THE KENT NEWS:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.,
OFFICE IN MASONIC HALL.

WM. B. USILTON. FRED. G. USILTON.
WM. B. USILTON & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION: $1 PER ANNUM
strictly in advance. If not paid in advance $1.50 will be charged.

SIX MONTHS, 60 CENTS; THREE MONTHS, 40 CENTS.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE, solicited, but all articles must be accompanied by responsible names.

Kent News.

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ADVERTISING AND JOB-PRINTING.

Terms of Transient Advertising:

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Each subsequent insertion - - - - 25
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JOB-PRINTING:
—SUCH AS—
HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS,
BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, &c.
executed with neatness and dispatch at satisfactory price.

The CHANGE to Take Place!

On January 1st, 1892, there will be a Change in Our Business, but Before the Final Arrangements can be Perfected, Our Present Stock, Including the

LARGEST, MOST COMPLETE AND BEST SELECTED LINE of

FINE FALL AND WINTER GOODS

MUST BE TURNED INTO CASH.

Our Stock this season is much Larger than any previous year and WAS BOUGHT AND PAID FOR before any CHANGE was contemplated. OUR STOCK MUST BE CLOSED OUT ENTIRELY. We must have an empty Store-room on January 1st, 1892, and therefore propose to SLAUGHTER OUR ENTIRE LINE from this date. Every Article in our house from a Paper Collar to the Finest Suit is marked in Plain Figures. We mean business and propose to make this the most attractive LOW PRICE SALE ever made in Kent county, and want the people to understand that this GREAT SACRIFICE OF OUR NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS IS ONLY TO PREPARE FOR THE CHANGE.

AS THIS BIG STOCK WAS BOUGHT FOR HARD CASH, we propose to offer the people of Kent and her sister counties the opportunity of buying NEW GOODS in Suits, Overcoats, Hats, Shoes and Underwear at lower prices than ever before known in this community. Everything must go without reserve. Below we quote prices on a few article to show you that we mean to make cuts on all good in our line.

Examine These Figures:

Men's Heavy Winter Suits in Frocks and Sacks cut from	*$ 6 00 to $ 4 50*
Men's Union Cassimere Suits cut from - - -	*8 00 to 6 00*
Men's Cheviot, All Colors, cut from - - - -	*10 00 to 7 50*
Men's All Wool Cassimere Suits - - - -	*12 50 to 10 00*
Men's Extra Fine Harris Cassimer Suits - -	*15 50 to 12 50*

These prices are 25 per cent. less than real value.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

Men's Heavy, Lined Overcoats cut down to - -	*$ 3 00*
Men's Chinchillla and Beaver, in all colors, cut down to - -	*4 50*
Men's Fine Melton, all shades, cut down to - -	*6 79*
Men's Fine Cassimere and Kersey, in light and dark colors, cut down to	*8 50*
Men's Extra Fine English Melton, single and double breasted, cut to -	*10 00*
Men's English Top Overcoat, something nobby, cut down to -	*12 50*

There never has been such low prices quoted on overcoats. They must go.

PANTS. PANTS. PANTS.

We can show you the largest and most complete line ever offered to the trade, ranging in price from $1 00 to $1 50 $2,00, $2 50, $3 00, and $5 00. We will save you 25 per cent. on every Pair of Pants from the cheapest to the finest.

BIG BOYS' SUITS IN THE SLAUGHTER.

Suits from age 4 to 18 will be closed out at from $3 00, $4 00, $4 50, $5 75, $6 37½, $7 62½ and $8 50. This is a tremendous cut and is more than 25 per cent. lower than you can buy them elsewhere.

LITTLE BOYS' SUITS DOWN TO THESE PRICES.

Suits from age 4 to 13 going at $1 00, $1 25, $1 35, $2 25, $3 00, $3 62½ and $4 50. Mothers come and get your little fellows a suit at wholesale figures. We can save you 25 per cent. on the goods.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS.

From age 4 to 17 you can buy at astonishingly low figuers. Look at these prices, $1 00, $1 75, $2 37½, $3 00, $3 62½, $4 12½, $6 37½, $7 00. This is the biggest cut of all as we want to please the boys and their parents. Save 25 per cent. when you can.

BOOTS and SHOES.

Have been cut deeper than other goods as our Clothing trade has increased so rapidly we cannot devote much space to this line, and may be compelled to discontinue handling them for want of room. So down the price goes. The whole stock will be closed out at cost.

We will save you 25 per cent. on GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS and TRUNKS. We believe the people appreciate LOW PRICES and there is no mistake in our intention to gratify all who call on us this season.

