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Kent News.

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

Vol. 42. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881. No. 25.

The Kent News:

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

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

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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 or 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:

HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

E. T. COMEGYS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN,

AND

FERTILIZERS,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

NEW CORN

WANTED,

FOR WHICH I WILL PAY THE

Highest Market Price.

☞ I will also advance Cash to responsible Farmers who may need it to assist them in Cutting and Threshing their Grain.

SOLE AGENT for Kent county for the CELEBRATED

McCORMICK SELF BINDER
And IRON MOWER,

The BEST, and simplest machine on the market.

E. T. COMEGYS,
aug6. *LOCUST GROVE, MD.*

C. H. J. SPARKS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN and COAL,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for WHEAT, and *COAL furnished*
At the very Lowest Prices, at
BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R
a23-tf.

T. J. McWHORTER,

MILLINGTON, MD.,

DEALER IN

GRAIN, COAL

LIME and PHOSPHATES.

50,000 Bush. NEW WHEAT wanted

for which the highest cash price will be paid on delivery on the Kent Co. & Queen Anne's R. R.

Also, has added to his business LUMBER of all kinds; Palings, Scantling, &c., and *Agricultural Implements.*

Agent for the Superior Wheat DRILL;

J. J. Turner & Co.'s

FERTILIZERS,

which are the best in the market.

☞ They have stood the test when all others failed, for forty-five years. I have the control of them for the upper part of Kent and Queen Anne's.

Don't fail to call on me and leave your orders. If you are in debt it will help you out. Can get you any kind of Fertilizer you want.

T. J. McWHORTER,
May 7—tf. MILLINGTON.

J. W. PERKINS,

LYNCH'S, MD.,

HAVING laid in a *LARGE STOCK OF GOODS* in the following lines, respectfully request my friends to inspect the same:

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

Notions, Hardware,

Queensware, Tinware,

Willow-ware, Boots & Shoes,

Fish by the bbl., ½ bbl. and ¼ bbl., or kit; also, Horse Collars, Bridles, Lines, Traces and Halters, all at the

Lowest City Prices!

☞ Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, for which the highest market price will be paid.

J. W. PERKINS,
March 19, 1881. LYNCH'S.

AGRICULTURAL LIME.

FARMERS and Fruit Growers are respectfully informed that the

CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.

is prepared to sell, at the low price of 2 cents per bushel (delivered to vessel)

Agricultural Lime,

in quantities to suit. A valuable enricher of land and a protector against insects.

Apply to Stations at Canton and Spring Gardens, or to office,

19 SOUTH STREET,
jy16-6m. Baltimore, Md.

CHARLES JOHNSON, Pump Maker

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

TAKES this method of informing his numerous friends in Kent and Queen Anne's counties, where he has already done much work, that he is prepared now to fill all orders that may be left with his brother—THOMPSON, the butcher, Chestertown. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

my14-6m. CHAS. JOHNSON.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
CHOICE BRANDS.
No other kept.
aug20. M. A. TOULSON.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma & Consumption.

The few compositions which have won the confidence of mankin 1and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvelous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues, never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of *Coughs, Colds, Consumption*, that can be made by medical skill. Indeed, the CHERRY PECTORAL has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors to a great extent, & given a feeling of immunity from their painful effects, that is well founded if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely defence. The prudent should not neglect it and the wise will not. Keep it by you for the protection it affords by its early use in sudden attacks. Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. oc22y. 1

T. L. SUTLIFF,

Real Estate Agent

AND CONVEYANCER,

CHURCH HILL, QUEEN ANNE'S CO., MD.
jy23-6m.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned having obtained a new set of implements now offers his services as LAND SURVEYOR to the citizens of Kent & Queen Anne's counties.

☞ Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Att'y at Law, will be promptly attended to.—Can be seen in Chestertown Saturday afternoons. Or address

COMEGYS BROWN,
aug7-tf. CHESTERTOWN, MD

J. S. MacDONALD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER

—IN—

FINE JEWELRY,

WATCHES,

SILVER WARE,

&c, &c.,

No. 4 North Charles, Street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.
janly.

WM. T. MEREDITH,

Purchasing Agent,

On the STEAMER B. S. FORD

Will fill ALL ORDERS entrusted to him with strict punctuality.

