...E CHESTERTOWN ...NSCRIPT.

...8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY ... NO. 32.

NORRIS & SON,
Pratt street,
Light, Baltimore.

...S for the following First ...Machines:

...KER REAPERS, $165.
... and Mowing ... $205.
...EAR MOWER, ..., $125.
... well known to need ... us.
... THRESHHRS AND ...NERS,
...RIPPLE-GEARED ...VERS,
... purchasers, or no sale.
... & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,
...mer's favorite, with improvements for ...ext season, rendering them the most su...erior Drill in the wide world.
NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE.
The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.
McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,
Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.
☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.
Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.
THOMAS NORRIS & SON,
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

GROCERIES,
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NOTICE.
TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers ... VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.
THOMAS M. G...
88 *W. Baltimore Street,*
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

C. T...
ATTEN...N.
1st.
TO MY LARGE and VARIED STOCK OF GOODS,
Embracing the *Largest* and the *Best* assortment of all descriptions that I have ever offered to the Public, it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate the various kinds and qualities, and the only way to find out is to give me a call and save money by *buying of me for the CASH.*

2nd.
To my full and beautiful line of CASSIMERES,
BOUGHT TO MATCH IN SUITS,
together with assortments of Beaver & French Cloths for Overcoats, and to the fact that
MR. E. J. MOLINEAX,
Fashionable Tailor, formerly of Philadelphia,
now occupies rooms over my store: I am therefore prepared to furnish to order Clothing of all Styles, to suit the most fastidious.

3rd.
I am Agent for the justly celebrated
Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,
...ich I keep constantly on hand in a room ... up for the purpose, where they are open ...pection to all that wish to buy. This ... ably known, that ...ssary to accom...
... of my customers ...k of Liquors, ..., WINE, GIN, ...antly keep on hand ...special attention is ...H OLD COGNAC ...O GIN and PURE ... I bought especially ... and family use.
...cles can be bought ...
...NELL'S ...ce and Poultry ...is market, taken ..., or the Cash. ...

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
175 Balt. street,
OFFERS the following inducements to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For Ladies.
Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.
Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.
Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.
Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mittens.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.
Dec. 11, 1869—y.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON
WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.
ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.
☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited*
January 19, 1868—y

NEW FALL ... GOODS, AT KENNE... LE.
W. WARREN has just opened a large, well-selected stock of seasonable
Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,
bought on good terms, and will be sold as low, for cash or Produce, as they can be purchased anywhere in this county.
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
A large stock of all kinds, at low prices.
MALLALIEU'S CEREBRATED CASSIMERES, and KERSEYS, in great variety.
☞ Call and See our STOCK
No trouble to show Goods.
Kenneydyville, Nov. 6, 1869.

FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.
The Democratic Almanac for 1870.
We have now in press, and will publish about the 1st of January, THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1870. It will contain, besides the usual matter of all Almanacs, full and official returns of the elections held this year, compared with previous ones, the most important Acts of the last session of Congress, lists of Federal and State officers, members of Congress, chronology of all the important events of the year, statistical and other information indispensible to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic.
All orders will be filled according to the date of their reception. The cash must accompany all orders.

TERMS:

Single copies, by mail, prepaid,	$0 20
Seven copies, by mail, prepaid,	1 00
Fifteen copies, by mail, prepaid,	2 00
One hundred copies, by express,	12 00

Address,
VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, No. 162 Nassau st.,
Nov. 20, 1869. New York.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*
McCOY & RASIN,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 73 South Street,
OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,
BALTIMORE.
Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.
☞ We refer to the following among our patrons in Kent:
Judge Joseph A. Wickes,
Hon. William Welch,
Hon. Samuel Cha...,
George D. S. Ha...,
William B. Wilmer,
George T. Hollyday,
Dr. Samuel A. Beck.
Feb. 13, 1869—y.

COX, WARDEN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS ...

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE IN GALENA.
THOMAS H. HORSEY.
"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Fitz James spoke thus to Rhoderic Dhu,
And so, kind friends, we'll say to you,
That we intend to sell
Goods as cheap as they can be bought in Kent.

