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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1875. No. 49.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. OBITUARIES at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

C. H. J. SPARKS,

MASSEY'S, KENT CO.,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

Drugs, Paints, Oils,

Poultry, Produce, &c.,

AND EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS TO BE FOUND IN A

First Class Country Store.

☞ Being desirous of closing our Stock before removal we offer the same

AT WHOLESALE RATES

UNTIL MAY 1st, 1875.

Persons having accounts on our books will please call and settle promptly before May 1st, 1875. mar20-tf.

SPRING, 1875.

Grand Opening!

—OF—

DRESS GOODS,

In all the latest novelties of plain, plaid and twilled suitings, and a full line of the celebrated COLLINGWOOD BRAND of

BLACK ALPACAS

which for lustre and finish are unequaled by any in the market. Prices 25, 31, 37½, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 75, 80 and 90 cts. per yard.

In addition to which we offer, *below the market rates of the day*, a large line of all the leading brands of

Staple and Domestic Goods,

purchased at the LOW PRICES at the close o last season, among which we will name

Wamsutta Muslin.

in 5, 10, 15 and 20-yard pieces, at the low price of 14 cents per yard, CASH.

PRINTS OF BEST MAKES,

9 and 10 cents per yard.

CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON,

6 cents per spool, 70 cents per dozen.

Having made arrangements with the leading manufacturers of the Peninsula, we are receiving from them

All-Wool Spring Cassimeres

(Slightly imperfect,)

Which we will sell at the low price of 80 cents per yard, the regular price of which is $1.25 per yard.

A FULL LINE OF

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

Button & Lace Shoes

in Kid, Morocco and Lasting, of all the latest styles, manufactured exclusively for our trade, and every pair warranted. Also, Sansser's celebrated make of

Calf Boots, Button and Congress Gaiters

For MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

S. M. REYNOLDS

Middletown, Del.

Mar. 13, 1875.

Special Notice!

HARNESS TO SUIT ALL,

at greatly REDUCED PRICES!

From $10 to $35 PER SET,

NOW ON HAND.

New Plow Bridles,

90 CENTS to $2.25. NEW PLOUGH AND DRAUGHT COLLARS, $1.10 to $2.15.

All kinds of STRAP WORK for Harness.

EVERY PART OF HARNESS CAN BE ALWAYS FOUND ON HAND.

GOOD STOCK OF

Riding Saddles

on hand, which will be sold Cheap for CASH.

All Kinds of Harness MADE TO ORDER.

Whips, Bitts, Horse Boots, Bone Rattlers, Back Bands, Riding Bridles, Martingales, Cruppers, Single and Double Reins, and a full assortment of everything connected with the business at CITY PRICES, at

JOHN F. HOWARD'S,

Opposite the Voshell House.

☞ ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done at the Shortest Notice and at Reduced Prices.

Feb. 6. JOHN F. HOWARD.

TAKE NOTICE!

Those who have failed thus far to settle their accounts due the late firm of JOHN T. DODD & SON, are notified that an immediate settlement is necessary. I have forborne to resort to legal process to compel settlements but will be forced to this course in every case remaining unsettled much longer.

☞ ALL PAYMENTS, whether on account of business with the late firm or with myself, must be paid to the undersigned personally, until further notice. No other receipt will be recognized.

JOHN N. DODD.

Chestertown, Jan. 30, 1875—tf.

LIME, LIME!

THE undersigned, as agent for William B. Rambo, will furnish the Farmers of Kent county with a SUPERIOR QUALITY of

SCHUYLKILL LIME,

delivered at any Station on the Kent Co. Rail Road, or by boat on the Sassafras or Chester rivers.

Address G. W. JONES,
Jan. 30—3m. Kennedyville.

FOR RENT,

THE STORE ROOM,

In Chestertown, in the Post Office Building, formerly occupied by Miss Maggie Wyatt as a Millinery store. It is a good stand for business. Apply to J. W. COLLINS, P. M.

Jan. 16, 1875—tf.

PICTURES FRAMED neatly and at moderate prices, in Walnut and Gilt, by

Mar. 13. H. A. SPARK

☞ **READ THIS!** ☜

Old Time Prices

For BLACKSMITHING, &c.

AT

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT'S.

HORSE SHOEING $1.25, and all kinds of good BLACKSMITHING in the Repairing line done as cheap as before the war. We are determined to work as low as can be done in this or the adjoining counties.

You can get the best CAST STEEL HOE for 75 cts., and all kinds of new work at corresponding low prices. All kinds of Machine forging and Repairs done quickly and neatly.

