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CAVEATS, and TRADE-MARKS

TOWSONTOWN, MD Nov.27,1880.—tf

Dec. 31.-tf

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WM. M. ISAAC, Secretary.
JAMES E. GREEN, Treasurer
March 17.—1f

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Meets every Saturday Night

WM. H. RUBY, President.

Dec. 1.-1y.

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May 28,'87.-17

Dec. 29.-1y*

TAMES CUMMINS.

March 22.-tJuly16

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portion of the country, pledging our ample experi-ence, immense facilities, expert help and superb stock to please all. The simplest to the largest want filled on day of its receipt. TEN MILE HOUSE. ON THE YORK TURNPIKE. CHARLES O. COCKEY, Proprietor. The undersigned, having purchased the well known Ten-Mile Hotel Property, York Turnpike, the same will in the future be conducted by him.

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and satisfied.
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CHARLES O. COCKEY. Proprietor. Jan. 27, '76,-tf OVANSTOWN HOTEL.

LEWIS RITIER, Proprietor. Having leased the above Hotel I most respectfully solicit the public patronage. The house being in complete order, offers an agreeable resort for Ladies and Gentlemen, where they can obtain Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, with all the delicacies which the markets afford. The Bar will always be supplied with the best articles to be obtained, and every at tention will be given to the comfort and pleasure. tention will be given to the comfort and pleasure c visitors. LEWIS RITTER, Proprietor. Jan. 25, '79,—1y QT. JAMES' HOTEL,

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WILLIAM H. SHIPLEY. SURVEYOR.
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March 21.—tf

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Feb. 26.—tf

THEO. WARNER, HATTER. FINE HATS AND UMBRELLAS. ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF FINE SILK AND CASSIMERE HATS, IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES. New No. 894 W. BALTIMORE STREET. April 28.—1y DENTIST, 127 NORTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

Maetia.

WE ARE ALL HERE. We are all here-Father, mother, Sister, brother. All who hold each other dear. Each chair is filled: we're all at home! To-night let no cold stranger come, It is not often thus around Our old familiar hearth we're found : Bless, then, the meeting and the spot; And kind affection rule the hour. We are all-all here.

We're not all here! Some are away—the dead ones dear, Who thronged with us this ancient hearth, And gave the hour to guileless mirth. Fate, with a stern, relentless hand, Looked in, and thinned our little band Some like a night flash passed away, And some sank lingering day by day. The quiet graveyard-some lie there; And cruel ocean has his share. We're not all here.

We are all here: Even they-tho' dead-so dear, so dear-Fond memory, to her duty true Brings back their faded forms to view. How life-like through the mist of years Each well-remembered face appears! We see them, as in times long past; From each to each kind looks are cast; We hear their words, their smiles behold They're round us, as they were of old. We are all here.

We are all here-Father, mother, Sister, brother-You that I love with love so dear. This may not long of us be said, Soon must we join the gathered dead And by the hearth we now sit round Some other circle will be found. Ob, then, that wisdom may we know Which yields a life of peace below; So in the world to follow this. May each repeat, in words of bliss We are all-all here!

Miscellaneous.

WHERE GLENNIE WAS. How He was Made Prisoner by a Pretty Confederate Miss.

"'Twas down in Louisiana, not many year; ago," to quote from an old song, that several companies of us wicked Yankees were posted in a small town just far enough from New Orleans and other important points to be of no strategic consequence for its own sake; yet, being on a direct route from the enemy's lines to the saw emerging from the forest, nearly, Mississippi river, was important as an half a mile away, a horse, a rider and a and gentleman that you shall be his sole outpost. The war was almost over, and tiny white rag. The Major raised his judge. the enemy knew it, and we knew they glasses, peered through them a moment. knew it, so we were not as vigilant as we dropped them and exclaimed: might have been had we been stationed in front of Lee's army. The natives were ovally Southern, every man of them, perhaps I should say every woman, for the only men left in town were the few who had passed their three score years and ten, one physician and one preacher. But the natives did not allow us to feel uncomfortable. The doctor disagreed radically with us on principle and cursed Grant fluently, but he took professional and even friendly interest in such of us as had more malaria than our regimental surgeon could manage. The preacher gave a sermon that reminded us of Sunday at home, and the old men would smoke and chat with us all day long, so long as we did

