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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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 43. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, OCT. 28, 1882. No. 26.

SURVEYING.

THE undersigned hereby offers his services to the public.

Orders left with C. H. BAKER, Esq., (Att'y at Law, Chestertown, Md.,) will be promptly attended to. Can be seen in Chestertown on Saturday afternoons, or Address

COMEGYS BROWN,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
s30-tf.

FOR SALE: a Large assortment

LUMBER,

SASH — DOORS — FRAMES.

COAL. The CHAMPION DRILL, PHOSPHATES, &c.

Special Lumber bills sawed to order.

TURNER BROS.
Sept. 30, 1882.

WANTED:

50 Tons of Good Clover Hay.

WANTED:

Several able-bodied MEN,
To drive Wagons and haul straw.

CHAS. T. WESTCOTT,
Pres't Straw Board Co., Chestertown.
sep20-tf.

CORN SHELLERS

And HORSE POWERS.

I have now ready for delivery a large supply of the Celebrated

Hyland Corn Shellers & Horse Powers

which we think are unsurpassed, and we are selling them low.

ROLLERS.—We have the best Roller on the market, and persons wanting anything in this line should send in their orders at once.

THE CELEBRATED HYLAND

FARM WAGON

And Iron Frame Cultivator

To Our Friends and the Public:

In introducing these Wagons on the Peninsula, we feel that we are doing something to benefit the public. It seems to be the unanimous verdict of Farmers that our Wagons track better and run lighter than any others made on the Peninsula. This was the decision of the Judges of the Wolton Fair, held in September, 1881. Every piece is carefully selected, and nothing but the best material is used.

Our DEARBORNS and CARTS are *EXCELLED BY NONE.*

Please give these implements a trial, and you will find it to your interest.

WM. A. HYLAND,
CHESTERTOWN AND GALENA.
Oct. 7, 1882.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE
FIFTH DISTRICT.

TAXES for the present year are now due, and it is to the interest of all tax-payers to make early payments.—My tax bills are all made out and ready to be receipted.

Until further notice I shall be in Chestertown on Tuesdays, and at ADKINSON & BOULTER'S store at Edesville at other times.

B. B. ADKINSON.
s30-tf. Coll'r 5 Dist.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE
SECOND ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE undersigned, Tax Collector, respectfully informs the Tax-payers of the Second District that for their accommodation he will be at Kennedyville on Saturday, August 19; Locust Grove on Wednesday, Aug. 23; Still Pond, Saturday, Aug. 26; Chestertown, Wednesday, Aug. 30, and at each of the above places every successive two weeks from the dates above named.

WM. F. ROEDER,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 2d District.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE
THIRD ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE Books are in my hands for collection, and for the convenience of tax-payers I will be at Smithville every Saturday morning; at Worton Heights every Saturday evening, and in Chestertown every Tuesday. Please settle your taxes early.

S. AMOS REED,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 3d District.

Notice to Tax-Payers

OF THE
FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

THE tax accounts are made out and ready for settlement. For the convenience of tax-payers I will be in Chestertown all day on Tuesday and every Saturday afternoon, until further notice. Prompt payment is respectfully solicited.

J. M. J. BYRON,
aug19-tf. Coll'r 4th District.

WOOD! WOOD!

HICKORY, OAK and PINE.

THE subscriber has purchased 200 cords of the very best seasoned Oak that has been in this market for some time, and is selling it, delivered, at $4.50 per cord; sawed and split at low rates.

This Wood has all been culled over; is full length, clear of knots and small sticks.

WILLIAM PERKINS.
Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown.
Aug. 30—tf.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A FULL STOCK on hand,
READY FOR THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS.
Also,
SCHOOL SUPPLIES GENERALLY.
OUR PRICES
Are Exceedingly Low.

COLIN F. STAM,
Sept. 2, 1882. DRUGGIST.

CANNED MACKEREL and Cooked Corn Beef, at LAMBERT'S.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO CALL AT THE

"STAR" CLOTHING HOUSE,

Under the Kent News Office, CHESTERTOWN, MD.,

—AND—

Take a Look at the Large Display

OF READY MADE CLOTHING.

We have just received from New York one of the largest and best selected stocks of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods that were ever presented to the people of this county, if not the largest ever on the Shore.

A large assortment of Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's OVER-COATS from $1.50 to $25.

We Sell MORE Clothing, BETTER Clothing, and CHEAPER Clothing

Than any one Store on the Shore.

