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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.

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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.

AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious for 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.

COMMISSION CARDS.

Established 1862.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER. R. FRANK LAWDER.

SAMUEL M. LAWDER & SON,

Successors to Barkman & Lawder,

General Commission Merchants,

Fruits, Fish, Wool, Poultry, Eggs, Live Stock, &c., &c.

88 South Charles Street,

jan5-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

WM. B. TILGHMAN. M. T. G. EARLE. C. C. TILGHMAN.

WM. B. TILGHMAN & CO.,

(Successors to Kenly & Tilghman,)

General Commission Merchants,

No. 18 BOWLY'S WHARF,

je14—6m. BALTIMORE.

FRANK WRIGHT. JNO. N. SPARKS. R. NELSON STEVENS.

—WITH—

WRIGHT & SPARKS,

Commission Merchants,

No. 114 Light street Wharf, Baltimore,

For the Sale of

GRAIN, FRUITS, LIVE STOCK AND GENERAL PRODUCE.

jan6-y.

B. P. ALRICH.

WITH

LUCAS & BROWN,

GENERAL PRODUCE

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN, WOOL, BERRIES, FRUIT AND ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE,

m24-3m. No. 13 Camden st, Balto., Md.

PRODUCE.

We are COMMISSION MERCHANTS in all kinds of PRODUCE—Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Fruit, Garden-Truck, &c. Correspondence solicited. No trouble to answer letter. Send us your name and address and we will quote you our market. Marking-plates, Shipping-tags, Shipping-cards, and daily quotations of our market furnished free of charge.

D. E. MANTON & CO., 153 Chambers st., N. Y. Our motto, "Quick Sales, Prompt Returns."

W. H. RUTTER. JOS. M. ASHBURY.

RUTTER & ASHBURY,

Commission Merchants,

And Dealers in

GRAIN, HAY, MILL FEED, &c.,

No. 79 SOUTH STREET, *BALTIMORE.*

GEO. Z. GREENWOOD. A. W. WOODALL.

GREENWOOD & WOODALL.

Commission Merchants

And General Produce Dealers,

72 SOUTH St., Corn Exchange Building BALTIMORE.

Commission on Grain 1 cent per bushel. Commission on Peaches and Produce 5 per cent. and no charge for collecting empties. 1y26.

DAVID B. STEWART. GEO. W. BERRY.

D. B. STEWART & CO.,

General Commission Merchants,

And Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic FRUITS,

Live Stock, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Fruits, Canned Goods, &c.

Southern Fruits and Vegetables a specialty.

No. 68 S. Calvert St, Baltimore, Md.,

Orders for Sweet Potatoes, Aspinwall Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Produce generally, promptly filled. fe9.

WM. TOMLINSON, Sr.,

WITH

CREW & JEROME,

Commission Merchants

For the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT AND PRODUCE GENERALLY,

No. 3 Camden Street, BALTIMORE.

Near Light St. wharf.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Correspondence promptly and cheerfully answered.

R. GROVES. T. H. WINPENNY.

GROVES & WINPENNY.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

112 Light St., Baltimore, Md.,

For the Sale of all kinds of Country Produce.

All business entrusted to us will receive our earnest attention. Communications answered promptly. mar17-y.

R. J. FOARD,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

FOR THE SALE OF

GRAIN and PEACHES,

GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GAME, &c.

No. 95 South Charles Street, corner Camden, BALTIMORE, MD.

May 17, 1884.

B. F. PARLETT & CO.,

Manufacturers of all style

CHEWING TOBACCO,

AND DEALERS IN

LEAF TOBACCO, SEGARS, PIPES and SNUFF.

No. 92 Lombard, and 5 Water Streets, BALTIMORE.

FACTORY—No. 18, Danville, Va.

S. Bernei & Sons,

S. E. Corner Lexington & Eutaw Sts., BALTIMORE, Md.

Our own importation of SILKS, VELVETS and the DRESS GOODS this fall will excel in richness and style any previous openings, and shall endeavor to please every customer that may favor us with a visit. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MR. CLARENCE DYOTT will be glad to wait on all parties who may favor him with a call. jy12-y.

ORGANS —AND— PIANOS!

Buy the world wide renowned WATERS new scale PIANOS. Also, Orchestral, Chime ORGANS. They excel in elaborate style of cases, brilliancy of tone, &c.; a joy forever; fully warranted for 6 years; easy terms. Address

WM. K. JUDEFIND & CO.,

jy19. Gen'l Agts., Edesville, Md.