Can always be found at his post, ready to accommodate the Merchants, Farmers, Mechanics, and all wishing goods of all descriptions purchased, or delivered to any point in the city. Also, letters.

Having considerable experience in purchasing goods, and a large acquaintance of the first merchants of Baltimore, he can purchase goods as cheap as can be had.

Charges for delivery of letters, bundles, &c., as well as commission on goods, very moderate. All I ask is a trial.

je25-6m. WM. T. MEREDITH.

T. W. Eliason, Jr.

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

Shingles, Laths, Pickets.

Building Lumber of all kinds,

Do not buy away from home until you are satisfied that you can do better than at home.

Bring me a bill of the Lumber you may need, and I think I can save you money. Try it! T. W. ELIASON, JR.
April 2, 1881.

Roofing & Spouting,

TINWARE AND STOVES.

WM. A. BISCOE,

Having practical experience in the Tin business, is prepared to do all kinds of

ROOFING and SPOUTING

at the very lowest prices for cash.

TINWARE on hand and manufactured to order. Also, Sheet-iron work, Stovepipe, Land Cane, fire-boards, &c., for sale. All kind of Heater and Stove work promptly attended to.

REPAIRING of all kinds a specialty.

☞ A share of public patronage solicited.

W. A. BISCOE,
Nov. 6. CHESTERTOWN.

FRESH GROCERIES

UP TOWN!

WHERE can be found such articles as are usually kept in stock in a well conducted Grocery.

Our stock comprises

SUGAR, COFFEE,

TEA, SALT SHAD, HERRING, MACKEREL, Pickles, Syrup, Molasses, Soaps, Notions, Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and in fact you may get most anything you call for.

☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted at all times. Highest prices paid, at

WHALAND'S,
(GROCERY STORE, UP TOWN.
Feb. 5, 1881—tf.

PERRY C. OREM, JR.,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

Voshell House: CHESTERTOWN.

Piano, Organ and all orchestral instruments.

TERMS:—per session of ten weeks.....$10.00
one-half payable in advance; balance at end of session. sep24-3t*

GLASSWARE, Lamps and Fixtures of all kinds, we are headquarters for and our prices cannot fail to give satisfaction to all. SPARKS,
aug6. opp. Court House

STOVES!

AS FINE AN ASSORTMENT OF

—COOK—

AND

Heating Stoves

AS WAS EVER OFFERED in KENT COUNTY, BOUGHT FOR CASH AND SOLD AT BUT LITTLE ADVANCE.

Our FIRE PLACE HEATERS

BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED,
have given entire satisfaction.

The New Emerald Cook Stove

which we offer, is a good baker and well made, as is also the "FARMER GIRL," made by Leibrandt & McDowell, Phila. Both of these Stoves have given perfect satisfaction. Call and see them.

Small Heating Stoves

for parlors and sitting rooms unequalled, being beautifully nickled and easily managed. Call and examine them.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,
Next door to Kent Nat'l Bank.
Oct. 8, 1881.

[ESTABLISHED 1853.]

28th ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

AGRICULTURAL

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Insures Only Farm Property and Private Residences.

INSURES AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE AND LIGHTNING.

JOHN A. SHERMAN, Pres't. ISAAC MUNSON, Sec'y.

Capital, - - $300,000.00
Assets - - - $1,261,731.29

Statement, January 1st, 1881.

United States Bonds, - -		$212,475 00
Other Stocks and Bonds, -		128,790 00
Loans on Bonds & Mortgages, 1st lien		426,245 38
Real Estate owned by the Company		197,396 80
Loans on Collaterals (valued at $87,125 00,)		61,377 94
Cash in Company's office and banks of deposit - - - -		157,152 93
Interest and Rent due and accrued		16,327 08
Premiums in due course of collection		111,074 96
Total assets -		$1,310,840 09
LIABILITIES.		
Losses adjusted but not due	$4,032 80	
Losses unadjusted - due	44,895 00	
Miscellaneous - -	181 00	
		49,108 80
Net assets		$1,261,731 29
Capital Stock -	$300,000 00	
Re-insurance Reserve	760,638 71	
		1,060,638 71
Net surplus - -		$201,092 58

The Company has paid for losses since its organization $3,187,061.39.