For we buy our Clothing direct from the manufacturer and buy strictly for the CASH; therefore can afford to sell much lower than stores that are compelled to buy from jobbers on long credit, or who handle goods on commission.

Our stock consists of

Men's, Youth's, Boys' and Children's

Ready Made CLOTHING.

OVER-COATS, BUSINESS and DRESS SUITS of every description to fit children from 3 years old up to the stoutest man.

Also, a large stock of the newest styles of Cashmere and Worsted PANTS from 75 cents up to $10 per pair. Our stock of Gents' FURNISHING GOODS is complete in every particular.

GIVE US A CALL, examine our stock and compare our goods and prices with any other house in the State is all we ask.

Sept. 30, 1882. A. FRIEDMAN.

DO YOU REALIZE

THAT RIGHT HERE IN CHESTERTOWN,

At PIERCE'S BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Is the Neatest, Nicest and CHEAPEST ASSORTMENT of BOOTS AND SHOES you ever saw?

T. D. PIERCE GIVES his exclusive attention to the BOOT and SHOE Business, and has a perfect collection of SPRING & SUMMER FOOT WEAR unsurpassed in Style, Elegance and Finish. We are prepared to prove it. Call and see for yourself.

T. D. PIERCE, Chestertown, Md.
OPPOSITE THE BANK.

N. B.—Measures taken for Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes. Fits guaranteed.

SAMUEL BURNS & CO.,

LUMBER

Sash, Doors, Blinds, &c.,

104 LIGHT STREET WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

SPORTSMEN ATTENTION!

Having moved to the large and commodious Warehouse

168 W. PRATT ST.,

[Next to Corner of Light,]

I am prepared to furnish the public and trade generally WITH EVERYTHING APPERTAINING TO

GUNNING and FISHING.

as I have as complete stock as will be found in New York.

Muzzle and Breech-Loading Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Leather Goods, Glass Balls, Glass Ball Traps, &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice.

W. P. PATTERSON,
July 2, 1881. 168 W. PRATT ST., Baltimore.

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES.

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

SIXTEEN DIFFERENT SIZES AND KINDS!
SIX SIZES WITH ENAMELED RESERVOIRS!

Adapted to all requirements, and priced to suit all Purses.

LEADING FEATURES:—Double wood doors, Patent wood grate, Adjustable Damper, Interchangeable Automatic Shelf, Broiling Door, Swinging Hearth-Plate, Swinging Flue-Stop, Reversible, Gas-burning, Long Cross Piece, Double Short Centers, Heavy Ring Covers, Illuminated Fire Doors, Nickel Knobs, Nickel Panels, etc.

Unequalled in Material, in Finish and in Operation.

Manufactured by

ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.

And for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE, Chestertown, Md. 43.

New Fall and Winter MILLINERY!

MRS. KATE GILL Has just opened a beautiful line of Millinery and Fancy Goods, for FALL and WINTER wear, which includes the latest styles in

HATS, BONNETS,

Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Neck Wear, and all the various kinds of goods in the Millinery line.

I am selling at the very lowest prices, and the ladies will find it to their interest to call.

MRS. KATE GILL,
Oct. 7. nearly opp. Voshell House.

Stoves! Stoves!

We have just received as fine a line of

COOK & HEATING STOVES

as was ever offered to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.

Our Fire Place HEATER

Is the FINEST on the MARKET,

and our DOUBLE HEATERS cannot be excelled for durability and finish.

We only ask an examination of our stock to convince any one that no finer stock was ever presented. PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Call and see us before purchasing.

T. L. HINES,
Next door to Kent National Bank.

STOVE CASTINGS.

We furnish CASTINGS for any Stove made. Also, Brick and Pipe.
Give us a call. T. L. HINES.

Fodder Yarn and Corn Baskets!

As low as can be bought. Our stock of Yarn is complete both as to quantity and quality.

T. L. HINES.
Oct. 7, 1882.

Fall and Winter Stock

—OF—

NEW GOODS

—AT—

J. H. SIMPERS'

CHESTERTOWN.

DRY GOODS—Kerseys, Cassimeres, Sacking, Wool Flannels, Canton Flannels, Prints, Muslins, Tickings, 5-4 and 10-4 Sheeting, Dress Goods, &c.

NOTIONS—Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' red & white Knit Underwear, Ladies' and Misses, Merino Vests, Shawls, Nubias, Skirts, silk and linen Handk'fs, Soaps, Perfumery, &c.

BOOTS and SHOES
A SPECIALTY.