Carriage Smithing done in the best manner. We will hoop light and heavy Wheels at the old time prices. We want all to call and see that we do what we say.

We have a large quantity of our Celebrated Cast Steel Cultivator Teeth, made of all sizes and patterns, which have no equal.

PLOWS and PLOW CASTINGS,

of all kinds, for sale at Reduced Prices.

Wheelwrighting.—We keep on hand and build to order, WAGONS, DEARBORNS, CARTS, DRAYS and Express Wagons, light and heavy, out of the BEST SEASONED LUMBER, that has been on hand under cover over three years; we have not had a single complaint of our lumber not being seasoned. We have over fifteen thousand feet of lumber on hand all the time; parties not knowing us are invited to call and see for themselves. We are determined to keep up our hard earned reputation.

mh27-8m. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Good News! the Latest and Best!

New Grocery

AND

PROVISION STORE!

J. M. VANDYKE,

Respectfully announces to his friends and the public that he has opened a NEW STORE in Mr. Levi Fiddis' new store room, recently occupied by Mr. J. W. Carroll, on High St., opposite the M. E. Church, where he will keep in store and for sale,

Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Spices,

Molasses, Vinegar, Bacon, Broiling Beef, Breakfast Bacon, Bologna Sausage, Lard, Cheese, Salt Fish,

Meal, Corn, Feed, Flour by the lb., hundred lbs., or barrel. Canned Vegetables, Tomatoes, Peaches, Peas, Corn, Strawberries and Pickles.

Confectionary.

Candies, Nuts, Crackers, Cakes, Oranges and Lemons.

TOBACCO, Cigars and Pipes.

Buckets, Tubs and Brooms, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and other articles too numerous to mention. All kinds of Vegetables in their season; in fact almost everything that is kept in a first class Grocery Store.

These goods are all bought at the lowest cash prices, and will be sold low for cash or country Produce.

☞ This store will be conducted principally by my two sons, ALONZO and WILLIAM. Please give them a call, and if you don't find what you want there, come around to my old store on Cross St., and we'll try to fix you up right.

☞ **Wanted**—Bacon, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Rags, Poultry, Grain, &c.

mh27. JAMES M. VANDYKE.

CARRIAGE AND HARNESS

BAZAAR

J. & W. MERRICK,

Will have their first

Public Sale of Carriages, Harness,

and HORSES, at their Carriage and Harness Bazar, Fourth and Walnut streets, Wilmington, Del., WEDNESDAY MORNING, April 14, 1875, at 10 o'clock.

Our public sales will be continued and held every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, comprising nearly

Two Hundred Carriages,

well selected, good assortment of various kinds and of the best manufactures, with a large assortment of Single and Double HARNESS, and

Some Thirty Head of Good Horses.

Through the large experience of the senior member of the firm in the Carriage manufacture, together with buying everything for cash they are enabled to sell at the most reasonable prices, and give satisfaction in every transaction. We will constantly keep the latest and most fashionable styles in our stock.

Always on hand a large assortment of Carriages and Harness at Private Sale, or exchange for second-hand work. We will at any time, buy or advance cash on Carriages, Harness, &c., or sell on commission. Consignments solicited. J. & W. MERRICK.

March 27, 1875.

FOR SALE,

12,000 PEACH TREES,

Principally Early and Late Varieties. The Early Beatrice, Louise and Rivers. The Bilue's Late, known as the "Comet," ripens two weeks later than the Smock. Col. E. Wilkins has them in bearing, and realizes about three times as much as for other good varieties.

Also, Ornamental Trees, Gooseberries and Kentucky Strawberries.

R. NICHOLSON & SON,
feb20-tf Hanesville, Kent co.

The Undertaking and Cabinet Making

BUSINESS.

will still be continued at the old stand, where COFFINS and PATENT BURIAL CASES of the finest styles and finish will be furnished at the shortest notice.

All kinds of FURNITURE neatly repaired.

Orders for burynigs should be sent in as early as possible after death, as much time is required for preparation in many cases.

The undersigned may as heretofore always be found at the shop, and will use his every exertion to accommodate and please.

T. B. SUTTON.

Kennedyville, Feb. 20.

CHILDREN'S SHOES.

I HAVE NOW IN STORE
A Fine lot of
Hand-Made Children's Shoes,
for sale. Call and see them.

JAMES A. SHAW,
Jan. 2, 1875. Court Street.

A BARREL OF GAMBRILL'S FAMILY
or
PATAPSCO EXTRA FLOUR,
will cost you more if purchased in Baltimore than if bought of T. W. ELIASON, JR.