1850. LISTER'S FERTILIZERS. 1884

NO CHANGE—NO VARIATION—FROM THE HIGH STANDARD FIRST ADOPTED.

LISTER'S FERTILIZERS!

So well known to agricultural communities are offered to the Farmers with the assurance that the quality and grade are as they have been of the highest order.

Persons who have used these goods through a series of years continue to apply them with great success, realizing full crops and permanent improvement of the land. Some of the largest yields of Wheat in this county this year, and heaviest fields of clover were produced through the application of the preparations of

LISTER BROTHERS.

WM. N. E. WICKES

Is the Agent for the LISTERS,

and will be glad to fill orders at any time or at any of the Landings on the Bay or River. Orders left at the store of WICKES & BROTHER will receive prompt attention. CHESTERTOWN, Aug. 2—12t.

Fertilizers for Wheat and Clover!

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

No. 1 Ammo. Superphosphate of Lime & Potash

—AND—

CHESTER COMPOUND.

A number of the finest crops of Wheat in the County have been raised by the application of the above Fertilizers. They have been on trial for a number of years with increased popularity after each year's use. They contain no adulterating material and their present high standard will be maintained. I would be pleased to have buyers call before purchasing.

Also, for sale Dissolved Bone Phosphate (South Carolina) and Alkaline Salts. Price $20 and interest on crop time.

aug9-9t. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

For the Permanent Improvement of Old and worn out lands, large yields of Grain and all General Products requiring a thorough and complete assimilation of the elements required, there is NOTHING BETTER than

Star Bone Phosphate,

TRADE MARK

RELIABLE, Thoroughly Established,

And THE LEADING BONE PHOSPHATE in the market.

Planet Brand Phosphate!

PLANET TRADE MARK BRAND

COMPANION to STAR BONE,

DIFFERS ONLY IN ANALYSIS, AND CORRESPONDINGLY LOW IN PRICE.

This article, containing a large per cent. of Ammoniacal Matter, German Potash Soluble Phosphoric Acid and Insoluble Bone, thoroughly, manipulated, commends itself to all who want a

GOOD FERTILIZER AT A LOW PRICE,

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Peninsular Bone Fertilizer Co.,

SMYRNA, DELAWARE,

Importers and Manufacturers of Fertilizers and Fertilizer Supplies.

J. E. TYGERT, President. *W. G. PIERCE, sec. and Treas.*

March 29-7m.

"MONARCH" SUPER-PHOSPHATE!

TRADE MARK

Manufactured of PURE ANIMAL BONE,

—BY—

C. W. KENNARD & CO.,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

These goods, so well and favorably known to the Farmers in this and adjoining Counties, have for this season been greatly improved and are GUARANTEED to contain no South Carolina Rock, nor any adulterating material.

STRICTLY PURE ANIMAL BONE, raw and dissolved, constantly on hand and for sale at exceedingly low prices.

KAINIT and all other fertilizing material.

Inspection and comparison of quality and prices solicited.

BALTIMORE OFFICE, cor. Light and German sts., in charge of

C. C. McCOLGAN & CO., Seedsmen.

All kinds of Flower, Garden and Field SEEDS, fresh and genuine. Catalogue free. Aug. 2, 1884—y.

W. P. PATTERSON,

RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF

Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns

RIFLES, REVOLVERS, AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.

168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

BUY

'OLD KENT' PHOSPHATE!

It has now been in this market for several years and been tested by the side of the best brands and found quite equal to any of them.

I am now taking orders for this fall's trade. Any orders left with Esquire Burgess, at my office, will receive prompt attention. J. W. HINES,

Office Court St., Chestertown, Md.

Aug. 16—8t.

The I. P. THOMAS

TIP TOP RAW BONE

Superphosphate!

ACKNOWLEDGES

NO SUPERIOR!

Sold under written guarantees, when customers desire, that product shall be equal for money invested to that produced by any Fertilizer sold in the State.

Contains not one pound of low grade material or adulteration to the ton.

Always in the best mechanical condition and drills without attention.

The only Fertilizer in the country offered on substantial guarantees.

Our customers are among the best farmers in Kent, and this paper could be filled with testimonials of the highest and most flattering character.

We propose to sell on merit and will not make a personal canvass.

Orders addressed to *I. P. THOMAS*, Chesney, Del. Co., Pa., or

J. W. HICKMAN,

Still Pond, Kent co., Md., will receive prompt attention. Blank forms of agreement may be had on application. aug16-7t.

KENT CO.

