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Kent News.

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

Large Sale OF TOWN PROPERTY

In Millington, Kent County, Md.

BY VIRTUE of the power contained in a mortgage from John H. Thomas and Emma Thomas his wife, to Andrew Woodall, Stephen Boyer, Benjamin F. H. Caulk and Thomas A. Jacobs, dated the 18th day of April, 1879, and duly recorded among the Land Records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber D. C. B., No. 5, folio 123, &c., the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE in front of the Hotel in Millington, Kent county, Md., on

WEDNESDAY,

The 10th of December, 1879

At Eleven o'clock A. M.,

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

Number 1

Consists of a LOT of LAND

in Millington, on Sassafras street, adjoining the property of Joseph Mann's heirs, and others; this Lot is enclosed with good fencing, and is improved by

A TWO-STORY

Frame DWELLING HOUSE,

in good repair. Also, a

STABLE and CARRIAGE HOUSE.

GOOD GARDEN attached, and would make a very desirable residence.

Number 2

Is a LOT OF LAND

on the suburbs of Millington, on the East side of the Queen Anne's and Kent Rail Road, adjoining the lands of Joseph Carney, and others, containing

6 Acres, 1 Rood and 15 Perches.

Number 3

Is a LOT OF LAND

on the South side of the public road leading from Millington to Smyrna, adjoining the lands of Mrs. Harriet A. Emory and others, containing

About EIGHT ACRES.

Also, all the interest and estate of the said John H. Thomas and Emma Thomas his wife, in and to

THE REAL ESTATE OF THE LATE JOSEPH MANN,

situated in the town of Millington, and adjoining Lot No. 1.

ALSO, all the interest and estate of the said John H. Thomas and Emma Thomas, his wife, in and to

Another Parcel of the REAL ESTATE

of the said Joseph Mann, at Mann's Corner, about one mile from Millington, the same being a one-sixth interest therein.

Also, 2 Bay Horses,

1 YORK CARRIAGE.

1 FAMILY CARRIAGE, 1 COW,

Half interest in an OFFICE in the town of Millington; 1 SLEIGH. Also, a large variety of

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE.

☞ THE TERMS prescribed by the mortgage are cash, but may be modified on the day of sale.

ANDREW WOODALL,
STEPHEN BOYER,
BENJ. F. H. CAULK,
THOS. A. JACOBS,
MORTGAGEES.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
Trustee and Attorney.

Nov. 15, 1879—ts.

Houses for Rent, FOR 1880.

STORE-HOUSE AND DWELLING combined, on High Street, above Mill Street, occupied by Mr. A. P. Carroll.

STORE-HOUSE AND DWELLING combined on Cross street near High, now occupied by Mr. S. S. Usilton.

DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, near High, adjoining above. The front room of this house would be fitted for a Store room if desired.

SMALL DWELLING HOUSE on Cannon street, just above Cross st.

DWELLING HOUSE on corner of Cannon st. and Princess st.

DWELLING on Princess street, near Cannon st.

STORE HOUSE on High St., now occupied by Kennard & Connelly.

CHARLES T. WESTCOTT,
sep20—tf. ATT'Y AT LAW.

FOR RENT,

The Wheelwright Shop,

in Kennedyville, at present occupied by John M. Pennington, for the ensuing year. Apply to

oc18-tf. JACOB HIGHLEY.

FOR RENT,

For 1880,

A DWELLING HOUSE

on Cross st., in Chestertown.

Apply to WM. VANNORT.

Nov. 1—tf.

FOR RENT.

THE STORE HOUSE

at present occupied by myself will be for rent the ensuing year.

oc4-tf. A. L. VANNORT.

CIGARS and TOBACCO!

OUR FIVE CENT CIGARS

Are Without Doubt

THE FINEST IN TOWN!

☞ We are selling thousands, and every one is delighted with their flavor. Try them. COLIN F. STAM.

SALTPETER,

PEPPER and SAGE,

at

LEARY'S Pharmacy,

ROCK HALL.

