

Saint Mary's Beacon.

Registered Voters.
NEW NAMES.
1st district.
Hilton, John L.
Hill, Harrison
Reed, Levi
Wrightson, V A
DEAD AND REMOVED.
Crane, Henry W
Leigh, Wm H
Somerville, John P
Thomas, W C W
Wake, M
Wood, Joseph D
Wheatley, Ignatius
Wheatley, W H
NEW NAMES.
2nd district.
Aud, Samuel A
Adams, John
Barnes, Israel C
Biscoe, John W
Biscoe, Walter M
Blane, Thomas
Combs, John F
Downing, Wm
Edelen, P Gough
Fenwick, Wm
Gough, T B
Henderson, Edward
Marshall, John H
Morgan, George A
Moore, James H
Milburn, Thomas
Robertson, Jackson
Smith, Joseph W
Thomas, George W
Wright, Alfred M
Wilson, John
DEAD AND REMOVED.
Biscoe, Benedict
Evans, John R
Forrest, John H
Jarboe, John S
NEW NAMES.
3rd district.
Brooks, John E
Bowles, John C
Combs, George T
Cryer, John C
Dorsey, Wm H
Dean, Joseph R
Evans, James N
Guy, Francis A
Hebb, William
Hebb, John B
Johnson, Sam
Moore, T Jackson
Moore, R C
Neale, Frank
Saxton, Bill
Thompson, E Norman
Thompson, Harrison R
Taylor, Joseph
DEAD AND REMOVED.
Combs, John F
Dean, Levi
Evans, William L
Gardiner, Joseph B
Mason, Sam
NEW NAMES.
4th district.
Burch, E E
Bush, Wm Thomas
Cooper, Oscar
Drury, Jos S
Drury, Robert B
Green, Richard
Higgs, H L
Helmly, Henry
Livas, Bender
Reeder, Richard C
Rustin, John

DEAD AND REMOVED.
Smith, Jno A
Young, Wm S
DEAD AND REMOVED.
Adams, Henry
Butler, Joseph
Copey, Marion
Canter, Frank
Dean, Joseph R
Green, John
Herbert, W P
Herbert, W H
Herbert, William
Hayden, Charles B
Harden, Charles B
Hammett, C M S
Jacob, James B
Mattingly, G H
Thompson, Harrison K
Waring, James
NEW NAMES.
5th district.
Boose, Wm H
Bashford, W F
Baker, George
Crowdy, Caleb
Cheely, Rev J H
Chappelear, R N
Curtis, John F
Dorsey, Evans
Dorsey, Josh
Dade, John Saml
Dent, William
Gray, John W
DEAD AND REMOVED.
Drury, Robert B
Drury, Joseph L
Gray, John T
Garner, Leigh
NEW NAMES.
6th district.
Chapman, Jas A
Cates, Samuel
Dean, John C
Fenwick, Fred
Fenwick, Chas O
Hutchins, L W B
Jones, John S
Jones, George A
Jenifer, Turner
REMOVED.
Wilson, John
NEW NAMES.
7th district.
Adams, Henry
Baker, John Walter
Blakstone, R Web
Barnes, Andrew W
Butler, Stephen
Carter, Wm S Jr
Cassidy, John Isaac
Dent, J Marshall
Young, John H
DEAD AND REMOVED.
Garner, Billingley
Hammond, Rev J P
Russell, Wm H
NEW NAMES.
8th district.
Adams, Alex
Barber, Geo B
Cox, Geo L
Guyther, Stephen
Greenwell, J S
Hilton, Wm M
Johnson, William
Jarboe, John S
Leach, J Holland
Matthews, E A
Morgan, Jas S
Norris, James S
Pembroke, Charles A
Somerville, Robt
Watts, Daniel
Wise, J Robert
DEAD.
Mason, George E

Milking Time.
"I tell you, Kate, that Lorgey cow
is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts of milk,
And isn't yet five year old."
"I see young White-a-combs' now;
He want's her, I know that,
Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat."
"Good evenin', Richard; step right in;
"I guess I could, sir,
I've just come down—'I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her."
"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Just where I go she follows;
And though it's cheap, I'll let her go;
She's your's for a thirty dollars."
"You'll know her clear across the farm
By them two milk white stars;
You need not drive her home at night,
But just let down the bars."
"Then when you've own'd her, say a month,
And learn her, as it were,
I let—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"Taint her I want—'t's her!"
"What? not the girl? Well, I'll be blessed—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan,
You've took me mightily back,
But then a man's a man."
"She's your's, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove,
She'll follow you the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love."
"But never try to drive the lass;
Her man's like her ma's,
I've allus found it woe the best,
To just let down the bars."
—Scribner.