AGRICULTURAL FAIR!

The Kent County Agricultural Society will hold its

14th ANNUAL FAIR

On the Grounds at

WORTON STATION,

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday,

September 23, 24 and 25.

Ample arrangements will be made for the accommodation of visitors and exhibitors.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS OFFERED and LISTS OPEN TO ALL.

TRIALS OF SPEED EACH DAY.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY.

First Trial, 2.40 class, free for all. Premium $200. For horses that never beat 2.40; three in five.

Second Trial, 3.30 class. Premium $100. For horses owned on the Peninsula that never beat 3.30; three in five.

Third Trial, Wagon Race. Premium $50. For horses owned on the Peninsula without record; three in five; to road wagon.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY.

First Trial, 2.50 class. Premium $150. For horses that never beat 2.50; three in five.

Second Trial, 2.36 class. Premium $200. For horses owned on the Peninsula that never beat 2.36; three in five.

Third Trial, 2.25 class, free for all. Premium $300. For horses that never beat 2.25; three in five.

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY.

First Trial, 2.30 class, free for all. Premium $250. For horses that never beat 2.30; three in five.

Second Trial, 3-minute class, free for all. Premium $150. For horses that never beat 3 minutes; three in five.

Third Trial, Colt Race. Premium $50. Four years and under, owned on the Peninsula.

Entrance fee ten per cent of the purse. Five or more to enter, three to start. To be governed by the rules of the National Association.

Entries close Sept. 15, at 11 o'clock P.M.

For further particulars and premium lists address the Secretary of the Executive Committee.

W. P. NORRIS,

aug23-tf. LYNCH'S, MD.

53 W. Fayette St., and 31 North St.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Top Buggies $60 to $75

Oriole, Dayton and McCaul Wagons $125 to $150.

Jump-Seat Carriages $125 to $150.

Full line of Village and Road Carts.

OUR $73 TOP BUGGY has all leather top, full Brewster spring, Steel Tire and Improved Swell Taper Solid Collar Axle.

A. W. HAWKS,

Manager for R. F. BRIGGS & CO.,

April 12—6m.

Plows, Plows, Plows.

PLOW CASTINGS! PLOW CASTINGS!

The ROLAND CHILLED PLOW and CASTINGS for sale by

MAY. 22. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

A LITTLE VACATION TRIP.

REHOBETH, NEW YORK, WEST POINT, CONEY ISLAND, LONG BRANCH, ASBURY PARK, OCEAN GROVE, Etc., Etc.

JOTTINGS BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

To Rehobeth—Some of the Notables There.

On Saturday, the 16th of August, we started on a pleasure trip. Rehobeth was the objective point for the first day's journey and this was reached in the early afternoon. From Chestertown as far as Wyoming, Del., we had the agreeable company of our young friend, W. M. Slay, Esq., who left us at that point to visit his parents. Peach growers about Wyoming have an advantage over any other section of the peninsula that we know of, in that a regular peach exchange is established there, where buyers are always on hand to purchase peaches at the ruling price in Northern markets.

Rehobeth is well known by many of our readers and we shall not stop to rehearse its past history or present advantages. It is a nice, quiet place. We liked it, and might have spent our vacation very pleasantly there. But we were not seeking *rest* so much as sight-seeing, and a three days' stay was our limit here. The Hotel Henlopen is a new structure and in it we found pleasant quarters. A number of distinguished guests were stopping at the same house, the most noted were Gov. Robert E. Pattison, wife and daughter, of Pennsylvania, and on the evening of our arrival a reception was given in their honor. We were glad to make the acquaintance of the Governor, and had a very pleasant chat with him while, in bathing costume, we enjoyed the sands of the beach preparatory to a plunge in the breakers. He seemed to refer with special pleasure to his Maryland—Eastern Shore—ancestry, and to the fact that his father was a Methodist itinerant. He is himself a strict member of the same church. The distinguished young governor is of splendid physical structure; weighs 180 pounds and is tall with short-cut black moustache. He is only about 33 years of age, and his wife is also quite young and pretty. The little girl with him is his only child. At the ball given in his honor we noticed that he did not participate, but whether he refrained from conscientious scruples we can't say. We only know that as soon as the other ceremonies were over and the hop began, he retired to the balcony and spent the remainder of the evening discussing church missionary work and kindred subjects. Hon. C. Spruance, a distinguished lawyer of Wilmington, with his family; H. C. Conrad and wife, and C. P. Johnson and two interesting young daughters, of the same place, and Mr. J. B. Spotswood, of New Castle, Del., were among the pleasant acquaintance formed during our short stay. The noted Dick Harrington, of Washington Safe Burglary fame, and for years past a prominent Delaware politician, was also a guest at the Henlopen. Most of our readers doubtless have heard of Dick Harrington; his has been a familiar name to us for years, and we would have walked some distance to get a look at him. But when we saw him once, we desired not to see him or his like again. He looked more like a *tramp* than a statesman, as with swollen face, trembling limbs and unkempt garb he lolled about the hotel corridors. He accompanied the press excursion to New York and on the steamer closed the literary entertainment with a short speech remarkable for its brilliant flashes of intellectual lore and ready grip of subjects in hand notwithstanding his apparent obliviousness to all surrounding objects during the greater part of the exercises. Truly, the man has wonderful gifts, but his star is setting—rapidly, surely setting!—the demon drink has marked him a victim!