D. A. CLARK, State Agent,
40 P. O. Avenue, BALTIMORE, MD.
au6-6m.

1881 *1881*

T. W. WICKES,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Medicines,

BOOKS, STATIONERY,

AND FANCY ARTICLES.

We have in stock and are constantly receiving Fresh Drugs, which we secure from only reliable and first class wholesale dealers.

OUR PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT cannot be surpassed in this county for reliability or promptness.

We also keep on hand the most reliable patent preparations.

In connection with our Drug business we propose this year to push our trade in Stationery, Books and Fancy Articles. Our large sales the past season encourage us in giving special attention in this direction.

We shall continue to give personal attention to every department of our business, and leave no effort untried to give perfect satisfaction to all who favor us with their patronage.

T. W. WICKES,
Jan. 22, 1881. DRUGGIST

TO PARENTS,

TEACHERS and SCHOLARS.

Your attention is now called to our very SUPERIOR STOCK of

School Books

AND

SCHOOL SUPPLIES GENERALLY,

which we have ready for the opening of the schools. Our prices are the very lowest. We know we can sell you these goods cheaper than any one else. We request a comparison of prices for the truth of this statement.

Slates, Stationary, Pens,

INK, CHALK, SPONGES,

COMPOSITION BOOKS & PENCILS

are purchased by us in large quantities at the closest figures; therefore we can sell them at the lowest prices. Call at the Corner Drug Store and examine our stock.

COLIN F. STAM,
Aug. 27, 1881. DRUGGIST.

DON'T FORGET to call at JOHN K. ALDRIDGE'S and look at the largest assortment of Stoves, Hardware, Woodware, Tinware, &c., in Kent county.

WAYFARING.

The way is long, O Lord, that leads
To cooling springs and fragrant meads;
I weary of its weary length;
I lose all heart and hope and strength,
As here I halt my tired feet
And pray for rest so far, so sweet.

I thank Thee for a halting place
Made glad by Thine own smiling face;
I thank Thee that the dusty way
Thy footsteps knoweth day by day;
I thank Thee that some path there be
From pain and care to peace and Thee.

I know my times are in Thy hand;
I long for light to understand
How Thou canst for each pilgrim care,
How Thou canst hear each pleading prayer,
How unto Thee each soul is known
As if it walked the world alone.

And some time I may comprehend;
The way is long, but at its end
A clearer vision waits the sight,
In Thy dear garden of delight,
Wayfaring done, let me abide
Where never falls an eventide.

WHOSE FAULT.

Fred Dayton assisted his wife's cousin, Jenny Searles, into the carriage that was waiting for her at the station.

She had been his wife's bridesmaid, and he sighed as he looked in her smiling face.

It was three years since that so-called happy event occurred, but though she was a trifle more staid and dignified, she had the same happy smile, neat, trim appearance that he so well remembered.

"You will find Fanny a good deal altered," he said, as he took a seat by her side.

Jenny cast a somewhat surprised look at the grave face of the speaker.

"Why, how? Has she been ill?"

"Well, no, I can't say that she has been ill," was the hesitating reply; "but she—she's changed. Marriage don't seem to have agreed with her very well."

The laugh that ended these words sounded rather forced. Perhaps he felt the implication conveyed by them; or, rather, the fact itself.

Jenny looked earnestly into the frank, kindly face of the speaker.

"Was it his fault—for there must be a fault somewhere.

The house, as the carriage stopped in front of it, looked as if it was all shut up.

If Jenny had expected to see her cousin in the hall she was disappointed.

Fred looked slightly disconcerted as he glanced around.

"Fanny's in her room, I suppose; I'll hunt her up."

"Ah! there you are, Fan."

Here a dowdily-dressed woman made her appearance at the other end of the hall, whom Jenny would have failed to recognize had it not been for the warm embrace and eager greeting.

After leading the way to the dark and rather untidy sitting-room, Fanny's animation all at once forsook her, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, she burst into tears, much to Jenny's surprise and consternation.

"The sight of you reminds me so of the happy past!" sighed Fanny, as she wiped away her tears.

"And the present is no less happy, I hope?" suggested Jenny, feeling for her cousin's husband, who looked foolishly conscious that he was in some way considered to be at fault.

Fanny's only reply was a mournful shake of the head, which, rightly interpreted, meant that she never expected to be so happy again as long as she lived.