A. FRIEDMAN,
Opposite Stam's Hall. Chestertown, Maryland.

SHOES made to Measure and Fit Guaranteed.

Buy the celebrated Storm Slipper for Men and Ladies.

Jack Frost Says its Time to Get Your Heavy Footwear!

READY with OUR COLD WEATHER BARGAINS

Above us stands no competitors. Below us lie no competing prices. We will commence the season with Bargains! We will continue the season with Bargains! We will end the season with Bargains! Fine Goods and plenty of them. All the Leading and Representative Styles for Fall and Winter.

BOOTS AND SHOES!

FOR LADIES, GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR.

EVERY DEPARTMENT FULL OF NEW NOVELTIES, RICH IN QUALITY AND STYLE!
YOU ARE SURE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT!
ONE AIM:—TO KEEP THE BEST!
ONE AMBITION: TO PLEASE OUR TRADE!
ONE PRINCIPLE:—FAIR DEALING!
ONE PRICE:—THE LOWEST!

THOS. G. WROTH, the Shoe Man,
UNDER STAM'S HALL.

We lay special Stress on the Novelty and Variety of our Stock and Moderate Prices

Use Ravin Gloss Shoe Polish Best on the Market, and will not Crack the Leather.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

ALMOST every one who reads knows of our store and clothing. *Best Made is Our Rule.* Our Fall and Winter Line of Suits and Overcoats is now ready for inspection. They are all of proper fabric and right color, $7 to $20. All the way from neatness to luxury.

COMMANDING the largest patronage in Baltimore, our Juvenile Department carries the most extensive stock of Boys' Wear (more than any three other houses.) Our prices offer no excuse for keeping a shabby rig. Splendid Suits and Overcoats at $3.00, $3.50, $5 and $6. Full line of Shirt Waists, Underwear, &c., at bottom prices. 25 cents up.

MANY gentlemen prefer distinct individuality in their garments. Our Custom Branch contains the choicest weavings, both foreign and domestic, and is ever ready to meet the wants of the most fastidious at one-third less than exclusive merchant tailors. Splendid Suits $20 to $25.

EVERY Hat we sell is guaranteed. Your new hat should be the latest both in block and color. Our department is crowded with all the newest winter shapes. Special line of $3 Derbys at $1.98. Boys' durable hats, 39 cents up.

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT stocked with full lines of this season's Underwear, Shirts, Hosiery, &c., at very reasonable prices.

MAIL ORDERS receive prompt attention. Samples, Catalogues, &c., sent on application.

Oehm's Acme Hall,

CLOTHIERS, FURNISHERS AND HATTERS,

5 and 7 West Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE.

A handsome souvenir will be presented to any purchaser presenting this order.

GEO. B. WESTCOTT. CHAS. L. DODD.

Goods Within the Reach of Every Purse!

To state a fact is one thing, but to demonstrate it is another, and in order to do this we respectfully invite the public to call and see our stock of

Fall and Winter Goods.

Canton Flannels and Musllns, special brands and extra weight at 6 and 8c. per yard. Tickings, Dark Outings, Red Flannels, Dress Flannels and Plaids of every shade, first-class Navy Blue at 25c. per yard. and astonishingly low White Flannel at 10c. Dress Goods in plain and plaids. Our Black Henriettas at 50c., 75c. and $1; cannot be excelled in price or quality. Table Linen Napkins, a good one at 50 cents a dozen. Fine line of Towels, Apron Goods and Edges. The best styles in Dress Ginghams at 8, 10 and 12½c. per yard. Children's, Misses, Youths', Ladies' and Gent's Underwear of every kind and quality, one of the very best Ribbed Vests for Ladies at 25c. ever sold. A Double-Breasted and Double-Back Gent's Shirt for 50c., a regular knock out. Ladies ask for our Boulevard Corset, Dr. Warner's Health Corset, and our No. 848.

Fine line of Hoisery. The best black Hose, 2 pair for 25c., in all sizes, will wash as well as any 50c. hose, and to prove it we could give you 100 testimonials, but only ask one trial. Gloves, Mittens, Blankets and Comforts at all prices.

Boots and Shoes!

Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Gent's Shoes of good style and quality at low price. Gents' and Boys' Boots in Leather and Gum. Woodsocket Sag Proof Boot, the best, we never had a pair returned. Gum Shoes, Coats and a fine line of Gossamers for ladies.