The Sea Trip—An Unexpected Companion—First View of New York.

The press fraternity came down in force on Monday, and the balance of our stay at Rehobeth was especially enjoyable for the pleasant social intercourse with so many of our brethren. In company with that association we boarded the steamer "Breakwater" on Tuesday afternoon for New York. The officers of the steamer from Captain Jenney down were as clever as could be, but the demand for staterooms was more than could be supplied and quite a number were compelled to "bunk" on the sofas. The ocean trip was very pleasant—only two or three of the whole company being "sea-sick." New York was reached—the run being 143 miles—just as the fort gun signalled sunrise.

On the trip over we had the company of the Rev. J. B. Jones, who happened to select this date for an excursion for his health. He was bending beneath the weight of his recent severe affliction and our deepest sympathy responded to his pathetic story of grief and loss. His great concern was for his seven orphaned little ones, so sadly bereft of a mother's care. The trip to the city seemed to benefit him, and we trust his return was even more pleasant.

In order to see the great city's approaches we left our sofa bunk at the earliest morning dawn and took a favorable position on the forward deck. We were then steaming through "the narrows" and soon entered the broad bay. A brilliant arc of electric lights far in the distance first attracted our attention.

"What's that?" was the inquiry.

"The lights of Brooklyn Bridge," said Capt. Jenney, who stood by and pointed out the various objects of interest.

Governor's Island is now passed on the right and Bedloe's Island on the left—the base of the Bartholdi Statue clearly discernible on the latter. Shoreward, upon the one side, Jersey City with its miles of docks and grain elevators bounds the vision, while upon the other Brooklyn lies directly to the right, and in the front is the great metropolis—the city of twelve hundred thousand souls, sixteen miles in length and with an area of 40 square miles or 25,000 acres!—with its steeples and towers, red blocks and white palaces stretching out far beyond the vision's utmost limit; ocean steamers and river craft gracefully plough the bay, while the East and North river piers are lined with a forest of mast and stack—all together completing the busy foreground of a picture long to be remembered.

Up the Hudson—Its Grand Scenery—A Little of Politics as Well.

Taking the fine steamer "Ribber" at 8 A. M. we made the trip up the Hudson about fifty miles to West Point. So much has been written about the beauties of this grand river that any description we might attempt would be tame.

Truly, we could exclaim, gazing upon the scenes along either shore as we sailed, "The half has never been told!"

We could not forget the fact, of course, that we were in the land of Tilden and Cleveland, of Kelly and Tammany, and naturally we desired to hold personal converse with some of the dwellers in that land, and learn something politically as well as of the beauties of landscape and river. The first man we "interviewed" was a clear-cut democrat, and he gave us all the encouragement we could desire. He said New York was as sure for Cleveland as the sun to rise on election day. He would get at least fifty thousand majority, let Tammany do what she would. If the Irish opposed him the Germans would cover the breach, and all that was lost upon the one hand would be more than gained on the other.

It was not long, however, before we stumbled upon a different customer. Quite an intelligent looking gentleman took a seat near us and was enjoying his cigar. We at once began to test his sociability and draw upon his fund of knowledge concerning passing objects. We found him well posted, and ventured on politics.

"Do you live in this State?"

"Yes, in the city."

"How is it going for President?"

"That's more than I can say."

"Cleveland ought to carry his own State."

"I don't know about that. Bayard could have carried it."

"Cleveland was as fairly nominated as Bayard could possibly have been," we ventured, "and every good democrat ought to support him."

"Butler is in his way."

"So I am told, but it is amazing to me that any honest man, much less a democrat, could prefer Butler to Cleveland."