☞ Coughs, Colds and other diseases of the Lungs are quickly cured by using *Leary's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry and Tar*, only 35c. per bottle. n8-5t*

TRY OUR 65c. Chewing Tobacco. jy12. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

Administrators' Sale

—OF—

LARGE and VALUABLE

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, the undersigned, as administrators of Frederick Worrell, will sell at Public Sale at the late residence of said deceased, near Chestertown, on

MONDAY, Dec. 8th, 1879,

commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., horses, stock, and farming utensils of their intestate, comprising in part as follows:

Head of HORSES

And COLTS.

ONE PAIR OF STEERS,

1 BULL, 2 YOUNG STEERS,

SIX COWS,

Three Calves,

20 Head HOGS,

2 Buggy and Harness, Dearborn, large Carriage, Drag, Fan, Sleigh, Drill, Reaper and other Farming Utensils.

A Lot of LOCUST POSTS, Stepladder, Hedge Trimmer, Berry Crates, Peach Boxes, &c.

Also, a lot of

Household & Kitchen FURNITURE,

Consisting a Cook Stove, Tables, Chairs, Bedding, Sideboard, Oil Cloth, Lounge, Bookcase, Wardrobe, Bedstead, Feather Bed, Curtains, &c.

TERMS OF SALE are, all sums under $10 cash. On sales amounting to $20 a credit of eight months will be given, by purchaser giving note with approved security, bearing interest from date if payable in Bank.

MARY W. WORRELL,
CHAS. T. WESTCOTT,
Adm'rs F. Worrell.

nov. 29—ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

The subscriber, having rented his farm, will sell his Entire Stock and Farming Implements, on

TUESDAY, Dec. 11, 1879,

AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M.,

at his residence near the village of Still Pond, as follows:

6 Valuable Horses,

one of them quite fast;

FOUR SUPERIOR MILCH COWS,

Yoke of OXEN,

2 HEIFERS, lot Fine HOGS,

Farm Wagon and Harness,

1 Peabody and Springs, nearly new;

1 Wheat Rake, Mower and Reaper, 1 Fifth Cork Carriage, 1 Doctor's Phaeton, Fan & Corn Sheller, Harrows, Cultivators, Harrows and Gears.

Also, 400 SEASONED CEDAR POSTS, suitable for post and rail fence.

TERMS OF SALE ARE: All sums of $10 and under, cash; over that amount a credit of nine months on note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

WILLIAM WATTS.

Nov. 29, 1879—ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

By order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, administrator of A. Dwyer, dec'd, will sell at his late residence, near Worton Station, on

FRIDAY, Dec. 12th, 1879,

COMMENCING AT 10 O'CLOCK,

All the personal Property of said deceased, consisting of

House and Kitchen FURNITURE

the usual stalls and Implements required for the use of a large farm. Among them may be named:

OX-CART, WAGONS, Wheat DRILL; Reaper, Mower, Fan, Corn Sheller; Carborn, Buggy, &c.

STOCK:

Two Yoke of Oxen,

1 YOUG DURHAM BULL,

SEVEN COWS,

some of them Fresh;

8 HEAD OF YOUNG STEERS, HEIFERS, &c.

8 Head of HORSES,

SIX SHOTS, and a lot of SLAUGHTERED HOGS.

TERMS.—All sums of $10 and under cash; all sums over ten dollars a credit of nine months for approved endorsed notes, bearing interest from day of sale. The property not to be removed until the terms are complied with.

N. E. WICKES, Adm'r.

Nov. 22, 1879—ts.

T. W. ELLIASON, JR.

LUMBER,	LUMBER,
SHINGLES,	LATHS,
PICKETS,	SIDING,
Weatherboarding,	Barn Boards,
Va. Pine Boards,	Cypress Fencing
4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 Dressed White Pine,	
Crown Moulding,	Band Moulding,
SASH, BLINDS, DOORS,	

all at prices that will satisfy after a close examination of the competing markets. Parties who are about to build are solicited to call and learn my prices before buying elsewhere.

Oct. 18. T. W. ELLIASON, JR.

$2 WILL buy a full plated 7 shot Revolver, and a box of Cartridges, at aug3. THOMPSON'S, up town.

SEA PICTURES.

Come to me darling, come this way,
The tide is rising, the white sea spray
Is dashing and foaming in angry migat;
Over us hover the wings of night.