Hats and Caps of the latest styles. Fine line of Gents' Neck Ware, Collars, Cuffs, and Champion Shirts at 50 cents. Oil Cloths, in Style. Groceries of every kind, ask for our Duck Soap. Tobacco at 25c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 76c. and $1.00. never lost a customer on our 75c. tobacco that we ever made. Cigars! Ask for our Racket Cigar, and we are kicking up the biggest kind of a racket with it. Queensware and everything else kept in a general store. Bring your trade at. This date we are giving 10c. for lard, 21c. for eggs.

yours respectfully
WESTCOTT & DODD,
Oct. 24, 1891.

MAUD S. IN KENT!

MAUD S. STILL HOLDS HER RECORD AND
—SO DOES—

Urieville Mills!

HAVING recently added extensive improvements, I am enabled to give 35 lbs. of PATENT, 36 lbs. of STRAIGHT, or 40 lbs. of SECOND GRADE Flour and a ½ bushel of Bran for 60 lbs. of first-class wheat.

—CORN GOODS—

With the new cleaning machines that I have lately added, I feel safe in *guaranteeing* a *cleaner* and *purer* line of Corn Goods than can be produced by *any mill* in the county.

Seed Wheat.

I have just placed a machine, by the use of which I can *thoroughly clean* SEED WHEAT of all foreign matter, for the cost of only 5 cents per bushel. My long experience in handling grain justifies me in saying that the use of this machine on SEED WHEAT is the only method by which the highest standard of excellence can be obtained. I can clean it for you while you wait, and you can take it right back with you. All screenings returned with wheat.

I am thankful for all past patronage and ask the continuance of the same.

WM. W. McKNETT,
Urieville Roller Mills.
s12-ti.

'Mid Scenes in Spain.

From the Canary Isles to the Bleak Shores of Gibraltar—The Spanish Maiden and the Baltimore Belle—Between Two Continents—A Bull Fight—Visit to the Alhambra—Dirty Natives.

UNITED STATES SHIP MONONGAHELA,
AT SEA, October 10, 1891.

A six-days' run almost due south, from Madeira, and we find ourselves among the Canaries, a group of seven islands lying in the Atlantic, west and slightly north of that vast stretch of country marked upon the map of Africa as the Great Desert. Second in size, but first in importance, because of its fertility, is the Grand Canary, the harbor of which, known in the vernacular tongue as Puerto de la Luz (Gate of Light,) we entered on the 30th of August. The harbor, though small, is a safe one and well protected by an extensive breakwater. It is also quite an important coaling station.

Four miles distant from the bay and communicating with it by means of a steam trainway, lies Las Palmas, a typical, tropical town of about 15,000 inhabitants. Its streets are narrow—made so, I understand, to protect pedestrians as much as possible from the effects of the sun. They are clean and kept in excellent condition. Like all towns of the neighboring islands that we have yet visited, Las Palmas is made specially attractive by numerous pretty flower gardens surrounding its private residences. There is also a fine English hotel in the town, where excellent meals are served, a fact to which I can bear testimony from personal experience.

Our stay in port was so short that I was enabled to see but little of the island, and of the town itself, not much can be said. Concerts are regularly given by military bands on Sundays and Thursdays of each week, at 9.30 o'clock in the evening. One of these I attended and was well pleased that I did so, for the music was charming. On these occasions the elite and aristocracy turn out in full force, and it afforded me an opportunity to get a glimpse of the Spanish belle, whose charms are sung by poets and praised by writers of prose.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SPANISH BELLES.

I had heard much of the phenomenal beauty of the Spanish maiden, but until this occasion I had never seen her in her own genial land. I can now bear testimony to the fact that Spanish beauty has a real existence. The women, at least those of the upper classes, are beautiful. Their hair, in great rich tresses tastefully arranged, is as luxuriant as the flowers that adorn the grounds surrounding their homes; their complexions perfect, features well-cut and symmesrical, and their eyes, when engaged in animated conversation, glisten. It may well be said of the Spanish belle that "her glances are like diamonds whose many facets cause our eyes to blink beneath their luster." I willingly admit the beauty of the Baltimore belle, and loyally proclaim the same. I know it to be no easy task to equal her in form and feature, yet candor compels me to acknowledge that it is well for her laurels that such rivals as the society queens of Las Palmas are not near neighbors.

After a stay of only two days we spread our canvas, sailed out of port and turned our prow northward, en route to Gibraltar. On this run we expected to encounter head winds—the northeast trade winds that usually prevail at this period; but, fortunately for our comfort, we soon ran out of them, and a spanking breeze carried us bounding over the blue waters.

