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

# Kent News.

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

Vol. 46. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885. No. 9.



ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times or 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 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
*ATTORNEY AT LAW,*
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

JOHN D. URIE,
*ATTORNEY AT LAW.*
Office with H. W. Vickers, Esq.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

Dr. T. H. COOPER, Homeopathist,
Opposite Voshell House, Chestertown, Md.
Assisted by his Brother. Office open all day and evening. je16-y.

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,
Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.
☞ Organ, Violin, Cornet and Brass Band Instruments a specialty. Call on or address me at Edesville, Md. Terms moderate. n1.


LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JOHN N. USILTON,

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with proper vouchers, to the undersigned, on or before the 30th day of December, 1885, or they will be excluded by law from all benefit in said estate.

Given under our hands this 23d day of June, 1885.

JOHN W. COREY,
SARAH M. USILTON,
je27-4t. Adm'rs.

Ratification Notice.

James McKeown and wife,
versus
William F. Spry and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, June 11th, 1885.

ORDERED that the sale of the Real Estate of the late George T. Spry, made and reported by MARION DEK. SMITH, trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the fifteenth day of August next,—Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the fifteenth day of July next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $ 6,035.00.

SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
True copy,—Test:
SAMUEL BECK, Clerk.
June 13, 1885—4t.


Wonderful, but True!

"Halloo! John. Where are you going so early in the morning?"

"I am going to Friedman, the Clothier under the *Kent News* office to get a suit."

"Why don't you go to Baltimore to get it?"

"I tell you, Tom, I have seen the suits which Sam and George have just bought at Friedman's, under the *Kent News* office, and I tell you they are just as good in style and in workmanship as the Baltimore clothiers."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir! And Friedman beats them all to pieces in prices."

"How is that, John? How can Friedman, in Chestertown, sell cheaper than Baltimore houses?"

"I tell you, Tom, the reason is he buys his goods for cash, direct from the manufacturers, and is under small expense; besides, you know the CASH goes these days a great way, and, I tell you, you can save money by buying goods of him. He is reliable and straightforward, and he don't misrepresent any goods. His stock for the present Spring season of Ready Made Clothing, from three-year old child suit to a fat man's suit is complete. He also carries a large stock of Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps. I advise all my friends to go direct to A. FRIEDMAN, under the *Kent News* office, Chestertown, to save money." m16.

$159,600
WORTH of PROPERTY INSURED
AT THE
CONTINENTAL AGENCY
From April 1, 1884, to April 1, 1885.

Because intelligent business men want a Safe and Reasonable Insurance at a Reasonable Cost.

We refer to the following well known gentlemen whose valuable residences are insured in this company:

Jas. A. Pearce, Esq., Mr. Sam'l Vannort, H. W. Vickers, " " Jos. Turner.

JOHN D. URIE, Ag't,
April 4, 1885. CHESTERTOWN.

KEEP COOL!

WE greet you with a new card. Cummings' ICE-CREAM is known for its superior quality and purity of materials. Our parlors are pleasant, well-ventilated and are considered by competent judges to be one of the most pleasant places in the town.

Ice-Cream and Water-Ices, all Flavors,
fresh every day, Wholesale and Retail. Picnics, Parties and families supplied. We have also fresh Bread, Rolls and Rusk, Pies, Cakes of all kinds, daily; Confectionery, Fruits and Nuts of all kinds.
Will be glad to see all of our friends and the rest of mankind.
CUMMINGS & CO.,
May 9, 1885. opp. the Bank.

OIL STOVES! OIL STOVES!!
New Economist "G" Oil Range, the best in the world. Other Oil Stoves at any price desired
at W. A. WHEATLEY'S,
a11. adjoining Bank.

THE season for Ice-Cream is now at hand and we have on hand a nice assortment of Freezers, such as the Peerless, White Mountain, Crown, &c.,
at J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s.

Chestertown, May 5, 1885.

The Tariff Reduced!

Not anticipating these hard times and scarcity of money, I bought for THIS SPRING AND SUMMER a very heavy stock of

MEN AND BOYS'
COARSE AND FINE SHOES,

which MUST BE SOLD, and in order that they may be sold soon I propose to offer them to all cash buyers at a very small margin above first cost.