Putting his hands in his pocket Fred walked to the window, whistling softly to himself with an ill dissembled air of unconcern.

"If you knew how that noise goes through my head, Fred!" remonstrated Fanny, as she rang for Ann to take away her cousin's things.

Fred ceased whistling, taking himself out of the room at the same time.

Fanny gave her cousin a look, as much as to say, "You see what I have to put up with!"

As soon as the door closed after her husband, Fanny's countenance lost its disconsolate abused expression, and she commenced talking with her visitor with considerable spirit and animation.

Jenny now had an opportunity to observe her more particularly.

It was nearly dinner time, and still she had on the calico wrapper that she had worn at breakfast; not much soiled, but still faded and wrinkled.

She wore neither cuffs nor collar, while her pretty brown hair—pretty when properly cared for—was smoothed over the top and tucked back of her ears in tangled bunches.

Her feet were thrust into a pair of old slippers, much too large for her, and down at the heels.

As Jenny looked at her she could hardly believe that it was her cousin, Fanny Burns, who always used to look so fresh and neat, so smiling and happy.

From the habit of giving way to all her peevish and discontented feelings as they arose, it seemed impossible for her to look pleasant now, when she tried; while her very voice, which used to have such a clear and cheerful ring, had become infected by them.

In answering and asking questions the time passed rapidly until it was nearly time for dinner.

"I had no idea it was so near dinner-time," said Jenny, rising to her feet, as she glanced at her watch. "I shall hardly give you time to dress."

"Oh, I shan't make any change in my dress; there'll be nobody but my husband at dinner, and you won't mind."

"No, certainly, I shan't mind."

There was more than this on Jenny's lips, but she checked herself.

This was not the right time to speak, even if she had any right to speak at all.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than those two presented at the dinner table, both of nearly the same age, and both endowed with more than usual personal attractions.

At the time of her marriage, Fanny had been called the prettier; but it was quite the contrary now, and all the difference lay in the dress and expression.

Not that Jenny's attire was either gay or expensive.

The dress was a simple merino, simply made and trimmed, but it fitted neatly the neat waist of the wearer. The cuffs and collar were white and fresh, with a knot of bright ribbons at her throat.

On the contrary, Fanny wore the same faded, ill-fitting dress of the morning, with the addition—if addition it could be called—of a half-soiled collar, pinned away and fastened with a bunch of very dingy ribbon.

It was impossible for Fred not to notice the difference, and making a mental comment on it not very flattering to the wife of his choice.

The contrast was too marked to escape her notice, though it was easy to see that she ascribed the change to their different conditions.

"Ah, you won't think it's worth while to fuss so much after you're married, Jen," she said, with a laugh.

"Perhaps Miss Jenny will think her husband worth dressing for," said Fred.

"If she does I hope it will be for a husband who cares enough for her society to spend one evening at home out of six.

Fred turned red with anger and mortification. It was evident to Jenny that this would not have been the last of it had she not been present. She hastened to change the subject, being aided in the endeavor by the advent of baby.

It was a lovely child, and one would suppose would be an additional tie to bind their hearts together, but instead of that it was a constant bone of contention.

Thus matters went on for some days. Jenny observed with pain that Fred was in the habit of spending most of his evenings out. For a while after she came he stayed in, but mortified as well as irritated by his wife's slovenly appearance and fretful complaining, he gradually absented himself, until he rarely spent an evening at home.

"Is Mr. Dayton out this evening?" inquired Jenny, as, entering the sitting-room, she glanced aroundd.

"You never need ask that question," returned Fanny; "he's always out."

Jenny had long wished for an opportunity to talk with her cousin. After a moment's grave silence she said:

"And do you know what the end of this will be, Fanny?"

"Ruin, I suppose," was the bitter response. "But there is no help for it, as I see. It is something for which I am not responsible."

"But I think you are, Fanny."

"I?" replied Fanny, opening her eyes widely; "what can you mean?"

"Just what I say, my dear cousin. When you married Frederick Dayton, no man was more domestically inclined or fonder of his wife and home than he."

"He's got over it bravely!" exclaimed Fanny with a bitter laugh. "He don't act as if he had the slightest affection for me, and seems to prefer any place to his home."