Men's & Boys' WINTER BOOTS, all grades and prices; Ladies', Misses' and Children's goat Button Shoes, Laced Morocco, grain and calf Shoes, Gents' and Boys' Congress Gaiters, English Ties, &c. Rubber Over Shoes. A Large Stock at prices that will not fail to please.

HATS and CAPS

Latest Fall and Winter Styles for Men and Boys.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

Queensware, Glassware and Groceries.

Our stock is very full in all branches; our prices are at rock bottom.

Butter, Eggs, Lard, &c., taken in exchange for goods.

J. H. SIMPERS.
Oct. 14, 1882.

Western Maryland College

FOR STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES IN SEPARATE DEPARTMENTS.

Organized under the auspices of the Methodist Protestant Church, 1867.

Incorporated by Act of Assembly, 1868.

Occupies one of the most beautiful and healthful sites in the State. Receives annual appropriation from the Legislature for the Free Board of one student from each Senatorial District.—Provides a comfortable room for each two students. Has a full corps of competent instructors. Course of study ample and thorough both in the Preparatory and Collegiate Departments. Discipline strict, but kind. Terms very moderate.—A Scholarship for Three Years' Tuition for $100, and (to students having such scholarship) board, Room, Washing, Fuel and Light at the rate of $166.67 per year. Has been in successful operation for 15 years.

The Thirty-first Semi-Annual Session began Sept. 5, 1882, and ends Jan. 26, 1883. For catalogue and further information address

J. T. WARD, D. D., PRESIDENT,
sep30-m. Westminster, Md.

Merchant Tailoring.

SCHWARTZ

Has returned to Town and located in the GARDNER STORE HOUSE. He has a Beautiful Line of Goods and guarantees a Perfect Fit. Old friends, please call and I will again satisfy you.

N. B.—Special attention given to Altering, Repairing, Cutting & Cleaning.
July 29, 1882.

TO PARENTS and TEACHERS!

SCHOOL BOOKS, &c.

WE have just received a Large Stock o SCHOOL BOOKS and

School Supplies,

which we are offering at the LOWEST PRICES. Call and compare the prices.

M. A. TOULSON, Druggist,
aug27. BORDLEY'S CORNER.

AT W. H. LAMBERT'S is the place to get Bargains in all kinds of Groceries and Meats. s30.

45 CENTS a Pound for good, sound TOBACCO. Try it, at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the strattin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence,
O, it's then's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious rest,
As he leaves the house bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

There's somethin' kindo' hearty like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin of the bees;
But the air's so appertizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock;
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossells on the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries, kindo lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill
The strawstack in the medder and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead,
O, it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

A "LOVE OF A BONNET."

"I promised to buy my wife a new bonnet," remarked the editor of the "Recorder," as he crossed Canal street, arm-in-arm with his bosom friend Al. Knowlton, dodging a truck as he uttered the words, and stubbing the toe of a tight boot against the curb in consequence.

"Well, now that you are in town, and on Broadway, you ought to keep your word, and buy her as nice a bonnet as you can find," answered his friend, as he steadied the newspaper man, restoring to him his equilibrium.

"Yes, I know I ought to; but you see we country editors are not blessed, usually, with as many dollars as there are quads in the case. I have come on to New York to buy material and to see about commission merchants' ads, and I must not run myself short, then, again, it is a matter of two hundred miles to Freetown, and I must go up the river on business before I go home, so that, on the whole, the expense and the trouble of carrying the head-gear is too much. I guess Angie will have to do without it."

"Do without it!" exclaimed Knowlton, with a wealth of reproach in his tone. "Do without it! You are a pretty fellow to grumble about expense and distance! Your generosity is about as poor as your grammar. You say you have 'come on' to New York to buy printing material; now I say 'come on' and buy a bonnet for your wife! You can do the opposite, but she will bless the expense if it is a handsome hat, and she can let her neighbors know it came all the way from New York."

"Oh, I guess I won't get it this time," said Editor Bawshay.

"But I guess you will, though," replied Knowlton. "I'll give you no peace until you purchase a very love of a bonnet for that charming woman to whom you refer so carelessly as 'my wife.' Come, now, we will begin with the first store where there is the least likelihood of finding one. Here, old fellow, is a place where they sell artificial flowers; let's go in and see if by chance there is a bonnet for sale."

Somewhat against his will Bawshay suffered himself to be drawn into the trap, and presently Knowlton was asking to "see some bonnets."

"Well," said the proprietor of the establishment, in reply, "well, we don't keep bonnets; our business is confined to artificial flowers; but perhaps we have one or two which we have used to display samples of our goods, which we can let you have at a low figure. Step this way."