From the Jacksonville (Ala.) Rep.

A Terrible Story.

In your issue of the 17th inst., I notice an article, the first sentence of which asks the question, "Can a person's hair turn white within a short time?" Having seen such an instance, and one that can be authenticated beyond all cavil, by persons now living, I will give you and your readers the circumstances as they occurred, when, where and whom they are.

When Grant sprang the "mine," or "blow-up," as many call it, in front of Petersburg, Virginia, at twilight on the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, the point immediately over it was occupied by a Virginia battery. The ditches on the right, immediately next to the battery, were occupied by the Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers, Col. Fleming. On the left of the battery the ditches were occupied by the Eighteenth South Carolina, Col. W. H. Wallace (now Judge Wallace, of South Carolina), of which regiment I was surgeon. All along our lines our soldiers had dug out small bomb proofs, as they called them. These bomb proofs were generally about four feet broad, three feet high and seven feet long—large enough for two or three men to crawl into and sleep with comparative comfort and safety, which they did when off duty, during that never-to-be-forgotten siege by every man who participated therein.

In one of the bomb-rooms on the extreme right of the Eighteenth South Carolina volunteers, and just to the left of the mine, Lieut. Willard Hill, Company E, and Sergeant Greer, Company A, Eighteenth South Carolina volunteers, having been relieved from duty an hour before, were sleeping. The first they realized of it was the shock, then a deep darkness, and then a consciousness that the mine had been sprung, and that they had been buried, how deep they could not imagine. The first impulse was a deep indescribable despair—heart-sickening, heart-rending hopelessness, that left them almost powerless for a time. But what could they do? They had nothing to dig out with but a bayonet that Sergeant Greer had in his belt, and there was but a canteen of water in the cell. But what was going on above them? Grant had consummated that most diabolical of all deeds of a terrible war.

I was within 180 yards of it on my morning visit to my regiment, and it was just at that time of day—twilight—that even trees can look like ghosts, and that added to the weird scene of death. Simultaneous with the deep, dead sound, and quiver of the earth, there arose in the air a cloud of dust and smoke and timbers, men and muskets, and all manner of shapes and fragments were flying in every direction—and then for a moment a stillness—and it seemed as if every cannon in the whole Federal line was turned loose upon our lines. Shells shrieked through the air—muskets barked and fragments of shell fell in every direction, plowing up the earth and cutting off limbs from the few trees that the relentless hand of war had spared. Then came the charge. Negro troops in front with splendidly equipped troops of the Federal army behind, driving them, as it were, to the front, like sheep to slaughter, with the battle cry of "Remember Fort Pillow," and the few—the very few—that survived, no doubt remembered the crater of Grant full as well.

High above all the confusion and smoke and dust and groans of the wounded, could be heard the battle-cry of the Federals, and the words of encouragement of gallant officers—the few that are left of the Eighteenth and Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers, and of those brave Virginians whose battery was buried in a common grave with nearly every soldier who manned it. But the Confederate lines were broken in twain. Federals and negroes had made breastworks of the bowlders that were blown up by the explosion. But they were not to stay

there. Soon came General Mishone with reinforcements, and, after one of the most gallant fights of all the war, he carried the works, and the crater turned to a grave for its captors. I had heard of pools of blood—it was there that I saw them. The silence reigned, that painful silence which always follows on the battle-field after death has held high carnival.

Then came the sad duty of counting up the cost. My brigade had suffered severely. The Twenty-second South Carolina had lost its gallant Colonel Fleming, and most of its officers. My regiment had lost 163 men. Two whole companies, A and G, Eighteenth South Carolina, had not a man left who was on duty, to tell the tale. One hundred and one of my men, including Captains McCormick and Birdie, were dead—buried in the crater or scattered along the works—and 63 missing.