They are all FRESH and STYLISH GOODS and we only make this offer because we need money.

We have a variety of other goods, such as SUGAR, Coffee, Flour and Molasses; Segars and Tobacco, Powder and Shot, and many other articles, all of which can be bought at a low figure for the money.

This is NO HUMBUG

but we intend to do just what we say.—But in order to be convinced of the truth of this statement, we invite you to call—with the money—and we feel sure that we can satisfy you both in the price and quality of goods.

Remember the place:
JAMES A. SHAW,
COURT STREET, Chestertown.
mh21.

Large Stock
—OF—
WHITE PINE,
HEMLOCK, and
CYPRESS
FENCING!
—FOR SALE BY—
*T. W. ELIASON, Jr.*
May 9, 1885.

HUDGINS' BAKERY
—AND—
Candy Manufactory,
*CROSS ST., CHESTERTOWN.*

We take pleasure in announcing that we have now in our employ a Baker from Rice's Vienna Bakery, Baltimore, which we think a full guarantee that our goods will be of the highest standard.

We Use the Best Flour,
Have the Best Workman,
Oven in the Best Order,
and we are Baking Daily
All Kinds of Bread,
Vienna Rolls, (something nice;)
Cinnamon Buns, Maryland Biscuit,
Coffee Cakes, Rusk,
Doughnuts and Crullers.
In the CAKE line
we have always on hand Pound Cake, Sponge cake, Lady cake, Fruit cake, Drop cake, Jelly cake; Ginger, Spice and Sugar cake.
TOYS! TOYS! Always on hand.

Thanks for the encouragement we have received since we have succeeded W. H. Blakeney we will endeavor by making fine goods and attention to business to merit a continuance of public favor.

☞ Parties, Balls and Picnics supplied on best terms.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
P. S.—Our Gem Ice Cream Parlors are now open. m30.

LIME FOR SALE.

Having purchased
THE LIME KILN
at the Railroad Station in Chestertown formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either
Slaked or Quick Lime
for Building purposes, at the following rates at the kiln; slaked, 6c. pes bushel; quick, 12c. per bushel.
Oct. 15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

KENNEDY LIME!

THE PORT KENNEDY LIME CO.
Successors to the late John Kennedy,
are now burning and shipping this WELL KNOWN LIME which needs no recommendation. IT IS FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST in the market.
Address all orders to
J. B. POWEL, Manager,
Port Kennedy, Montgomery co., Pa.
mh14-6m.

JOS. L. DOWNES. W. R. JENNINGS.
DOWNES & JENNINGS,
Merchant Tailors,
33 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
mh14-3½m.

FANCY GOODS and PERFUMERY.

Our Stock is so Large we cannot enumerate. We beg you to examine.
COLIN F. STAM,
feb7. DRUGGIST

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS
—TO—
CAPE MAY
Via the Balt. & Del. Bay Railroad to Woodland Beach, thence via the Splendid New Iron Side-wheel Steamer
THOS. CLYDE.

Commencing on WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th, continuing EVERY WEDNESDAY until September 9th.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lve Chestertown at | 6.30 A. M., | fare R. T. | $1.50 |
| " Worton | 6.47 | " " | 1.50 |
| " Lynch's | 6.53 | " " | 1.45 |
| " Still Pond | 7.00 | " " | 1.45 |
| " Kennedyville | 7.12 | " " | 1.40 |
| " Black's | 7.27 | " " | 1.40 |
| " Lambson's | 7.41 | " " | 1.35 |
| " Masseys | 7.53 | " " | 1.25 |
| " Delaney's | 8.06 | " " | 1.20 |
| For above points Children under 13 years | | | 75c. |
| " Bingham's | 8.12 | " " | 1.20 |
| " Clayton | 8.50 | " " | 1.10 |
| " Smyrna | 7.00 | " " | 1.10 |
| " Rothwell's | 9.10 | " " | 1.10 |
| For above points Children under 23 years | | | 60c. |

Arrive at Cape May at 11.40, in time for Bathing &c. Returning leave Cape May at 4 P. M.

The Delaware & Chesapeake and also the Delaware Railroad will make close connection at Clayton, morning and evening. Special excursion tickets from all points.