"Black Billy," a recent addition to the ship's crew in the person of a goat purchased while we lay in the harbor of Fayal, stood the trip manfully. He is now quite a sea dog, and walks the deck with the air of one conscious of his ability to laugh at storms.

BETWEEN TWO GREAT CONTINENTS.

September 15th found us off the Mediterranean, a sea the extent of which well entitles it to the name of ocean. On the following day we passed the historic straits and came to anchor about three miles from the frowning rock on which stands England's impregnable fortress commanding the entrance to this great highway of commerce. At this point from the decks of our ship two great continents were in sight. On one side Europe, progressive, prosperous and under Christian influences; on the other Africa, well named the Dark Continent; for, notwithstanding the great work of Livingstone and Stanley and the army of missionaries sent to its shores, it still remains enveloped in a cloud of ignorance and superstition. On the following day we dropped anchor in the harbor proper, and there found seven modern leviathans, monster ironclads, floating the English standard. Gibraltar is a rugged, rocky headland or promontory projecting into the Mediterranean. It is about two and a half miles in length, half a mile perhaps in width, and rises to a height of from 1,200 to 1,400 feet, connecting with the mainland by a sandy isthmus on the north, from which it rises with great abruptness. On the east its precipitous sides render it inaccessible to an approaching enemy; on its west side it slopes somewhat gradually to the bay. The base of the rock is limestone, and, like most similar formations, it abounds in deep caves and caverns.

Some one claims to have discovered four hundred different kinds of plants indigenous to the rock. Without daring to deny the statement, I am forced to say that he was endowed with a faculty, for the rock, on the occasion of our visit, appeared quite barren. This may have been due to the season, for the regular rains do not begin until November, and the summer months are usually dry, scarcely any rain falling. Another cause of this barren aspect may be the fact that we had just left the Canaries, where the air was fragrant with the perfume of flowers, blossoming in profusion.

THE FORTRESS AND THE TOWN.

For purposes of description, Gibraltar consists of two parts—the fortress and the town. Without the former the latter would, probably, never have had an existence, though it now claims a population of nearly 20,000, is an important coaling station, and much more important as a port for the transhipment of the products of southern Spain, Morocco and the Mediterranean islands to all parts of the world.

The fortress is, of course, the principal object, so many descriptions of which have been given that, as with Fourth-of-July orations, nothing really new can be said. On the east and north sides it is naturally protected by the steep sides of the rock on which it stands. The west side is protected by a sea-wall, extending along its whole length, above which are the ports, and above all batteries, extending to the summit. On this same side are long galleries, hewn out of the solid rock, pierced with portholes, out of which guns, of the most approved pattern and the heaviest caliber, stand ready to be run, when required. There is no quarter from which an enemy can approach that is not completely covered, and the very air one breaths impresses him with an idea of impregnability.

The town, situated on the west slope, presents no special attractions. It covers an area of about a hundred acres, and is thoroughly cosmopolitan in character. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Portuguese and, in fact, representatives of nearly every nation are seen on the streets. The Spaniard, who replies to your question with a blank stare and a characteristic shrug of his shoulders, is, of course, to be found. The Italian jostles against the Moor, in his antique costume, and the military are strongly represented. A few straggling parties of Highlanders, in their short kilts and variegated uniforms, tell us that the canny Scotchman forms part of the garrison.

A PICTURE OF A BULL FIGHT.

Our next diversion was a short visit to Algeciras, a town located on Gibraltar bay, opposite the fortress. On our arrival we at once proceeded to the Cathedral, a massive structure, the interior of which is decorated with costly jewels and works of art, which are in striking contrast with the people seen upon the streets, who are living evidences of poverty. We then visited several places of minor importance and no general interest, and closed the day's observations by attending a Spanish bull fight, held in a large amphitheater in the town known as Plaza del Toros. Securing tickets admitting us to that part of the plaza called the Sombra, or the shady side, we enter and take our places on the stone seats prepared for spectators. The governor and several of his suite having arrived, which fact appears to be announced by a bugle call, the band opens the exercises with a march, and the line is formed, consisting of matadors, capadors, picadors and banderilleros. The first named are the principal characters, who kill the animal and are active in the closing scene. The second tease the bull and arouse him to anger. The picadors are those armed with heavy lances or picas, and are mounted. The part taken by the banderillerous is best explained when they appear upon the scene.