March 27, 1875.

NEW YORK EARLY ROSE POTATOES and Fresh Garden Seed,
ap3. At THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

WHITE WASH LIME and BRUSHES, at
ap3. THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

Teachers' County Association.

THE regular meeting of the Teachers' County Association will be held at the School Room in Chestertown, on

Monday, April 19, 1875.

At Ten o'clock, A. M.

JOSEPH PETERSON, Esq., will deliver the address.

Members are requested to be punctual in their attendance. All interested in the cause of public education are invited to be present.

E. F. PERKINS, Examiner.

April 3. 1875—3t.

New Styles—Latest Fashions!

1875. Spring and Summer. 1875.

ABE SCHWARTZ,

MERCHANT TAILOR

FROM

PHILADELPHIA

RESPECTFULLY invites his friends and the public to call and examine his

New Spring Goods and Styles

RECEIVING DAILY from the Eastern markets.

Fine Goods a Specialty

BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and in ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.

☞ Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community, and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ We guarantee a fit in every case.

Apr. 10, 1875. ABE SCHWARTZ.

To the Farmers

—OF—

Cecil, Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.

Your Attention is Called to

The Galena Machine Shops

And FOUNDRY.

THE active season for farming operations is just opening and the undersigned hereby tender their thanks to their numerous friends for past patronage, and expect to merit a continuance of the same by being ready at all times to supply them upon generous terms with the following first class Agricultural Implements, viz:

12 Different Kinds of PLOWS,

Harrows, Cultivators,

Celebrated Taylor Wheat Rake.

Also, our New Competitor REAPER,

for two horses, made entirely of iron, lighter than any other, simple in construction and of great strength, and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.

CULTIVATOR TEETH,

of the best steel, $2.50 cash, per set.

Also, 20 Tons of PLOUGH CASTINGS now on hand, made perfectly smooth, and of the best iron. Persons living nearer the following dealers can procure them from

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT, Chestertown,
F. H. HARPER & BRO., Still Pond,
HARRISON & BRO., Crumpton,
JOHN B. PARROTT, Still Pond,
N. T. HYNSON "
TURNER & BRO., Betterton
W. E. KEYSER, Belair.

☞ Old Iron received in exchange or the highest cash price paid.

WM. A. HYLAND & CO.

GALENA, March 27, 1875—tf.

Oyster Shell Lime!

Notice to Farmers.

THE subscribers hereby respectfully inform the Farmers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties that they have the Kiln, on Chester River, near the Railroad Wharf, and are now burning a very

Superior Quality of SHELL LIME,

which they are prepared to furnish at a reasonable price and on accommodating terms.

J. W. CARROLL & SON.

March 20, 1875—tf.

☞ **READ THIS!** ☜

ALL persons owing us on account to Jan. 1st, 1875, will please call and settle their bills, as we NEED THE MONEY and MUST HAVE IT.

We hope this notice will not be slighted, for we do not wish to resort to stronger measures to collect if we can avoid it.

Apr. 10, 1875. S. MERRITT & CO.

GOOSE HILL MILL.

THE undersigned having rented the Mill property known as RILEY'S MILL, near Goose Hill, and having secured a first class miller, solicits the patronage of its old customers and the public, feeling assured that we can give satisfaction. The Mill is in complete order, except the bolting cloth, and this will be renewed in a few weeks.

apr10-3m* JAMES L. WILMER.

NOTICE.

On and after MAY 1st, the undersigned will DISCONTINUE the sale of Spirituous Liquors. He now offers the balance of his stock in quantities to suit

AT COST.

Farmers and others can buy now, and get the Liquor at a suitable time. Call and see us. We will show you good Whiskies at astonishing low prices.

J. B SAPPINGTON.

Chestertown, April 10, 1875—3t.

Drift Logs.

CAME ADRIFT on my shore on Sassafras river, near the mouth of Turner's Creek, on the 4th of April, inst., a number of LOGS, containing various marks and devices. They have been well secured, and the owners are requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

Apr. 10, 1875—3t. JOS. J. WEBB.

MRS. TILLIE LUSBY,

Having moved to Locust Grove, is prepared to do all kinds of

PLAIN SEWING.

in the best manner. Solicits the patronge of her friends and the public. feb20-7t.

EARLY ROSE POTATOES,
and FRESH GARDEN SEED,
For sale by
March 27 J. M. VANDYKE.

PATAPSCO EXTRA FLOUR, by the lb, or barrel by M. VANDYKE.