During the above dates there will be several special excursions run to Cape May by the Odd Fellows, Sunday Schools, Churches, &c., for which see special advertisements.
je27-8. FRED. GERKER, Lessee.

WANTED!
CUSTOMERS FOR
100
Iron Age CULTIVATORS
*At $4.25 each,*
subject to 5 per cent. discount for cash on delivery. Net Price $4.00 each.
TURNER BROS.,
June 6, 1885. BETTERTON.

GO TO
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT
IF YOU WANT A
Good Cultivator or Cultivator Teeth.

We are now selling the new Departure Cultivator, made by G. W. & S. Taylor with or without the Corn Covering Attachment. We have also on hand a large lot of Reversible Cultivator Plates and a large lot of Best Cultivator Teeth of our own manufacture. We have also on hand
Our Celebrated "Climax Cultivator,"
all of which we are selling at bottom prices to suit the times. We want all to come and try our prices before purchasing; we will do you good.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
m9, 1885. Chestertown.

BUY YOUR CARPET
FROM THE MAKER.
*IT WILL PAY YOU!*

WE keep constantly on hand a good selection of
RAG CARPET
¾ and full yard wide, which we are selling
EXCEEDINGLY LOW.

We are often asked how we can sell such a HEAVY GRADE of Carpet so much lower than dealers do? It is an open secret. The dealers buy them made up—we do not. We buy the material and make the Carpet ourselves and save to you a good profit. You see if we make but journeyman's wages it pays us.
Respectfully,
JOHN BARTLEY,
Cor. Calvert st. and College avenue,
mh7-6m. Chestertown, Md.

Hardware! Hardware!

HINGES, LOCKS, BOLTS, KNOBS, Screws, Latches, Hooks and Staples, Hammers, Saws, Planes, Chisels, Hatchets, Broad Axes, Augers, Braces and Bits, Files, Tacks, Mallets, Hinge Nails, and every kind of Hardware kept in a first class Hardware store.
J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

Farmers' Hardware!

Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Spades, Rakes, Trace Chains, Hames, Traces, Backbands, Plow Lines, Grindstones, Vises, Hedge Shears, Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, W. Wash Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., &c. The largest and best assortment and at moderate prices.
mh14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & CO.

FOR SALE,
100,000 ft. of LUMBER
For Wheelwright material.
100,000 Feet of WHITE and RED OAK
Poplar, Walnut, Bridge Boards, Scantling, White Hickory of different thickness.
WM. PERKINS,
apr26. "Rising Sun," Chestertown.

HORSE CLIPPERS, Rubber Horse Brushes, Sheep Shears, &c., at
W. A. WHEATLEY'S,
am21. dj. Chestertown Nat. Bank.

BARB, Buck Thorn and Ribbon Fence Wire, cheaper than ever,
at J. K. Aldridge & Co.'s.

PEACH BOXES!

I would say to all in want of PEACH BOXES, that I have contracted with the Messrs. Williams, of Salisbury, to supply me with all I may want this Peach Season, and am ready to take your orders,

SHOOKS or MADE UP!

and will deliver by Rail or Water any amount you may want.

I have been supplying you promptly for more than Ten Years, and keep my factories well stocked with materials, where you can get

SLATS, TOPS, PEACH LADDERS,
PEACH BASKETS,
ORCHARD BASKETS,

during the entire season. Such an establishment is indispensable to you, and think I deserve your patronage. My prices will be as low as any one can possibly handle the goods.

☞ For prices, &c., call on or address
R. S. EMORY,
je13-2m. CHESTERTOWN.

OLD PEACH BOXES!

Wishing to Clear my Yard of OLD
Peach Box Material
—AND—
OLD BOXES

to start fresh the 1st of July with bright new material, I herewith offer these old Boxes at 5 cents apiece, and Slats and Covers at HALF PRICE. It is all good, but over-seasoned and brittle. Also on hand some SMALL BOXES, half price.

☞ We are now getting out NEW MATERIAL, orders for which we would like to book for June delivery. We propose making a special figure for June delivery of
NEW, BRIGHT BOX MATERIAL.
JOSEPH TURNER,
SCOTT'S POINT, May 20, 1885.

AT COST!

Intending to make a change in part of my business I shall offer the following GOODS AT COST!