Look up, my darling, the new moon shines,
With yon bright star its radiance twines,
Rivals they seem in the grey soft hue,
Canopied round with a cloud of blue.

Hark! my darling, in ocean's hall,
Dancing feet on a gemmed floor fall,
The moon and star are reflected there,
Kissing the lips of the mermaid's fair.

Tarry not, darling, enchantment's spell,
In and around these sea haunts dwell;
Mysterious forms do enwrap the deep,
We will off, and dream of its charms in sleep.

And as they turned the sea bells rang,
Mermen and mermaiden's more sweetly sang,
Voices rose up from the briny deep
Saying fair mortals refrain from sleep.

Love untold in your bosoms dwell,
In your hearts is a patent spell
Not from the sea, or the earth or air,
The breath of God hath enrathed it there.

Then the one to the other said,
Ocean here hath our fond hearts wed,
Not if we could would we part oh, sea,
When far away in our graves to thee.

Our chanted thanks on the streams will flow
Our gifts to thee on the rivers glow;
We will send thee wreaths from the vale and dell,
But now, oh sea, we must say farewell!

And the sea said go! a home afar,
Is lighted up by yon shining star,
The crescent moon is waiting there,
And the sea doth echo a white-winged prayer.

Trammeled in love by the billow's roar,
Bound in one for the evermore,
Go! harps are stringing for others now,
Hark! voices are breaking love's same deep vow.

MATILDA CANBY.

Atlantic City, July, 1879.

THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charley, will you be sure to remember?"

"To remember—what?" said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kitty Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her sides.

"Charles!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean that you have forgotten already?"

"My dear," said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the deepest of his overcoat pockets for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten—but I don't seem exactly to remember."

"The oysters!" suggested the wife.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Meredith, "the oysters."

"And two ounces of double zephyr, scarlet wool."

"Exactly."

"And that depot hack to be waiting at two o'clock for your cousin from Chicago."

Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the table.

"She's coming to-day, I declare to goodness" he ejaculated.

"And dozen Havana oranges for dessert, and two pounds of white grapes, and some of those delicious little Nabob biscuit an macaroons, from Saltseli's—oh, and let the send me up a girl from St. Char's!"

"A—which?"

"A girl you goose! for general housework. Peode went home this morning with the ice-chest, and I can't be left alone with company coming and all. Mind, she a good cook and understand waiting table."

And Mr. Meredith rushed off to catch the nine-forty express with a kaleidoscope confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks, oysters and servant maids careering through his brain, which bodeed ill for Mr. Meredith's domestic plans.

While at bay, clasping both hands over her head in a sort of tragic despair, rush down into the kitchen, where a very good looking young man of some two or three and twenty was on his knees in front of the range trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn. The good looking young man glanced up with a comical smile, his eyes and a smear of soot transing the bridge of his nose.

"Well said she.

"Tom, said Mrs. Meredith, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad?"

"Like a book," said Tom.

"And coffee?"

"I leard in Paris."

"Good said Mrs. Meredith. "And I can make butter-milk biscuit—and, between us, we'll get up a decent lunch for the young lady from Chicago! As for dinner—"

"Well again remarked the young man with a face besmeared nose.

"Providence must provide!" sighed the matron.

"There and old chintz colored rooster in the barnyard" said Tom, hopefully.

"I I could catch him I'd have a chicken stew."

"Tom, said Mrs. Meredith, "did you ever make chicken stew?"

"No."

"then you don't know what you're talking about, said the lady, with some asperity.

"Yes, I do, too," maintained the amateur cooker "Onions, potatoes, celery, pearlarle with a pinch of salt and—"

"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Meredith "Dick that lobster out of its shell and live off romancing. You're a dealer at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; though to sure," with a twinge of conscience "goodness knows what I should do without you just in this particular emergency you dear old darling."

The lobster was only half picked out of the shell the buttermilk biscuit were still to make, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing room, when there came a ring at the door-bell. She put her turbaned head out the window after a most unceremonious fashion.

"Who's there?" she demanded, in high dudgeon.

"Is Mrs. Meredith live here?" returned a woman's voice. And at the same moment the young matron caught sight of a black leather bag, a black alpaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland.

