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Kent News.

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

VOL. 39. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879. No. 35.

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. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries one-half advertising rates.

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

JOB-PRINTING:

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

1879

—AT—

C. F. STAM'S

DRUG STORE.

BOHEMIA TOILET SETS,
Ancient and Modern VASES,
FANCY GLASSWARE,
Beautiful Flower Stands,
FERN VASES,
Ladies Work Baskets, Card Receivers,
Cigar Cases, Japanese Goods,
Jewel Cases,
GOLD PENS—Aiken, Lambert & Co.'s;
GOLD PENCILS;
MAGIC CHARMS;
LADIES' WRITING DESKS of various kinds.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

FOR CHRISTMAS!

THE CHOICEST LITERATURE OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Shakspeare Complete,
Dickens Complete,
Scott Complete,
Byron Complete;
Tennyson, Longfellow, Burns Complete,
Bryant, Pope and Meredith.

Fiction:—Marian Harland's Works; Mrs. Holme's & Mrs. Evan's Works; Roe's new Book, "A Face Illumined."

Travel:—*STANLEY'S GREAT WORK on AFRICA*, the most interesting work of the age; "Cruise of the Yacht Sunbeam" intensely Fascinating.

Books of Travel and Adventure—For BOYS—Floating Island; Boy Emigrants; Journey to the Sun; Mayne Reid's Books, and others too numerous to mention.

BIBLES! BIBLES!

One Large Family Bible, bound in Turkey of the choicest print and superbly illustrated will be sold at a great sacrifice; other Family Bibles at low rates.

PRAYER BOOKS and HYMNALS of many styles.

The new Methodist Hymnal set to music; also a number without music, very low.

Children's Books—Chatterbox, cheaper than ever; Little Wide Awake; Fancy Picture Books; Toy Books, and hundreds of others.

Stationery! Stationery!

In bright and beautiful boxes, far surpassing last season's display.

POCKET BOOKS, the finest and cheapest stock ever shown in this town.

PERFUMERY,

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

Fancy Colognes, Extracts in beautiful fancy boxes; Genuine German Farina Cologne in wicker; Pomades & Dressings for the hair; Toilet Waters & Toilet Powders; a large stock of the above offered at very low prices.

HAIR BRUSHES—Celluloid Back inlaid with pearl; Fine Dressing Combs, and English & American Mirrors.

☞ All the above goods have been selected with the greatest care and purchased very close, consequently they are offered at the lowest prices.

☞ ALL WE ASK is an EXAMINATION of our goods, and feel confident we can please the most fastidious.

COLIN F. STAM,
Corner Drug Store.
Dec. 14, 1878.

C. H. J. SPARKS,

DEALER IN

GRAIN and COAL,

LOCUST GROVE, MD.

HIGHEST price paid for **CORN**, and *COAL furnished* At the very Lowest Prices, at BLACK'S STATION, on the Kent Co. R. R.
n23-tf.

New Grocery Store
UP TOWN!

WHEATLEY BROS. Have opened a New Grocery Store up town, and are prepared to supply all persons wanting goods in their line at prices that will compete with the cheapest in market.

☞ We solicit all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE in exchange for goods at the highest market price.

Store adjoining Dr. Johnson's office.

☞ Give us a call.

Mar. 9. WHEATLEY BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE to the LADIES!

DRESS MAKING.

Plain and fancy, done in the latest styles and neatest manner.

MISS LUCY PARSONS, having had considerable experience as a Dress maker, is prepared to do work at shortest notice.—Will be found at her home opposite Catholic Church. Prompt attention given to all. oc26-tf.

SEWING.

MISS ANNIE CRADDOCK and MISS MARY M. ZIESEL beg leave to inform the ladies of Chestertown and the public generally, that they have engaged rooms at Miss J. E. Redue's on Water st., where they are prepared to do all kinds of plain and fancy Sewing, promptly and at the lowest prices. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Oct. 19, 1878.

MRS. S. C. JOINER continues the MANTUAMAKING business in all its branches. Store on High street, opposite residence of Senator Vickers.
Oct. 19, 1878—tf.

NOTICE!

We have purchased our stock of *FALL & WINTER BOOTS*, at lowest cash prices, and are prepared to offer inducements to buyers. We guarantee every pair of our best Boots. Call and see them at
aug24. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

FINE SALT—full weight, best quality save Ashton's, $1.60 per sack.
Ground Alum Salt, full weight, $1 per sack, for sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

Cassimere Clothing!

IN FULL SUITS,

Gotton up in unusually good style, and to our own special order.

Medium and Low Priced Clothing

A FULL LINE ON HAND.