"And is not this, in a great measure, your own fault? Nay, look not so angry, dear cousin; I love you too well to see you recklessly throwing away your happiness and his. Did not the alteration you speak of spring from the change in you? We cannot love what is unlovely. No man can love a wife who takes no pains to make her person neat and attractive, or a home that is full of bickerings and discomforts. Before your marriage you would have been terrified at the idea of his catching a glimpse of you in the attire in which you now allow him to see you all day. Why should you seek to look less pleasant in his eyes now than then?"

Fanny glanced at the opposite mirror that revealed so unflattering a tale, coloring with anger and mortification.

"It is impossible for a married woman to dress as she did when a girl, and no man has a right to expect it."

"Every man has a right to expect his wife to have sufficient respect for him to present a neat and tidy appearance. You did not consider it too much trouble to dress when Judge Barry called on you. And last evening, at the party, when Mr. Howard picked up your handkerchief, you received it with a look and smile such as I have not seen you bestow upon your husband, even when he took twice the pains to please you."

"You are very severe," said Fanny, her eyes filling with tears.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend. My dear Fanny, two ways are open for you. You can either make home to your husband the dearest place in the world, and yourself one of the most beloved and happy of wives, or you can alienate his affections, driving him to haunts and companionship that will wreck the peace and happiness of both."

Here they were interrupted by the advent of visitors.

Jenny returned home the next morning, so she had no opportunity of knowing what effect her earnest appeal had upon the better feeling of her cousin.

It was some months before Fanny and Jenny met again, and then it was at the marriage that transformed the latter into the loved and loving wife of the husband of her choice.

The happy smile on the face of Fred and which was reflected back from the smiling eyes of his wife, told of the happy change that had been wrought.

"Fred spends all his evenings at home now," said Fanny, giving her cousin a significant look.

"Why shouldn't I?" said the happy husband, "when I have the dearest wife and the pleasantest home in the world!"

MAJOR SANGER, who is known in military slang as a "bantam," was returning ono day recently from Bismarck to Fort Lincoln, which is across the river, and the ambulance in which he was riding was delayed by a team and wagon driven by one of the class known as mule-whackers in this country. The driver of the ambulance and the mule-whacker got into a wordy altercation, and Major Sanger got very indignant at what he believed to be impertinent language and unwarranted interference in his journey. He jumped from the ambulance, a Tom Thumb in size but a Goliah in fury, and exclaimed:

"Get that wagon out of the way."

The mule-whacker looked at him quizzically, and asked:

"Who the devil are you?"

"I am Major Sanger of the army, sir, and I want you to get that wagon out of the way."

The mule-whacker ejected a mouthful of tobacco into the road and remarked:

"Do you know what I will do with you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, if you don't make less noise with your mouth?"

"What will you do?" inquired the major, trying to look large and fierce.

"I'll set a mouse-trap and catch you, Major Sanger, of the army, sir, and give you to my puppy to play with."

Grand Democratic Rally in Baltimore

Eloquent Speeches.

HON. T. J. KEATING'S UNANSWERABLE "FACTS AND FIGURES."

Ex-Gov. Carroll's Opinion.

There was a great outpouring of the Democracy of Baltimore on Friday evening of last week at the Concordia Opera House. Many of the leading citizens and business men of Baltimore were present to listen to the able arguments in defence of the principles of Democracy and the refutation of base slanders which have recently been hurled against the comptroller of the State. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested throughout the meeting, the speakers being cheered repeatedly, until the very building shook with applause.

About 8 o'clock Hon. A. P. Gorman, chairman of the Democrat State central committee, called the meeting to order and introduced Dr. J. Pembroke Thom as president, and named a number of the most prominent citizens of the city as vice-presidents. Hon. Thos. J. Keating, Democratic nominee for Comptroller, was the first speaker, and his address was a clear and forcible exposition of his financial administration, reiterating in substance the same facts that appeared in the statement of the financial offices of the State as published in the paper last week.

The audience listened attentively to the able speech of the comptroller, and frequently interrupted him with applause.

ADDRESS BY EX-GOV. CARROLL.