We now offer to the Public at LOW RATES for *CASH* or *COUNTRY PRODUCE,* a General Assortment of Goods, just purchased from NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA markets.
OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Is Hard to Beat.
Always on hand a full supply of
FAMILY GROCERIES
And Choice Liquors.
A well-selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Gloves, Builders' and House Keeping Hardware; Queens, Stone and Cedar Ware—a full stock in this Line, to suit all tastes.
☞ Ladies *DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS* and *TRIMMINGS* we make a speciality.
MALLALIEU'S KERSEYS and CASSIMERES, *very cheap.*
Turner's celebrated Axes, just received.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!
Give us a call, and we'll suit you all.
Galena, October 30, 1869—y.

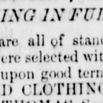
Large Stock of Fall Dry Goods!
BOUGHT at *CLOSE CASH FIGURES* and offered at reasonable advances.
Full Assortment of Seasonable
Farm Goods,
Heavy and Light Groceries and Farm Hardware; all being opened during the coming week, and to which the early attention of consumers is respectfully called, as we claim ability to meet the sharpest competition in trade, and challenge comparison in quality of Goods and Scale of Prices with any House on the Shore doing a legitimate business.
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, October 16, 1869.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
IN EXTRA QUALITY, AND LOW PRICED GOODS.
COATS, PANTALOONS, AND VESTS,
AND CLOTHING IN FULL SUITS.
These Goods are all of standard quality and late style, were selected with great care, and will be sold upon good terms.
LOW PRICED CLOTHING, cheap, for sale by THOMAS S. WICKES.

FARMERS
HAVING TO PURCHASE HEAVY WINTER BOOTS for themselves or Hired Hands, have their attention called to Cases of Boots, which we have now in store, which are equal if not superior to any of the same class of Goods to be found elsewhere in this market. An examination must ensure a purchase. Also Cases of YOUTHS' BOOTS, of the same grade and a large stock of WINTER SHOES for Ladies, Misses and Children.
THOMAS S. WICKES.
November 6, 1869.

BLANKETS, FLANNELS, and Mallalieu's First Class Goods, on hand in general variety and For Sale Cheap by THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown, November 6, 1869.

Removal.
SAMUEL C. GLEAVES
RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and the public generally that he has removed to the
Corner Store, up town,
formerly occupied by Mr. James W. Phillips, and has now in store, and will keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of
GROCERIES, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, &C.
GOOD TOBACCO AND SEGARS.
I have also a full assortment of
LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.
FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED,
of all kinds, on hand.
☞ Please call and examine my stock of Goods.
SAMUEL C. GLEAVES.
Chestertown, Sept. 11, 1869—y.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,

Dentist,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High ..., next door below the residence of Mr. ... Bradshaw.
☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.
Jnuray 13, 1865—y.

TAXES FOR 1869.
THE subscriber hereby notifies Tax Payers of the Fifth District that their tax accounts for the present year are now due ... earnestly solicited, ... nn steamboat wharf ..., at Rees' Corner ev... and at Chestertown ... WHEATLEY.

Selected Poetry.

THE CHILDREN.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild:
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
When I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient errection;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That met me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the good-nights and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That were brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

☞ Upon the subject of dress and appearance, the New York Times thus remarks:

A coat that has the mark of use upon it, is a recommendation to people of sense, and a hat with too much nap and too high a lustre, is a derogatory circumstance The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken down merchants, clerks with pitiful salaries, and men that do not pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornaments on ladies indicate to the eyes that are well opened, the fact of a silly lover or husband cramped for full ... And when a pretty woman goes by ... with those ... and neat apparel, it is the ... that she has fair expectations, and a husband that can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gilding make men suspicious that the binding is the most important part,

Confidence.

Esteem your brother to be good, and he is so. Confide in the half virtuous man, and he becomes wholly virtuous. Encourage your pupil by the assumption that he possesses certain ... and they will be developed ... incapable of ... so. Pronounce yourself in ... you ... become so. All nature is but the ... of the mind, and from her we learn the highest of laws—that the real springs from the ideal; that the ideal by degrees remodels the world.

