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Every description of Job Printing executed at THE  
WILMINGTON OFFICE.  
Pamphlets, Checks, Receipts and Bill-books,  
Printed and bound in any style ordered.  
**POSTERS,**  
LETTER-HEADS, Envelope Printing,  
CARDS OF ALL KINDS,  
Colored and Bronze Printing,  
EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE.  
No. 434 in the Printing of Lithographing like  
work is colored at The Wilmington Office.  
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**W. M. KENNARD & CO.,**  
FOR THE PRESENT AT  
**FOURTH & KING STREETS,**  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

OFFER THE FOLLOWING GOODS FOR  
**SPRING AND SUMMER.**

Black Silks, \$1 25.  
Black Silks, 1 37 1-2.  
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**MOURNING GOODS.**  
MOURNING GOODS.  
New Plaids, 25.  
New Plaids, 25.  
White Goods.  
White Goods.  
Shawls, \$3 00.  
Shawls, \$3 00.

And every style of NEW GOODS for Ladies' and Men's wear, all to be  
sold at REDUCED PRICES to close before returning to New Store.  
May 14, 1872.

**LIGHT! AIRY! COMMODIOUS!**

Light enough to make Goods visible!  
Airy enough to keep them pure!

Commodious enough to give room for all who come to examine them!

THESE ARE THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE  
**NEW GLASS-FRONT STORE,**

INTO WHICH

**LEVIS**

HAS REMOVED. Within it are kept and displayed to rare advantage and  
sold at Prices that will please all, the most complete stock of

**DRY GOODS,**  
**WHITE GOODS,**  
**NOTIONS & TRIMMINGS,**  
**BOOTS AND SHOES,**  
**HATS,**  
**QUEENSWARE,**  
**STATIONERY, & C.**  
TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

Don't fail to examine for yourselves.

**YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN PAINTING**  
BY USING  
**Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint,**  
The Most Economical, Beautiful and Durable.



These Paints composed of PURE WHITE LEAD, ZINC AND LINSSEED OIL,  
with other materials which add greatly to the durability, elasticity, beauty and strength  
of the paint. The whole are chemically combined, so that the pigment is held in  
permanent solution, thus forming a new compound which dries upon the surface and  
adheres firmly to it, thus forming a smooth, glossy, firm elastic and durable Paint. The  
Oil, which is the real life of the Paint, cannot flow, it is absorbed by the substance  
to which it is applied, as it does in paints mixed in the ordinary way, and thus leaves the  
pigment dead and brittle, to wash and rub off in a few months, or at farthest in three  
or four years. This paint is unaffected by changes of temperature, is perfectly imper-  
meable to the action of water, is well adapted to all classes of work, and is every way  
a better Paint for either INSIDE or OUTSIDE WORK or HOAT PAINTING, than  
any other Paint known to the trade, and will last at least THREE TIMES AS LONG AS THE  
BEST LEAD AND OIL MIXED IN THE ORDINARY WAY.

Always Ready for Use and easily applied. Sold by the Gallon.  
ONE GALLON COVERS 20 SQUARE YARDS, TWO COATS.

**C. P. KNIGHT, Sole Agent,**

No. 93 W. Lombard Street, Baltimore.

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SPECIMENS OF THE DIFFERENT COLORS MAY BE SEEN AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
CECIL WHIG, ELKTON.