Among the missing are Lieut. Hill and Sergeant Greer. We left them in their almost living grave; Greer digging with his bayonet, while Hill passed back the dirt with all the desperation of despair. They hear not, heed not the battle that is raging above them, but toil on. Often hope would spring up in their hearts to give way only to despair. Hill has often told me how, when he awoke to a consciousness of his condition, the thoughts that flashed through his brain like lightning; now he thought if he could only see one ray of light, or breathe the fresh air again; that if he could only let his wife know how and where he died, that death would be a relief to him. Almost suffocated for want of fresh air, they worked on; at last it seemed to them that something had crushed them; they had dug through the loose bowlders, and the light burst upon them. They both, overcome with the sudden transition from their suffocation and despair to light and hope, fainted. How long they remained there they know not. When they awoke from their swoon the first sound that broke upon their ears was the clash of arms and the quick rolling roar of the battle as it raged around and above. Almost in a stupor, trying to realize that they could again see the light of heaven, and hear the voice of a living creature, they lay still until they recovered their minds enough to know what was going on. Hill has often told me that when he knew and realized that this was a battle, the song was the sweetest music that he ever heard.

At last the great victory rose high above everything else. They knew that somebody had vanquished, and that somebody was victor, who they knew not. They emerged from their awful retreat, weak, worn in body, and with minds almost crazed. They knew not how long they had been there; they did not even know their old comrades. Nor could they realize that it was the same day that they were buried.

They were brought back to me, at the field hospital, more dead than alive, for, strange as it may seem, they were the most sadly changed men that I ever beheld. Both were fine looking soldiers before; now they were weak, with sunken cheeks and eyes. Lieut. Hill, whose hair 24 hours before was black, without a single grey hair in it, (as he was only 30 years old,) was now almost white as snow. Whether it turned from horror at his condition, or the deadly heat of his subterranean bed, or both, I do not pretend to say. I simply give the facts, not as I heard, but as I saw them, and he still lives to verify that this is no romance, but one of my experiences in a war whose first gun I heard fired and the last gun of which sounded the requiem of the lost cause when I was at my post on duty.

HUGH TOLAND, M. D.

It is astonishing how many rich people condescend to wear imitations of costly things; and this piece of bad taste is not by any means confined to the nouveau riches, who might be expected to know better. Cotton velvet with a silk face does duty for the rich Lions velvet which once alone was worn by gentlemen; imitation lace, mock jewelry, and sham furs are worn unblushingly. If, as is often stated, ladies dress not to please the opposite sex, but to excite the envy of their own, the wearing of shams must fall in its effect. Another woman may be very covetous of her rival's diamonds, sables and old point; but she could only feel contemptuous towards the paste, the dyed rabbit skin, and machine-made lace that do duty for the good old treasures. Gentlemen, too, are not readily taken in by imitations; the sportsman recognizes the mock fur or feather, and most men in society understand good lace and the difference between paste and diamonds. There is no greater snobbery than that shown in the pretension of modern dress; and no falsehood more easily seen through than that of sham finery. A true gentleman will only wear what is genuine and good of its kind, no matter how modest and unpretending that kind may be.—London Court Circular.

A man who is long headed and keeps his ears open is supposed to be unusually wise. Similar qualities and advantages in a mule are not remarkable.

The handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense is to address her as such.

Killed in an Open Court.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 12.—The Congressional canvass in the Eighth Kentucky district, now represented by the Hon. Milton J. Durham, has been of almost unprecedented interest in this State. The convention was held this morning, and Philip Thompson, Jr., of Mercer county, was selected as the candidate of the party.

In March, 1873, a case was called in the Circuit Court of Mercer, being the suit of Theodore Davies, a highly respected farmer of this county, vs. the recovery of some \$2,000 loaned by Davies to Philip Thompson, Sr., father of today's nominee.

Philip Thompson, Sr., and Davies were neighbors, and had been the most intimate of friends. The second son of Davies had been named for Thompson, and Thompson's second son, in return, was christened Theodore Davies Thompson. The money was loaned in some friendly transaction, and a note was given as hardly more than a matter of form. It was not paid at maturity, but Davies did not ask for payment until long after, when his necessities compelled the request. Thompson, a lawyer in large practice, was at the time Commonwealth's attorney of the district. His canvass had cost him heavily, and he was, besides, a free liver and liberal in entertaining, after the hospitable fashion of about every Kentuckian of social or political prominence. He asked for further time and the matter was not pressed.