☞ It goes a great way towards making a man faithful to let him understand you think him so; and he that does but suspect that I will deceive him, gives me a kind of right to cozen him.

☞ No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ... It is the heart that ... He is rich or poor ... according to w...

WASHINGTON'S WEDDING

It was in the spring of 1759. Mr. Custis, a planter, residing at his estate called the "White House," was riding out one morning, when he met, coming from the northward, a young gentleman of military appearance, and excellently mounted, accompanied by a gaunt old servant, or sergeant, who rode respectfully a few paces behind his master. The new comer was Colonel George Washington, on his way from Winchester to Williamsburg, and his attendant, Bishop, formerly Braddock's body servant, now his own.

Washington was twenty-five at that time, and a young man of great sedateness and dignity. He was in chief command on the frontier, and saw or thought little of the fair sex. But, on this spring morning of 1758, his "time had come."

Mr. Custis greeted him, and invited him to stop at the White House. He would do so with pleasure, but it would be for half an hour only. His business was pressing; he must hasten on to see his Excellency at Williamsburg. And conversing, they rode back, and reached the White House. Here Washington dismounted, and delivered his horse to Bishop, with orders to await him there; he would continue his journey in half an hour. Bishop saluted gravely, with hand raised to his hat, his master entered the house; and the half hour passed—the old servant waiting patiently.

His master did not, however, make his appearance. The event was unheard of; Col. Washington was the soul of punctuality; he was on pressing public business; what could be the meaning of this strange and unwo... delay?

An h... ...ssed—two hours—passed. Col. Was...n did not reappear. But a servant ... out and delivered an order from him to the motionless old bodyguard. He would conduct the horses to the stables; his master would dine, and possibly spend the night with Mr. Custis. Bishop obeyed—the world was clearly coming to an end!—and Colonel Washington was the guest of the owner of the White House.

On the next morning, Bishop, in obedience to orders to that effect, saddled the horses and waited before the door for the colonel, who designed setting out, he said, immediately. An hour passed; the colonel did not appear,—two hours afterward, there was still no signs of him. Then the servant came again, and directed the horses to be led back. Colonel Washington would remain to dinner, and then continue his journey.

The day was far spent when the young soldier made his appearance, and vaulted into the saddle. Tall, vigorous, graceful, and with a certain loftiness of port, even then distinguishable, he was a gallant-looking cavalier—one whom any woman might admire.

One was gazing at him through the window—a young lady of about his own age, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, hair carried back from the forehead, and a neck, resembling snow, above the square-cut bodice. The young colonel reined his high-spirited horse, nearly throwing him upon his haunches, and made a courteous salute with his right hand, (it was nearly the attitude of a bronze statue of him afterwards,) and galloped away, thinking probably of the brightest eyes and lips.

"Colonel George Washington, of Mount Vernon," had seen for the first time Mrs. Martha Custis, the beautiful young widow, who, a year after, was to become his wife.

Tradition relates that the ceremony took place in old St. Peter's Church which we have referred to in the beginning of his sketch. The scene was a brilliant one, and may interest the reader. It was in January, 1759. The Rev. Dr. Mossom, parson of the parish, attired in ... all canonicals, and the pair advanced, followed by a bevy of beauties and groomsmen.—Washington was clad in a suit of blue-and-silver, lined with red silk; his waistcoat was embroidered; his knee and shoe buckles were of gold; his hair was powdered and he wore a dress-sword The bride was dressed in white satin, with rich lace ruffles; had pearl ornaments in her hair; pearl necklace, ear-ring, and bracelets; white satin shoes, with high heels and diamond buckles; and was followed, as has been said, by an array of beautiful and richly dressed girls, leaning upon the arms of groomsmen, in costumes as imposing. The vice-regal Governor of Virginia, in a suit of scarlet, embroidered with gold, with huge bag-wig and dress-sword, was seen in the midst of a number of officers of the English army and navy; and a great crowd of what were then called "the gentry"—friends and relations of the bride and groom—filled the church, all intent upon the "interesting ceremony." One personage has been forgotten—Bishop, the old body-servant. He, too, was present. With folded arms and much emotion on his aged face, he gazed at the ceremony with the rest.