For the Kent News.

A VIOLET.

A violet! in whose starry eyes,
Half hid amid their depths of green,
A world of innocent surprise,
From out the heart-shaped leaves is seen.

I stoop to pluck it—damp with dew—
When somewhat of an angel guise
Bids me withhold a vandal hand,
And worship only with my eyes.

Rest thee! beside thy bed of moss,
Untrammeled save by fairy wing,
Too fair, too pure for earthly dross,
Such doubtful gain as *love* doth bring;

Nor years shall make thy beauty less:
Only an added fragrance bring,
Until we wake to weep thee lost—

Translated—on some sunny Spring. C. L.

OUR HONEYMOON.

"My dearest," said Fred, as we neared a little way-side station, "what do you say to some lunch? I can step out here and get you anything you fancy. It may seem a delightful thing for a bridegroom to confess, but I begin to feel quite sharp after our early dinner. If you don't mind my leaving you for five minutes."

I signified that an absence of that duration might be supported, and Fred started for the refreshment room.

We had been married just three days, and the glamour of the honeymoon was upon everything—the atmosphere was rarified beyond that breathed by every day mortals—the earth glorified with a new light. We ate not bread and beefsteak, but some ambrosial dish untasted before, and drank golden nectar, etherealized from hot coffee pots.

I watched Fred from the car window until he disappeared in the refreshment room. What a splendid fellow he was! Such eyes—such a mind—such teeth—such a heart—such a general combination of perfections! How charming—how delightful—how altogether inexpressible it was to belong to him forever, never separated more!—when whiz! clang! Horrors! The train was off again—off, with Fred discussing boned turkey in the eating saloon, and his faithful wife hopelessly quiescent in the ladies' car—off, thundering at the rate of thirty miles an hour, those whom law and Gospel both declared only death should part.

"What's the matter, mum?" asked the conductor, noticing my excitement.

"There—there's a gentlemen left behind," I gasped.

"Is there, mum?" was the stoical reply. "Bless your soul, that's nothing new."

"But—but—he's my husband!" I faltered, blushing to my finger tips, as I felt that the fact was something new!

Three ladies turned to stare at me, and there was an unmistakable titter beneath the heavy moustache of a gentleman opposite.

"Sorry, mum, but it can't be helped. If gents will stop at bar rooms to wet their whistles, we can't wait for 'em."

A bar-room! Fred in a bar-room wetting his whistle! What did the odious man mean? I tried to crush him with a look, but I wasn't equal to it. Fred—my Fred—in a bar-room.

"You need not be alarmed," said an old gentleman, kindly, "there will be another 'accommodation' at eight."

"At eight!" and it is now just half-past four. I sank back upon the cushions in quiet desperation. What was to become of me?

With the entire abnegation peculiar to the early phases of the honeymoon, I had put my little velvet portemonnie, handkerchief and vinaigrette in Fred's breast-pocket—not that I hadn't a pocket of my own, but there was such a delightful novelty in feeling that now I had a right to his.

Was there ever a confiding bride left in such a plight? Without a husband and without a cent, and—not the least misfortune to one inclined to the feminine weakness of tears—without even a pocket handkerchief.

"Ticket, mum." The conductor was again making his rounds.

"I—I haven't any ticket," I stammered, in bewilderment.

"Two-thirty, then, if you please, mum, as far as Philadelphia.

"Ticket, sir—"

"Two-thirty, as quick as you can, mum—time's short."

"But my husband has my ticket," I faltered. He was left at B— station, you know."

"Beg pardon, mum, but our orders are strict. That sort of dodge is played out on this line entirely. Two-thirty, mum, if you please. Will refund at the office when the ticket is presented."

The man suspected me, actually suspected *me*—Fred's wife. Oh, dear, dear, how utterly lonely and unprotected I felt, after the strong trust and sweet reliance that had been mine.

"I—I haven't any money," I said, in a faint voice. "You'll have to put me out somewhere, I suppose," I added, with determined resignation.

"Allow me, madam"—the moustached gentleman was up, pocket-book in hand—"let me arrange this matter for you until we reach Philadelphia. Your husband can arrange with me afterwards," he said, giving me his card, with a smile.

If I hadn't been married I should have fallen in love with that delightful man on the spot. As it was, I only murmured some unintelligible thanks, and slipped his card in my pocket as a memento of a modern knight.

We were to have stopped all night in Philadelphia. As the train neared the city a new perplexity seized upon me. Where could I go? If it were daylight I might remain in the ladies' waiting room; but Fred would not arrive until nearly ten at night. I had no money to pay a hackman, go to a hotel, or even get my supper.