"Well, *you* see them from a Maryland standpoint."

"Maryland is generally right."

"I hope she will be this time."

"She will, certain. Blaine will get his party strength there, but if Butler has a single supporter I don't know it. Do I understand that you are for Butler?"

"I have not said so."

"Cannot Tammany be persuaded to go for Cleveland?"

"I can't say. Some are now for Butler. What may be done at the next meeting is something else."

"You are not a member of that organization, are you?"

"Yes, sir. Have been for years."

"I suppose you are personally acquainted with John Kelly then?"

"Yes. That's my name."

"What!" said we, a little taken aback at the thought of the presence of the redoubtable boss himself, but before we could say anything further he explained—

"But I am not the Tammany chief. He is a relative of mine and I am named after him."

The conversation continued for some time longer, we expressing our opinion pretty decidedly of Butler and the purposes of his candidacy, while he was very shy of committing himself to anybody, but thought that Tammany had been treated badly in the nomination of Cleveland, and Butler might be used to get square with him.

"Greystone," the home of Samuel J. Tilden was pointed out to us. It is on a beautiful eminence, about 20 miles from New York; the building is surmounted with a tower and both are plainly in view. On the return Tilden's steam yacht passed us near this point, and when opposite the mansion fired a salute.

"Sunnyside," Washington Irving's beautiful home, was hardly visible through the trees about five miles beyond Tilden's, and Jay Gould's residence known as "Lyndehurst," is one of the most prominent on the Hudson. It is said to have been patterned after an English Abbey.

Mountain ridges extend all the way along on both sides of the river with here and there a gorge or break in which picturesque villages and populous cities are located. Sing Sing has about 4,000 population, and is 30 miles from New York. The State prison is a range of low white buildings near the river. Rockland Lake, immediately opposite, is the great ice-quarry of New York. Some of the mountain spurs rise to an altitude of over a thousand feet. The most noted range is called "The Palisades," which extend 15 miles 500 feet high and covered with most beautiful foliage—the trees skirting its sides looking like battalions of soldiers scaling its walls. The river's width ranges from one to five miles.

At West Point.

At this noted government military academy we landed. A $5 an hour barouche served a party consisting of Mr. C. P. Johnson and Misses Helen and Lola; G. T. Melvin, Esq., and lady, and the writer, in a general tour through the Point and surrounding villages. The mansion and grounds of a Mr. Morgan, about two miles from the Academy, were visited and greatly admired.

At the Academy grounds we were favored with a view of the public buildings and the numerous curiosities contained in some of the departments, but the most interesting sight to all was the marching of the Cadets—about 300 in number—in their white uniforms and perfect drill.

The return to New York was by the steamer Albany, a literal floating palace. She was not much larger than the Louise of the Tolchester line, but her magnificent appointments throughout exceeded anything in the steamboat line we have ever seen.

Coney Island—A Catch-Penny Metropolis and Beer Garden.

This celebrated resort of Gotham was visited and several hours spent in beholding its wonders. A fifty cent excursion ticket took us there in an hour's run. We had the pleasant company of Dr. H. C. Snitcher and his young friend from Wilmington. The Island is a mass of booths and buildings of all kinds, and every character, from a three-story elephant to a one-horse beer-pit. Upon every walk and avenue, at every nook and corner, the catch-penny trafficker, beer sellers and thimble-riggers were plying their business with the ardor of youth and the skill of the veteran. We were posted as to the character of the place, and kept close guard over everything stealable in our possession. Our "greenness" was of course soon apparent to the gentry there, and they went for us. We were very innocently regarding the antics of a paste jewelry vender—taking care to maintain a little distance from all surrounding mortals—when another "innocent" like ourself joined us to assist in enjoying the scene before us. Another fellow stepped up, handed each of us a little billet and urged us—

"Just step this way and see the great child murderess—no charge—come in gentlemen—come in!"

The sympathetic friend by my side, after a little pretended indifference, said—

"Let's go in and see what the fellow has."

We saw the plot at once, but not objecting to a little adventure, and wishing to know how their swindle was worked we determined to accommodate them a little further. Following the fakir behind a screen in an open tent, we found the "murderess" to be a little plaster image only, and the other stock in trade a small glass case in which were displayed a few articles of cheap silverware. The fellow at once began his lecture in which he said he was located there only to *advertise* his business in the city—he sold silverware and jewelry, and sold by chance altogether.

"Take an envelope," said he "and whatever the card calls for you will get; take one, and we'll not charge you a cent."