not say what we believed about the future | alry? of military events. As for the women, bless them! they were exactly like the majority of women everywhere else, very tenacious of their opinions so far as the war was concerned. but otherwise hospitable, gracious and charming. They didn't mean to give us the entree of local society, but somehow we got there all the same. We did it so quietly that none of them knew how i began or who began it, and I don't believe that after the first twenty-four hours any of them took the pains to inquire. We purchased enough supplies to set business booming, allowed no marauding, wore clean clothing, and were on our good behavior every way. President Lincoln having specially ordered, through General Banks, that Louisiana must be

"conciliated" (whatever that might got him, did they?" mean). The consequence was that we officers soon knew every body worth knowing. and were entertained with as much courtesy and self-possession as if the native coffee had not been burned rye or some other substitute, and the tablecloths had not long before been turned into lint or while he was standing by the well, the bandages for Southern hospitals. We | Rangers-" found inoffensive ways of introducing rea Java, white sugar, Oolong tea and other dining-room specialties dear to the feminine heart, and we unloaded countless novels and newspapers into eager hands. More important than all clse. I believe we could talk. So could they, but for some reason women's talk with women did not seem to have been entirely satisfying. We talked so industriously and to such good effect, that any chance visitor who might have dropped into town in the middle of our first week would have thought from appearance that we were lifelong acquaintanances. The women never le us forget that they were Southerners to to duty. But I made him come in." the heart's core, and that we were merely Lincoln hirelings; still, they were wo. | use, may I ask?" men; they did not like to see any one appear careless of dress, so soon there was not a uniform coat with a loose hang. | began to exchange winks. ing button. To have a Southern woman. whether maid, wife, widow or gray-haired grandmother, bring a needle and thread and tighten a button, while the wearer realize that Louisiana was not the only escaped then?"

party to the war who was being "conciliated.' Every regiment had some officer, generally a young Lieutenant, whose ability. appearance and spirits comnelled his comrades to pronounce him the flower of the flock. Ours was Will Glennie. The natives approved our choice of their own accord, and we accepted their dictum without a bit of icalously, fearing only that the youngster might cause some fruitless heartaches. But he didn't. He was officer of the first picket line we threw out, and so impressed was he with the defensive possibilities of the place. that we were glad to have him relieve us of some responsibility by taking charge of the slight earthworks it seemed advisable to erect. He spent a full half hour of every day outside the lines, looking for additional points of vantage, and as no enemy had been in the vicinity for weeks.

he never cared for a guard. Time passed so delightfully for a fortnight that there was little but roll calls and picket duty to remind us that we ware soldiers. Every bing was too pleasast

to last, so one day a rattle of musketry so that I wouldn't listen to him, and I warned us that there was trouble on the was afraid some of the Rangers might picket line. By the time our bugles had come back and hear him, so I wouldn't recalled us from our hospitable lounging- stay and listen to him." "But why didn't he return after they place, and hurried us toward the front, a soldier with a broken arm came in and retired?"

reported that some cavalry had tried to force their way into town by the western let him. I didn't want him to be court- ishment, says Rayes in his "History of road, and, being repulsed, had dismoun- martialed and shot, and all of those dread- the Sepoy War," one which had been inted, and were disagreeing, in the usual ful things, so I thought it would be only flicted a century before at the first mutiny military manner, with the pickets, who right to come and tell you it wasn't his of the Bengal army in 1764. A battalion had fallen back to Glennie's breastworks. fault." "The enemy has been gone several English officers and vowed that it would "Bless Glennie for the breastworks!" exclaimed our Major in command, after

he had shouted: "Double quick, march!" The resistance made by our entire force seemed to disgust the enemy, for in a to the girl and sternly said: "Young | martial, found guilty, and sentenced to couple of hours they ceased firing. A special roll call showed that none of our men had been killed, and only two or three wounded, but a Captain approached the Major and said that Lieutenant Glenknows the enomy have disappeared." nie was missing. He had gone nearly a mile to the front, to a little elevation to the hogshead and a padlock beside."