"The new girl, thank Providence!" said Mrs. Meredith; and she flew down stairs and let in honest Charley in her heart at his unexpected promptitude.

"Come in" said she, opening the door wide "I am glad you are so punctual, my dear girl. From St. Char's Intelligence Bureau, I suppose? No, don't take your things up here—the servants hall is below stairs; you may as well go directly down into the kitchen."

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore rather a bewildered expression.

"What's your name?" she asked, patronizingly.

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," answered the girl, in some confusion.

"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Patty. Have you references?"

"I—I believe so."

"I think," said Mrs. Meredith, surveying her from top to toe, "that you are a little over-dressed for your station, Patty; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk when it comes."

The stranger lifted a pair of blue eyes to the tall form, guarded around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook ma'am?" said she.

Mrs. Meredith drew herself up. "Certainly not," said she. "This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salid."

"But he is not doing it right," said the new girl. "He'll never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you, Mr. Selwyn."

And with deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fiber from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry "Bravo!"

"And now Patty," said Mrs. Meredith, "I will show you where the things are and leave you to get up as nice lunch as you can for half-past two o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Chicago, and I want everything in perfect order."

"I'll finish the salad," said Tom, who had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I have commenced it. But you needn't look so perturbed, Patty, if that's your name. And you can ask my sister if I'm not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen."

Kitty shook her head surreptitiously at Tom behind the screen; Tom resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

Half an hour afterward he came up to the dining room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac-and-gold china.

"Kitty," said he, "she's a jewel! A gem of the first water! Depend upon it, she's not always worked in the kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare *apropos* of something or other, I don't remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once, her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her cheeks."

"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said Mrs. Kitty, disdainfully.

The lunch came up at half-past two in perfect order, but no cousin from Chicago arrived—no depot hack rolled up to the door.

"How provoking!" said Kitty. "Miss Meredith must have missed some essential connecting train. Charley will be so vexed. But, however, I don't so much mind company coming in any time now that I have such a good girl!"

The dinner of daintily roasted quails and rabbit, fricassee, with a dessert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is she?" cried he.

"Where is who?" said Kitty.

"My cousin from Chicago."

"Oh," said Kitty, "she hasn't come!"

"Not come?"

"No."

Mr. Meredith drew a long sigh of mingled regret and relief.

"Then, after all," said he, "it's not so unlucky."

"What's not so unlucky?" petulantly demanded his wife. "My dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles."

"That I forgot all about the oysters and the zephyr wool and the servant girl."

"Forgot?"

"Yes—forgot. Isn't that plain English enough?"

"But you didn't forget," remonstrated Mr. Meredith. "You sent her. She's here now, in the kitchen."

Mr. Meredith started. "I've sent no one," said he. "Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word of honor!"

"Then," slowly ejaculated Kitty, "who did send her?"

"Ring the bell," said Mr. Meredith. "Let's have her up. Who knows but what's she's one of those regular women, with an eye to the forks and spoons?"

And as he spoke he jerked the bell cord with some energy.

In a minute or so the new girl came in smiling and courtesying. Mr. Meredith uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, it's Martha Meredith!" shouted he. "It's my cousin from Chicago."

And he clasped her in his arms, with a shower of kisses that made honest Tom's ears tand on end.

"I wish she was my cousin from Chicago," uttered he, in a stage aside.

Kitty turned as scarlet as a pepperpod.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasping her little hands nervously, "and I took her for the cook!"

"And I am a cook—when occasion requires, Cousin Kitty," said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. "You'll be vexed with me for humoring the joke—indeed, I could not help it. And I'll show you how to make those meringues glaces and the Neapolitan creams to-morrow."

And they all sat happily down together to the roast quail and fricasseed rabbits, and Kitty and Martha went together to the intelligence bureau on the morrow and established a damsel in the kitchen who was not at all inconrguous to her surroundings.

And Tom, leaning over his sister's shoulder, whispered waggishly:

"Don't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?"

It is said that as soon as a Chinaman marries an American lady in this country he amputates his queue (top-knot). This is conclusive evidence that the heathen Chinee has been a close student of married life in this country.

In Kansas it is hard to get a man to join the militia because he has to give up his title of colonel when he becomes a military man.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN KENT COUNTY.