We took one and got a breast-pin. Our comrade got sleeve-buttons.

"Now," said the fellow, "if you will add a quarter to your prize it will entitle you to three envelopes. We declined to invest the quarter. Our *friend* did, and he got $2 50, which the fakir promptly paid over. But still we didn't bite, and presenting the trio with the pin we had drawn we left the place, both of them earnestly pleading with us, and yelling as we departed—

"Just stop a minute and see this! Say, here! just a moment!" But our moments were no longer theirs, and we sought new points of interest.

The hour for departure arrived and we left well pleased with our visit, but with no desire for a lengthy stay at Coney Island.

Again in the Great City—Sight Seeing—The Grand Hotels, and Palatial Residences—The Brooklyn Bridge and Central Park—Newspapers, etc.

One evening in New York was spent in visiting the several great hotels on fifth avenue and taking a look at some of the noted private residences. Our companion was Mr. S. F. Miles, Jr., of Somerset county, as clever and sociable a fellow as one could wish to meet. The "Fifth Avenue" hotel is a great square pile of white marble, and not near so "tony" in appearance as the Brunswick, Windsor, Rossmore, Hoffman and other hotels on that avenue and Broadway. The Vanderbilt residences were glanced at and also Tammany and Irving Halls.

The next day we "went it alone," and took in various city sights. First we visited the great Brooklyn Bridge—a structure which cost the two cities fifteen millions of dollars, and over which it is said 100,000,000 persons pass annually from one city to the other. It was thirteen years in building, and its total length is 6,000 feet. As we enter we notice the width of the bridge (85 feet) is divided into five parts; one on each side for vehicles, two for railways and the centre a broad promenade raised above the others. The cars are drawn by endless cables propelled by stationary engines on the Brooklyn side. The two great towers at either side of the river are 350 feet high from base to summit. The fare—cars 5c., foot 1c.

To Central Park we next wended our way. Taking the elevated steam cars we were soon at the gate, and paid a man a dollar to drive us around in a cab. Learned better sense when we came out. Could have seen more in a regular line of hacks running through the Park for 25 cents. The visit was well worth the dollar however. The Park is beautiful in both natural and artificial attractions, but in natural beauty is far behind Baltimore's Druid Hill. It contains 843 acres.

The great newspaper offices of New York were of course of special interest to us. Standing upon one corner of the City Hall square we have a good view of the buildings occupied by the great dailies. The *Sun* is snugly ensconced in a square block under the eaves and shadow of the stately *Tribune*—the latter having a tall steeple, giving it a churchlike appearance. Immediately opposite is the *Times*, and near by the *World*, both solid looking structures. The *Herald* has a big marble building. Numerous splendid and costly edifices are grouped in this neighborhood. We visited the *Herald* press rooms, and had shown us the seven great presses upon which the vast editions of this journal are printed. The *Telegram* is the afternoon edition of the *Herald*, and printed at the same place. Over 500 men are employed in the building on the two papers.

We might write columns concerning the many sights and scenes in the great city, but forbear.

Long Branch and Elberon—$6 per day Hotels, and $100,000 Cottages—Grant and Garfield—Col. Hoey, the Nabob of the Branch.

Our next jaunt was to the "Nation's Summer Capital"—Long Branch. Crossed over in one of the iron steamers in a storm and landed at the Branch in the rain. Found quarters at Leland's hotel at $4.50 per day. Took in the Branch next morning, and then went down the shore to what is called the "West End." Here is the best hotel at the Branch—that is the most "tony"—terms $6 per day. A military regiment from Washington was encamped at this point. From here to Elberon, a mile and a half farther down the beach, is one continuous line of cottages, some of them of the most beautiful and costly description. Gen. Grant's cottage, in which he at present resides, is pretty and neat, but very modest in comparison to some others. It is located on the lawn adjoining that of G. W. Childs, of the Phila. *Ledger*—a gift, we believe, from the latter. Elberon Hotel is not near so large as the West End or Leland's but is a $6 a day house, and said to be well patronized. The cottage in which Garfield died is within forty feet of the hotel and quite a modest looking structure. The lady housekeeper seemed to take great pleasure in showing the points of interest about the building—the room in which the President died—the window through which he was conducted from the cars, and the route of the temporary railway. This cottage is now occupied by a Philadelphian named Smith, with his family.