Parties about buying garments for the Winter months may find it to their advantage to look at our goods before making their selections, as our business facilities enable us to challenge any sort of decent competition in quality and prices, which latter are now ruling lower than have ever before been known in the history of the Clothing Trade.

WICKES & BROTHER.
Chestertown, December 2, 1878.

TO THE LADIES.

NEW MILLINERY

And FANCY GOODS.

LAMBERT SISTERS have just returned from the city and opened a new Stock of

Fall and Winter Millinery

AND FANCY GOODS,

embracing all the LATEST and MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES.

Our Goods have been selected with care and bought at the lowest cash figures, which enable us to guarantee satisfaction both as regards style and prices. Our stock includes a full line of all such goods as are usually found in a first-class Millinery Store, such as *BONNETS, HATS, Laces, Flowers, Ribbons, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Toilet Articles, &c., &c.*

The Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine our goods and prices. They will find goods cheaper than heretofore, and we are selling at very small profit for cash.

DRESS MAKING of all kinds done in the best manner and at low prices.

☞ Store opposite KENT NEWS Office.
oc26-tf. LAMBERT SISTERS.

Beautiful Millinery

And FANCY GOODS,

FOR

1878. *FALL And WINTER.* 1878.

MRS. KATE GILL,

Has received her new stock of MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS including the latest Fall and Winter styles.

HATS, BONNETS and RIBBONS,
Feathers, Flowers, &c.

BEAUTIFUL FANCY GOODS

full line of Worsted FRINGES, Single & Split ZEPHYRS of all shades. Zephyr Needles, Mottoes, Canvas Card Board, Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Hosiery, Gloves, and a full line of Toilet Articles.

☞ I am determined to sell at lowest prices and respectfully invite an examination of my goods.

MRS. KATE GILL,
Oct. 26—tf. opp. Voshell House.

To the Ladies!

MISS MARY R. BENJAMIN

Has recently returned from the city with a new and complete assortment of

Fall and Winter Millinery

AND FANCY GOODS,

embracing all the latest styles of HATS, BONNETS, Feathers, Ribbons, Flowers, Silks, Hosiery, Kid Gloves, Hdk'fs, Toilet Articles, &c., &c.

All kinds of

DRESS MAKING

done in the neatest and best manner, at the lowest cash prices. I am determined to sell goods as low as the lowest; guarantee satisfaction in style and price.

All kinds PLAITING done by the yard.

☞ Store adjoining T. W. Eliason, Jr.
n16 MARY R. BENJAMIN.

1878. *FALL AND WINTER.* **1878**

NEW MILLINERY

And FANCY GOODS,

LATE STYLES! LOW PRICES!

MRS. H. USILTON,

Just below Wickes' Drug Store, has received a well selected stock of new and beautiful MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS for FALL and Winter wear, of the latest and most fashionable styles.

Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons,

LACES, TRIMMINGS,

Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffles, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments. She is satisfied of her ability to please both in quality and price.

☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.

The Ladies are invited to call and examine her goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. No effort will be spared to give full satisfaction to all who favor her with their patronage.

Nov. 2. MRS. H. USILTON.

New MILLINERY

AND

FANCY GOODS.

THE LATEST FASHIONS! FINEST GOODS! LOWEST PRICES!

MRS. L. J. DAVIS

Has just received and opened

A FRESH and BEAUTIFUL assortment of

Fall and Winter Millinery

embracing HATS and BONNETS of the latest fashions and styles; Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Hdk'fs, Hosiery, Gloves.

A Large and Varied Assortment

of every description of goods found in a first class Millinery store.

We can guarantee satisfaction to every customer, both as to price and quality.

Agent for Demorest's reliable Patterns. "What to Wear and How to Make It"—portfolio fashions, price 15c.

Call at the old stand.
oc26-tf. MRS. L. J. DAVIS.

NO. 2 Ducking Powder, Shot Gun Caps, Seine Twine and Gilling Thread, at prices as low as the lowest, at
dec14. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

WANTED—1,000 bushels CORN in exchange for store goods, at best market prices.
dec14. J. B. SAPPINGTON.

To Parents and Children.

You are invited before purchasing elsewhere to call and examine

T. W. WICKES'

Varied Stock of

Holiday Goods.

My last season's stock and sales having proved so successful, and feeling sure I can offer you superior inducement both as regards QUALITY, STYLE AND PRICE in our line of Fine Imported Hair and Pocket Combs, Hair and Tooth Brushes.

TOILET POWDERS,

Comprising Pearl, Hunt's, Lubin's, Magnolia Balm, Bloom of Youth, Tooth Powder, Sozodont, Tooth Paste, Rouge, Tooth Soap.

