with the many charitable societies, &c., of that parish.

In 1862 Mr. Hill married Miss Westcott, daughter of George B. Westcott, Esq., of Kent county, who was a bank president and wealthy farmer of that locality, and died last March.

Personally, Mr. Hill is a gentleman of handsome mien, and pleasant manners. He is a thorough man of business; active, alert and discreet, and deservedly one of our most successful citizens.

SCANDAL MONGERS.

Do you hear the scandal mongers
Passing by,
Breathing poison in a whisper,
In a sigh?
Moving cautiously and slow,
Smiling sweetly as they go,
Never noisy—gliding smoothly as a snake—
Supping here and sliding there
Through the meadows fresh and fair,
Leaving subtle slime and poison in their wake.

Saw you not the scandal monger
As she sat,
Beaming brightly 'neath the roses
On her hat?
In her dainty gloves and dress,
Angel-like, and nothing less,
Seemed she, casting smiles and pleasing words about.
Once she shrugged and shook her head,
Raised her eyes and nothing said,
When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a doubt.

Did you watch the scandal monger
At the ball?
Through the music rhythm, beauty,
Light and all,
Moving here and moving there,
With a whisper light as air,
Casting shadows on a sister-woman's fame—
Just a whispered word or glance,
As she floated through the dance,
And a doubt forever hangs upon a name.

You will find the scandal mongers
Everywhere;
Sometimes men, but often women,
Young and fair;
Yet their tongues drip foulest slime,
And they spend their leisure time
Casting mud on those who climb by work and worth.
Shun them, shun them, as you go—
Shun them, whether high or low,
They are but the cursed serpents of the earth.

Rapid Accumulation of Money.

A Baltimore lawyer in overhauling his papers recently came upon a bank account from which the following statement was drawn up by a Sun reporter who happened to enter the law office at the time the disciples of Coke and Blackistone were immersed in the musty papers. Lydia Truett, a colored woman, who was a domestic in the family of the late Mr. Alexander Murdoch, in February, 1820, put in the Savings Bank of Baltimore $70. On May 20th, the same year, she deposited $12.50, and on October 15, 1821, she deposited $18.50, making $101 in all. She drew out $6.50 and died some years after without depositing or drawing out any more. Having no relatives, as far as was known, the money remained in bank drawing interest and leaving the dividends added until the year 1875, when a nephew and niece living in Delaware in some way got knowledge of the fact of the deposit and its accumulations. They applied to the bank, and after administration in the Orphans' Court proper legal evidence being furnished, the bank paid the money to the heirs. The original $94.50 had by the regular course of legal accretion in the saving bank grown to the astounding figures of $2,318.57 in fifty five years. Of course now, with the lower rate of interest, the accumulation would not run up with such amazing rapidity.

A BRIDE AND $1,000,000.

A Charming Romance in the Life of a Queen of the Mardi Gras.

One of the swellest weddings of next fall will take place in October. It will be the culmination of a most romantic story. The parties to the contract are Thurlow Weed Barnes, nephew of the late Thurlow Weed, and Miss Frances Isabelle Morris, daughter of John A. Morris, the Louisiana lottery king, whose fortune is estimated at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. Miss Morris is his only child. She is worth $500,000 in her own right, and on her wedding day she will receive $1,000,000 more from her indulgent father. The ceremony will take place at the family mansion, at Throgg's Neck, Westchester county. Thousands of invitations will be sent out to all sections of the United States—to New Orleans where Mr. Morris married; to Chicago, San Francisco and to Europe, where the bride-elect went to school. The Morrises, it is said, intend to make the wedding an epithalamium in every sense of the word, a general rejoicing over the recovery of their daughter, who has been quite ill for several years. The magnificent residence will be literally filled with the choicest flowers the world can produce, and the days following the wedding will be a series of fetes. The homestead is surrounded by seventy acres of land, beautifully laid out and dotted here and there with artificial flowers and parterres of rich green. Mr. C. P. Huntington has a fine residence in front of the Morris home, Mr. H. C. Havemeyer one just across the road, and the late Miss Wolfe's handsome house stands in the rear. Here the beautiful daughter will be married, surrounded by her friends and kindred. It is her wish that every one she ever knew should receive an invitation. Her life for the past few years has been one of pain, and all that money could do was done to restore her to health again. Miss Morris was born twenty-four years ago in New Orleans. She has black hair and eyes, regular features and fair complexion. Her life began among the picturesque scenes of Louisiana, the orange groves, druidical oaks festooned with gray moss, the fragrant magnolia trees and the shrinking mimosa. Her beauty was more radiant and sparkling than that of the languorous, dreamy daughters of the French. Her father went to New Orleans over a generation ago and engaged in business. He married Miss Cora Hennen, of that city and prospered. He became interested in the Louisiana State Lottery, and his wealth accumulated rapidly. What he is really worth now is variously estimated at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. He spent his winters in New York and travelled with his family in Europe until he purchased his home in Westchester county, New York.