**HORNER'S**

**MARYLAND**  
**SUPER-PHOSPHATE.**

After 25 years' experience in the fertilizing business, and after establishing a wide reputation for the purity  
and excellence of his Bone Phosphate, the undersigned has been induced to prepare a Phosphate suitable to the require-  
ments and every way worthy the attention of the Maryland Farmer.  
The Maryland Phosphate is a superior and permanent fertilizer of the soil. It stimulates quick to Peruvian  
Guano and contains the elements of Phosphorus, Potash, and Sulphur, in a very liberal and pure  
percentage of Phosphorus. There is no adulteration or impurity in the bone-phosphate of the Phosphate  
plant being of essential benefit to the land. No other Phosphate has been prepared in this State, and  
we claim for the greatest benefit to the farmer from the smallest outlay.  
For Cotton, WHEAT and CORN, and as a general stimulant and nutrient for worn and impoverished land there  
can be nothing superior. It is warranted to run as high in Ammonia and Nitrogen as Bone Phosphate, and any  
other fertilizer in the market.  
PRICE, \$50 PER TON, IN NEW BAGS. No charge for delivery.  
BONE PHOSPHATE, 50, DISSOLVED BONE, 50, our own manufacture, in new bags; East-  
on and Western BONE BEST, 40. FERTILIZER MANUFACTURED BY PERUVIAN GUANO WAREHOUSE,  
at Lowest rates. No charge for delivery.

**JOSHUA HORNER, Jr.,**

MANUFACTURER AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
Office and Warehouse, 24 & 25, Gay St., General Warehouse, corner Chest and Spring Streets,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

**Fresh Bread, Biscuit and Buns,**  
I take pleasure in announcing to my friends and the  
public generally, that I am still making my excellent  
**Home-Made Bread, Biscuit and Buns,**  
FRESH EVERY DAY,  
and am prepared to fill all orders promptly. Also, will  
Make and Ice Fine and Fancy Cakes,  
at shortest notice to order. Orders for City  
Thankful for the large patronage I have received, I  
will send a continuation of the same.  
As bread made by my own hands, without using any  
artificial substance to whiten or puff it up.

**MEN, WOMEN, MISSSES AND CHILDREN.**  
**OUR MOTTO—'The Nimbler Expence is  
better than the Slow Shilling.'**  
**MASON & HOPKINS,**  
MAIN STREET, opposite Church Street,  
may 4, 1872-73

# THE CECIL WHIG.

VOL. XXXI--NO. 49.

ELKTON, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

WHOLE NO. 1,616.

## A Woman's Answer to a Man's Question.

Do you know you have asked me for the  
coolest thing  
Ever made by the hand above?  
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,  
And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know that you've asked for this  
coolest thing  
As a child might ask for a toy?  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy.

You have written my lesson of duty out,  
Man like you have questioned me,  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul  
And let me question thee.

You may require your mutton shall always  
be hot,  
Your socks, and your shirts be whole;  
Require your heart be as true as God's  
stars,  
And pure as his heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and  
beef,  
Require a far greater thing;  
A seamstress you want, for socks, and  
for shirts—  
I look for a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realms called  
"home,"  
A man whom his maker, God,  
Will look upon as he did on the first,  
And say, "It is very good."

I am far and young, but the roses will fade  
From my soft, young cheeks some day,  
Will you love me then 'mid the falling  
leaves,  
As yodid 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your hat an ocean so wide and deep  
I may reach my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the way that she's made a bride.

I require all things that are good and  
true,  
All things that a man should be;  
If you give them I will give my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you can't be that, a seamstress and  
cook,  
You may be little and pay;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way.

## THE LETTER OF MY DEAD WIFE.

This was the letter,  
The paper fresh and glossy, but it  
wore the unmistakable signs of much fold-  
ing and unfolding.

How came my 's to write to other than  
her husband in this endearing term?  
Could she have done so?

I caught myself the throat to choke  
back the vile-sounding word.  
Could it possibly be some old letter  
sent to myself in the days when we were  
surrounded by one's our true love,  
which had by some chance fallen  
into this person's hands?

I could repeat, for line, word, for  
word, her letter to you from her first,  
a simple flattering invitation to a dinner-  
party at her father's the last day  
'Take care of yourself, darling,  
for the sake of your 'wied baby,' writ-  
ting during Christmas eve, when I was  
compelled to proceed to look after  
my father's legacy.

Could I be mistaken in writing? Not  
the signature, the same as the same old  
habit of leaving a margin, the left hand  
of the page, as is the price of govern-  
ment officials.

The more I thought over the greater  
my perplexity, the sterner resolve, cost  
what it might, to unravel this by thread  
the mystery which surrounded the letter  
of my dead wife, like unto a shroud.

With a panting, burning eagerness I  
scrambled out of a train at Carbury, for  
I was in an agony of pain, and, though  
the intense pressure of my mind had  
enabled me to move.