But Davies, so he afterwards charged, one day had occasion to look over his papers, and Thompson's note was missing. He walked over to Thompson's house, told of its loss and asked for another note. Thompson, to his amazement, said that the note had long since been paid, and, if I recollect aright, produced the original paper. Davies was mortally wounded. The young man fell. There was now no one to return the Thompson's note and his friends picked him up, unassailed, and carried him to a room over a store near by. There he died, that afternoon, calm and steadfast to the close. I think you will call him a hero when you have heard all the story I have to tell.

So father and two sons had killed a father and two sons—rarely a more shocking coincidence. Singularly, no other person in that crowded hall was injured, although fifty bullets and odd were afterward found imbedded in various parts of the room. When young Theodore Davies was borne, wounded to death, to the room hard by, he sent for his mother and youngest brother, Eugene, a boy in jackets. When they reached him it was evident that his time was but short; but, taking the boy's hand, he made him promise that he would pursue the quarrel no further.—It had been too often the fashion in Kentucky for the surviving members of a family, after one of these bloody affairs, to declare a vendetta against those of the other side. In one case that of the Hills and Evanses, in the neighboring county of Garrard, the original bloody quarrel began fifty years ago, and since then it has been estimated that sixty persons have been killed—relatives, more or less distant, of the two men who fought in 1823.

The dying man had steadily refused to be placed on a bed, for, as he said, the fast-flowing blood could do no harm to the bare floor. He turned to a friend of the Thompsons, who had assisted in bringing him in, sent word to them that he bore them no ill will, and then drew from his pocket a closely written paper, read it slowly and thoughtfully through, called for a lighted match and set fire to it, holding it in his hand until consumed almost to the last ash. That paper, I have since been told by the surviving son, was a statement drawn up the night before by Theodore Davies, Sr., and entrusted to the young Theodore, prophesying exactly what happened in the court room that day, and giving proofs that let the old man to believe that the Thompsons had arranged a detailed plan to murder him and his two sons if the verdict promised to go against the defendant. That document, as represented, would have gone far toward convicting the Thompsons of deliberate murder, and if it was as represented, you will agree with me that the dying victim's act in destroying it was that of a noble spirit. A minister had reached the room. Theodore talked with him feebly, bade mother and brother good-bye, and was dead.

The Thompsons were arrested, but, I think, released on bail. One of the accused being commonwealth or prosecuting attorney, the Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn was engaged to conduct the prosecution. He was then but at the beginning of a career which had since been remarkably successful. You will remember his strong, rugged face and quiet determination as he sat with the Potter Investigation Committee lately in session in your city. The same quality was shown in the unearthing of the Belknap fraud of four years ago, when the young lawyer was serving his first term in Congress. Just prior to his appearance in the Thompson trial he had been engaged in a case hardly less exciting over in Woodford county. The brother and sister of old John Harper, owner of Longfellow, had been brutally murdered in bed, and an attempt made the same night to murder the veteran turban himself as he slept near by his beloved horse in his stable at Lexington.

The three Harper's, bachelor brothers and maiden sister, were very rich, and

timbers. Neither of the Thompsons was hit, and he himself stood unwounded. They he snapped the weapon once or twice, unmindful that its cartridges were useless, and then he backed slowly toward the door, still a target as he moved for two fresh pistols in the hands of the two before him. It was afterward argued that the Thompsons must each have been armed with two or more weapons when they entered the court. The number of shots fired would prove this.

As he reached the entrance door Theodore Davies turned, Philip Thompson, Jr., in front of him, and both moved out into the open air. Lying at the foot of the steps was the dead body of the younger brother, Philip. The first shot heard had been fatal to the boy—he was not 20 yet—and he plunged forward like a log out of the door as the bullet found its way to his heart. The aim had been strangely true for both the elder and the younger Davies.—The boy had been wild and reckless, but the elder brother had apologized for the younger's faults, had protected him often from punishment, and loved him well. Theodore stood down and felt his heart. It did not beat, and the young man hitherto almost calm in his desperate fight, rose with the dead boy's pistol, not one load discharged, in his hand and rushed upon Philip Thompson.

For a moment they struggled hand to hand furiously, neither using his weapon. Then the elder Thompson, who had jumped through a window of the court-room, carrying sash and glass with him, came around the corner of the house, pistol in hand. Theodore shook himself loose, moved as before slowly up the street, but not firing, and was perhaps a hundred feet from the court house door when a heavy bullet from a Derringer held by the elder Philip Thompson pierced his breast. It was a mortal wound. The young man fell. There was now no one to return the Thompson's fire and his friends picked him up, unassailed, and carried him to a room over a store near by. There he died, that afternoon, calm and steadfast to the close. I think you will call him a hero when you have heard all the story I have to tell.