In the rear of the store five bonnets were found and duly inspected. The first four were unanimously condemned, but the fifth was charming. So thought the two male connoisseurs as they gazed at the delicate affair held aloft in the right hand of the merchant, who swayed it gracefully in curvinilear lines—giving it a sheer now to larboard and now to starboard.

"Yes," quoth Knowlton—who was a bachelor, and of course au fait in all matters of this sort—"it is just the thing you want, Bawshay—buy it."

Suddenly the proprietor was blessed with a happy thought.

"Here, Jenny," he cried, addressing a blooming young girl, the centre of a group of five women (the same number as the stock of bonnets) who were engaged in arraying roses and leaves not ten feet away. "Here, Jenny, will you be so good as to try this on?"

Jenny was a lovely creature, who evidently could make any bonnet seem other than it was by simply wearing it. She did not appear to like the idea of disporting herself before two strange men in order to show off the becomingness of an elegant head-covering as an inducement to them to purchase the same; it was a little out of her line; but she came forward and tried the bonnet on, blushing gloriously the while, making a most fascinating picture, which the editor and his friend regarded with open and undisguised admiration.

The hat was pronounced "perfection itself," and the charming girl returned it to the merchant with a delicious air of confusion and embarrassment.

Bawshay produced a roll of bills, thus apparently giving the lie to the legend about country editors' incurable impecuniosity and demanded "How much?"

Any milliner in town would charge you at least twenty-five dollars for it; but as we don't sell hats, and this is something unusual with us, you may have it for five dollars."

"Five dollars!" said Knowlton, under his breath. "About right as to value, but dirt cheap as hat prices go."

"All right," said Bawshay, "all right; please put it up."

Knowlton hoped that the man would prolong the process, for he was infatuated with the fair girl who had exhibited the article of dress in such a bewitching manner, and he could "hardly keep his eyes off her," as the phrase goes.

Bawshay, married man though he was, furtively regarded the young lady as she piled her vocation, still as red as the roses she was at work upon.

"Smitten, eh?" said the editor, as the friends reached the sidewalk, with the bandbox containing the treasure between them.

"Well, yes, I am, and no mistake!" returned Knowlton. "That's the girl I have been looking for—I wonder how I can ever become acquainted with her?"

"That is easy enough," said Bawshay. "You keep a fancy store don't you? Well, open an artificial flower department, and buy your stock at this establishment; ask the proprietor to let this beauty wait on you; improve the acquaintance and trust to luck."

"Capital!" said Knowlton. "I'll do it!" And he did.

The bonnet reached Freetown in due time, and many blessings were invoked upon Bachelor Knowlton's head by the editor's wife, who had been informed of the incidents of purchase, and who wore the husband's appreciated gift so daintily and with an air of such supreme elegance as to win at once the applause and envy of the whole village. Bawshay himself had more solid comfort for his five dollars than any fifty dollars he ever spent.

And while this "love of a bonnet" was creating such a sensation in Freetown, it was exerting a powerful influence still in New York. Following his literary friend's advice, Knowlton became a customer at the store where the now famous example of the milliner's skill had been purchased. According to programme and arrangement with the owner, the blooming young girl who had fascinated his senses at first sight waited upon him.

She was not as diffident as he expected. She served him with exquisite grace, answered his questions, listened to his diffusive and effusive remarks with an enchanting air, seemed to like the young fellow immensely; and after a few weeks the proprietor thought that he had not done a very good thing in allowing Jenny to wait on his new customer, as he took up too much of her time over small purchases, and seemed to be waiting on her, rather than she on him.

At last he remonstrated. The next time that he dropped in to buy he found the charming young lady more cordial and merry than ever before, and his intoxicated senses reeled with delight; so that he did not know—as his grandmother used to say—whether he was standing on his head or his heels." All at once the fair girl's sweet voice startled him beyond measure. In silver tones of dulcet softness, with a world of insinuation in them, she asked, as she leaned over the counter, beaming upon him with a melting smile:

"You are becoming very fond of me—aren't you?"

Like Clark Russell's "Grosvenor" in a cross sea, his mind was taken "all aback" and, like the vessel he was in danger of sinking wrong end first.

"Because," continued the lovely girl, "I don't want to create a wrong impression. I am married. My husband is an invalid at present, but will not always be so, and I expect to leave this situation soon. I took it to keep the wolf from the door, but I haven't found it necessary to grow pale and thin over it; and as I always believe in looking at the bright side, I am, my friends tell me, younger looking than I am."