The next speaker was Ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll, who was warmly received and spoke as follows:

I am here, fellow-Democrats, to give my earnest and hearty indorsement to the action of the Democratic-Conservative party in their nomination of Hon. Thos. J. Keating for State comptroller. Gentlemen, I am a Democrat, and have been one all my life and have always supported the nominees of the Democratic party. I am an Old Line Democrat too, but not of the sort who now seek to breed dissention in the Democratic party. Our country has just recovered from a terrible shock in the death of its chief magistrate, and as American citizens, regardless of party feeling, we have mourned together. But the nation still moves on in its majesty. Men may be cut off by death from the great stations which they have filled, but the world and its great institutions move around with the passing time. Now let us take an interest in our home government. We certainly all endorse the nomination of my friend Keating. He has been a tried trusty servant of the people of this State, and had never been found wanting. [Applause.] I know him well. When I had the honor of sitting in the executive chair of the State he was associated with me as comptroller, and I say it with pride and feeling never was there a truer heart beat in manly bosom than his, and no man possessed a higher sense of honor and integrity than he. [Applause.] Now, when I hear flippant people assail his good name I feel that every word uttered against him is against me, for he is my friend and true brother Democrat. But these charges which have been hurled against him are but the bitter resort of the skulking enemy. The Republicans are also endeavoring to breed further dissensions in the Democratic party. They are trying it every day. In 1875 they made a desperate attempt to break up the Democratic party in Maryland. They said that if I was elected governor the State would go to ruin, but although then some members of the old Democratic party united with them the masses said that they would not believe that the State was going to ruin, and they will not believe it now. [Applause.] Now, when I was elected, did the State go to destruction? No; but the Democratic party was more firmly united than ever, and so will it be at the coming election. You citizens of Baltimore know what great benefits you have received under the administration of the Democratic party.

Your taxes have been reduced through the excellent and business-like administration of Mayor Latrobe from $1 90 to $1 37, and now, as a consequence of his excellent administration, the Democratic nominee, Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte, is unopposed. Yet some people would come to me and say there is too much fraud and corruption in the Democratic party; let us go to the Republican party. All I have to say for those gentlemen is that if they have just found virtue in the Republican party they have been a long time finding it. [Applause.] Of all absurdities on earth is the proposition of putting a Republican comptroller in possession of our finances, especially when we know so well the record of the Republican party. Republican power in the South preyed upon the very vitals of the people and loaded them down with debt. Under the last fraudulent administration the star-route manipulations illustrated their propensities for squandering the public money. Do we want any of their economical measures in Maryland at the present time? Do we want a Republican comptroller? No, my honest Democratic friends, never! This is a popular government in this State. The people know what is going on. They are not blind, but read the papers and are intelligent in regard to the administration of State and city affairs. No man can make you believe that he don't believe himself, and when they hint at turning over the finances to the Republicans does it not seem rediculous? [Applause.] Now I think that some of these gentlemen who have separated from the party and find themselves face to face with Mr. Gorsuch on the day of election will pause for an instant to consider and come back to the old mother party and her candidates. [Applause.] There are certain persons who talk about investigations and finding out were the frauds lay. Now, have there not been investigations into the matter complained of? Several years ago it was said that there was one place where the deepest and blackest frauds could be brought to light, and that was the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. Well, what was done? Certain persons who were supposed to know all about the canal company succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of the stockholders and had an investigation. They went before his honor Judge Bond, a high-minded Republican. Now I don't know what the registers think of him, but we do know if there is a man in the Republican party who would try his utmost to seek out any fraud in the Democratic party, that man is Judge Bond. Well, they investigated; they overhauled Mr. Gorman and everybody else connected with the management of the canal. What did it all amount to?

When the investigation was concluded Judge Bond, who is a Christian gentleman, said: "My friends, it is all very well, but you did not prove anything. You have made lots of statements, but you haven't proven where the fraud is." The record of that court stands. They talk of no reforms, and yet the first four years of President Gorman's administration resulted in $1,000,000 of the debt of the canal being paid, when not a dollar had been paid for twenty years before. The Democratic party came into power in 1867, and since then we have been responsible for the administration of the government. We may not always have done right. No one always does right; but to tell me because my party has committed certain extravagances that I must give it up, is to tell me because my child does wrong I must discard him and turn him out of doors. [Applause.] Stand by the ship fellow Democrats. It served you well in times gone by. It will serve you well again. Then stand by her until she loses her principles, and if she ever does that, then I will desert with you. O. L. D.'s! Let them look at New York. John Kelley undertook to bolt from the regular Democratic convention. He bolted and set up for himself. The consequence was Robinson was defeated and the dire result was that the hope that had filled every Democratic heart in the land that there would be a Democratic President was defeated by the action of John Kelley. Now do you suppose that a man can be honest in private life and dishonest in politics? No! but if he is his dishonesty will soon find him out. But if you are an honest man, you will be honest in political as well as in private life. With regard to the financial condition of the State, it has never been better, and a taxation of only 18¾ per cent. is certainly a model for any State in the Union. Under Democratic administration we have paid off debts of hundreds of thousands of dollars. We have built and paid for our House of Correction and our State Normal School, and also paid millions of dollars in bounties saddled on us by the Republican party. We are prosperous now; let us remain so. Democratic government has worked well; then let it continue. Because this or that one does not get office and becomes dissatisfied they want us to turn our backs on the Democratic party and go over into the Republican camp, but the Democrats will never do it. [Loud and long-continued applause.]