Of the porter, who assisted me alight,  
I asked—  
"Did you attend the mail from London  
this morning?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Did you see a tall gentleman in a grey  
suit, pointed moustaches, and yellow  
gloves?"

"I'm sure I cannot say, sir," thur-  
ning to a brother official, he shouted.  
"I say, Atkins, did you see a gen-  
tleman, yellow gloves, 1,40 up?"

"The mail always wear yellow gloves,"  
responded the other. "Yes, I see all  
gentleman talk to the station-master."  
"Where is the station-master?"

"This way, sir. Beg pardon, I'm  
werry late; lean on me, sir."  
The station-master was absent, his  
person acting for him was seated on a  
writing.

"Did a gentleman, wearing a grey  
suit, pointed moustache and yellow  
gloves, ask you?"

"Yes, without looking up."  
"Did he go on the train?"

"Yes."  
"Did he mention anything about a gen-  
tleman falling from the carriage?"

"He did," then looking up—"I beg  
your pardon, sir, are you the accident?"

"Pray be seated."  
"Yes, sir, he alighted, and gave those,"  
pointing to my rug, umbrella, and travel-  
ing case, which I had in the carriage with  
me at the time of the occurrence.

"Did he give you no particulars?"

"He did." Here he referred to some  
written memoranda, and read rapidly—  
"He said your manner was very strange,  
that you objected to his smoking, and were  
very insolent. He said he was reading a  
letter—that you asked him for it—that you  
made a grab at it—that it fell out of the  
window—that you jumped out after it—that  
he tried to prevent you, and that he  
considers you insane."

"What is the gentleman's name?"

"I do not know, sir."  
I lost all patience.

"And how in the name of heaven could  
you allow him to go without ascertaining  
his name? You shall be held accountable  
for this gross stupidity and neglect of duty,  
by heavens you shall!"

So brutally was I, that I have since stop-  
ped at Canterbury to apologize.

"He that as it may, he dashed out of the  
office to jump into the train."  
"Then he went on?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Can you tell me where he was going  
to?"

"I cannot. Perhaps the examiner of  
tickets might."  
"Can I see him?"

"You can."

I reached Paris in a state of fever, with  
a gloomy fear beating at my heart, that I  
should be forced to yield to its tightening  
grasp the newly created object of my  
life that he attained.

What cared I for the sunlight of glori-  
ous summer morning?  
What cared I for the beauty of the  
Boulevards?  
The letter of my dead wife was lying  
against my bounding heart. The shade of  
my dead wife was calling upon me to have  
the clouds enveloping it dispelled.

On arrival at Paris, I made enquiries of  
the most respectable looking official on the  
platform relative to the passenger I was in  
search of. The official in question called a  
sort of council of war of four officers,  
which resulted in my being informed that  
the party in question had alighted from the  
English mail train of the previous  
evening, and had driven in coach Number  
234 to the Hotel du Louvre, Rue Rivoli.

If I desired further information I should  
apply to the Prefect of Police.

In a whirlwind of triumphant feeling I  
entered a coach directing the driver to pro-  
ceed to the hotel in question—I entered.  
There was no one to attend to me; I  
crawled up the steps leading to the Salon.

"I stopped a waiter who was hurrying  
past me.  
"Did a tall gentleman in a grey suit  
pointed moustache, and yellow gloves  
arrive here last night?"

"Yes, Monsieur."  
"His name?"

"Monsieur, Monsieur."  
"Show me to his room, quick! quick!"

I almost screamed.  
"Monsieur cannot see him. He am  
gone out of one grand eteue. He forgot  
his key." The waiter produced from his pocket  
a Russian letter case, in which were  
letters the initials, C. B., shone like light-  
ning.

"It was his. I was on the right track."  
"Show me to his room, quick! quick!"  
Monsieur cannot see him. He am  
gone out.

"Where has he gone? Tell me. Here  
is a sovereign. Where has he gone to?"

"He leave direction his Gustave, me  
think. I will see him, and the waiter left  
me at the door."