The procession, in files of two, is headed by the matadors, two handsome young fellows in the most gaudy and picturesque costumes; then follow the others, who make a circuit of the ring. Having saluted the governor and suite, the contest between man and brute begins. The actors in this brutal exhibition having taken their places, the bull is admitted, and, with but little delay, makes a wild rush for one of the picadors or mounted spearsmen. In less time than it requires for me to tell you, the poor horse is gored and falls dead in the rider. Instantly the capadors rush to the rescue of the rider and divert the attention of the bull from the prostrate performer by waving their red cloaks, a ruse which is uniformly successful. Soon the rider remounts, and is again ready to renew the encounter. After the capadors worry the poor bull for some minutes and two horses have been killed and several others badly mangled, the bugle again sounds and the mounted men withdraw. The banderilleros, with their short spears, now come upon the scene. Standing perfectly still, they await the bull's charge; he madly rushes, the banderilleros plant their barbed and decorated weapons just back of his shoulders, and then dexterously jump aside, allowing the wild and infuriated animal to pass by, the spears hanging from his bleeding shoulders. Eight darts are thus imbedded in the flesh.

Again the bugle sounds. Then appears the matador with a sword in his right hand and a scarlet red cloak in his left. Facing the bull, standing at times directly in front of him and near enough to touch his horns he works the bull into a state of frenzy. He then throws his cap into the air, a sign that he is about to close the exercises. The enraged beast finally makes a dash, the matador leaps to one side, thrusts his long sword into the animal just behind the shoulders, and the poor beast drops dead at his feet.

Then arise wild shouts from the audience, numbers of which are ladies of high social position, the band strikes up an air, and the dead animals are dragged from the ring. The bloody scene is repeated until six bulls fall victims and double that number of horses. All this in civilized Spain, encouraged by the presence of Spanish officials; in a country that sends missionaries to foreign shores to convert the heathen. I am convinced that there are other things besides charity that should begin at home. I have seen a Spanish bull-fight—the first one; I can assure you it will be the last. No American could possibly endure more than once such brutal and ghastly scenes.

A VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA.

Let us now turn aside from these sickening sights and take a stroll in more pleasant quarters, through the far-famed fields of Andalusia. I shall now tell you of my visit to the the Alhambra, though I am fully conscious of inability to do the subject justice. Our own great American writer, Washington Irving himself, whose pen seems almost inspired, failed to paint the picture in the glowing colors it so richly deserves.

In company with one of my shipmates, a capital traveling companion, we take passage on one of the steamers of the French Line plying between Gibraltar and Malaga. Starting at midnight, we reach the latter place early on the following morning. This city, the capital of one of the Andalusian provinces of the same name, and one of the most important seaports of Spain, is situated on a lovely sheet of water—a bay second only to that of Naples. It contains about 135,000 inhabitants. Like all Spanish cities, it has its public squares, plazas and promenades, none of which deserves special mention. Only one public building in the city is worthy of remark, and that is the Cathedral, work on which was begun in the sixteenth century. The walls of this edifice are hung with quite a number of paintings from the hands of the ancient masters, and it has an organ of immense size, and said to be of wonderful power. But we must hasten onwards. We take the train for Granada, and are soon whirling over the famous Andalusian fields. At Bobadilla, an oating station on the road, I observed a gentleman whom I at once recognized as an American. Engaging him in conversation, he proved to be Mr. Frank Harvey, of your city, who, with Mr. Walter DeCourcey Poultry, also well known in Baltimore's society circles, was making a tour of Southern Spain. To say that I was delighted to meet two Baltimoreans in this part of the world but feebly expresses my feelings. I also had the pleasure of meeting at the same time another party of Americans, consisting of Mr. Valentine, of New York, three young ladies and their chaperon from the same city, all bound for Granada.

After passing through some very wild country, grand and magnificent mountain scenery and twelve long tunnels, we finally reach our goal. At one point en route I noticed what never appears to have been heretofore mentioned in any description that I have read—an exact likeness of the head of the Sphinx, formed by one of the projecting mountain peaks.

Here we are in Granada, the last stronghold held by the ancient Moors in their conflict with the Christians and which finally capitulated the year in which America was discovered. Once it was the scene of unparalleled Moorish magnificence and splendor, many remnants of which still remain; it now teems with historic reminiscences. Its towering church spires and its many points of interest would require volumes to describe. I shall, therefore, confine myself principally to the Alhambra.