It soon ended, and the brilliant crowd flowed forth from the old church. Tradition relates that the bride and as many of her fair attendants as could do so, entered the great chariot, which rolled off, drawn by its six spirited horses; while the bridegroom, fonder of horse-back, mounted his splendid English charger, bequeathed to him by Braddock, and cantered after the coach, attended by a number of gallant youths.

Such was the...

patriotism a... like other ... human sympat... result has been t... sure to impress the... but are chilled by ... statue under which th... Such an idea is a falla... beings have ever felt ... Washington. He loved ... he did not hate bitterly, it ... moral nature revolted from ... sister of injustice, and his immu... control enabled him to rule himself...

But his moral discourse is apar... the aim of the little sketch here presen... If that sketch be without "historic impo... ance," it may claim, perhaps, the mer... of being characteristic. The contrast at least is something. Few men are left of that man's mould, and our weddings today are prosaic. Blue and silver coats, with red silk linings, are not the fashion. Six-horse chariots have disappeared. All that brilliant life of the past has faded into the unpicturesque nineteenth century, and the poetry, splendor, and romance, have all turned to prose.

But the great oaks and old church, lost in the wilds of New Kent, are still there. Beneath the trees flashed that brilliant *cortege* of days—in that building George Washington placed the ring on the finger of his bride. All has passed away now. The stately and beautiful figures have long lain down in their tombs, but the stubborn trunks, with their ancient inscriptions, remain to recall the life of the past.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Baby's Shirt.
AS RELATED BY MRS. JONES.

We was all prepared to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, the gals was going, and we was going to take the baby. But come to dress the baby, I couldn't find its little shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of the drawer a purpose; I knew jest where I'd put it, but come to look for it, it was gone.

"For mercy's sake," says I, "gals, has any of you seen that baby shirt?"

Of course none of 'em had seen it, and I looked and looked again, but it wasn't nowhere to be found. "It's the strangest thing in all nature," says I; "here I had that shirt in my hand not more'n ten minutes ago, and now its gone, nobody knows where! "Gals," says I, "do look, can't ye."

But fretting and fuming wouldn't find it, so I went to the bureau and fished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby; and at last we were ready for a start.

Father had harnessed the double team, and the gals were all having a good time, going to see Mary Ann married; but somehow, I couldn't get over that baby's shirt. T'want so much the shirt, but to have anything sperrited away, right from under my face and eyes, 'twas too provoking.

"What be you thinking about, mamma?" said Sophrony. "What makes you so sober?" says she.

"I'm pestered to death thinking about that baby's shirt," says I; "one of you must a took it I'm sartain," says.

"Now, ma," says Sophrony, says she, "you needn't say that; and, as I laid it on to 'em a great many times, they was beginning to get vexed; and so we had it back and forth all about that baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding.

Seeing company kind o' put it out of my mind: I was getting good natured again, though I couldn't help but say to myself every few minutes, what could have become of that baby's shirt? till they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it.

Mary Ann was a real modest creature, and was more'n half frightened to death, when she came to the room with Stephen, and the minister told 'em to jine hands. She fust gave her left hand to Stephen. "Your other hand," says the minister, and poor Steve, he was so bashful, too, he didn't know what he was about; he tho't 'twas his mistake, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand. That wouldn't do, any way; but by this time they didn't know what they was about, and Mary Ann jined her left hand with his left, then the left with her right, then both her left hand with his left, then the left with her right, then both her left hands again, till I was all in a fidget, and thought they would never get fixed. Mary Ann looked as red as a turkey; and to make matters wuse, she began to cough—to turn it off, I s'pose—and called for a glass of water. The minister had just been been drinking, and the tumbler stood right there. I was so nervous and in such a hurry to see all over with, that I ketched up the tumbler and with it to her; for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink. I do not know how it happened, but the tumbler slipped, and gracious me! if between us both we didn't spill the water all over her collar and sleeve. I was dreadfully frustrated, for it looked as though 'twas all my fault. and the first thing I did was to out with my handkerchief and give it to Mary Ann. It was nicely done up; she took it and shook it out. The folks held it putty well up to this time, but then such a gigle and laugh as there was. I didn't know ... had given them such a s... and—*I'd given Mary A... shirt!*

[Here Mrs. Jones who ... woman, undulated and sh... jelly, with her mirth ... time before ...