English, French, German and American EXTRACTS and COLOGNES.

A full assortment of Fine Toilet Sets, Vases, Bronze Ornaments, Work Boxes.

Gilt and Bronze LAMPS,

with the latest improved Patent Triumph Burners, which give such a superior light and do not smoke or break the chimney.

Also, a Large Stock of Suitable PRESENTS FOR CHILDREN.

T. W. WICKES'
dec7. DRUG STORE.

J. L. GILL'S

NEW

SHOE STORE!

JUST OPENED opp. the Voshell House room lately occupied by A. Schwartz.

We propose to keep a

First Class Ladies' Shoe Store,

and have now in store a fine line of

FRENCH KID SHOES for Ladies;
Same, with CLOTH TOP, for Ladies, Misses and Children;
PEB., OIL GOAT,
GRAIN, OIL PEB., &c.

Also, in stock a beautiful and complete assortment of goods

Made to my own order

and especially adapted to fine tastes and the needs of this vicinity. In this department will be found the most desirable styles for Ladies', Misses' and Children's wear, and prices very low.

A first-class stock of Common SHOES cheap and good as can be had in the city.

☞ Please call and see.

n9-tf. J. L. GILL.

Look, Look, Look!

Cheap! Cheaper! Cheapest!

GROCERIES:

COFFEES 12½, 15, 18 & 20c.
SUGARS 6½, 8, 9 & 10c.
TEAS 50, 60 and 75c.
SYRUPS 30, 50 & 60c.
C. West & Son's No. 1 Coal Oil 16c. gall.

TOBACCO:

50c., 60c., 75c., 80c. and $1.

FLOUR:

$3.50, $4.00, $5.50, $6.00 and $6.50 a barrel.

DRY GOODS:

Unbleached MUSLINS 5, 6; 8 & 10c. yard;
Bleached do. 5, 6, 8, 10 and 12½c.
CANTON FLANNELS 6, 8, 10, 12 & 15c.
CALICO 5, 6, 7c. a yard.
TICKINGS 10, 12, 15, 20 & 25c. per yard.

NOTIONS:

ALL KINDS VERY CHEAP.

Good Cheap COTTON 25c. a dozen.

BOOTS and SHOES.

MEN'S BOOTS $1.50 to $4.00 a pair.
BOYS' " $1.00 to $2.50 a pair.
LADIES' SHOES 75c. to $2.25 a pair.
Misses' and Child's do. 50c. up.

☞ If you wish to buy goods really cheap, call and examine ours.

Remember, we buy of first hands, and doing business on a cash basis, incur but little loss. We can afford to sell cheap.

☞ *Country Produce wanted.*

CASH PAID FOR FUR.

Respectfully,

J. B. SAPPINGTON.
Dec. 14, 1878.

NEW GOODS

ARE BEING RECEIVED WEEKLY

by

R. F. PARKS.

A call from the public solicited.
Nov. 2, 1878.

BUY ONLY

THE

AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE,

The Best for Holiday Presents.

The only Sewing Machine which has a Self-Threading Shuttle. The Blind can thread it, and it runs so easy a child can operate it. It has self-setting Needle. Never breaks the thread. Never skips stitches. Is the lightest running.

☞ All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired at short notice.
dec7. JOHN BELL, Agt.

JOS. H. THOMPSON

has just opened a large stock of new BOOTS & SHOES, which he will sell at very low prices. Attention is called to his Improved "Patent Kip Boot" for Men and Boys; from $1 75 to $2 25 for boys, and $4 25 for Men. Other make of Boots from $2 to $3 25.

Ladies' Button Gaiters $1 25 to $2 75.
Women's Lace Boots from $1 to $1 25.

☞ Don't forget the place;

THOMPSON'S,
sep28. *Under "Kent News" Office.*

LOVE.

FOR THE KENT NEWS: BY TRIX.

Oh! what a thing is simple love,
Love in all its phases;
Its foibles and crooked ways—
Labyrinths and mazes.

I have a love, a little love,
I idolize her nearly;
At times my heart goes "pit a pat"
I love her, oh! so dearly.

But when I go to press my suit
By my most fond appealings;
She answers, pouting, "Stop it, George,
You *know* you hurt my feelings."

So then in turn I'll angry be,
And the little cheat so neatly
Will put her arms around my neck
And kiss me, oh! so sweetly.

So there it is, I cannot tell
Whether or not to mind her;
The more I think, the more I vow
To take her as I find her.

A DISTRACTED PARENT.

BY CARLOTTA.