Knowlton was dazed but he heard every word as she went on:

"Now I like you very much—I liked you the first time I saw you. It seemed so good of you to urge your friend so earnestly to buy a bonnet for his wife. You continued a conversation about it you remember, that had evidently begun in the street. Mr. Knowlton, my married life has been very happy, and although my husband is sick, his future is bright with hope. I have thought all along that you only wanted a good wife to complete you, and I have picked out one for you, who, if you take to and are fortunate enough to win, will make your life happy. I have a sister who is just like me in everthing—a counterpart, in fact. She is employed in a store something like this, further up the street. I will give you a letter of introduction, if you like. I sell flowers and she sells feathers. You can make her acquaintance—buy feathers, etc., and, in time, you may be intimate enough to ask if you may call upon her. I shall say nothing to her meanwhile, unless you desire it; but if you make slow progress, I will arrange so that you can meet her at my home. I am sure she will like you, and, if you like me, you ought to like her. How does the proposition strike you?"

At last the merry little woman ended her speech, and waited until her would-be admirer had recovered sufficiently to make answer. The novelty of the whole affair, from the buying of the bonnet to the proposed introduction to a second fair one, caused the "dumb-founded-perplexed" bachelor to exclaim:

"Well, this is the oddest experience I have ever had. I have always said that my state should be one of single blessedness, and here I am in the matrimonial net caught fast. Yes, I'll see your sister," said Knowlton, decidedly, jumping to his feet and giving the stool a whirl "I'll see your sister. And if she is half as jolly and good as yourself, I'll do my best to wed her."

Feathers proved as excellent a pretext as flowers. Knowlton made extraordinary progress in a few brief weeks, and "Sister Hattie," who was if anything, more lovely than Jennie, was captured completely. Their first meeting was an example of simultaneous, strong mutual liking, and as the days sped on it deepened.

Knowlton prospered in his business and prospered in his love. Jennie's husband got well, and, there being nothing in the way, the generous bachelor became a Benedict, married Hattie and built a small double cottage on Bergen Heights, so that the sisters are next-door neighbors; and, though he may have occasion to grumble as much as Bawshay hereafter, he has registered a vow to draw the line at bonnets, for however reasonable it may be for other men to complain of prices and frequent changes in milliner styles, he will never say a word so long as his wife makes good selections and his sister-in-law wears a "love of a bonnet."

A True Story.

Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, Ill., was during his lifetime the largest farmer in Illinois, and a very eccentric man. The circumstances of his marriage were as follows:

Outside of Jacksonville, a couple of miles, perhaps, there lived quite a respectable family. This family employed a servant girl. Graceful and neat in the extreme, and possessing a very fair share of intelligence, this girl was a match for whomsoever might take her unto himself. Jacob saw this flower and determined to possess it. One day he rode up to the door of the residence of the fair maid, alighted from his horse, and knocked with the butt end of his whip. The lady of the house answered his call, and, immediately upon her making her appearance, Jacob asked to see the servant girl.

The servant girl came, and Jacob said:

"I want a wife, and I have picked you out as the most proper person for that position that I can possibly find, I've never spoken to you before, but then that makes no difference. I'll give you one week to decide."

The girl blushed and was dumbfounded. Jacob mounted his horse and rode away. The girl inquired into Mr. Strawn's character and standing and was advised by those with whom she lived to accept the offer of his hand. Punctually a week later, Jacob rode up to the door, and knocked again with his whip and asked:

"Is it no or yes?"

Blushingly the girl answered in a low tone, but quite distinctly:

"Yes."

"Well," said Jacob, let's see; we'll get married the day after to-morrow, Wednesday. Here is some money to buy a wedding outfit."

And he threw her a purse containing a thousand dollars. The couple did get married on Wednesday, and no happier pair, during their lifetime, was to be met in Illinois.

A Noble Offering.

The superintendent of one of the street car railways leading out of New York into the country, told a touching story to a friend the other day, which found its way into a city paper.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand. After some hesitation, he said, conquering great agitation:

"I have a favor to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found, she would put it away for the baby. Well he's gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over and came to the conclusion we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fare of poor sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we'll keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundred of sick or dying children have owed to this dead child their one breath of air this summer.

How much more tender and true is such a memorial of the beloved dead than a pretentious monument, or even a painted church window, beautiful though they be. In England it is a frequent practice to build and furnish a life-saving station on the coast, in remembrance of a friend who is gone, and in this country memorial beds in hospitals are becoming a usual way of keeping in memory those we have lost.