where he had thought a howitzer might advantageously be posted, gone two or three hours before the enemy appeared. "Captured, then, of course," groaned been locked in a hogshead all this time the Mojor. "Confound it, gentlemen. he's probably suffocated. Confound—" for the good of the service I'd rather have "Oh, no," said the girl, with an as-

been captured myself." Most of us felt the same way, and we were too dismal for the remainder of the day even to rejoice at having repulsed the enemy. The entire force went out as | it that the Rangers had gone home again, | guns and blown to pieces. skirmishers for a mile or two, asking he-" "What did he say?" questions at every plantation house and cabin, but no one could tell whether or no the enemy, as they galloped away, had a slive and just like his old self." Then were about to rescue their companions,

Union officer with them. feared to face the natives when we returned to town. What would they think of us, as soldiers, when they learned that the officer whom we all cheerfully acknowledged was the ablest soldier among us had fallen into the enemy's hands? The Major was so amazed that he actually bit off the mouthpiece of his pipe-stem in a fit of anger; but this severe action did not return to us the flower of the regi-

Just before sunset a sentry on the road startled all of us, as we lay behind the works, by shouting: "Officer of the guard! Flag of truce

We all sprang upon the parapet, and

acy had robbed the cradle and the grave. but I didn't imagine they'd been recruiting Amazons. That flag is carried by a the house, more than a mile outside the woman!" Then all of us wished we had glasses. The rider advanced slowly until we could

she had a good seat and a fine figure, and finally that she was young and pretty. suppose," growled the Major. raiders are probably cleaning out the familv's barn and smoke-house, there being nobody at home but women and children. What do they suppose a few infantry can

do against noboby knows how many cav-Nevertheless we went slowly out, alone, to meet her, at which Glennie's Captain

"This isn't according to custom! Who knows but she's a young man, disguised. and will drop the Major with his pistol? Come on, boys!" saw him twirling the ends of his mustache and tipping his hat slightly to one side.

Several of us followed him. As we we followed his example in these respects also. We overtook the Major just as the rider halted, looking very pale, and said:

"Whose fault, madam!" said the Major, raising his hat.

"Mr. Glennie's," said the girl. "Oh! Confound it! I mean-so they "Oh, no, sir, but he wishes they had. And they would have done, only-only-"

"Well. madam?" "Only they were prevented." "Indeed? how was that?" "Why, you see, sir, he stopped at our house, just for a drink of water, and

"Rangers?" "Yes, sir; the Texas cavalry—they

came across the hill just then. He started to run this way. but-but-" The girl looked down a moment, colored, raised her head and said rapidly:

"I told him he never would get there and he'd surely be killed. I'm a true Southern woman, sir; my father is Captain Gravson, of the artillery batallion, but I don't believe murder is war. So I made him come into the house. He declared he wouldn't; death was nothing "Indeed? What arguments did you

Again the girl looked down and colored deeply. Some of the younger officers

"He declared he wouldn't," the gir resumed, "but I made him. He struggled with all his might. but-" "I beg your pardon for interrupting,

"Yes, sir: but not a second too soon. hadn't more than got him into the hogshead-" "Hogshead

came in the front door. They said they'd seen a Yankee at the well and wanted him. I told them he had seen them and made a dash for his own lines. He really -when-"

"When you warned him of his danger?" they went away." "Ah! Where are the Rangers now?"

hours ago." "And caught him as they went?" "Oh, no sir; they couldn't. But he was in dreadful excitement. He said he had no right to be outside the lines: he could be court-martialed for it and

"Because he couldn't, sir. I wouldn't from the guns. It was a terrible pun-

hours," said the Major, turning with a serve no more. A strong hand arrested suspicious look to us. "I'm afraid there's | the mutiny at its beginning. Twenty-four some ruse in this." Then he turned again | Sepoys were tried by a drumhead court woman, if your story is true he should be blown away from the cannon. have returned by this time. He knows On the day of the execution the troops he has nothing to fear, and there is noth- were drawn up, English and Sepoys, the "Oh, yes, there is, sir; there's a cover

"Oh-h-h!" said the Major, with

in the hogshead, and I know he has sense might be given the precedence in death.

the girl suddenly dropped her eyes again the twenty condemned men. We felt so ugly at our loss that we and colored deeply, while a very young | The officers of the native regiments Lieutenant murmurned: ''Um !"