Five daughters—four of them engaged—
Good heaven! I shall go mad!
For such a surfeiting of love
No parent ever had.
The very atmosphere is charged
With it; no matter where
I go about the house, I trip
Upon some whispering pair.

At evening, when I take my pipe
And seek a quiet nook,
To read the daily journal, or
Some new and tempting book,
I ope perhaps the parlor door,
When a familiar sound,
Quite unmistakable, suggests
It is forbidden ground.

So then more cautiously, I turn
To our reception room.
But, lo! again upon my ear
From its romantic gloom,
Comes softly, yet with emphasis,
That warning, when I start
And leave, as Lady Macbeth wished
Her guests would all depart.

My next resort is then the porch,
Where roses trail and bloom,
Ha, is it echo that betrays
The joys of yonder room?
Ah! no, a startled "change of base"
Reveals the presence there
Of Cupid's votaries, and alas!
There's still another pair.

"But sure," I think, "my library
Will be a safe retreat,"
So there at once with quickened step,
I take my weary feet.
Vain hope—that warning sound again
Breaks on my listening ear,
Thank heaven, my youngest hath not yet
Attained her thirteenth year.

Hark, there she is, and bless my heart,
That popinjay young Lunn
Is at her side—I do believe
That she, too, has begun.
O ye, who love to sit and dream
Of future married joys,
Pray Heaven with earnest fervor, that
Your girls may all be boys.

VEGETINE.

AN EXCELLENT MEDICINE.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Feb. 28, 1877.

This is to certify that I have used VEGETINE, manufactured by H. R. Stevens, Boston, Mass., for Rheumatism and General Prostration of the Nervous System, with good success. I recommend Vegetine as an excellent medicine for such complaints. Yours, very truly,

C. W. VANDEGRIFT.

Mr. Vandegrift, of the firm of Vandegrift & Huffman, is a well known business man in this place, having one of the largest stores in Springfield, O.

OUR MINISTER'S WIFE.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 16, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: Three years ago I was suffering terribly with inflammatory Rheumatism. Our minister's wife advised me to try Vegetine. After taking one bottle I was entirely relieved. This year, feeling a return of the disease, I again commenced taking it, and am being benefitted greatly. It also greatly improves my digestion. Respectfully,

MRS. A. BALLARD.

1011 West Jefferson Street.

SAFE AND SURE.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—In 1872 your Vegetine was recommended to me, and, yielding to the persuasions of a friend, I consented to try it. At the time I was suffering from general debility and nervous prostration, superinduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its wonderful strengthening and curative properties seemed to affect my debilitated system from the first dose; and under its persistent use I rapidly recovered, gaining more than usual health and good feeling. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegetine my most unqualified indorsement, as being a safe, sure and powerful agent in promoting health and restoring the wasted system to new life and energy. Vegetine is the only medicine I use; and as long as I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours, truly, W. H. CLARK,
120 Monterey street, Alleghany, Pa.

VEGETINE

The following letter from Rev. G. W. Mansfield, formerly pastor of the Meth. Episcopal Church, Hyde Park, and at present settled in Lowell, must convince every one who reads his letter of the wonderful curative qualities of Vegetine as a thorough cleanser and purifier of the blood.

HYDE PARK, MASS., Feb. 15, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir: About ten years ago my health failed through the depleting effects of dyspepsia; nearly a year later I was attacked by typhoid fever in its worst form. It settled in my back and took the form of a large deep-seated abscess, which was fifteen months in gathering. I had two surgical operations by the best skill in the state, but received no permanent cure. I suffered great pain at times, and was constantly weakened by a profuse discharge. I also lost small pieces of bone at different times.

Matters ran on thus about seven years, till May, 1874, when a friend recommended me to go to your office, and talk with you of the virtue of Vegetine. I did so, and by your kindness passed through your manufactory, noting the ingredients &c., by which your remedy is produced.

By what I saw and heard I gained some confidence in Vegetine.

I commenced taking it soon after, but felt worse from its effects; still I persevered, and soon felt it was benefitting me in other respects. Yet I did not see the results I desired till I had taken it faithfully for a little more than a year, when the difficulty in the back was cured; and for nine months I have enjoyed the best of health.

I have in that time gained twenty-five pounds flesh, being heavier than ever before in my life, and I was never more able to perform labor than now.

During the past few weeks I had a scrofulous swelling as large as my first gather on another part of my body.

I took Vegetine faithfully, and it removed it level with the surface in a month. I think I should have been cured of my main trouble sooner if I had taken larger doses, after having become accustomed to its effects.