A sudden thought flashed ihto my mind—Aunt Tabby lived in Philadelphia. I had directed a letter to her only a few weeks before, announcing my approaching marriage. True, the reply was rather discouraging—being dismally prophetic of all sorts of evils that awaited me, and darkly suggestive of the snares and pitfalls in that broad road that leads to matrimony and destruction.

But Aunt Tabby took a vinegary view of everything. She never had felt the mellowing influence of a honeymoon.

We arrived at the depot; my moustached friend had left the car some time before, so I was unprotected again. An army of hackmen besieged the door of the depot, and I immediately became the subject of a struggle. Oaths and whips resounded about my ears, until I was finally carried off by the most energetic of the party. Having secured me in a very dirty vehicle, he regarded me with a triumphant grin.

"If you will get my trunk now, please," I suggested.

"Your trunk, is it? Where's the bit of tin?"

"The—what?" I asked, in perplexity.

"The tin—the bit of tin, to be sure.—How am I to get it without the tin?"

My cheek! I had forgotten that Fred had the checks also. Alas for the powerlessness of woman! I saw my new Saratoga, filled with the daintiest of trousseaus, bundled off with a lot of hotel baggage, and couldn't raise a finger to claim it. It was the last straw on the camel's back, and I drove in tears to Aunt Tabby's, using my tissue veil as a pocket handkerchief, and thereby unconsciously tattooing my face with streaks of blue.

Even Aunt Tabby's monument rigidity was overcome by my appearance when she met me at her immaculate doorstep.

"Left you! and only married three days! Pay that hackman, Mary Jane, and send him off before he sees any more of this family disgrace. Only three days! The Lord have mercy on us! That I should have lived to see brother Harry's child brought to this. Taken all your money and clothes, too. Well! well! it's nothing more nor less than I expected.—Only an accident. Don't talk to me of accidents! If you ever lay your eyes on that man again, my name is not Tabitha Tinstitch. The mean spirited scoundrel; to leave you without a rag to your back. You poor deluded innocent! Put on the kettle, Mary Jane, and hurry up the tea; this poor child is trembling like a leaf, as well she may be."

I was too dispirited and miserable to attempt to stem the torrent of Aunt Tabby's indignation. I let her talk on.

"Oh, and ain't it dreadful, mum?" I heard the sympathetic Mary Jane murmur aside to her mistress; "such a sweet young cretur as she be. And only look at her face! I expect he's been banging her."

"Aunt Tabby pursed up her mouth, and shook her head expressively.

"Let this be a warning to you, Mary Jane."

"Oh, I'm sure it will, mum," was the feeling reply.

"She'll never lay her eyes on him again," repeated Aunt Tabby, solemnly. "Never! Lord bless my soul! Who's that?"

There was a knock at the door that fairly shook the prim little house.

"Is my wife here?" asked a quick, anxious voice, and the next moment Fred's wife was there, clasped in the strong, brave arms, crying and laughing together on the broad, loving breast.

"How did you get here so soon? How did you find me? Oh, Fred! I have been so frightened and miserable."

Fred's answer was a shower of kisses.

"How did I come? In a coal car.—There was a train of them just behind. It wasn't the pleasantest ride in the world, but it brought me quickest to you—poor little frightened birdie."

And as I met the glance of those loving eyes, I nestled closely to his heart, and felt, in spite of Aunt Tabby's expectation, I was at home again.

MR. BEECHER ON VOCATIONS.—At the last Friday night meeting at Plymouth Church Mr. Beecher gave some wholesome advice as to the duty of every man confining himself to his true calling.—Said he:

"Some of you have the gift of speech, and may become public speakers. Then it is in the line of your duty. A man because he is a hard, harsh, dry man, is not necessarily an unchristian man. If you are by nature dry, enjoy your dryness. [Laughter.] Make the best of that which God has put into your hands.—Some of you are persons with qualities for business. I have seen men who thought they had a call to the ministry—that is, they wanted to be ministers and they were conscious of it, and they supposed it was a call. They were slow to learn, they had no power of speech, they were dry. But their conscience leads them into the ministry, and keeps them in the ministry, and they stay there for years, until at last, by the providence of God, they are elected to be secretary of some society.—[Laughter.] It just suits them. They were born for it. People say it is wrong, and look upon it as an awful sin. The mistake was not in going out of it, but in going into it. [Laughter.]