The following historical record of Presbyterianism in this county we get from a pamphlet copy of a sermon, preached by Rev. E. W. Gaylord, Dec. 3, 1876, in the Westminister Presbyterian Church, at Georgetown, Kent county. It is from the press of John H. Taggart, of the *Sunday Times*, 819 Walnut St., Phila.:

From the records of the old Presbyteries of New Castle and Lewes, we gather that there have been three different churches, that of *Kent in Maryland*, probably Chestertown—the one here—and that of the *Brick Meeting house*, which many of you know as having been recently taken down to provide materials for the present Kennedyville Church. The first mention we have of any of them is of *Kent in Maryland*, to which supplies were sent by the Presbytery of New Castle in 1726. It is very pleasant to know that from the very beginning the church there was not without a rallying place, a grant of land having been made to Samuel Exell, of that neighborhood, as early as 1727. The identical lot may be seen in Chestertown, but it is uncertain whether any church was ever built upon it. As Presbyterians we have now no foot-hold there, but the place has a denominational interest to us *as having been* the starting point of our work in this County, and as having once contained a Presbyterian Church for over forty years.

The Church in Georgetown, of which you are all more anxious to hear, is not so old, but it has a more positive history than that at Chestertown. The date of its organization cannot be positively known, but it seems to have been in the neighborhood of 1740, as there are records of supplies being sent them by New Castle Presbytery as early as 1746, and from then onward until the settlement of a pastor fifteen years later. In October 1766, just about 110 years ago, James Pearce deeded to three trustees—Robert Maxwell, John Maxwell and Collin Ferguson—"all that lot of land in Georgetown, Kent County, commonly known as *lot No.* 84, it being the lot of land on which the Presbyterian meeting-house *formerly stood*, and on which the present *meeting-house* now stands," which ground we now occupy. The fact that one "meeting-house," as they used to call it, had given place to a second as early as 1766, might seem to place the history of the church further back; but I can find no records of preaching there before 1746.

On April 7, 1795, the United congregations of Georgetown and the *Brick Meeting-house* in this County, gave a call to a Mr. George Elliott, which was accepted, and an adjourned meeting of Presbytery was held here in June of the same year, for the purpose of ordaining and installing him. But owing to some technical rule of the Synod, which Presbytery had failed to comply with, the service had to be postponed, and it was never afterwards performed. Mr. Elliott appears to have continued his ministry as a licentiate for some time, however, but by and by laid it aside to engage in teaching, and a short time after his name was dropped from the roll of the Presbytery. In 1809 one more feeble attempt was made to sustain the waning cause, by application to a Presbytery for supplies, after which the name of the old Church disappears from the records. Upon frequent inquiry through this neighborhood, I have been unable to find any one who has any recollection of Presbyterian preaching here for fifty years. For some time the old Church was occupied by the Episcopalians, the Rev. Mr. Smith, who live at the top of the hill, having preached in it for several years. But as a Presbyterian Church, the place has had no history until recently for over fifty years. Like many other churches up and down this Peninsula, it suffered hopeless decline in the early part of this century, the country being largely drained by emigration to the near West, and those who took their places being more strongly drawn toward other faiths.

Concerning the *Old Brick Church*, which formerly existed near us, I can find little to indicate either its origin or its early history. The only notice of it which appears in the records of Presbytery, is that of which I have before spoken, where the *Brick Meeting-house* united with Georgetown in calling Mr. Elliott. It probably grew up in the latter part of the last century as an association with Georgetown, and declined as it did. It is the only one of these churches, which I have mentioned which had any history during the long period intervening between the first of the century and the present time. About fifteen years ago it was reoccupied after a long interval, through the labors of Rev. Geo. Magee, who was sent to it by the Presbytery of Lewes, and who lived for some years in Crumpton in charge of it and the Church in Church Hill, in Queen Anne's County, and also of a congregation in Crumpton. Soon after its resuscitation the old Church was repaired and refitted largely through the agency of Mr. Jas. Hurtt, an esteemed elder who has but recently left us and gone up to his Heavenly reward. Mr. Hurtt was ordained an elder in the old Brick Church, in *January* 13, 1861, and his heart was warmly attached to it till the day of his death. He was its only elder, and on the organization of the present Westminister Church, some eight years after its decline, he was elected to the same position here. The existence of the *Old Brick Church* after its resuscitation was very brief, it having become uncoupied soon after the withdrawal of Mr. Magee, after about three years' service. In 1874 the old Church was taken down to assist in building our new house in Kennedyville, and now all that remains is the old yard, with now and then a grave within its enclosure to mark where it stood.