Let your patrons troubled with scrofula or kidney disease understand that it takes time to cure chronic diseases; and, if they will patiently take Vegetine, it will, in my judgment, cure them.

With great obligations I am
Yours, very truly,
G. W. MANSFIELD,
Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

VEGETINE

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE is sold by All Druggists.

NEW assortment of SHAWLS, just received at
n16. J. H. SIMPERS & BROS.

THE BEST 5c. CIGAR IN TOWN. Chewing Tobacco all grades, at low prices, at KENNARD'S.

Who Shall bear the Democratic Standard to Victory in 1880?

VIEWS OF AN EMINENT MARYLANDER.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer*, in its issue of 2d of December, 1878, published the interviews of its correspondents with leading representative men of many Southern States upon the vital question, Who shall be our next President? From them all, we select the interview with a distinguished native of Kent county, Mr. Jas. Hodges, the eminent merchant and Finance Commissioner of Baltimore city. Mr. Hodges is an Eastern Shoreman all over, and of the best type of a true Marylander. His broad, unsectional, statesmanlike views, elevated patriotic sentiments and thorough grasp of the subject will be perused with interest and profit by our readers:

Among others who were called upon by your correspondent was Mr. James Hodges, of the importing house of Hodges Brothers. He is a gentleman of prominence in Baltimore, politically and socially, and stands very high in the mercantile community. He was one of the Commissioners on the part of the United States to the Paris Exposition. As embodying the views of many of the leading Democrats of Maryland, I subjoin the substance of an interview with Mr. Hodges on the political outlook:

"Have you a preference in the matter of a Presidential candidate of the Democratic party in 1880, and, if so, are you willing to name him and give your reasons therefor?"

"Well, I must be permitted to say that I have, to some extent at least, a natural feeling of delicacy, shared by all party men, in making a declaration of preference for a particular candidate for office, especially when the body from which the selection is likely to be made is so limited in number and so excellent in quality as that from which the party will probably choose its candidate for the next Presidential contest. But I have a preference, and, as it is one which no sound Democrat may be ashamed of, I will name him—Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware. He is not only my choice, but the choice, I would say, of the Democracy of Maryland by a large majority. I believe he is more popular and more respected, more national and less sectional, than any other public man whose name has been mentioned in connection with the Presidency. In the administration of the government he would know no North, no South, no East, no West; but would be the President of one indivisible country and one indivisible people, and would aim to bury sectional prejudices and animosities in one common grave. I prefer Mr. Bayard, not only because I have a high personal admiration for him, but for the reason that he is the most certain to win the great Presidential race that is before us. Look at the signs of the times! The late elections demonstrate the existence of a powerful reactionary movement against the political vagaries and financial heresies of the day. It is clear that the thinking and conservative men in the ranks of all parties are predisposed to loosen the stringency of party ties and embrace with a more intelligent comprehension the sound governmental and political doctrines of the Fathers, and the true disciples of the Fathers of the Republic. Now, I think Mr. Bayard is one of the best, if not the very best, of those disciples, and hence the very man above all others to represent and lead this powerful and reactionary movement, looking toward the reintroduction of patriotism and common sense into the administration of the government, and the permanent restoration of honest money to the channels of trade and to the pockets of the people. Great tidal waves sweep over the country, ever and anon, and we must note the early swells of the tide if we would forecast the future of its course. In 1860 it was the anti-slavery question, and it carried Mr. Lincoln into the Presidency. In 1868 it was the furore for a military hero, and General Grant went booming into office. In 1876 it was reform and local self-government, *sans* military, and Mr. Tilden was elected by an overwhelming majority. Now it is National honor, honest money, and disgust of political heresies; and Mr. Bayard is the most conspicuous representative of these ideas to be found to-day among the statesmen of either party, and hence I am strongly convinced that he would be the most available candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency in 1880. I know that Mr. Bayard will be opposed by certain Democratic leaders on the plea that he comes from the uninfluential State of Delaware, that has but three electoral votes. They will favor the old custom of selecting the candidate from one of the largest States, whose votes would count heavily in the Electoral College. Ordinarily this calculation might have much weight, but Mr. Bayard's peculiar adaptability to the temper and exigency of the times outbalances that consideration. If I had a controlling voice in the matter I would say nominate him, and boldly launch him out into the canvass upon his personal character and political record. The people are in the right mood to appreciate a man of his sterling worth. Can any Democrat, acquainted with his record, and who has reflected upon the significance of the late elections, have a reasonable doubt of his superior availability?"

"You are so outspoken in your convictions of the election of Mr. Tilden in 1876, allow me to ask you what you think of his claims upon the party for a renomination in 1880?"