Surely if the dead can look back on earth, they are better pleased to know that kind, loving deeds are done in their name than to see them emblazoned on cold stone in forgotten graveyards.

THE family were telling riddles one evening, and the five-year-old told this one:—"Four little hopper-toads sat on a tree; two hopped off, and then there were three." Nobody could guess it. "Well," she explained, "one of them hopped right back again." "Who told you that riddle?" asked mamma. "Nobody," replied the little one. "I thunk it up myself."

"MURDER? Your honor, it was a suicide. You see he wanted to kill himself, and hadn't the courage to, so he asked me, and I suicided him." "But, why did you then take his watch and pocket book?" "Why? Because he had no further use for them—that's why!"

"WHO was the meekest man?" asked a Sunday School teacher.

"Moses."

"Very well; who was the meekest woman?"

"Never was any."

A Letter to My Little Friends in Kent.

What I Saw and Heard During the Summer Vacation—Art Gallery Notables—Peal's Ancestor from Chestertown—The Mint—Salem, N. J.—Down the Delaware—Back to Philadelphia—The Centennial Grounds—Memories—Historic Paintings—Horticultural Hall and Fairy Land—A Counterpart to Australia's Farm at Morgan's Creek School House—Up the Schuylkill—The Hungarian Band at Belmont—Germantown—Zoological Garden—Girard College.

There are some little ladies and gentlemen in this county to whom I wish to tell what I saw and heard during the summer vacation, and as it would be very inconvenient to write each one a letter, I ask the favor that you publish this one.

Well, my dear children, on the afternoon of July 20th I left Baltimore in the three o'clock train for Philadelphia, reaching that city about six. We were met at the depot by a dear cousin who escorted us to her pleasant home in West Philadelphia. And to this young lady and her kind mother we are indebted for the many pleasures which were crowded into the short two weeks of our stay.

The next morning after our arrival we started out on a sight-seeing expedition. Our first visit was to Earl's Art Gallery, on Chestnut street. And the first picture which attracted my attention was Grace Darling and her father. Many of you know the story of her brave act in saving the passengers of the Farfarshire steamer wrecked on Longstone Island, off the southeastern coast of England, 7th September, 1838. I have often before seen pictures of Grace, but that is the first one of the father I have ever seen, and I was glad to find that somebody had at last concluded to give the old gentleman a place in the boat beside his daughter. The next one that my eyes rested upon was the beautiful face of Charlotte Corday looking through her prison bar. It was for a brave act that she was placed there, but her bravery, unlike that of Grace Darling, was displayed in taking human life. She believed she was benefitting her beloved France in ridding her of the tyrant Marat. There is something very touching in Lamartine's sketch of this unfortunate girl. Near by the last mentioned was a copy of Rosa Bonheur's celebrated painting "Spanish Muleteers crossing the Pyrenees;" having seen the original some years ago I did not enjoy this as I did the others, the originals of which I have never seen. I bestowed a few glances upon Priscilla, whom the readers of Longfellow will remember, then turned to where stood several of Rodger's Groups. One that pleased me is called "Going for the Cows." Among them is Rip Vanwinkle, (Poor old Rip! who always looks the same,) and one which has always been my favorite. It represents a Southern lady receiving rations from a Union soldier. At her side is a little boy who is hiding his face in the folds of her dress. A little negro boy stands near holding a basket.

At Wanamaker's I saw an oil painting, a portrait of Gen. Washington, and upon it was a card stating that it was painted by Peal. My impression is that this is only a copy and that the original is the property of the State of Maryland, and can be found at Annapolis, or in the rooms of the Historical Society in Baltimore. It will perhaps be interesting to my young readers to learn that the father of the artist lived in Chestertown, and was himself a painter of some merit. (It is likely that he painted only during leisure hours as we are told that he followed several other callings, among them that of a saddler, and he must have been a dentist, too, for it is stated that he made the first set of artificial teeth ever made in North America.) Some few years ago some one of his descendants came to Chestertown and searched among the graves in the old forsaken lot, in the rear of the court house, hoping to find some traces of this same Charles Willson Peal, the father of Rembrandt Peal the celebrated artist.