The old church whose history we read to-day did good work. They came to a people with few privileges, and they gave them the Gospel. Others have taken the work and caried it on.

The Church here (*The Westminster Church*), was organized June 18, 1871, through the instrumentality of Rev. S. R. Schofield, of Delaware City, who visited this place in December of the preceding year, and took the request which some of you made for an organization to Presbytery. The Commission appointed by Presbytery to constitute the Church, consisted of Rev. Mr. Schofield, Elder Garland Hanner and Elder [illegible] of Delaware City. At the time of its organization the Church numbered 17 members, but at the first meeting of session thereafter ten more were received by letter and probation, four of whom belonged in the neighborhood of Kennedyville, so that the Church started out with 27 members. The session at its organization consisted of three elders—Messrs. James Hurtt, E. D. Etherington and H. G. Ellison. It was afterwads increased to four by the election and ordination of Mr. T. H. Jacobs, about October 1871. To the earnest and faithful discharge of their duty by this session is due in great part the growth and sustenance of this Church during the first year and a-half of its history, it having remained without a pastor until the 1st of February, 1873. Within that time our beautiful and homelike house was built, and on March 1877 it was dedicated to the worship of God. The Building Committe consisted of Mrsses. Hurtt, Jacobs, Hall, J. J. and E. D. Etherington, through whose active interest it was that old *Tabernacle* in which worship was first held, so soon gave way to our present confortable church home. While speaking of the Church-building, we take pleasure in putting on the record the name of Rev. J. Garlard Hanner, whose interest in the work followed it to its completion, and also that of Capt. Andrew Woodall, who contributed liberally towards it, and who, though not a member has shown a kind regard for it up to this day.

In January, 1873, you gave a call to your present pastor, which was accepted, and he was ordained and installed at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery held here May 13. Up to this date the pastorate has lasted three years and seven months. The present membership of the Church may be stated at 65. The present organization is as follows:

PASTOR:
Rev. E. W. Gaylord.

ELDERS:
E. D. Etherington,
H. C. Ellison,
T. A. Jacobs,
Thomas Hurtt,

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT:
T. A. Jacobs.

TRUSTEES:
T. A. Jacobs,
E. D. Etherington,
S. G. Etherington,
H. C. Ellison,
James J. Hall,
James F. M. Woodall,
Jonathan Hodgson,
John Jervis,
Capt. A. Woodall.

The Kennedyville Church was organized May 12, 1874, by a commission of New Castle Presbytery, of which Dr. John Patton, of Middletown, was Chairman, and Dr. Crowell, of Odessa, and Elder D. L. Dunning, of Middletown, and your pastor and Elder Jacobs, of this church, were members. The Kennedyville Church was started in the spring of 1874, and on April 11, 1875, it was dedicated to the worship of God. The Building Committee were Dr. William Maxwell, Mr. William H. Stewart, Mr. Chas. Warren and Mr. William H. Kennedy. The ground for the building, as were also some of the materials, was the gift of Mr. John Kennedy, of Philadelphia.

The Parsonage at Georgetown was built in the winter of 1877-78, and is very neat and comfortable. The land was purchased, by the Mite Society, of Mr. William Ross. Cost of Parsonage and lot, $2,050.

Advice to a Young Man.

The following quaint advice, from the Burlington Hawkeye man, has the "pith of truth" in it:

"Remember, son, that the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself, that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral, or even heard of the death.

"Be as smart as you can, of course.—Know as much as you can without blowing the packing out of your cylinder heads; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it, and don't imagine a thing is so simply because you say it is. Don't be sorry for your father because he knows less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University, who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. And we never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young man has of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money; they are more stylish, your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair is better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier, than pa. But, young man, the old gentleman gets the biggest salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will drain more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and a copper-plate signature in six months.