In a moment he returned, carrying a  
slip of paper, on which was written—  
"If Monsieur de Crut calls upon Mr.  
Charles Benson before ten o'clock, say  
that Mr. Benson has gone to 13 Rue—  
where he will remain until Monsieur de C.  
returns."

Snatching the paper from the hands of  
the astonished waiter, and forgetting my  
aching frame, I hurried down the staircase  
—into the courtyard—re-entered the coach  
which was still in waiting, and shouted to  
the driver—  
"Numero treize, Rue— Vite!  
Vite!"

The agony I endured of mind and body  
during the journey from the Hotel de  
Louvre to the Rue—will never be effaced  
from my memory. While I write this the  
recollection of my sufferings is causing  
every nerve to quiver, every joint to ache.  
I could not conceive that physical agony  
could reach so high a pitch without killing  
that upon which it fed.

Arrived at the Rue—, the coachman  
expressed little difficulty in discovering  
No. 23.

I rang the bell as directed.  
"Monsieur Benson."  
"Oui, monsieur."  
"Peut on voir?"

"Oui, Monsieur."  
I brushed past her, tried the handle of a  
door opposite me. It yielded, the door  
opened and I saw—

My travelling companion, in the same  
grey suit, standing at a window. Beside  
him a young girl, his right arm encircling  
her waist.

I had entered softly and neither of them  
was aware of my presence.

Tiger-like I lay waiting for a spring.  
Tiger-like I glared at my prey ere I  
burst upon it.

He was talking about me.  
"He must have been smashed into a  
mummy."

The girl shuddered.  
Little did he imagine that I stood within  
three paces of him.

"Why did you not seize him, Charles?"  
They were conversing in English.

"I tried to do so, but he seemed pos-  
sessed of the strength of three ordinary  
men. He knocked me into the carriage.  
I was a racker-ball."

"Poor creature! You should have given  
him the letter," said the girl compassion-  
ately.

"Not if he was going to jump again—  
Poor devil! It's not giving him much  
rouble now."

"More perhaps, than you think," said  
the man, turning rapidly round. So did the  
girl.

"I am blanched. She screamed.  
"Good God!" he said and threw his arm  
round her, as if to protect her.

glanced at myself in the opposite mir-  
ror.

was a ghastly sight.  
"hair clefted with blood; blood upon  
my face, and where the dark-red stain  
did show broad streaks of caked grime  
and; my eyes sunk and fiery, as those  
of a man in a state of disorder; my  
right hand in my breast pocket grasping  
the letter of my dead wife."

"I had brought you a spring."  
"I had brought you a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."

"I was preparing for a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."

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"I was preparing for a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."

"I was preparing for a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."  
"I was preparing for a spring."

And as I spoke I drew the letter from my  
breast-pocket. Thinking it was a weapon,  
the girl, with a shivering sob, caught my  
arm, while Benson jumped aside.

"Tell me how you came by this letter."  
"What letter?"

"This is the letter I risked my life to  
gain. This is the letter you refused to  
part with. You see I am not a man to be  
turned aside from a purpose. Tell me how  
you came by it."

"I received it by the post the morning I  
left London," he replied.  
"It's a lie," said I.  
"I state the truth," he replied.

"When was it written?"

"The day before I received it."  
That letter must have been  
written before the 19th of last January,  
and it was written by the hand of my dead  
wife."

"You are mad," he said. "That letter  
was written in this house on the day  
before yesterday, and was written by this  
lady," turning, as he spoke, to the young  
girl.

"This ready call on your imagination  
will not serve your purpose. I know the  
writing too well; and by heaven I am not  
to be trifled with. There is that contained  
in it which demands an explanation, and I  
will tear it from your tongue."

"Oh! sir," cried the girl, "this is in-  
deed my letter. I hope for salvation,  
that letter in your hand was written by me."  
Truth shone from out her eyes. I felt  
as if I had received a blow.

I seized her hand, drew her toward an  
openavenport, and, in a husky voice,  
cried—  
"Copy that letter."

She opened the desk, drew out a sheet  
of pink paper, and prepared to write.