"I am sorry to say that they are not as conclusive as I would like them to be. Looking at the question with an eye singly to the rights of the case, he would seem to be entitled to the nomination, but I fear we could not carry him into the canvass with that unerring certainty of success which we must have in the coming election. The contest will be close, and we cannot afford to make a single mistake. There are thousands of Democratic voters, warm in their support of Mr. Tilden's nomination and election in 1876, as I was, who would be his staunch supporters now, against every rival, if he had promptly stepped to the front and manfully asserted his claims to the Presidential office, when he discovered that a conspiracy was on foot to deprive him of it. His coolness and silence during that anxious time, when every Democratic heart in the land was throbbing with indignation, and many Democratic tongues were protesting against the wrong sent a lassing chill through the hearts of many of his devoted friends. The popular heart is outspoken in times of great excitement and cannot be held to an active sympathy for a chosen leader, in any cause, who is not responsive to its emotions. A silent endurance of wrong may be a Christian virtue, but party men will never excuse it when great advantages are lost by its exercise."

"Will the new Republican cry of the Solid South weaken the Democratic party in the North and West in the next Presidential contest?"

"Well, it may be too early to venture the expression of an opinion concerning its effect as a political weapon, but I think the sold South, as a party cry, is an ephemeral idea, and one that will soon exhaust its force, like a spent shot, and sink into contempt. It is a mere euphonious substitute for the 'bloody shirt,' and the people, I am sure, will soon understand it to be, what it really is, a cunning political catch-word. The nether garment had played out in color and fabric from long continued service in the Republican cause, and some new device of sectional prejudice was in demand. A solid South was a timely god-send, at least the Republicans thought so, for the old shirt was too much reduced to shreds to endure the strains of another Presidential campaign. Now, what real danger to the safety and welfare of the country is to be apprehended from a 'Solid South' I would like to know? Have not her representatives been ready and willing to join with those from the North and West in making all needful laws for the safety, support and prosperity of the whole country, and have not her people complied with them? Why then all these portentious forebodings about the solid South?

"Is it not solid for the government, for peace, for order, for love of country, for desire of national prosperity, as well as for the Democratic party? Where, then, is the enormity involved in this political unity? It is united in its opposition to the Republican party, and it is just there that the Solid South is a pinching shoe to the Republican party. A solid South or a solid West would not be a whit more dangerous to the national welfare and security than a solid North. All sections are now thoroughly nationalized, without a thought of disloyalty to the Union. The next Presidential contest will be fought on the tidal wave of thought, logical thought, and the Solid South and all such clap-trap will fail as partisan war-cries. Those who have not seen this are blind to the signs of the times and have not duly considered the temper of conservative voters, at this time large in number and independent in politics."

"Do you think the South is likely to claim a representation on the Presidential ticket?"

"Well, I would say that no thought of that kind is likely to become a tangible sentiment in that section. A few of the favorite sons, like Gordon and Hampton, men of unbounded popularity in the South, may be nursing a silent ambition to have a tender of second place on the ticket, and other prominent leaders may think the South entitled to the compliment, but the mass of the people, I believe, are disinclined to put in any such claim. The paramount desire of the Southern people is to be let alone in the enjoyment of their rights. They wish for the success of the Democratic party, because they regard it as the safest collateral security to the undisturbed existence of their local governments. I think it would be untimely and unwise for them to raise an issue with their Northern and Western friends on that point. Bayard and Hendricks would suit them, I believe, and they ought to be acceptable to every sound Democrat in the country, and half the Republicans."

Strife and Confusion.

Messrs. Editors:—It is well to let sleeping dogs lie, but they have been aroused in our neighboring city, and questions have been raised which neither Moody nor Ingersoll can settle. Baltimore was probably never blessed with a bigger bulk of talk. The palaver is read with bated breath and the city seems to be a nest of strife, confusion, envy, ambition and mutual admiration, which is likely to scatter division and warfare. Mr. Moody is funny even in his fervor, and speculative and literal in his interpretations. Col. Ingersoll is funny, too, though of little faith, and a marvel of audacity. All that earn their bread by the tongue must needs be witty or wise. Meanwhile the fact remains that *talking* is the least important of all human elements, either in man's material or spiritual salvation. Some seem to have the notion that they can *talk* out their own and other people's salvation, too. The Gospel of the New Testament is *work* rather than *talk*. It is not Sunday Samaritanism either, but sees needy men in the Jericho road every day in the week. Some *talk* is of course necessary, but if there was more *work* and *walk* and less *talk* the world be far better off.