QUEENSWARE! GLASSWARE!
NOTIONS and FANCY GOODS.

China Tea Sets Reduced from $12.50 to $9.50; from $10.00 to $7.50; from $5.50 to $4.25. Lamps from $13 00 to $10.00; from $8.00 to $6.00; from $7.50 to $5.50, and everything else in these lines of goods in the same proportion, the best chance you will have to buy good goods at low prices.

Come and look at them and you cannot fail to buy if you are in need. This is no humbug but the truth, we need money and must sell.

Our Electric Lamps
are greatly reduced in price but are not included in the above goods at cost.
H. A. SPARKS,
apr11. opp. Court House.

EVERYTHING USEFUL
—IN THE—
HARDWARE LINE
CAN BE HAD AT
WHEATLEY'S HARDWARE STORE!

THE FARMER can buy his Plows, Shovels, Forks, Chain and Rope Traces, Back Bands, Wagon and Plow Hames, Garden Rakes, Spading Forks, Corn Hoes, Grub Hoes. Briar and Bush Hooks, Pruning Shears, Hedge Knives; Back Chains, Tongue Chains, &c., as cheap as can be had anywhere.
W. A. WHEATLEY,
m28. adj. Chestertown Nat. Bank.

J. S. MacDONALD,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER
—IN—
FINE JEWELRY!
WATCHES,
SILVERWARE,
&c, &c.,
No. 4 North Charles street, 4 doors North of Baltimore Street,
*BALTIMORE, MD.*
jan1y.

Gold and Silver
WATCHES,
SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, ROGERS' BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE,
*CLOCKS & NOVELTIES,*
and everything suitable for Wedding or Holiday Presents can be found
at C. M. LUCAS',
opp. "Kent News" Office, Chestertown.

LOT OF BRACKETS,
WALL POCKETS &c.,
Will be closed out about cost.
j19. LOUIS K. STAM.

SCALES!—Platform Counter Scales and Spring Balances at lowest prices.
W. A. WHEATLEY,
apr48. adj'g the Bank!

REPAIRING old Stoves and Tinware.
mh 14. J. K. ALDRIDGE & Co.


## TEMPTATIONS IN SUMMER.

### DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES UPON EVIL INFLUENCES AT PLEASURE RESORTS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 21.—Dr. Talmage's sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning was on the subject "July and August Temptations." Before the sermon he read passages of Scripture concerning the gardens of the Bible. The opening hymn was:

"Come, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known!"

The text was from Mark vi., 31: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." Following is Dr. Talmage's sermon in full:

Here Christ advises His apostles to take a vacation. They had been living an excited as well as a useful life, and He advises that they go out into the country. When, six weeks ago, standing in this place, I advocated, with all the energy I could command, the Saturday afternoon holiday, I did not think the people would so soon get that release. By divine fiat it has come, and I rejoice that more people will have opportunity of recreation this summer than any previous summer. Others will have whole weeks and months of rest. The railway trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are packing their trunks for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all ablaze with excited arrivals. The crystalline surface of Winnipiseogee is shattered with the stroke of steamers laden with excursionists. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout made fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen and toss their spotted brilliance into the game-basket. Already the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music-stand on the hotel green and American life puts on festal array, and the rumbling of the tenpin-alley and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables and the jolting of the bar-room goblets and the explosive uncorking of champagne bottles and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance and the clattering hoofs of the race-courses attest that the season for the great American watering places is fairly inaugurated. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and clapping cymbals will wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad I am that fagged-out American life for the most part will have an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda.

I believe in watering-places. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk or the employer the journeyman or the patient the physician or the church its pastor a season of rest; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy apostles: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth today, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number;" and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country, I must utter a note of warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable. The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety all at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House or Sharon Springs or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at the Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take the day to themselves. If they go to the church it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans you know that they are not so much impressed with the beat as with the picturesqueness of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ-loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers with $2,000 worth of diamonds on the right hand drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place.

The air is bewitched with "the world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it till Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, my dear people, take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded with guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they denounce you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from those institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of Hathorne and Sulphur and Chalybeate Springs cannot do you so much good as the mineral-healing perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of Heaven.