I watched her as she slipped the pen into  
the ink, I watched her as she wrote the first  
word. I watched her with unerring, un-  
flinching accuracy. She copied the letter,  
copied it as if 'twere done by a machine.

The same large letters, the same official  
looking margin, the same word "Fannie."  
She looked up at me. Truth in her  
eyes.

I saw my error. I saw that on account  
of the strange similarity in the writing I  
had mistaken her letter for her lover for a  
letter written by my dead wife.

During the fever that ensued, I found  
Barnabism in the hearts of Charles Benson  
and of the young girl, whose handwrit-  
ing bore such a fatal resemblance to that  
of my dead wife.

**JOHN BRIGHT.**

The Quarterly Review, in an article on  
"The British Parliament," gives the fol-  
lowing description of the oratory of Mr.  
John Bright:

"Genuine Saxon, by the son of Hen-  
gists, was the exulting shout of Cedric, on  
hearing the name of a Saxon knight who  
had been victor in the lists. 'Genuine  
Saxon' will be the exclamation of every  
critical listener to Mr. Bright. His look,  
his tone, his choice of words, his hold-  
ings, his stubborn independence, his bold-  
ness, his purity, are all redolent of race.

For the most part, above the level of  
politics, and philanthropy. We may dif-  
fer about his means or measures, but no  
one can differ about the aim when he puts  
forth his strength to raise Ireland and  
India in the scale of civilization, to miti-  
gate the evils of war, or to promote the  
spread of toleration and Christian charity  
throughout the world.

"The speech in which he is commonly  
thought to have reached the culminating  
point of his oratory, the one to which he  
himself reverts with most pleasure, is the  
speech on the repeal of the Corn Law. It  
is a masterpiece of impassioned and suc-  
cessful passage was made.

"I do not suppose that your troops  
are to be beaten in actual conflict with the  
foe, or that they will be driven into the  
sea; but I am certain that many homes in  
England in which there now exists a fond  
hope that the distant one may return—  
many such homes may be rendered deso-  
late when the next mail shall arrive. The  
angel of death has been abroad throughout  
the land; you may almost hear the beat-  
ing of his wings. There is no one, as when  
the first born were slain of old, to sprinkle  
with blood the lintel and the two side-posts  
of our doors, that he may spare and pass  
over the heads of the children of the house,  
and take the mansion of the wealthy, and  
the cottages of the poor and the lowly, and  
it is on behalf of all these classes that I  
make this solemn appeal."

"Although Mr. Bright is a ready speak-  
er, he is understood (like the great orators  
of Greece and Rome) to devote much time  
and labor to the preparation of his orations;  
which may account for their comparative  
familiarity and brevity. His voice is all that  
could be desired in an orator, and his de-  
livery is impressive, although so distinct,  
slow, and calm as to sound more like rec-  
itation than declamation, and it is sus-  
pected that his more ambitious passages are  
fairly written out on the paper which he  
holds while speaking, and which he con-  
sults with seeming carelessness in his  
hand."

His eloquence is more con-  
vincing than persuasive; and the House of  
Commons for many years rarely went  
wrong, unless he was present. He defies and  
confronts, instead of conciliating, an oppo-  
nent; and when he encounters what he thinks  
prejudicial and others may think princi-  
ples, his massive undulating pauses over-  
whelming like a steam-roller crushing and pul-  
verizing stones."

**The Chances of being Murdered, etc.**

Statistics prove that in Rome there are  
237 times as many chances of being mur-  
dered as in England, and 133 1-2 times  
more than in Protestant Prussia. In En-  
gland, it is shown that one murder occurs  
for every 178,000 inhabitants; in Holland,  
one for 163,000; in Prussia, one for 100,  
000; in Austria, one for 37,000; in Spain,  
one for 4,119; and in Naples, one for 1,700;  
but at Rome there is one homicide for every  
720 of the inhabitants. Rome also occurs  
the highest proportion of illegitimate chil-  
dren; the ratio of births of this class being  
nearly 61 times greater in Rome than in  
London. It appears that in London there  
are for every 100 legitimate births four  
illegitimate; in Liverpool, 29; in Paris, 49;  
in Munich, 91; in Vienna, 118; and in  
Rome, 243.