"Now if a man is a lawyer and is converted he don't want to become a preacher. Why, my dear friends, there are as good men as ministers. [Laughter.]—There is usefulness outside of the pulpit. Don't you know that the greatest part of human affairs are outside of the Church? Don't you know that the humanity of man is outside? The field is not in the church, the field is in the world. So then be a merchant, but be a Christian merchant; be a lawyer, but be a Christian lawyer; be a servant, be an editor [laughter], be a reporter. There are duties even for them. [Long and continued laughter.] The true calling of every man is to do his duty in his place."

NO SONGS HEARD THERE.—A recent traveler says: "What always impresses more than anything else in Egypt and Palestine has been the entire absence of cheerful and exhilarating music, especially from the children. You never hear them singing in the huts. I never heard a song that deserves the name in the streets or houses of Jerusalem. One heavy burden of voiceless sadness rests upon the forsaken land. The daughters of music have been brought low. The mirth of the tabret ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth; the joy of the harp ceaseth!"

"HAVE you any eggs?" inquired a peaceful looking old man as he leaned over the counter of a hardware store recently. "No sir,—this is a hardware store; we keep nails, stoves, etc." answered the clerk. "Well, I did want some eggs," slowly drawled the old man, "but I hain't particular, and you may give me a pound of nails."

A QUIET, peaceable gentleman in Philadelphia has recently given up business, sent his family into the country, and calmly announces his determination of devoting the remainder of his life to discovering the man who sent him a paving stone by express, with $17 charges on it.—*Noah's Sunday Times.*

UP THE RED SEA.

SITE OF THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA BY THE ISRAELITES.

As we sailed up the Red Sea, within sixty miles of the town Suez, we came in sight of hoary old Sinai. It is a peak of a mountain range, and soars to the height of 8,000 feet. We remained in sight of the solemn, grand old mountain during the whole day, and during most of that time a beautiful cloud rested impressively upon its side, not at all obscuring it, but adding to its beauty, and reminding us of that awful time when out of that same mountain came lightnings, thunderings and voices. Still nearer Suez we came upon the spot where it is said Moses led the children of Israel through the Red Sea. The locality is certainly well-defined, for there is a wide, open place where the mountains are parted, causing a lofty eminence on each side and the tossing sea in front. Directly opposite, on the other side of the sea, are three large groves of palm or acacia trees surrounding these wells, called now the Wells of Moses. It is not a little remarkable that these are the only groves of trees within thirty miles of the reputed crossing place of the Israelites. As I gazed upon the sea shore on either hand, I fancied that magnificent scene, when by a miracle God delivered his down-trodden people. Three millions of the elect passed over the bed of the sea, on whose surface our steamer was plowing its way. Beneath these very waters the proud Pharaoh and his army were engulfed. On our right hand, Aaron, Moses and Miriam sang their song of triumph, on our left, yonder shore was covered with the dead bodies of Egypt's armed hosts.

We made our way to the Oriental hotel through a part of world-renowned Suez canal. It is 100 miles long, and differs greatly in its width, the channel being very narrow. It is a grand highway between Europe and far distant Asia, and as I rode in the cars along side of it I counted in a couple of hours nine large ocean steamers sailing on its surface.—The exact dimensions of the canal by the measurements of the British admiralty, are 100 miles long, 327 feet wide at the surface of the water, 72 feet wide at the bottom, and twenty-six feet deep. Where the cuttings are hard and costly the surface width is reduced to 196 feet.

Suez is a rusty, dead old place, with dirty bazaars and narrow streets. Walking a little distance out of the town we found ourselves walking over graves, broken in and exposing to sight the dishonored remains of her former citizens, now a prey to famishing dogs. We were not sorry to quit Suez and travel, not as of old by canal, but by modern railway train to Cairo. Most of the way was through a sandy, bleak desert until we reached Goshen in the delta of the Nile, when we struck as verdant and fruitful a land as our eyes ever rested upon. Ismailia, which is in the desert on the side of the canal, is an essentially French town, and it was funny, quite anomalous to see the crowd of French people at its railway station surrounding a newly married couple. The natives had no dress on to speak of, but these beaux and belles of France were dressed at the top of the fashion, except that the ladies were not aware that expensive crinoline had gone out of style.