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Adam Harper, a nephew, was understood to be their heir. Another relative publicly accused Adam Harper of the murder, but did not have definite proof sufficient to bring the matter before the grand jury. Adam Harper sued him for libel, and "Jo" Blackburn was retained for the defence. He filed an answer pleading justification, and on trial boldly charged that Adam Harper and his son were guilty of the triple crime. Young Harper, at recess, drew a pistol and fired at the witness, who jumped to the ground, and ran to the officer, and went back into court and finished his accusation. His client was cleared, and when old John Harper died no mention of Adam Harper was found in his will.

It was gravely feared throughout Kentucky that, at the trial of the Thompsons, there would be still another bloody scene if the prosecuting lawyer attacked them with any severity. No such scene occurred, however, and the Thompsons were acquitted on the plea of self-defence, and, as you have seen, one of them was to-day nominated to represent his district in the governing body of the nation.

If the civil suit for the recovery of the money loaned was ever renewed, if the jury ever reassembled to bring in a verdict after the dead bodies of the plaintiff and one of his sons were carried from the court room, I have never seen a record of the fact; nor has young Eugene Davies, now a full man grown, ever violated the promise made at his elder brother's dying command.

HOW TO PRESERVE CARPETS.—The carpet moth makes his favorite home about the bindings and corners of the carpet. If this is an ingrained or treacherous fabric successful war may be waged on him by wringing a cloth out of hot water, laying over the bindings and edges and ironing with as hot an iron as can be used without scorching.—This will destroy both the moths and their eggs, and after a few such visitations they disappear. But this steaming and ironing process is not effectual with Wilton's, Moquettes or any heavy carpetings. The heat cannot thoroughly penetrate them and ironing injures the pile of the velvet. Still, it is best to draw the tacks occasionally and lay the edge of the carpet over—on one side only or a part of a side at a time—and steam and iron it on the wrong side.—Then, besides this, the floors should be wiped as far under as the arm will reach with a cloth wrung out of strong and hot Cayenne tea; and before reattaching the binding and edge of the carpet should also be wiped with it, rubbing them hard. Some have recommended sprinkling salt around the sides of the room before nailing down the carpet, but we should think this objectionable, as the salt absorbs moisture from the air and may thus cause too much dampness.—[Journal of Chemistry.]

SMALL LAND HOLDERS.—It is a great question whether it is best on the whole for a nation to have its land held and cultivated in moderately large farms, or to have the land cut up into numerous small allotments, so far as produce is concerned. There is no doubt much more is to be had from ten farms of ten acres each, and than from one of 100 acres. But this is but one side of the great question, as to this one side, however, it seems that the value of small proprietorships, in increasing the fertility of the soil is strikingly illustrated in the village of Werder, near Potsdam. The area of this parish, which has a population of 3,000, is 2,300 acres, of which 975 acres are devoted to fruit culture. These 975 acres are distributed among no less than 550 owners, so that each cultivator holds on an average 1 1/2 acres of land. The natural soil of the district is for the most part exceedingly poor, but by the skill of the occupiers the land under cultivation is now remarkable for its fertility and very heavy crops of the finest quality are annually produced. The crops, as a matter of course, vary according to the season, but in 1875 no less than 2,500,000 gallons of fruit were sent to Berlin alone.

THE LARGEST PLANT IN THE WORLD.—We are accustomed to regard the great trees of California as the most gigantic specimens of vegetable growths known to man, but such is not the case. There is a sub-marine plant growing in the North Pacific ocean which, according to Professor Reisch, dwarfs all others in its vast proportions. The *Macrocystis pyrifera*, one of the *Melanosperma*, has been known to grow to such an extent as to cover vast areas of the ocean bed. One specimen, by measurement, was found to cover three square miles, and the stem from which the growth proceeded was eight feet in diameter. It is almost impossible to conceive of such a plant, or how a system of nourishment can be maintained through such extended channels in the living organism. Nature performs strange freaks, and certainly none can be stranger than the fact that of this gigantic species there are some specimens so small as to be microscopic, or only to be seen by the aid of powerful objectives.—[Journal of Chemistry.]

It was a Detroit boy who soaked a box of matches in a pail of water over night in order to get up a sulphur spring and cure his mother's rheumatism.—*Det. Oil Free Press.*