The meeting was then addressed in a stirring speech by Hon. Robert M. McLane, urging a united democracy and renewed efforts on their part to retain possession of the State government in all its departments intact.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

HIS YACHTS, HIS PALACE, HIS HORSES, HIS PAPER AND HIS MILLIONS.

From Newport Letter to Chicago Times.

Mr. Bennett is not at all handsome or striking in personal appearance. His face is long and thin and wears an expression of settled melancholly, as if the pleasure of the world had palled him. He does not seem at all broken down in health, and does not have the appearance of a man whom dissipation has worn out, but he does look as though the world yielded him no further enjoyment, and if his only occupation were to kill the time. Certainly he has provided himself with excellent weapons to kill it with.

His house here which he bought some time since for $60,000, he has converted into a palace. He calls it Stone Villa, and it stands just opposite the Cassino—a place which is also virtually his own, since he advanced the money with which it is built and holds a mortgage of $100,000 on it—on Bellevue Avenue, the principal street in the new part of the town. Stone Villa is a large, plain, two-story structure of granite, originally square, but now provided with a projecting octagon dining room of Mr. Bennett's own design, and surrounded with a broad and airy veranda. The grounds, which the owner has just decorated with some costly and beautiful marble statutes bought in Italy, poised curiously on swivels or pivots, so that they turn about, are surrounded with a low granite wall, which does not obstruct the view of even a child.

Inside the house everything is sumptuous. Liveried servants are always in attendance, relieving each other in phalanxes. The octagon dining room, which has windows opening to the air on all of its eight sides but one, is a marvel of completeness. From the host's seat at the chief table—an elaborated carved affair eight feet across, and made, by the way, by a local cabinetmaker—electric bells communicate with all parts of the house, enabling him to communicate with any servant he wants. In this dining room the tables are always spread; in the kitchen cooks are always on duty, and Mr. Bennett's friends are at liberty to come in and order what they want at any hour of the day or night. It is "hot meals at all hours" at this establishment, and free meals, too, to all who enjoy Mr. Bennett's friendship. The host may be said to entertain every night, for there are always guests at his house, and their wants are carefully provided for.

Stone Villa is strictly a bachelor's hall the greater part of the time. The only female member of the household is the housekeeper, who is elderly. All the other servants, including cooks and chambermaids, are men. But notwithstanding the almost masculine character of the household, Mr. Bennett does not deny himself the pleasure of feminine companionship. The ladies of society here either do not believe the stories of his social irregularities or else have forgiven them, for they welcome him freely to their entertainments and attend his, and often, accompanied by their husbands, call at his house. When he makes a yachting company to go out on the Polyna, which is quite of, he has no difficulty in getting together a very brilliant and exclusive little assemblage. These yachting parties of Mr. Bennett's, by the way, are characterized by all his usual magnificence. Last Summer he took a party up to Rocky Polyna and gave them a clam bake. The usual price per plate at a clam bake at this place is 50 cents. Mr. Bennett's cost $20 for each guest. The table was spread with his own silver, too, and the wine was from his own cellar. You can imagine, perhaps—I can't—what the mere eatables must have been to cost $20 a plate.