Describe it? No; that is impossible. But I shall try to tell you what I saw. This ancient fortress, once the residence of the Moorish monarchs, stands on a slight elevation over-looking Granada, and was erected about the middle of the thirteen century. The grounds surrounding it cover an area of about thirty-five acres, the whole surrounded by a brick wall. On our arrival, about 8.30 o'clock P. M., we are driven to the Hotel Washing Irving, situated within the grounds. Our road leads us through an old stone gateway and along avenues of trees planted by the Duke of Wellington. Here we rest for the night, and early the following morning we secure a guide, and under his direction we start on our tour of observation. We first reach the entrance to this historic castle, the Gate of Justice, a massive stone work, with an arched gateway, over which is carved a hand and key, the legend being that the Alhambra is guided by magic, and not until the hand reaches down and grasps the key will the palace fall. The next scene that meets one's gaze is an unfinished structure built by Charles V., who tore down a great part of this magnificent Moorish palace to erect this work of his, which, by comparison, deserves one's contempt. We next direct our steps to the Alhambra proper. We enter an unpretentious portal, which leads us from the outer world to a maze of loveliness. We find ourselves in the Patio de los Arraynes (court of myrtles), the largest in the palace, in the centre of which is a large rectangular basin, filled with water and containing great numbers of fish, the whole surrounded by a hedge of myrtle.

This is the ante-chamber of the palace, passing through which you enter the palace itself, where meets one's bewildered gaze grandest work of art, mosaics, tilings, etc. The walls are a mass of stucco-work, on which are engraved thousands of inscriptions in Arabic, one of which, "There is no conquerer but Allah," being repeated hundreds of times throughout the palace.

I should, perhaps, have first mentioned the Pation de los Leones. I cannot half so well describe it as by quoting from the work of a celebrated Italian writer who says "it is a forest of bolumns, a mingling of arches and embroideries, an indefinable elegance, and indescribable delicacy, a prodigious richness, a capricious disorder of little things, the majesty of a palace, the fancy of an imaginative child, the dream of an angel." By some this may seem imaginative, a picture painted by an artist soaring in the realms of poisy, yet every sentence represents a solid fact. It expresses what all visitors feel, and few can so well express. It is a large court, surrounded by a portico resting on a hundred marble pillows. In the center of the hall a large alabaster fountain, supported by twelve lions carved out of pure white marble. The walls are a network of stucco, changing in appearance at every step and covered with Arabic inscriptions. On all sides are open arches leading to other halls of the palace. I shall have to pass rapidly through the Hall of Justice (Patio de Justicia), on the eest side, with its ceilings of carved cedar, and the smaller rooms adjacent thereto, the walls of which are hung with exquisite paintings executed on leather. On the north side is the Patio de los dos Hermanos (two sister), so called from the two immense white marble slabs form the floor. The walls of this court are the most marvelous works of art, almost dazzling us with their beauty. On the south side is the hall of the Abencerrages, so called from the fact that thirty-six members of this noble family were here beheaded in the fountain which stands in the centre of the court. Stains on the floor are still pointed out, said to have been made by their blood. The baths of the king and queen, and the salle de reposa, where they reclined after the bath, are perfect in their beauty and elegance.

Thus we pass from hall to hall, each more magnificent and wondrous than the one we have just left, until we become bewildered with the beauties surrounding us. Strolling through these bowers of Oriental splendor and Moorish art, we are lost in amazement. The hall of especial interest to Americans is that of the Ambassadors, where Columbus received his commission authorizing him to his voyage of discovery that brought to light a new world. A short distance from the principal edifice is the palace of the general life, now owned by the direct descendants of the old Moorish kings.

BUT THE PEANUTS ARE FILTHY.

We reluctantly leave the palace and rest, after which we visit the gypseys, hundreds of whom dwell in caves in this strange land. For people of their class, I must admit that they are much neater in appearance and more cleanly than I supposed them to be. We spend the evening at the hotel enjoying the music of the masters at the hands of Baron Bauer, of Austria, who has been boon companion from the time of our arrival at Granada until we separated at Gibraltar on our return.

We next visit the convent, now unoccupied, containing many remarkably old and valuable paintings. The cathedral next engages our attention—a structure erected in 1529 by the Catholic kings. Here rests the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella, as well as those of Philip and his queen, "Crazy Jane," a daughter of Ferdinand. The tombs of these sovereigns are of white marble, magnificent works of art, on which rests statues of the kings, queens, and the twelve Apostles. On the third day we bid adieu to Granada—not willingly, I assure you—and take the train for Malaga, which point we reach after seven hours' ride. Here we expected to take the steamer for Gibraltar, and return as we had come; but much to our surprise and more to our disgust, we find the steamer disabled, and that she will not sail.