> "I see," drawled the Major, very slowly. "At-ten-tion! First company. de ploy as skirmishers. Forward! The girl turned her horse's head quickly, looked backward, set her lips firmly. and exclaimed:

> 'Suppose I were," said the Major. as the men began to file from behind the "curtain" that commanded the road. "Then," said the girl, "I'll gallop

ahead at the risk of my life, and let him escape on my pony.' "Madam," said the Major, lifting his hat, "I give you the word of a soldier

The skirmish line advanced and the officers of the other companies followed the girl and the Major' The latter "Well, I've heard that the Confedershould have ordered us to remain with our own men, but he didn't. We reached lines, without annoyance, and when the girl had lighted a candle, we followed her and the Major to the cellar. The Major's see that she was not armed; then that suggestion that the girl should first whisper at the bung-hole and see if the captive was still alive was not acted upon.

the key and raised the cover: "You've nothing to fear, Will."

"Will!" murmured the very young Just then Glennie's face appeared above the edge of the staves, and seemed somewhat disconcerted at the grinning faces before him. Several pairs of hands helped nim out, and as he stood before us, with crystals of light-brown sugar glistening all over his uniform coat, the Major

remarked: "You're a sweet-looking object!" Miss Grayson smiled as if she thought

"You see, Major-" began Glennie. "Yes," said the Major, "I certainly do. I see, also, that one or two things must be done, for the goed of the service. Either our lines must be extended a mile "It wasn't his fault, sir-really it or two farther into the country or you

to town. The family moved, Miss Grayson finally moving all the way to New York. The wedding present from the bribegroom's brother officers was a miniature sugar hogshead, in gold, with a rosebud for a

Thackeray at Delmonico's.

Thackeray was in high spirits, and when the cigars were lighted he said that there should be no speech-making, but that everbody, according to the rule of festivity, should sing asong or tell a story. Lester Wallack's father, James Wallack. was one of the guests, and with a kind of shyness, which was unexpected but very agreeable in a veteran actor, he pleaded earnestly that he could not sing and knew no story. But with friendly persistence, which vet was not immoderate. Thackeray declared that no excuse could be alalize. I said they were a hundred to one lowed, because it would be a manifest ininstice to every other modest man at table. and put a summary end to the hilarity It was to be a general sacrifice, a round table of magnanimity. "Now Wallack," he continued. "we all know you to be a truthful man. You can, of course, since you say so, neither sing a song nor tell a story. But I tell you what you can do. and what every soul at this table knows you can do better than any living manyou can give us the great scene from the Rent Day.' There was a burst of enthusiastic agreement, and old wallack, smiling and yielding, still sitting at the table in his evening dress, proceeded in a most effective and touching recitation from one stood awkwardly in front of her, was to said the Major, biting his lip, "but-he of his most famous parts. It was curious to observe from the moment he began how completely independent of all accessories the accomplished actor was, and how perfectly he filled the part as if he had been in full action upon the stage. "Yes, sir; a big sugar hogshead in the | * * Thackeray had the utmost sympathy cellar, that we had meant to keen sweet with boys, and one of his gay caricatures

potatoes in when two of the rangers of himself represents him at a Christmas pantomime standing with two boys behind the rest of the audience, he towering aloft and seeing everything over other people's heads, while his poor little comrades, far "Yes sir. Well, they took my word soon have them upon his shoulders. and with a scalpel," said the tender-hearted "They went back, I don't know where, | master. But those, who have not yet found and felt the heart are vet to learn to know Thackersy.

Always turning over a new leaf-

NO. 1258.

Blown from a Gun. The Terrible Punishment of a Regiment of Sepoy Mutineers.