Mr. Bennett's stables are as much an object of his pride as his home and his yacht. The stables on his own grounds are not large enough to accommodate his horses and carriages, and he has been compelled to rent two others in the immediate vicinity. His eight polo ponies take up a great deal of room as well as a great deal of the attention of their owner. Besides these, which he occasionally uses for other purposes than polo, as the freak may seize him, there are sixteen carriage horses of various sizes and styles, ranging from large coach horses to ponies He has also every conceivable sort of a carriage, ranging from the coach, to be drawn by four or six horses, down to the dantiest little village cart. These expensive turnouts are not often seen, however. Mr. Bennett's ordinary means of conveyance around town is a village cart, which he drives himself. He is seldom accompanied by a servant. I imagine if I had a yearly income of $750,000 I should find some more comfortable vehicle for my every day riding than a village cart. I don't know whether this contrivance has reached Chicago yet; it had not when I left home last Winter, and was new to me when I arrived at Newport, although the people assure me that it has been the ordinary single carriage here for years. It is a small dog cart, unpainted, two-wheeled, with two seats, facing fore and aft, and very uncomfortable. It has the graceful, musical, up-and-down chug-a-chug movement of a coal cart, and gives you a terrific headache if you ride far.

It is another mistake to suppose that Mr. Bennett squanders his money.—Though his income is already somewhere between $750,000 and $800,000 per year, he is regularly increasing it. His investment in the Newport Cassino is an instance of his management. He advanced $100,000 on this property, doing at the same time an act which the people here praised him for, since it made the construction of this wonderful pleasure resort possible, and one which also paid him well, since he gets six per cent. interest on the money and has it well secured. Although he has immense establishments at London, Paris and Pau as well as at Newport, and maintains each regardless of expense, he does not spend all his income. His condition, then, according to Mr. Micawber, must be happy.

However, I don't believe it is. If Mr. Bennett is happy his face is a lie. He looks weary, worn, bored to death with the mere effect of enjoying himself. When I see a man apparently unhappy because he has $800,000 to dispose of annually I feel that there is very little hope for him and a great deal for me. I feel that I am really better off than he is. But since Mr. Bennett is not happy and I am, and since I am very benevolently disposed, I am perfectly willing to change places with him if he is desirous of doing so. He can take up my aimless, cheerful tramp through the world, and I will install myself in Stone Villa and enter upon the miserable task of getting away with the millions.

SAILED AWAY.

His name was Moses Sparrow. He was very green. This was the idea that always came into Miss Page's mind when she looked at her country lady's son. Such a rustic youth, with such fair hair, worn long, such blue eyes, such sloping shoulders, such a lamb-like expression. And, being there at the farmhouse, whither she had been sent to spend the summer months, the city belle resolved that she would try her powers of fascination upon the boy, who struck her as so good a subject for flirtation, in which all the fun was to be on her side and all the sentiment on his.

And at it she went, beginning with a smile, a word, and rejoicing to see the fish bite so readily. She enjoyed herself until she grew tired of it, and then she decided on breaking the heart she had won, and enjoying the crash. So she turned him out in the garden and made him sit beside her on the bench under the wistarias, and said, sadly:

"I'm going home next week. I shall send you wedding cards when I am married. I am to be married to a rich old gentleman next winter."

Then she waited to see him drop at her feet, but he did not drop. He only said:

"Wal, I'm real glad! I kinder felt afraid I'd been going too far with you. I'm a sort of butterfly, flirtin' from flower to flower, you know, and I have flirted with you, I du allow. I was afraid you'd go off in a decline or suthin'—you seemed to set so much on me—if you heared suddenly-like, that me and Ann Maria was keepin' steady company. But, law, sence you're goin' to be married, there ain't no harm done! I shouldn't hev liked you to drown yourself, like t'other summer boarder did, in the mill-pond. She had my photograph in her pocket when she was fished out." Then he smiled at Miss Page, and she arose and sailed away from him with great dignity.

HOPE DEFERRED.—"When we are married, Lucy," said the poor man's son to the rich man's daughter, "our honeymoon shall be passed abroad. We will drive in the Bois, promenade the Prada, gaze down into the blue waters of the Adriatic from the Rialto, and enjoy the Neapolitan sunsets while strolling along the Chiaja."

"How delicious!" she murmured. "But, John, dear! have you money enough to do all this? For pa says I musn't expect anything until he dies!"

John's countenance underwent such a change that she couldn't help asking him if he felt sick.

"No, darling!" he answered, faintly; "I am not sick! I was only thinking that perhaps we had better postpone the marriage until after the funeral!"