## LETTER FROM CAPE MAY.

CONGRESS HALL, Cape May, N. J.,  
July 14, 1872.

DEAR WILMINGTON—Seated on an airy veran-  
dah, with an invigorating breeze blowing  
up from the sparkling, white beach, we  
find it a very pleasant task to invite you  
to a very few lines that we may present a faint  
picture of what we witness personally.

It is with a feeling akin to pity that we  
remember our fellow-citizens in town and  
city, who may even now be wishing them-  
selves in our cool retreat by the seaside—  
How thankful we were to be the seaside—  
dusty streets, with their foul-smelling  
and deafening noises, none but those who  
have had a similar experience can imagine.  
The first plunge of the ferry boat, the  
carried us to the Jersey shore, caused the  
blood to bound and the eye to flash with  
pleasure, as the idea of escape from the  
region of Fahrenheits' nineties crossed the  
mind. The rush and scramble for seats  
had something terrifying in it to us; but  
we were fortunate enough to secure  
good places on the shady side. The train  
was one of the fast lines and only stopped  
twice to give the locomotive his lunch—  
Our car halted directly in front of a very  
curious machine, that was engaged in pre-  
paring his wooden meal. A large log was  
thrust into the proper size for his fiery  
breath in less time than it takes to write  
about it.

The road to Cape May becomes some-  
what monotonous, and we were very glad  
when a dim, blue light could be discerned  
below the horizon, with white dots like  
beads on a ribbon, ornamenting its undu-  
lating folds. We soon ascertained that  
this was the ocean, with sails sailing along  
the coast.

Cape May City is situated in Cape Island,  
which is separated from the main land only  
by a thin dream that a man could easily  
step over. The train glided slowly into the  
depot, where a crowd of upturned faces  
were looking for expected friends. The  
place was transformed into a perfect Babel  
as soon as the train halted, by importunate  
cabinmen and vociferous newsboys, who  
insisted in conveying you to your hotel or  
cottage, and having you by the papers  
you had already read. One poor lamb-like  
man was bundled into a carriage in spite of  
his repeated request to be allowed to walk.  
His corpulent spouse and numerous olive  
branches had been seated by the officious  
driver, and liking their quarters rather  
Southern than the crowded and sixty-eight  
bed-rooms and follow-up machine.

Some of the exorbitant price he must  
pay when his short ride should be ended.  
Congress Hall is the second largest hotel  
in the city. It requires two thousand dol-  
lars a day to run it, and will accommodate  
one thousand guests. It is built in two  
immense wings that meet and form a right  
angle. The dining room will contain one  
hundred tables each seating ten persons—  
Every Saturday these are cleared away for  
the weekly hop. During meals and in the  
evening, a band performs in an arbor on  
the hotel grounds. Every delicacy the  
most epicurean appetite could crave, can  
be obtained. The bill of fare for dinner  
consists of twelve courses and sixty-eight  
different dishes. The wide verandah and  
sun-drenched balconies face the ocean and  
catch every breath of the salt air—  
The rooms are furnished throughout in  
solid walnut, with the exception of the  
parlors, which have mahogany and bucatello  
to complete the picture of oriental comfort  
and elegance.

The Stockton House can entertain three  
thousand guests, and is the largest and  
most elegant seaside hotel in the world—  
In the main hall hangs a life size portrait  
of Commodore Stockton, copied by Sir  
Edward Newton's original.

For homelike comforts and hospitality,  
Congress Hall is far preferable to the Stock-  
ton. It is patronized more extensively by  
the wealthy than the latter, and that prob-  
ably accounts for the air of kindness that  
permeates the whole place.

There are many lovely cottages here,  
leased by families for the summer. They  
are usually well shaded, and combine all  
the comforts of city, seaside and country  
life.

The town has about sixteen hundred  
inhabitants, who remain as permanent  
residents; but in summer this number swells  
to the sum of as many thousands. It  
boasts of a Mayor and various city-sound-  
ing offices.