Our next visit was to the Mint. It will require too much space to describe to you what was to us so interesting to witness, the coining of silver dollars. We saw many specimens of gold and silver coin, not only of this country but of many foreign nations; the most singular among all the number is that of the Siamese, which consists of a number of round balls; the largest being about the size of a marble, the smallest about the size of a pea. While examining the Chinese coin I concluded that I would not like to be a person of wealth in that country, for if compelled to carry much money about with me, I should indeed find riches a burden, since of one of the coin which was pointed out to me, it requires three thousand to make a dollar. Among the many ancient coins which we saw is the Widow's mite, of which we have often read in the Bible. It is truly a small piece of money. I did not learn its value. I was much interested in the specimens of minerals which are exhibited there; among various other kinds a piece of Malachite which is singularly beautiful.

On the 23d we started on the steamer Major Reybold, down the Delaware, for a little visit to Salem, N. J., which we reached just as the sun was going down. We found this a pretty little city—many of the dwellings have yards in front, and these are filled with beautiful flowers. The streets were filled with persons who seemed to be in a great hurry. Now I cannot tell you whether they were intent upon business or only come to hear the band play, most likely the former, for the people of this section must have much of the quality which Mr. J. L. Thomas terms "push" and "go ahead," or they would never have driven back the water and taken possession of the vast tracts of marshy land which we saw on our way. They were covered with herd grass or with fields of rich, dark-green corn, instead of the tall nodding heads of the cat-tails and other rank grasses, with which we have always seen such land filled. We were met by Mr. J. H., who was no doubt, surprised to find, not only his good wife returned from Philadelphia, but two strangers with her. In a few minutes we were seated behind his fast horse and driven to his home, a short distance from town. The next day being Sunday we attended church in Salem; in the morning attended the Episcopal church, Rev. Mr. Perkins, pastor; at night went to the Methodist to hear Rev. Mr. Thorne. They both seemed equally earnest in their efforts to bring wanderers into the narrow path, which leads to the boundless realms of bliss. The churches are both firm buildings. The front of the Episcopal is covered with English Ivy. While looking at it I thought

"Here's to the green old Ivy leaf,
The leaf that ne'er is grey,
But trailing on through years of time
Bids tower and tree decay,
Creeping where no life is seen
A rare old plant is the Ivy green."

A ride in the afternoon gave us a view of fine country, the land well cultivated and the roads very much better than ours. Our trip down the Delaware was very pleasant. We passed Red Bank on the Jersey shore, where, perhaps you remember, there was a small fortification during the Revolution, and that Howe sent Col. Donop with two thousand Hessians to attack it; and that they were repulsed with considerable loss; their commander being among those mortally wounded. Above and on the opposite shore we saw Fort Mifflin which repulsed an attack made upon it at about the same time that upon Red Bank was made.

But I must quickly get me back to Philadelphia or the Editors of the NEWS will not let me tell you all that I wish about the city of Brotherly Love. Our first visit after our return was to the Centennial grounds. How familiar and yet how strange it seemed. Here, indeed, is Memorial Hall, just as it was in 1876, but can this wall be all that is left of Main Building? There was, to me, something very sad in viewing this in its loneliness; a few workmen engaged in tearing it down were all that we saw in the place of the thousands whom we saw assembled in it a few years ago. I wondered where are these that formed one surging sea of human beings, filling the space between the two buildings, when last I was there? Gone! gone! And my two loved relations stand here alone. Doubtless the grass grows upon the graves of many of that throng. They have passed away and are at rest. Many more still fighting the battle of life yet, look back to their visit to this place as a fair oasis in their desert of cares and trials.

But I am with my matter-of-fact cousin N. E., who will allow no dreaming on the way, so I am hurried into Memorial Hall. In it we found much to interest and amuse us. Very many of the articles sent from foreign countries to the Centennial were presented to the city of Philadelphia, and are in this building. The first thing we saw on entering was a number of cases containing fine specimens of chinaware. I believe I do not know how to fully appreciate pottery and so will not attempt to describe anything I saw in these cases. I was much interested in the India collection.

Here we saw the most beautiful robes, made of the fine wool of the Cashmere goat entwined with threads of gold; and capes of the delicate India muslin, which, you remember, is sometimes called "Running Water," and "Woven Wind," and here too, we saw cotton, raw silk, spices, and what will interest you most, the edible bird's nest. It may be a great luxury when properly prepared, but I would much prefer Canvass-back duck, or Diamond-back terrapin.

Among the many paintings is one representing the Battle of Gettysburg. Now, in looking at this I suppose it to be about thirty feet long, and twenty-five wide, but I may be greatly at fault in my estimation of the size. This picture, no doubt, presents many artistic difficulties, and is considered very fine, yet it doesn't please me. It is fearful to look upon the dead and dying huddled together in one mass. The horses, with their gay trappings, struggling beside their fallen riders. One is horrified by the scene and yet cannot pass it by; only a glance will not suffice, you must needs stand there, seemingly attracted by the very horror which it inspires.