Cairo is essentially an oriental city, but English and French enterprise is fast transforming it into a modern town. Old houses are being pulled down to make place for new and stately edifices. Handsome shops, suggestive of Paris and London, are found facing the public square. Those who knew the Cairo of twenty years ago will soon know her no more forever. Antiquarians may mourn, but modern ideas are prevalent in the capital of Egypt. A drive through quaint bazaars full of all sorts of curiosities, brought us to the splendid mosque of Mehemit Ali, the founder of Egypt's modern greatness and progress. I have seen many fine mosques in India, but for gorgeousness of ornamentation and richness of guilding the mosque of Mehemet Ali surpasses any I have seen. Lofty columns resting on alabaster bases, noble arches springing gracefully along the gilded ceiling, heavy Turkish carpets covering the floor, variegated marbles forming a beautifnl wainscoting—these were some of the attractions of this magnificent mosque. In a corner of it, at the right hand of the entrance, in a splendid mausoleum, lie the mortal remains of Mehemet Ali, the conqueror of the ancient Mamelukes, and the creator of Egypt's present power. Near the mosque is a summer palace of the Khedive which we visited. Passing through the various rooms we found modern French furniture in strong juxtaposition with Turkish divans. The walls were hung with satin of exquisite colors and the floors of some of the rooms were of costly marbles. A visit to the reputed Well of Joseph and to a very ancient mosque concluded pleasantly a morning in Cairo, giving us our first experience of donkey-riding. Would that it had been our last!

A drive of a couple of hours brought us to the world renowned pyramids of Ghizeh. To ascend and to enter the larger one was the feat which I accomplished to my entire satisfaction. The ascent was certainly toilsome, but by the aid of four men, two pulling and two pushing, and all asserting and re-asserting that I was a very heavy subject, and doubtless that the fact would be duly considered when I gave bucksheesh, the thing was at last accomplished. When I reached the top my four devotees gave three "hip, hip, hurrahs," which was rather thrilling than otherwise, until I heard them given for several other parties, and then the thing seemed slightly stereotyped. Then somebody's name was scratched out and mine was cut on the top of the pyramids, doubtless to be soon served in the same manner. Having done all the hurrahing expected, and been suitably fleeced, and having paid three English shillings to see a man run himself out of breath by running down one pyramid and up another in ten minutes, I descended and entered the large pyramid of Ghizeh. The entrance was low and the passage narrow, but with the aid of my four faithful followers, I made my way, sometimes creeping and sometimes walking into the silent sleeping places of a dead king and queen. Up the grand, lofty stone gallery, besides a deep well where are other chambers, I scrambled until I stood before a royal sarcophagus, now wantonly robbed of the poor body laid therein with such care, pomp and ceremony. Not even a shred of the regal cerements remains. Returning to the air and light, we visited the wonderful sphynx, whose battered face, so calm and majestic in its expression, has looked over yonder sands and the distant Nile for ages, while kingdoms have risen, prospered and fallen into utter extinction.

It is said that Napoleon, in his Egyptian campaign, endeavored to inspire the enthusiasm of his soldiers by the appeal, "Remember forty centuries are looking down upon you." The next day, after my campaign to, up and down and into, the great pyramid of Ghizeh, it seemed to me that there were about forty centuries in my limbs, utterly prohibiting anything like enthusiasm for pedestrinating tours.—*Correspondence Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.*

DISCOVERY OF LITHOGRAPHY.—After the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera of *Don Juan*, at Munich, the theatre was deserted by all but one man.—Alois Sennefelder had still much to do. After seeing carefully around the stage that no sparks had ignited from the theatre, he retired to his little room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day. As he entered the room he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased, a ticket stamp moistened with printer's ink, and a check on the theatre treasury for his week's salary. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it, swept it high up in his room for a moment, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder took the wet paper, dried it as well as he could, and then to make sure of it, weighted it down with the whetstone, on which he had carelessly before put the printing stamp. Returning to his room the following morning he was surprised to see the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy on the damp paper. He gazed long at the check and a sudden thought flashed through his brain. He wondered if by some such means he could not save himself the weary trouble he continually had copying the songs of the circus. That very morning he went out and purchased a large stone, and commenced making experiments, and, as we all know, finally succeeded in discovering the art of printing from stone—lithography.

A VERY amusing incident occurred at the corner of a well known business street in London. A lady about entering an omnibus saw, as she supposed, her husband taking leave of another woman at the point in question. With a rather hasty judgment, she rapidly regained the street and approached the lady, who, standing at the corner, was still looking after the gentleman, who had gone into a store.

"You seem to be well acquainted with that gentleman," was her sudden and unexpected salutation.

"Madam," was the surprised rejoinder, accompanied by a look which clearly denoted her suspicion of the questioner's sanity.

"I say you appear to be well acquainted with that gentleman."

"Well, yes; I think I ought to be."

"How long have you known him?"

"A good many years. He's my husband."