Another temptation around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse. There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse—in every way nobler, whether in shape or spirit, or sagacity or intelligence, or affection or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle and what Landseer did for the dog, Job, with mightier pencil, does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion, and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He came into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out: "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says: "The horse's hoof shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings: "The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea." St. John, describing Christ as coming forth from conquest, represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of Heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says: "The armies which were in Heaven followed Him on white horses."

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch and the prophet and the evangelist and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely-formed hoof and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil, in his Georgics, almost seems to plagiarize from the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one to irreverently touch his old war-horse, Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home. "Has my old chaise horse got sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war-charger, Marchegay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely-honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse; but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayers did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the North where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty and in majesty are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles the hour is better than an express going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as there is in a Bucephalus. At the rate some people drive, Elijah, with his horses of fire, would have taken three weeks to get into Heaven. We want swifter horses and swifter men and swifter enterprises, and the Church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams: why not quick horses?

But we do not think that the beauty or speed of the horse should be cultured at the expense of human degradation. Horse-races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names; and it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises; and it is called "agriculture fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting and the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage and the same abominations that were to be found under the old horse-racing system. I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team and put on their sporting cap and light their cigar and take the reins and dash down the road to perdition! The great day at Saratoga and Long Branch and Cape May and nearly all the other watering-places is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged; nearly every kind of equipage is taken up at an almost fabulous price, and there are many respectable people mingling with jockeys and gamblers, and libertines and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bar-tender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The two men on the horses riding around long before arranged who shall beat. Leaning from the stand or from the carriage are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets, who carry off the pocketbooks and portmonnaies. Men looking on see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring; but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring, racing with inebriety, and with fraud, and with profanity, and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck they go in that moral Epsom. White horse of honor, black horse of ruin. Death says: "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says: "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead; the black horse of ruin, Satan-mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. Put on the lash. Dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure, just as I expected it, the black horse of ruin has won the race, and all the galleries of darkness cry "Huzza, huzza!" and the devils come in to pick up their wages. Ah! my friends, have nothing to do with horse-racing dissipations this summer. Long ago the English Government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and light cavalry horse. They found that the turf depreciates the stock, and it is yet worse for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of Parliament and the author, known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then, for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in the country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years; and unless the system be altered how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" The Duke of Hamilton through his horse-racing proclivities in three years got through his entire fortune of £70,000; and I will say that some of you are being undermined by it. With the bullfights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse-racing of England and America.

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering-places—and this is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda was intended to recuperate the physical health, and yet how many come from the watering-places with their health absolutely destroyed! New York and Brooklyn idiots, boasting of having imbibed 20 glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families accustomed to going to bed at 10 o'clock at night gossiping until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams and lemons and lobster-salads and cocoanuts until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men chassezing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth. In the summer you say to your good health: "Good-bye; I am going to have a good time for a little while. I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office or store or shop or counting-room, Good Health will come in and say: "Good-bye; I am going." You say: "Where are you going?" "Oh!" says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation." It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering-place: "Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation hovering around the watering-place is to the formation of hasty and life-long alliances. The water-places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. Those who form companionships among such circumstances go into a lottery where there are 20 blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ball-room, where the music decides the step and bow, and prance, and graceful swing of long trail can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gaily-painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels as to go among the light spray of the summer watering-place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. Oh! in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lance, fan or a croquet mallet! The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed fop, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in taking killing attitudes and weaving sentimental adieus and talking infinitesimal nothings and finding his Heaven in the set of a lavender kid gloves. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flaming cravat. His conversation made up of "ahs!" and "ohs!" and "he-hees!" It would take 500 of them stewed down to make a teaspoonful of calf's-foot jelly. There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering-place. Her conversation made up of French and moonshine; what she has on her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead; and what they will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her upon the banks of the river of life for eternity to look sweet! God intends us to admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartlessness, and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering-places beware how you make life-long covenants.