MARK TWAIN.
While upon his trip to Niagra, Mr. Twain met a British officer with the following result. He says:

At the principal hotel I fell in love with the Major of the 42nd Fusileers, and a dozen other hearty and hospitable Englishmen, and they invited me to join them in celebrating the Queen's birth-day. I said I would be delighted to do it. I said I liked all the Englishmen I had ever happened to be acquainted with, and that I, like all my countrymen, admired and honored the Queen. But I said there was an upperable drawback—I never drank anything strong upon any occasion whatever. I did not see how I was going to be ... and proper ... at considerable length, but ... to be no way of mastering ... and he was too much of a gentleman ... suggest even a temporary ... and-by he ... my principles. But by-

"I have ... Drink soda water. As long as you ... drink anything ... more nutrious, there is ... impropriety in it."

And so it was ... We ... in a large parlor handsomely ... with flags and evergreens, ... ourselves at a table well ladened ... creature comforts, both solid and liquid. The toasts were happy and the speeches were good, and we kept it up until long after midnight. I never enjoyed myself more in my life. I drank thirty-... more in soda water. But do you ... bottles of a reliable article for a steady drink? It is too gassy. When I got up in the morning I was full of gas and as tight as a balloon. I hadn't an article of clothing that I could wear except my umbrella.

After breakfast I found the Major making grand preparations again. I asked what it was for, and he said this was the Prince of Wales' birthday. It had to be celebrated that evening. We celebrated it. Much against my expectations we had another splendid time We kept it up until some time after midnight. I was tired of soda, and so I changed for lemonade better for a steady drink than soda-water but it isn't so. In the morning it had soured on my stomach. Biting anything was out of the question—it was equivalent to lock-jaw. I was beginning to feel worried and sad, too.

Shortly after luncheon I found the Major in the midst of some preparations.—He said this was the Prince Alice's birthday. I concealed my grief.

"Who is the Princess Alice? I asked.

"Daughter of her Majesty, the Queen," the Major said.

I succumbed. That night we celebrated the Princess Alice's birthday. We kept it up as late as usual, and really I enjoyed it a good deal. But I could not stand lemonade. I drank a couple of ice water.

In the morning I had the toothache and cramps and chilblains, and my teeth were on edge from the lemonade, and I was still pretty gassy. I found the inexorable Major at it again.

"Who is this for?" I asked.

"His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburg," he said.

"Son of the Queen?"

"Yes."

"And this is his birthday—you have not made any mistake?"

"No, the celebration comes off to-night."

I bowed before the new calamity. We celebrated the day. I drank part of a barrel of cider. Among the first objects that met my weary and jaundiced eyes the next day, was the Major, at his interminable preparation again. My heart was broken and I wept.

"Whom do we mourn this time?" I said.

"The Princess Beatrice, daughter of the Queen."

"Here, now," I said; "it is ... quire into this thing. How long ... Queen's family likely to hold out. Who comes next on the list?"

"Their Royal Highnesses Anne, Mary, Elizabeth, Gertrude, Augusta, Willie, Simon, Ferdinand, Jane, Sophia, Susannah, Socrates, Thompson—"

"Hold! There's a limit to human endurance. I am only mortal. What must I do, I dare! but he who celebrate this family in detail, and live to tell it, is less or more than man. If you have to go through this every year, it is a mercy I was born in America, for I haven't the constitution enough to be an Englishman. I shall have to withdraw from this enterprise. I am now out of drinks. Out of drinks, and thirteen more to celebrate.—Out of drinks just out of the outskirts of the family, as you may say. I am sorry enough to have to withdraw, but it is plain enough that it has to be done. I am full of gas, and my teeth are loose, and I am afflicted with scurvy, toothache, measles, the mumps and lock-jaw, and and wrenched with cramps, and the cider last night has given me the cholera.—Gentlemen, I mean, well, but really I am not in a condition to celebrate the other ... on."

... us rest."

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