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Miss Morris grew up healthy and apparently strong. When she was 17 years old she was sent to Europe to school where she remained four years. She speaks French and German fluently, and before her illness was accounted a great pianist. She studied a while under Lizst. The daughter after enjoying the best advantages of France and Germany in the educational line, returned home and entered society, where she became the belle and a great favorite. Several years ago the greatest honor that the Crescent City can bestow upon its fair daughter was bestowed upon Miss Morris—that of being Queen of the Carnival. On that occasion the Queen's levee was held in the immense Artillery Hall in Camp street. Thousands passed through the building in order to pay court and bow to the beautiful Queen of the Carnival. She was seated on a dais covered with rich purple and surrounded by her court of ladies and gentlemen, all dukes, duchesses and earls. Three years ago she was taken ill. It was not thought seriously of at the time, as the illness was not so violent and dangerous. Doctors were sent for and no relief was afforded the young patient. It was evident that she suffered from nervous prostration and irritation of the spine. Everything that money and science could do was done, but the patient got no better. Finally she was placed under the treatment of Dr. William Todd Helmuth, of New York city. He was attending at that time the late Miss Catherine Wolf. When Miss Wolfe went to a watering-place, Miss Morris, accompanied by her parents, took a cottage there too, and Dr. Helmuth gave up his summer practice to attend them. Mr. Morris bought a large house on the corner of Thirtieth street and Madison avenue, New York city, and furnished it elegantly. The streets adjacent were covered with tan bark to prevent the noise of vehicles disturbing the patient. For months, though, she could not be moved at all and had to be wheeled around the room in an invalid's chair. Her cheeks, once so rosy, were pale and sunken and the bright eyes had almost lost their lustre. The gradual but sure improvement Dr. Helmuth brought about caused great joy in the Morris household. To be able to walk on crutches was a beginning. Dr. Helmuth, last October, called in the noted electrician Dr. W. H. King, and Miss Morris underwent his treatment. A powerful electric battery was rented and placed in the patient's room. Every day Dr. King called and gave her the benefit of his skill. The combined treatment of both the doctors had the desired effect, and the patient grew better. Last March she went to Lakewood, N. J., to breathe the fresh air from the resinous pines and enjoy the quietude of that well-known retreat. During the latter part of the month Mr. Barnes appeared and began at once to pay devoted attention to Miss Morris. It was the first time he had met her since she was a little girl. She was not romping around then as in her girlhood days, but getting about slowly by the aid of a stick. She had discarded the crutches some weeks previous. Mr. Barnes was a chivalric lover and loved at first sight, and the wedding day was set. Mr. Barnes resides in Albany. He edited the memoirs of his grandfather. He is a widower, about 34 years old, is six feet four inches high, rather heavy set, and has a clean-shaven, solemn-looking face. It is said that he is now a member of the firm of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston. Miss Morris is now thoroughly recovered, and is at Bar Harbor with her parents and Mr. Barnes. Mr. Morris is going to have a fine summer residence erected there to present his daughter as a wedding gift in addition to the $1,000,000 above mentioned. During Miss Morris' illness it was reported that her mind became impaired. A personal friend of Dr. King's asked him if the report was true, and received for answer that it was emphatically untrue.

A Simple Cure for Rheumatism.

A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* says: Let all of "ours" know the following. My wife has suffered occasionally with acute rheumatism in her feet, with painful swelling, completely taking her off her feet for many days at a time. The following remedy was recommended recently and tried, and took away the agonizing pain in less than fifteen minutes, and she can now walk very fairly, and in a couple of days she will be able to button her boots, and walk without a stick or crutch: One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir 1 ounce of alum; this makes curds and whey. Bathe the part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the curds hot, and after bathing, put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel, and—go to sleep (you can). Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.

SOME man who would invent a new swear word that would be as expressive and effectual as the old favorites, and at the same time would not be wicked, would truly fill a long-felt want.

HER SACRIFICE.

Original Story.

Our story opens on a bright and beautiful morning in July, and the scene of action is a quaint old farm-house situated near the town of S——, and surrounded by ancient and lofty trees, A lovely green lawn with flowers on either side stretches out in front. The birds were singing sweetly and the gentle morning breeze was lightly tossing the leaves about.

A young girl came out, took her seat on the vine-covered porch and, resting her chin on her hand, gazed with wistful, longing eyes down the lawn. Her name was Violet Jackson. She was the only child of a respectable and well