The prettiest cottages in the place are owned by Col. Hoey. Some of them cost $100,000 each. The Col. owns at least a dozen of them and a two hundred acre place on the outskirts beautifully ornamented, in which he himself resides. To see his present gorgeous surroundings one could hardly believe that he sold matches for a living in boyhood. But so we were told. We were moralizing with a bootblack on the subject when he expressed a desire "to be worth as much as the Colonel." "But then," said he "the may not be worth anything after all. Some people what shows richest ain't wuth nuthin'. We can tell when he dies." True.

Asbury Park and Ocean Grove—The Great Camp-Meeting, Etc.

For twenty cents by rail we went from Long Branch to Asbury Park, about six miles, and spent several days very pleasantly there. In a cottage on Wesley lake, and near the beach, we found comfortable quarters. Among the guests at the same cottage were Col. Chrystal, one of the editors of the New York *Journal*, with his wife and two children, and a New Brunswick family, all of whom we found pleasant acquaintances, especially little "Lou."

The two places—the Park and Grove—are so closely identified that but for different "regulations" governing them might be one. We think and speak of them as one. The one railroad depot serves both places and only the pretty little lake divides them. Of all the pleasure resorts we visited this excelled in many respects. It is a wonderful success. A few years ago—in 1869, we believe—the shore was a barren waste and the adjacent lands a wilderness. The whole would have been sold—doubtless was—for ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Now there are a thousand or more buildings, including numerous large hotels and cottages, stores and business industries.

We happened there at the height of the great camp-meeting occasion, and on the Sabbath visited the camp and witnessed scenes never to be forgot. Under the great tabernacle six or eight thousand people sat or stood a veritable sea of faces as the minister (Dr. Tiffany) delivered his message. We were indebted to Rev. S. W. Thomas for an eligible seat upon the platform where the choir sat and several hundred ministers and others. Other meetings were held near by at the same time and sermons delivered. In the afternoon a children's meeting was held in the main tabernacle, but a rope was stretched around delicately hinting to the grown people that they must not intrude upon that service, and so, not having Bro. Thomas to help us, we didn't get in. In another tabernacle Dr. Hanlon's bible class attracted 1300 ministers and others, and in the evening the beach meeting at the foot of "Ocean Pathway" was a wonderful gathering. It was said to have surpassed anything ever known there. The number of people present was estimated at 25,000. Just think of it!—such a mass of humanity lining the sea shore and all singing in unison the "Palms of Victory" chorus and other sacred songs.

The lake between Asbury Park and Ocean Grove is one of the most attractive places imaginable. About 200 small boats are there to be found, and at night with each one illuminated with Chinese lanterns—some flitting about upon the smooth waters and others lining the shores seeking customers, the sight is novel and beautiful. In the day sports we were struck with the number of fair ladies exercising themselves in these boats and plying the oars as deftly and gracefully as any of the masculines could do.

More Politics.

While at Asbury we made the acquaintance of Mr. Chas. Westcott, a gentleman of wealth and intelligence of Hightstown, N. J. He is engaged in the milling business and has a cottage at Ocean Grove. He differed from his Kent county namesake in that he was a straight-out democrat, and thought there was no doubt of the result in New Jersey. Cleveland would carry it certain.

Politically Ocean Grove and Asbury Park are for St. John and Daniel. I was struck with the decided expression at both places and determination to vote the temperance ticket. The Blaine people held two mass meetings there during our three days' stay in the effort to create a diversion in favor of their candidate. But with poor success. St. John's followers, that we talked with, were surprised to learn that he had no support in Maryland outside of Baltimore, and very little there.

A shrewd young Boston business man, who stopped at the same cottage with us, expressed the opinion that Butler's vote in Massachusetts would be very small. That he had long since disgusted both the two great parties and now his own former followers were sick of him. He thought that Cleveland's election was certain.

By the Bound Brook to Philadelphia—Thence Home Again.

Returning we took the Bound Brook route to Philadelphia, and had a view of Perth Amboy, Elizabethport, Bound Brook and other noted places on the route.

From Philadelphia home we had the company of one of our esteemed Worton friends, Mrs. George Diehl, who had been spending some time in the city after her return from the seaside.

W. S. U.

HE WENT SWIMMING.