"Young men are useful and they are ornamental, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are no novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Do not be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling. Don't be afraid that your merit will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently."

A CODE OF SIGNALS FOR GIRLS.—Merchant in his "Betrothals and Bridals" suggests the following code of signals for girls: "A ring on the first finger to denote poverty and willingness to get married; on the second finger, money and a disposition to listen, though nothing is promised; on the third, finger, 'Already engaged, and so you needn't trouble yourself;' on the little finger, deliberating."

Spanish Proverb—"When you choose a wife, shut your eyes and pray to God."

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow;
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew—
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do—
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolfe in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool.
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old fashioned your hat
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's not paid,
But mind your own business—there's naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please,
(Provided you exercise good common sense,)
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease,
Of course you'll meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.

HEARING WITH THEIR TEETH.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE AUDIPHONE ON A CLASS OF DEAF MUTES.

The audiphone, a new instrument designed to enable the deaf to hear, has been tested recently in New York in the presence of Dr. Peter Cooper, the Rev. Drs. Thos Gallaudet and J. M. Stevenson, the Rev. Robert Collyer, Prof. Jenkins of the institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Mr. Henry Bergh, and many others. Prof. Jenkins had with him a class of mutes.

Richard G. Rhodes, of Chicago, the inventor, said that he had been deaf for a number of years, and that he discovered the principle of the audiphone by accident. One night, after making many fruitless experiments, with the view of finding some way of hearing his watch tick, he listlessly touched the case of the time piece to his teeth, and he was surprised to find that its ticking was distinctly audible to him. The discovery led to the invention of the audiphone.

The instrument has the shape and size of an ordinary stiff fan, and it may be used as such. It is made of a composition said to possess the property of gathering sound and conveying the sensation to the auditory nerve through the medium of the teeth, the external ear having nothing to do with hearing in this matter.—The material resembles gutta percha.—Small cords running from the thin edges and converging at the handle, serve to bend the blade of the instrument to the proper curve for hearing to the best advantage under different conditions. When in use, the edge of the thin curved blade is touched to one of the upper teeth.

The mutes tested the audiphone. A young man who had been deaf from infancy heard words spoken in the tone of ordinary conversation. A little girl who was born deaf indicated by signs and looks of surprise that she heard the sound of voices, but, having never before heard any sound, she did not know the meaning of the words.

Instruments were placed in the hands of the entire class, and a lady sang, accompanied by an organ. At the sound of the first notes the face of the mutes expressed great surprise, and when the voice of the singer rose and fell, and the harmony of the accompaniment blended with the voice, the pleasure of the mute listeners was manifested. Their faces lighted up and their hands were moved up and down as the pitch of the air rose and fell. Some of the mutes waved their hands with a peculiarly graceful movement to show that they could distinguish between the volume of the crescendo passages and that of the less loud portions.

The inventor claims that totally deaf persons may be made to hear ordinary conversation by the use of the audiphone and they may then be taught to speak.

In the Jaws of a Lion.

I was out after porcupines, and was lying down one night near a porcupine's hole, waiting for him to come out. I had no gun, but only my hunting knife and a large knob-kerrie with which to knock the porcupine on the nose; for that, as you know, kills him at once. I did not hear a sound until I found the grass near me move and a lion got his paw on me and lifted me up. The brute pressed his claws into me; but luckily my leather belt prevented his teeth from dangering me, and he carried me, holding on to my belt and coat. If either of these had given way I should have been laid hold of in a far more rough manner. A lion is like a cat in one thing—he can hold a live creature in his mouth and not damage it, just as I have seen a cat carry a mouse. I knew the nature of the lion well enough to know that if I struggled I should have my neck broken or my head smashed in an instant; so I did not struggle, but quietly drew my knife and thought what was best to do. I thought at first of trying to strike him in the heart; but I could not reach that part of him, and his skin looked so loose that I could not strike him deep enough carried as I was. I knew it would be life or death with me in an instant, so turning myself a bit I gashed the lion's nose and cut it through. The lion dropped me as I should drop a poisonous snake, and jumped away, roaring with pain. He stood for an instant looking at me; but I did not move, and he did not seem to like to carry me again. More than once he came up to within a few yards, licking the blood as it poured from his nose; but there I remained like a stone, and he was fairly afraid to tackle me again. I knew a buffalo and an ox are very sensitive about the nose, and a cat if just tipped on the nose can't stand it, so I thought the lion might be the same, and so it proved.—*From 'Among the Zulus.'*

OUR regiment was charging up the side of a hill raked fore and aft with batteries and sharp-shooters. One fellow near me dropped on his hands and knees in that position towards Colonel Marks [illegible]

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.