To Gibraltar we must return and at once steamer or no steamer. We secure a diligence, and in it my shipmate, the Baron and myself take passage. For twelve hours we are bounced and jolted over the dusty and rocky roads of the Southern Spanish coast until we reach a filthy inn at Estaponal forty-five miles from Granada. A short stop and we take horses for the rest of the journey, and make the remaining forty miles in nine hours, during which time we were exposed to a broiling sun and enveloped in clouds of dust. However, the grand scenery through which we passed somewhat rapaid us for our discomforts, at the same time, we had an opportunity to see the Spanish peasants. Let Washington Irving say what he pleases about the poetic nature and romantic dress of these peasants, they are the most filthy and miserable-looking specimens of humanity that I ever beheld. Our Indians on the plains of Arizona are neat and clean by comparison.

S. E. G. in the *Balto. American.*

[Written for the KENT NEWS.]

THE OLD HOME.

What, sell the old homestead,
Where we were so happy and free,
The sweet old home, the dear old home,
The most peaceful spot on earth to me!

What, sell the dear old home,
For the mortgage we cannot pay,
I know it is right to give it,
It is right for the debts to be paid!

What, sell the old homestead,
With its sloping eaves,
The large green yard,
With its lofty trees!

What, sell the dear old homestead,
Where for fourteen years we have toiled,
To train the vines, to plant some trees,
Which others may enjoy!

What, sell the dear old homestead,
With its fields of ripening grain.
The stately woods, the meadows, where
The wild flowers bloom and fade!

What, sell the dear old home,
A stranger's hand to know,
A stranger the crops to reap,
A stranger the crops must sow!

What, sell the dear old farm,
A stangers home to be,
The things so dear to us will
Be as naught to him!

What, must we leave the old home,
Where, oh the winter's night, when
Gathered round the bright fireside,
We used to read and write!

What, leave the peaceful home,
Where on a bright May day,
The flowers in the wild woods bloom,
To crown the queen of May!

What, must we leave the old home,
When the fall is drawing nigh,
The leaves from green to crimson
Turned, as on the ground they lie!

What, must we really leave it,
With hammock, trees and swing,
The well of chrystal water,
So fresh, so sweet, so clear!

What, sell the dear old home,
Where the sweet violets grow,
Violets white and purple,
Lilies pure as snow!

What, sell the old homestead,
Where the little heartease grow,
Smiling, oh so sweetly,
And nodding to and fro!

Though we may wander far and near
Perhaps live in a distant clime,
Yet will our memories ever dwell
On the old home left behind!

So we must really sell it,
The dear, the sweet old home,
It makes us sad to leave it,
Farewell, farewell Old Home. R.

A DIVER'S FATE.

Entangled in a Wreck While Searching for Lost Treasures.

A dispatch dated Alpena, Mich., Nov, 5, says: About two weeks ago the wrecking tug Emerald came to this port to discover if possible the location of the wreck of the Pewabic, which went down several years ago, and secure her treasure. After considerable trouble the wreck was found, the place at once buoyed, and the boat started for this point to coal up.

Tuesday everything was in readiness, and they headed for the wreck again, having on board Oliver Pelkey and Michael McCarty, two of the most expert divers in the United States. Pelkey insisted on going down first. He was let over the side of the boat, and soon found his way to the wreck. In about twenty minntes the signal stopped. This caused considerable uneasiness, and, after waiting a few minutes more without hearing from him, they loosened the connecting lines in hopes that he might free himself, but no avail.

He was fast in the wreck. Six stalwart men were unable to pull him up, and as a last resort the captain ordered the lines made fast to the tow post and the tug started ahead. It required considerable of a pull to free him, but something finally parted and it was found that his body was yet attached to the lines. A hole in his armor near the hips indicated that the water had rushed in and smothered him. Life was not quite extinct when he was drawn on board, but he soon gasped several times and passed away. His remains were sent to West Superior, Wis., where a widow and one child mourn his untimely end.

A BOY SHOT WHILE GUNNING.—Richard Battersby, aged about sixteen years, a son of Captain Robert Battersby, of Chesapeake City, while gunning last Tuesday in company with Thomas Harlans, was accidentally shot, it is supposed, by Harlans, and probably fatally injured. Over two hundred grains of shot were taken from his wound in his breast. Dr. Wallace, who attended him, considers him in a precarious condition. They were gunning in some bushes, and Harlans, it is supposed, fired where Battersby was, without seeing him. The distance and the intervening bushes probably saved him from instant death.

A MOTHER'S HARD FATE.

Left Alone Without Light or Food with Her Dying Child.

A starving mother begging for a light that she might see the loved features of her child who was dying in the night within the poor hovel of a home, says the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette of November 3, was one of the incidents on the South Side two evenings ago, and which traced out promptly by the Society for the Improvement of the Poor has revealed a case of such abject suffering and destitution, such love and devotion, as to leave it without a parallel in the history of sorrow and poverty in the community.