The impulse carried out by the somnambulist frequently originates in his waking moments, and being thwarted reappears in an acted dream, sometimes with ludicrous consequences. A boy, living near Plymouth, England, was refused permission to go in swimming; and fretted over it as boys will, but went to bed and to sleep at the usual hour. When he awoke in the morning he was entirely naked and could not find his shirt anywhere. The same thing occurred for five nights in succession until the supply of shirts ran short, and his father determined to watch him during the night. About 12 o'clock he got out of bed, climbed out of the window and set off on a run for a neighboring mill-pond. His father followed him, saw him pull off his shirt and stuff it into a hollow log and then plunge into the water and swim around in great enjoyment for ten or fifteen minutes. When he came out of the water the father spoke to him but received no answer, and giving the boy a thorough examination, became convinced that he was sound asleep. He went home on the run, leaving his shirt behind him in the hollow log, from which receptacle his father withdrew it, and also the five shirts which had preceded it. In the morning the boy retained no recollection of his midnight bath, not even the memory of a dream.

A YOUNG FELLOW was pretty badly sold the other day. He was told that the government had decided not to issue the postal cards any longer. "Well," he replied, "I will get a lot of 'em on hand before they quit them. Why won't they issue them any longer?" "Oh, because they are just the right length now," replied his friend.

UNBORN SONGS.

The stress of thoughts I cannot tell—
The prisoned guests within my mind,
Striving to break the mystic spell,
That holds them fettered and confined,

Fills me with restlessness and care;
I may not ease me of my pain,
For often as I seek to quell,
I find them springing up again.

Unceasing watchfulness is theirs;
They hold possession of my soul,
My heart is captive to their will,
And over me their myriads roll.

O, who can tell the yearnings dumb
Of unborn songs, of tales untold,
Hoping for utterance to come
And free them from their dungeon fold?

—MINNIE C. BALLARD.

FRIENDLY RIVALS IN PEACE.

The Patriotic Sentiments of a Texas Ex-Confederate.

Col. C. S. Mitchell, president of the Texas ex-Confederate Association, delivered an address at the recent union in Dallas, in the course of which he said:

"We are not here to weep or lament over our misfortunes or losses, nor are we here to quarrel with destiny; much less are we here to raise party or sectional feuds or animosities. The men who had the nerve, the manly heroism, to encounter the dangers and endure the hardships of four long years and more of that fearful war are incapable of sentiments so out of harmony with the noble aims for which they battled. True beyond a shadow of a doubt to what we believed to be the call of duty, when that patriotic summons was met and its duties ended we with equal promptness and with no less valor responded to our obligations as members of society and citizens of a common country, and as evidence of the fidelity and ability with which we have renewed our citizenship under the most trying ordeal, let the prosperity, the vigorous growth, the giant manhood of our beloved Southland answer. Her pure and unsullied patriotism, as seen in State and national counsels; her business thrift, agricultural, mechanical and commercial; her systems of education, broad and thorough; her social order, refinement and progress, and the tone and purpose and will with which her sons and daughters share in all these developments of human effort, under the circumstances defy comparison and give promise of a success and early grandeur unequaled in the history of any people. No more do we invite or welcome the North to a battle of blood or to that far baser strife of mutual suspicion and unkind and acrimonious abuse, but to that higher field of contest where 'peace hath her victories greater far than war.'

"Henceforth be it our motto to 'live and let live.' 'This world was made for Cæsar; 'twas made for Brutus, too,' But Brutus need not murder Cæsar, nor Cæsar trample upon Brutus. We tender our countrymen a service which shall be mutual, and invite to a rivalry which shall strain the whole nation to its utmost capacity for development. If the North and the South in the internecine war developed a military capacity and prowess which neither believed the other possessed, and which filled the civilized world with awe and amazement, are they not today making a much higher exhibition of all manly qualities and capabilities? And are not the ex-soldiers of the North and the South in the front doing the work of rehabilitation and of development?"

WHAT IS MAN?

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes, and few in the hill.

He riseth up to-day and flourisheth like a rag weed, and to-morrow, or the day after, the undertaker has him in the ice-box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursueth him wherever he goeth.

The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down it with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank-teller with a sight-draft for $357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path, and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring-time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far from home and filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up riches in the bank, and the President speculateth in margins and then goeth to Canada for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth in them filleth him full of intense excitement.

He marrieth a red-haired heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day her paternal ancestor goeth under, with few assets and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

He goeth to the horse trot and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with the blaze face winneth.

He buyeth a watch dog, and when he cometh home late from the Lodge the watch dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him until rosy morn.

He sitteth up all night to get the returns from Ohio, and in the end learneth that the other fellows have carried it.

He starteth down cellar with an oleander, and goeth first hastily, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

READY.

The late Bishop Wilberforce, of England, was the most eloquent preacher on the bench of bishops, the most energetic worker in his diocese, and the most acc