During the Sepov rebellion of 1857-8 many of the mutineers were blown away. of Sepoys had seized and imprisoned its

ing to prevent him coming back, if he guns were loaded, and the prisoners led forth to suffer the terrible penalty. The word of command was given for the first four criminals to be tied up to the muzzles of the guns. As the men many inflections. "He's your prisoner, were being bound, four tall, stately gro-

is he? But, heavens, madam, if he has nadiers stepped forward from among the condemned Sepoys, saluted the commander, Major Hector Munro, chief of the Bengal army, and asked that as they had suring smile. "There's a big bunghole always held the post of honor in life they enough to breathe through it, because as it was their due. The request was when I went down and whispered through granted. The grenadies were tied to the

A murmur ran through the Sepoy battalions, who greatly outnumbered the "Nothing-he-but I know he was English troops, and it seemed as if they

approached Munro and told him that their nien were not to be trusted, as they had determined not to permit the execution to proceed. The chief knew that on the issue of that parade for execution depended the fate of the Bengal army.

The English troops were few and there was scarcely a man among them not mov-"You're not going to court-martial and | ed to tears by the fearful death of the four grenadiers. But the commander knew they could be trusted to defend the guns, which, turned upon the Senova. would defeat any attempt to rescue their comrades.

> Major Munro closed the English on to the battery—the grenadiers on one side. the marines on the other-and loaded the pieces with grape. Then he sent the Sepoy officers back to their battallion and gave the native regiments the word of command, "Ground arms!"

> They knew it would be madness to disobey in presence of the loaded guns und laid down their arms.

"Right about face! Farward-march!" was the next command. The Sepoys marched a distance from their grounded arms and the English soldiers, with guns, took ground on the in-

tervening space. The danger had passed away. The native troops were at Munro's mercy, and "Wants protection for her property. I Instead, she said cheerily, as she turned the execution went on to its dreadful close. The sacrifice of a few lives saved

> thousands. The Tenor's Sweet Revenge.

He Broods Over the Encore and Decides to Try It Himself. He was a tenor singer noted for the weetness of his voice, and consequently a favorite with the public. This was gratifying to him, but encores grew tiresome after a time and he began to consider it unfair that he should be compelled to perform double work every night that he sang. He thought these things over un-

til he waxed wroth. One day while promenading the principal street of the city where he was sing- beauty. ing, he thought he would do a little encoring himself and see how it would work. He stepped into a hat store, found the much logic. must persuade the lady's family to move proprietor, whom he recognized as a patron of the opera, and asked him the price

of a silk hat. "Seven dollars," was the reply. The tenor selected one and paid for it. and then he shouted: "Encore !" "What do you mean?" asked the pro-

orietor, in amazement. "Repeat the hat," said the tenor. "Certainly, sir," said the proprietor, handing down another, an exact dupli-

The man with a voice picked them both up and started for the door. "Hold on, there!" cried the hatter,

"you haven't paid for that other hat." "I got it on an encore." exclaimed the "An encore!" "Yes, it's an encore hat. I paid for

one and then I called for an encore and got it. That's all right." "But we don't do business that way." "You oblige us to, though." "Explain."

"Tres volontiers. You were at the opera last night, were you not?" 'Yes, I was there; but I don't see what that has to do with your getting a hat for nothing."

"Listen. You paid to hear the opera "Certainly I did, I'm no deadhead pose we call the two hats-" "Don't call them yet. You didn't pay hear the opera sung twice, did you?

"How absurd! Certainly not. What do you say to \$12 for the two---" Say nothing until I get through. am the tenor of that opera troupe. Nearly every air that I sang I was required to repeat, and if I am not mistaken you velled encore louder than any one else .--Metaphorically speaking, you were getting two hats-and this caps the climax -

for the price of one; see?" The hatter did see, and he wanted to make the singer a present of a hat to set the matter even, but he declined it, bowed and pursued the even tenor of his way.

A certain Nevada judge, had been a great scamp years before his accession to the bench, recognizing an old acquaintdid, you know, for a step or two, when down about his knees, ruefully see noth- ance in a prisoner brought before him, ing. But you know that if no other seat | and supposing himself safe from recogcould be found, the good giant would nition, asked the prisoner what had be come of the companions of his early life when I told them who my father was and all would be boyishly happy together. of crime. The reply was, "They are all "They think I am a grinning surgeon hanged, your bonor, except you and me."