"Indeed! He's mine, too."

"What do you mean?" cried the lady, evidently greatly excited.

"Just what I say. He's my husband."

The lady darted into the shop, and the next moment reappeared with the unfortunate Benedict.

"William, this lady says that you are her husband."

One glance, however, was sufficient; the lady saw her mistake, and, crying with vexation and shame, frankly confessed her error.

A TRAVELING DOG.—A 'yaller' dog has covered himself with glory as a quadrupedestrian. He was taken last fall from Indiana to Kansas. But he didn't like Kansas, and was homesick through and through. He found meat scarce, and was averse to a diet of grasshoppers. So he tramped it over miles and miles of desolate prairies; he swam the Kansas and Missouri rivers; and one day, footsore, weary and lean, he barked at the old door. He was six weeks upon the journey; and the first thing he did upon getting home was to eat his dinner calmly, the next to drive the pigs out of the yard, according to his ancient custom. He had learned something, but he had forgotten nothing. If ever dog deserved a silver collar and unlimited bones for life, he is the animal.

HOW TO WASH.—A London paper says: In Belgium and Holland linen is prepared beautifully because the washerwomen use borax, instead of soda, as a washing powder. One large handful of borax is used to ten gallons of water, and the saving of soap is said to be one-half. For laces and cambrics an extra quantity is used. Borax does not injure the goods, and softens the hardest water. A teaspoonful added to an ordinary kettle of hot water in which it is allowed to boil, will effectually soften the water.

MARRIAGE among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching manner: They respectively light two candles, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait until they are burned. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house forever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

A LONG GAME OF CHESS.—A game of chess between Europe and New York city, started in 1859 by correspondence, is concluded, after having been in progress for sixteen years. The contestants were Dr. Brenzinger, of Pfoizhelm, in Baden, Germany, and F. A. Brenzinger, of New York. The New York player won the game.

EVERY man who mails a package subject to the new postage rates drops it into the hole with the wish that Senator Hamlin had to sit for two hours on a hot shovel.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT has been discovered that shaky firms usually belong to the Millerite persuasion, because they all keep the day of their going up a profound secret.—*Boston Adv.*

THE NEW PREACHER.

At a pleasant country station,
Full of eager expectation,
Sat a waiting congregation,
At church one Sunday morn.

The sun poured in a flood of light,
Which fell on heads by time made white,
On sunny curls and eyes of light,
That lovely Sunday morn.

There sat the young and beautiful—
There sat the good and dutiful—
The aged and the sorrowful—
That Christian Sunday morn.

There for the first, with form and feature
Resembling much a fellow creature,
Within the pulpit their new preacher
Appeared that Sunday morn.

He spoke with freedom, zeal, and power;
To him it was a blissful hour,
Twelve, tolled the bell in the old tower
That did the church adorn.

Some lingered at the close of meeting,
To give their brethren friendly greeting;
I've not the power of repeating
All that was said that morn:

For butcher, baker, lawyer, teacher,
People of every trade and feature,
All criticised the humble preacher
That they had heard that morn.

The lawyer said, "He'll not suit me;
No flowery strains, now fluency,
No logic, or philosophy,
His sermon did adorn."

An old man said, "He spoke too low—
My hearing is not good, you know—
Besides, he reads too much; and so
I cannot like the man."

A sister said, "He is too tall,
His hands too large, his eyes too small;
I don't like his looks at all;
They've sent us the wrong man.

"And then his wife, depend upon it,
She'll not suit here with that gay bonnet;
I'm sure she had a feather on it,
And she our preacher's wife!"

Another pious soul sincere,
Who gave full fifty cents a year,
Said to his consort fair, "My dear,
I never in my life

"Did go to church to criticise;
But this vain man (he wiped his eyes,
And in a slower tone he sighs)
I never will support."

But there are some, both wise and good,
A blessing to the neighborhood,
Who spoke as Christians always should,
With Christian charity.

O could the wind have talked and heard
Each idle criticising word;
"The servant's not above his Lord,"
Methinks 'twould sadly moan.

Useless attempt to please mankind;
Fault-finders you will always find,
Though all the virtues be combined
In any great divine.

Suppose You Had a Daughter.

Young men are constantly complaining of the opposition they encounter to their matrimonial schemes from the parents of the fair object of their affections. They are very much in love—so deeply, they generally assure us, that it is impossible for them ever to get over it. But, cruel as it seems, the hearts of the obdurate parents will not be moved to any merciful consideration toward them.

When such suposition is blinded and unreasoning, our sympathies are entirely with