The hands, the arms, the feet, exercised in acts of mercy, helps on the Millennium much faster than the mere parade of *words*, either of orthodoxy or hetrodoxy. There was not much verbal theology in primitive times. The New Testament was never intended as a code to be interpreted by ecclesiastical attorneys. *Words* upon *words* and books upon books sprang up since, and as formality increases in the earth these weeds increase to hinder the harvest. The world is full of schemes and schemers to gather money by an easier process than real labor.

J. R. B.

NEWSPAPERS.—Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has a remarkably level head on the value of a newspaper as a public educator. In a recent interview he said:—"I am an old school teacher, but my conviction is, that a good newspaper, among a family of children, is worth more than $10,000 you pay the school teacher. It will give more sound views of life and its industries, so at any time you can lodge a newspaper in your family, you will be lodging seed that will bring forth fruit after you are gone."

200,000 POUNDS.

I shall never forget the uncomfortable position that I found myself in through too free a use of that unruly member the tongue. I was a young fellow then, clerk in a London bank. My father was an officer in the army, and he often told us boys that setting each of us up in some business or profession was all he could ever do for us, as the scanty pittance he would leave behind him must belong solely to my mother and sister. But my brother and I were energetic and hopeful. So long as each day brought us enough to satisfy our wants, we reckoned little of the future.

One bleak, cold, January morning I was greatly surprised, on my arrival at the bank to find my father pacing up and down before the building. I was not living at home just then, and his presence there made me fear lest something was wrong.

"Phillip," he began, "are you in time? Can you spare me three minutes?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "for a wonder. I see I am ten minutes earlier than I need be. What is the matter?"

"Do not look so startled," he said. "Nothing is wrong. You know Mr. Fosberry?"

"Oh, you mean the half-cracked old man who is awfully rich, and is my godfather, as well as cousin, thirty times removed?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, last night I received a letter from him, after years of silence, in which he asks for you." And he read me the letter.

"What a queer old boy!" I exclaimed. "What does he mean?" for I did not exactly understand it.

"Mean!" cried my father excitedly, snatching the letter from me, and crushing it into his pocket. "Mean—why to make you his heir, Phillip—his heir!"

"Whew!" said I, blushing; "that's a good idea!"

"You must apply for leave and go off at once," said my father. "Strike while the iron's hot. It's a splendid chance, Phillip, splendid! Use it well and your fortune's made."

So I thought, applied for leave, and set off for the Paddington Station soon after, with my ears ringing with a legion of instructions for pleasing old men, given me by my fellow clerks. The only one I could clearly remember was to rise whenever he came into the room, and then eschew every comfortable arm chair for fear he should want it. I felt bursting with importance, and actually treated myself to a glass of hot whiskey and water at the refreshment room.

"Hellow, William!" suddenly cried a voice.

"Why, Jack, what brings you here?" I replied, recognizing an old friend.

"I'm going down to Gloucester," said he. Where are you off to?"

"Oh, to such luck!" I said. "I'm off beyond Hereford, to humor an old gentleman."

"What?" said Jack.

"Come along, and I tell you all about it," said I. "Second-class. Yes, all right. Here we are."

After we got settled in our places, an old man got in. He was poorly fixed, and had a green shade over one eye, while his other looked weak and drooping. We grunted our strong disapproval at his entrance, and made mutual grimaces, but as his blind eye was towards us, they were doubtless lost on him. As the train moved off I told my story which you know already.

"Well done, Phillip. Your bread is buttered for you!" he exclaimed, when he had heard me to the end. "What a glorious chance! Man alive, I wish I was in your shoes, that's all!"

"Yes, yes, my boy. All right!" I exclaimed. "Well, it's a shame if I don't secure a good smoke before the light of my pipe goes out in obscurity. Do you object to smoke, sir?"

This latter question was addressed to the old gentleman in the corner, who appeared a curious mass of seedy old coats, railway rugs, and newspapers.

"I do object very much," was the old gentleman's gruff reply.

"Very sorry, sir," said I. "I'll keep my head out of the window, then."

Shame seized me when I recall this incident. In lieu of attending to the old man's wishes, I coolly lit my pipe, and though I knew the wind would blow the smoke right into his eyes—though I heard him growl with rage—I puffed on heedlessly. I should be sorry to be so rude now, but you see I was young and very excited.

The short January afternoon was drawing to a close, and very soon after we were dependent on a lamp that hung from the centre of the carriage roof for light.

Whether it was the old man's example who had gone to sleep, or the monotonous noise of the train as it speeded along, or that our powers of chattering were exhausted, I know not, but anyhow we too began to feel inclined for a nap. But we found the lamp an intolerable nuisance, with its incessantly flickering light.