Troubles in the Bodkins Family.

[From the Maryland Journal.]

Mr. and Mrs. Bodkins don't speak now—there is, as it were, a coolness, so to speak, between that worthy couple. The way of it was this:

You know how hot it was last week. Well, the mosquitoes were awful; they swarmed down on our town like politicians, and of course took in the Bodkin mansion while they were *doing* the town.

Bodkin had been out one night to a political meeting, and in order to convince his fellow citizens that "the country was going to destruction, and that something *must* be done to save it," he was obliged to get outside of ten or twelve glasses of stale beer.

For fear that this would have a bad effect, he stopped on his way home and histed in several drinks of electric with a key. He then took in a box of sardines made a short but somewhat mixed address to the landlord and a one-eyed negro, in which he called them "Friends, Romans and countrymen, and asked them to "lend him their ears," (at which last remark the negro retreated precipitately) He then drove home, conscious of having done his duty.

When he arrived Mrs. Bodkin had retired, and after several appeals to imaginary electors to "stand by their colors," Bodkin tumbled into bed, and sank into that deep slumber which only a man who has a clear conscience and twelve glasses of beer in him can enjoy.

All was quiet; nothing was heard but the musical hum of the festive mosquito and the patriotic snoring of Bodkin. Mrs. Bodkin could stand the snoring, because she was used to it, but she couldn't stand the mosquitoes, because she wasn't. So arising without disturbing the sleeping patriot, she proceeded to fish up out of an old trunk a remnant of mosquito netting, then an old straw bonnet which had long since been dismantled and cast aside, and she then proceeded to array herself. First she put on the bonnet to keep the net from her face, then she draped the netting over it, and secured the whole arrangement in a manner to defy the festive insects.

Right here I ought to remark that when Mrs. B. arose she was dressed in a —that is, in a—well, as this isn't a fashion item, it is not worth while to particularize, but her costume was something after the Lydia Thompson style, some distance after it.

When she was fully satisfied that she had guarded against the *skeeters*, she turned and, woman like, surveyed the effect in a large mirror, which stood opposite Bodkin's bed.

Bodkin was dreaming. Visions of "Blood Tubs," "Red Necks," "Plug Uglies," "Know Nothings," and other charitable and benevolent organizations floated through his overladened mind. He dreamed that he was denounced for his patriotic course, he was pursued, captured, condemned, the knife of the executioner was about to descend.

At this point Bodkin woke up, and with a fearful snort sat bolt upright in bed. He had no idea for a few moments where he was. He only saw the draped and masked figure near his bed. He believed the dream was a fearful reality. He raised a pillow and with one blow knocked Mrs. B. *out of time*. Then he sprang to the window and yelled out "Fire! Murder!" &c., like a fog whistle. Mrs. B. joined in and there was more noise to the square inch in that house for a short time than was ever heard this side of the colored camp.

Bodkin made down stairs and out into the road before he fairly collected his scattered wits, and in the meantime several of the near neighbors had rushed in through the open door and gone up stairs, eager to save life or property.

Mrs. Bodkin had grasped the subject. She realized, like the leader of the "immortal Six Hundred," that "some one had blundered," and, poor soul! she was doing her level best. She couldn't find her own clothes, and she was dressing for company as fast as she could in a suit of Bodkin's.

She had on one boot, and was trying to get on a pair of pantaloons, but she was putting them on *over her head*, or how or other they wouldn't work.

Sheltering herself behind the door, she told the neighbors that it was a false alarm, and begged them to go home. They did, each one thoroughly convinced in his or her mind that Bodkin and his wife was crazy, or drunk.

Mrs. Bodkin has not left her room, and Bodkin has cancelled his engagements to speak this campaign, so that if the "boys" don't see him he will "cut the