At Horticultural Hall a new pleasure awaits us. The door is opened and we enter, for a moment I think we are in Fairyland. Can it be real, or am I dreaming? I have often imagined the beauty of the tropical vegetation, but this far exceeds anything my mind had every pictured. Here is seen the fern, which you remember I told you is the first green thing that ever grew upon our earth.

Only think of this delicate little plant which we find by the road side, and in the wood, grown to be a gigantic tree. Many of them have grown so tall that they have reached the top of the building. I was surprised to find, in a small one brought from Australia, an old acquaintance; for in a ravine a short distance from the Morgan's Creek school house grows one exactly like it. The leaves are not of the long feathery kind, but are palmeted.

Here, too, is the graceful palm, the leaves of which we so industriously wave during the summer season. How I wished for one of those immense leaves with their long fringed edges, to bring home to you. We also saw the bananna or plantain. Of all the great number of Tropical plants which we saw, this one alone had fruit upon it. The stalk rises to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. The leaves are in a cluster at the top; they are very large, being, I think, about five or six feet long, and eighteen or twenty inches broad, the middle rib is strong but the rest of the leaf is tender. The fruit is in the centre of the cluster of leaves. Here, for the first time, we saw the India Rubber tree and Coffee tree, both of which were very much unlike what we had supposed them to be.

Our next pleasure is a trip up the Schuykill. On the evening of the 27th of July we took passage on a little steamer for a moonlight excursion on this beautiful river. I thought of the lines I had so often read when a child. A volume containing many of Moore's short poems, was to me then, what Grimm's or Anderson's fairy stories are to you children of the present day. When a young man, Thomas Moore, the poet, came from his home in "The Emerald set in the ring of the sea," to visit this country, and while in Philadelphia wrote the lines to which I refer:

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he loved,
And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh."

I think there is in them little evidence of the genius which produced Lalla Rook, but it was pleasant to have them recalled after having been so long forgotten.

We came down the river as far as Belmont, where we landed and commenced to climb the hills on our way to the Mansion. I shall not soon forget the pleasure of that evening. With the help of the strong arm of my kind, young cousin, I reached the top of the last hill and found we were in the open space surrounding the Mansion. It was flooded with moonlight and we walked on enjoying it; some of the party, with all the zest that youth gives to such scenes, and the older ones with a pleasure mingled with sadness as the memory of similar scenes of other days are recalled.

Surely this must be a gala evening, for around this favorite resort there are hundreds assembled, all waiting patiently for just what we came to hear, namely, a Hungarian Band. We did not have long to wait before we were fully repaid for all our toil, in climbing the hills, to reach the place. There were, I think, twelve or fifteen performers. The instruments were all stringed. I know not what was played, I only know that it was beautiful.

A few days later finds us seated in the Reading railroad station waiting for a way-train to start for Germantown; soon we are off and after making many steps along the route we arrive at a station called by an Indian name; I have never seen the name written but it sounded like Wingabocken. The place had rather a wild, romantic look and I would scarcely have been surprised to have seen an Indian step from the shadow of the trees, but then there were none to be seen save the one with our own party. We ascended a steep hill and there found a gentlemen awaiting our arrival. We were soon seated in the carriage and our young cousin took us by a beautiful drive to the house of his father, Mr. S.

My dear children, I think you would have to visit Germantown to know just how beautiful it is. Then, too, we were on historical ground, and that lent a charm, for it was here that on the 4th of October, 1777, Washington attacked the British and was defeated with the loss of nearly a thousand men. While in Philadelphia, in '76, I saw in Independence Hall the doors of the house in which a British regiment had taken refuge during this battle, and in the storming of which the Americans lost so much valuable time. History tells us that it was a stone house, and perhaps the walls are still standing; if so I promise myself that some day I shall view them and listen to the language which they speak.

After spending a delightful evening we returned to Philadelphia. Our pleasure was somewhat marred by being seated in the car near a "Ladadah" who lolled lazily in the seat, childishly playing with a gold-headed cane and discoursing flippantly of Kellogg whom he thought "too too."

Our next visit was to the Zoological Garden. Very many of the animals we had seen before, but there were many others new to us, among them the kangaroo of Australia; the cuts I have seen of this animal represented it as a most ungraceful creature, which is not the case.