The visitor of the society found on her arrival in the poor home, which consisted of a dark basement and a little room above, located in the rear of Carson street, between Eighth and Ninth streets, that the basement was occupied by a two-year-old baby, who was tossing in the delirium of scarlet fever, its only watcher a pale, emaciated boy of nine years. So dark and gloomy was the cellar that the visitor could scarcely discern the forms of the children. The little boy stated that the mother was watching a four-year-old boy in the room above who was dying of diphtheria, and that it had been hours since he had seen her, that she would not allow him to come up into the room for fear of the disease, and that she herself would not come down, only calling to him now and then how to care for the baby,

All the food in the house was some pieces of dry bread, and portions of these the little chap carried from time to time up the stairway, which was not much better than a stepladder, for the mother's meal. When the visitor found the mother it was quite evident that but little food had passed her lips. Her features were drawn with hunger and anxiety as she had bent over the dying child. There had been no food to speak of, and no light, she said, for over a week. The contagious diseases had kept the neighbors at a distance, and if she, herself, ventured out, she was shunned.

The evening previous the woman said she had thought her child was dying, and she had run out crying for some help and the loan of a light. A neighbor called from a window showing the woman the way into the basement of her home, where she could secure a lamp. The poor mother groped in the darkness, found the lamp and hurried back to her child. The little fellow lingered through the night, and died during the stay of the visitor. The mother did not know of the condition of the babe in the basement below, trusting it implicitly to a little boy, and hoping in her isolation to keep the two safe from the diphtheria. The visitor, with the asistance of a friend, attended to the little dead body, then fumigated the room, carried the dead to the basement, and brought a raving baby up from the damp cellar.

Every thing is done that can be done, but supplies are needed both of bedding and groceries. The mother is a deserted wife, who has kept her little family together by washing by the day. For over a week she has not left the bedside of the little boy, and in consequence neither money nor food have been coming in. The poor woman was almost frantic over the illness of the baby, and yesterday the symptoms of the little nurse were such as to cause serious apprehension that he, too, would be a victim of the fever. The case as reported yesterday at the rooms of the Society for the Improvement of the Poor was noted as one of the saddest ever chronicled on its pages.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

"That very many cures have been effected by Dr. Keeley no one can doubt. Rev. F. W. Merrill, for three years pastor of the Methodist Church at Dwight, writes most enthusiastically of the Keeley Institute. he says that it has been established thirteen years, and that according to its record, 95 per cent of all cases treated remain permanently cured. Our personal observation of Chicago cases treated there leads us to place the estimate lower, but even if it be only 70 per cent, it certainly is a great blessing.

"The method of treatment is heroic though Dr. Keeley keeps his formula a secret, skilled physicians watching its effects, feeling sure of its ingredients, though not one of their exact proportions. Plenty of whiskey is placed in each patient's room, and he is told to drink as much as he wishes to; meanwhile the treatment goes on, internally and hypodermically. The first day he drinks freely, the second day it does not taste quite so good, and as the cure goes on it tastes worse and worse, till it becomes unendurable. His "taste for liquor" is gone. Sometimes, though not always, a decided aversion to liquor is created. A similar course is pursued for the cure of the morphine and opium habit, much more difficult to conquer than the liquor habit, but which are conquered in many cases.

The philosophy of the matter seems to be this: that chloride of gold breaks up desire for liquor and thus relieves the patient from the sufferings endured from the craving for drink, which so frequently conquers the patient's will-power; the powerful poisons which are the other ingredients of the "cure," produce a profound nervous shock, so changing the condition of the nervous system that the desire for liquor is abolished. We have known old, confirmed drunkards cured by a severe nerve shock, mental in its origin instead of physical—cured on the same principle.

"The after effect of these strong poisons is a thing to be considered. Some testify that no serious results follow, these results passing away and leaving the system in a healthy condition; in other cases there seems to have been a general shattering of the nerves from which the patient did not recover. But as this is the natural result of alcohol the unfavorable condition may result from previous dissipation and not from the cure.

"Will the patient relapse? That depends entirely upon himself. He is released from the appetite so that no overmastering temptation besets him, but the power of habit is not broken—the habit of "taking something to drink," of going with boon companions and into old associations, and he can yield them if he will. For this reason Dr. Keeley charges all "graduates" to keep away from saloons, and emphasizes the charge by the declaration that if they do and fall under the temptation, he will not treat them a second time."

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