"Bother it! Can't we blow it out?" I exclaimed.

"Not if we cracked our cheeks. But I've a notion!" cried the ready-witted Jack. "Hand me the old boy's hat."

"What for?" I asked, as I handed him the article in question. It was worn and rusty, but well brushed and well shaped.

"To make an extinguisher of," said Jack, and so saying, he fitted it on to the lamp, making the globe act like the bald head of the hat. It fitted to a nicety, and so tightly as to keep well in its place. The arrangement answered splendidly, and not a glimmer of light was to be seen.

When the train stopped at Swinden we awoke, and rushed out of the carriage to get refreshments, quite forgetting our fellow passenger and his hat. On returning we found they had both flown. The train started, and when we arrived at Gloucester, Jack left me. I had a cold lonely journey to my destination, a little station just below Hereford. When I arrived it was nine o'clock; a dark raw night; I was very sleepy and tired. For some moments I could not find my portmanteau; then my hat box was missing, and while I was searching, the guard was exclaiming about the delay of the train. At last it was all found, the guard whistled, the train moved off, and I was left standing on a little country platform, in a strange place.

"Any cabs or flys to be got here?" I asked the station master.

"Dear me, no, sir," was the reply. "But we can get you something down in the town. Where is it to, sir?"

"I want to go to Mr. Frosberry's of Castle Hall," I replied.

I paced the wretched little station till the conveyance came, with mind full of the coming meeting. I asked the driver how far we had to go.

"How far, sir," said he. "Oh, only about four miles."

I got in, and we bowled along the dark narrow lanes. After half an hour's drive we entered some handsome iron gates, and drove into what seemed to me, in the dim light, a very extensive park. The whole aspect impressed me with the idea of a grand estate. And I questioned the driver on the subject.

"Indeed it is a big place, sir," said he. "It's about fifteen miles round the estate. Eh, Mr. Frosberry's very rich. People do say he has two hundred thousand pounds to leave, if he has one penny, besides this property."

My driver jumped down and pulled the bell. The peal resounded through the house like the clang of a triumph. A footman in livery flung open the door, and I was admitted into a hall glowing with light and warmth, and then shown into a large, brilliantly lighted drawing room.

Soon we were at the house. A moment later and the tall footman reappeared. He apologized for his master's non-appearance, and requested me to obey the instructions of a note which he handed me from a massive silver salver.

I tore it open and read:

"MR. PHILLIP FROSBERRY WILLIAMS:—The next time you travel by rail do not smoke nor annoy old gentlemen; do not make the infirmities of age and seeming poverty your laughing stock; do not tell your friends of your great expectations; do not speak of your old crack-brained relatives; do not make extinguishers of old gentlemen's hats; do not be slangy, vulgar and insulting to strangers; do not nourish vain hopes of inheriting me, and finally, do not lose any time in leaving forever the house of your old 'firework' of a fellow traveller.

PHILLIP FROSBERRY.

P. S.—I enclose a £20 note to pay your expenses."

* * * *

How I got out of the house—how I got back to the station, and spent the night in a wretched inn—how I returned to town and told to my enraged relations my woeful tale, wherein I played such a sorry part—how my abject letter of apology was returned unread—I cannot tell.

I only know old Frosberry died worth the £200,000, leaving his niece sole heiress, and that I quarreled with Jack Evans about it, nor have I ever spoken to him since.

Buffalo's Big Snow Storm.

STRANGE SCENES ON THE STREETS—SNOW BOUND TRAVELERS.

The recent snow storm at Buffalo seems to have been of phenomenal violence. With the mercary at six degrees only above zero on Tuesday morning, Dec. 17, at 11 o'clock, a snow squall struck the city and continued with little intermission until Thursday morning, and was in some places twelve feet deep, but very curiously at the distance of a few miles on either side of the city measured only a few inches. Says the Buffalo *Courier*:

"The snow, which came in sharp, icy needles, was so thick that it was impossible to see a distance of ten feet, while a fifty-mile gale swept the flakes so fiercely into the faces of those who were abroad as to cause intense pain. The scene in the streets at this time was something unprecedented. People ran and shouted and sang as if they were intoxicated. Gray-haired ladies and young girls who had come out to do their Christmas shopping acted as if they had taken laughing gas. In fact the air seemed to be surcharged with oxygen, and every one felt its exhalaration and recked not of the cold. As the crowd surged up and down Main street, for the street was full, they seemed in their snow-coated wrappers like creatures of some strange, unreal world among the clouds. The stores were almost hidden by the whirling snow dust, and it was utterly impossible to recognize any familiar shapes. Sleighs, and