> The old maid should be the hanfact hasn't got anything but herself to to step forward periodically and would worry her. She's got a good position the time. and don't know it. If we were a female Mosto of real actain mon-"Doeds, we'd spener be an old maid than half at

CIECULARS,

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TRIBUTES TO WOMAN.

Confucius-Woman is the masterpiece. Herder-Woman is the crown of crea-

Voltaire-Woman teaches us repose, eivility and dignity.

Lessing-Nature meant to make woman its masterpiece. Ruskin-Shakespeare has no heroes-

he has only heroines. John Quincy Adams-All that I am my mother made me.

Lamartine-There is a woman at the beginning of all great things. Gladatone-Woman is the most perfect when she is the most womanly.

E. S. Barrett-Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave. Whittier-If woman lost us Eden, such as she can alone restore it.

Cervantes-All women are good for some thing, or good for nothing. Bulwer-To a gentleman, every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

Shakespeare—There never was a fair woman but she mouths in a glass. Cowley-What is woman? Only one of Nature's agreeeable blunders.

Saudi-A handsome woman is a jewel : good woman is a treasure. Rochenfoucald-A faihionable woman is always in love with herself.

Richter-No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife. Victor Hugo - Woman detests the acrpent through a professional jealousy. N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife. Francis I.—A woman enanged oft: who trusts her is the softest of the soft. Lamennois-Woman is a flower that

exhales her perfume only in the shade. Gardan-When women cannot be rerenged they do as children do—they cry. George Elliott-A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear. La Bruvere - Women are extremists they are either better or worse than men. A. Ricard-Women never weep more bitterly than when they weep with spite. Heine-Handsome women without

religion are like flowers without perfume.

Old Proverb-A lady and her maid acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils. Proverb-Take the first advice of a woman: under no circumstances the Beecher-Women are a new race.

created since the world received Chris-Leopold Schefer-But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is the

are not worth one sentiment of a woman. J. J. Rosseau-O woman! it is thou that causest the tempests that agitate mankind.

Voltaire-All the reasonings of men

A. de Muset-A woman forgives everything but the fact that you do not covet .Commerson-Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in par-

Balsac-Woman is a charming creaure who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.

Anon-Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in Montaigne—There is no torture that a

woman would not endure to enhance her Mme. du Deffand-Women are too maginative and too sensitive to have

dupes or the victims of their extreme sensitivencss. Cervantes-Between a woman's 'ves' and 'no' I would not venture to stick a

Balzac-Women are constantly the

Lementey-Of all heavy bodies the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love. Montesquieu-The society of women

endangers men's morals and improves

their manners. Michelet-Woman is the Sunday of man: not his repose only, but his joy.

the salt of his life. Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.

Margaret Fuller Oseili-Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it. Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world who teaches such beauty as a

WOMAD'S eves? Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous. Lord Landale-If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother into the

other the world would kick the beam.

Anon-Women are the gentler sex; without them life were not worth living.

Famous **English Clocks**

Those who have heard Great Peter of

York appounce that midnight has come are not likely to forget the deep and thrilling resonance that fills the air and booms over the silent city. This bell weighs twelve tons and a half, and, and cost £2,000. It was second to none in this kingdom till Big Ben was set up at Westminster to stand sentinel-like over the mighty Thames. Great Tom O'Lincoln is another bell of great reputation. It was recast in 1885, and on its return from the Whitechapel foundry it was welcomed home by a procession of clergy, gentry and citizens, with banners fying and bands playing, at the south entrance to the city. t is six foot high and nearly seven feet in diameter and weighs five tons and eight hundred weight. Its tone is also of an extraordinary fullness, richness and sweetness, especially when heard in the dead of the night. And in the north piest woman in the world. She hasn't transit of Well's Cathedral there is a clack got any children to watch and worry over, in which there is sufficient escentive meor any husband to sit up at night for. In chanism to enable a small figure of a mun

diagraced, and may be that, if things a west on not