Another temptation that will hang over the watering-place is that to baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than all the other 10 months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I found sitting on hotel piazza or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh!" they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes. There is no need that you should take along into a watering-place "Hamilton's Metaphysics," or some thunderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Farady's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say: "I propose to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meats and vegetables I will for a little while take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing-press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise.—Would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day when you had in your hand one of these paper-covered romances—the hero a Persian *roue*, the heroine an unprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would not read to your children at the rate of a hundred dollars a line? Throw out all that stuff from your summer baggage. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry cants; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering around our watering-places is the intoxicating beverage. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness in her eye, she is intoxicated. She may be handed into a $2,500 carriage and have diamonds enough to confound the Tiffany's—she is intoxicated. She may be a graduate of Packer Institute, and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the Presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated;" but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk. Now, the water-places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the ten-pin or billiard game they tipple. At the close of the cotillion they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws and they tipple. First they take "light wines," as they call them, but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at $5 a bottle and whiskey at five cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes a man to destruction. One man he takes up and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case; very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to grade, to a descent at angle about like that of the Pennsylvania coal shute, or the Mount Washington rail track and shove him off. But this is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down-grade and it tips only a little toward darkness, just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile is ale, and the fifth mile it is porter, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper, and the man gets frightened and says "Oh! let me get off." "No," says the conductor; "this is an express train, and it don't stop until it gets to the Grand Central Depot of Smashupton!" Ah! "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." And if any young man of my congregation should get astray this summer in this direction it will not be because I have not given him fair warning.

My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding some such watering-place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanliness, wells of salvation, streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to both. The river of God is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. We did not a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bill to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there. It is only one step away. In California in five minutes I walked around and saw 10 fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different. And in ten minutes I can go through this Bible Parterre and find you 50 bright, sparkling fountains, bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water and analyze it and tell you that it contains so much of iron and so much of soda and so much of lime and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain and analyze the water and find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, Heaven. "Ho, every man that thirsteth come ye to this watering-place." Crowd around this Bethesda this morning. O, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it! Oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant this morning stirs the water! Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of our closing prayer and plunge you clean under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan and after the seventh dive, came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

## RELIEVED OF A TUMOR.

### Weighing Twenty-Six Pounds—Remarkable Operation.

A wonderful surgical operation was successfully performed upon a Cecil county lady at the hospital for the Women of Maryland, No. 25 McCulloh street, Baltimore recently, being no less than the removal of an ovarian tumor, weighing 26 pounds. The lady is Miss Martha Fisher, who resides near Battle Swamp, not far from the scene of the recent Barnes murder. For eight years Miss Fisher has suffered from this affliction. On the fourth of May last she was taken to the hospital named, and after being there for a week the operation was performed and she has recovered, and is now at home. She was very greatly distended by an immense sack, containing fluid matter, and in order to remove the tumor it was necessary to tap this sack. This was done and the sack removed. Thirty-two pints or four gallons of fluid matter was drawn off. The tumor as above stated weighed twenty-six pounds. Miss Fisher is the oldest person who ever recovered from this operation in Baltimore, she being sixty-nine years of age.

She returned home on the 6th instant, after being absent very little over a month, thoroughly relieved of her trouble. She speaks in the highest terms of the surgeons in charge of the operation. They were Drs. W. T. Howard, and H. P. C. Wilson, and assistant surgeons Drs. Charles H. Riley, William P. Chunn, Robert T. Wilson and Charles O'Donovan.—*Cecil Whig.*

THE young men disposed to pass on the other side of the street and in other ways dodge ice-cream saloons when out walking with their dear girls should remember that all during the long winter these same girls cheerfully and uncomplainingly furnished lights and fuel for their comfort, and the little cream, strawberries and similar necessities they are willing to accept are but an inadequate return, at the best, for the last winter's favors.—*Nashville Union.*

ECONOMY will always pay;
The man who saves is wise;
And those content with mush to-day
Will one day eat mince pies.

HE that seeketh forgetfulness of God in this life will reap the reward of being forgotten by him in the world to come.

Do you wish that work should never weary you? Think you are giving pleasure to another.

WHEN a clock is wound up, it goes. When a firm is wound up, it stops.

RUTH was a good girl, and had as fine a Boaz as could be found in those days.

THERE is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.

HE is rich who is satisfied with what he hath—whether it be little or much.

"THE dearest spot on earth to me," sings the scientific granger, "is my mortgaged farm."

LET amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest spaces thereof.

"WON by a bare scratch!" as the hen observed when she turned up the worm.