Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

For Sale By J. S. GRIFFITH, and Leading Grocers of Easton.

The Easton Gazette.

SATURDAY, - - JANUARY 2, 1892

LOCAL AND OTHER ITEMS.

No other preparation combines the positive economy, the peculiar merit and the medicinal power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—To night.

—At Music Hall.

—For Coughs and Colds, use Dawson & Jenkins' Brown Mixture, ammoniated.

—Vreeland's Minstrels are coming.

Church News.—Rev Edward H. Dashiell of Baltimore, will preach at Trinity M. E. Church, South, on Sunday, both morning and evening.

The Epworth League at 6 30 in the evening will be led by Mr Joseph S Robson. This will be the first meeting of the series in eight stages in the life of Christ. No one should miss a meeting. They will be both interesting and instructive.

Squire Nicols wants all the members of the church to be present Sunday morning at ten o'clock, at the New Year's experience meeting You will never regret having been present.

—La Grippe cured by Dawson & Jenkins' Brown Mixture, ammoniated.

—The most intricate drill ever produced, "The Black Watch," with Vreeland's Minstrels Tuesday night.

A Woman Killed—On Christmas morning a colored woman of Easton named Emma White got into an altercation with another colored woman who sought refuge in the house of one Henry Johnson. The result was that Emma White was thrown violently to the ground by Johnson, and received such injuries from the fall that she did not recover but died on the following Monday The autopsy showed concussion of the brain and Johnson was arrested and now awaits the action of the law. An inquest was held and the verdict rendered was in accordance with the above statement.

—Vreeland's Minstrels are great.

—Dawson & Jenkins' Brown Mixture, ammoniated, soothes the throat and allays all irritation.

The Clarence Bennett Company will render "Daisy" tonight in the Hall. They have been giving a series of brilliant performances all the week. Among the startling features of this fine comedy worthy of special mention are the daring escape of Daisy down the log chute, and the great boat race scene in the fourth act, for which they carry a panorama 100 feet long, and a fleet of yachts and boats. One of the most realistic effects ever attempted Beautiful Music, Sparkling Comedy, Startling Situations and a Strong and Thrilling plot.

—See the artistic clog novelty, "The Dancing Jockeys," with Vreeland's Minstrels. Next Tuesday night.

—The best remedy for La Grippe, Dawson & Jenkins' Brown Mixture, ammoniated.

U S. Marshall Appointed—On Tuesday last, Wm. F Airey, United States Marshall for the District of Maryland appointed Mr. Thos H. Coburn of Easton, U. S. Marshall for Talbot Co. Mr. Coburn will make a very efficient officer and his friends here are pleased that he received the appointment. It was entirely unexpected.

—Secure your seats for Vreeland's Minstrels. Next Tuesday night.

—The wonderful cure for La Grippe, Dawson & Jenkins' Brown Mixture ammoniated

Good Entertainment.—The citizens of Easton have been treated this week to a fine course of entertainments more refined and professional in their character than are usually found outside of the large cities. Mr. Bennett says he is determined to show the public that he can give the country people as good entertainments as they can get in the city, for he takes his own scenery with him and all he wants is room enough to do the acting. His troup is a professional one and Mr. Bennett has proved himself a polished and polite gentleman who loves the refined and caters only to the intelligence of the town in which he plays, He has been performing to small houses this week and has not made expenses, but says he is pleased with the Easton people, and will go away with good impressions.

—The beautiful Song and Dance Sketch, "The Wedding in the Cottage," with Vreeland's Minstrels.

—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Chest and Lungs, use Dawson & Jenkins' Brown Mixture, ammoniated.

G. A. R.—The regular meeting of Hicks Post No. 24 G. A. R. will be held on Tuesday next, Jan 5th at 2 P. M. at the Post Room in Easton, at which meeting the installation of the officers elect for 1892 will take place. The initiatory steps lookink to our visit to Washington in September next during the session of the National Encampment will also be inaugurated. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

Official, Thos. H. Coburn, Comander,
Jos H. White, Adjutant.

—Everything new with Vreeland's Minstrels.

How Few of Us Can Say as Much.—When Mr. John Jump called at this office and renewed his subscription for another year on New Year's Day, he said he did not think he then owed another dollar in the world. He wanted to start the new year with his obligations paid up. Mr. Jump is in very feeble health and in less than a week enter his seventy-fifth year. His life has been checkered but well spent and he is now resting in a contented and tranquil state doing each day's duty as his strength permits and enjoying the recollection of a life spent in uprightness. He says only one and one-half per cent of the white population of Easton are above seventy years old.

Baltimore & Eastern Shore R. R.—Beginning Monday, Jan 4th, 1892, this company's steamer will leave Baltimore, Pier 10, Light St. wharf, at 4 30 instead of 5 p. m. as at present, and consequently 30 minutes earlier from all stations along the line of the road

A. J. BENJAMIN,
Gen. Pass. Agt.

Maryland State Farmers' Association.—The Annual Meeting will be held in PYTHIAN HALL, North Gay St., Cor. Lexington, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall, Baltimore, Thursday, Jan. 14th, 1892, beginning at 10.30 A. M. Each Local Organization of Farmers in the State is invited to send a representative, and the Vice-President of the Association for each county is requested to call a meeting of the farmers of his county to select delegates, or, failing that, to appoint as many delegates as the county has members in both branches of the State Legislature.

All persons interested in Agriculture are invited to attend the session.

The Hon Jeremiah Rusk, Sec'y of Agriculture has been invited to attend the meetings and deliver an address.

The Eastern Shore and Weems Line Steamboat Companies will return passengers *free*, who having been in attendance on the meeting, will present a certificate to that effect from its Secretary.

WM. B. SANDS, Secretary.
228 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

My wife has been a sufferer for some time with pain in the back; Salvation Oil was freely used and I am glad to say my wife to day suffers no pain.

W. B. COUNCILL, Balto., Md.

In colds of great obstinacy and hacking chronic coughs use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the favorite.

—Go to the Hall to-night.

—Did you see Noble Revenge last night? If not you missed a treat.

The Epworth League.—of the M. E Church gave a nice little musical and literary entertainment on Thursday evening in the letcure room of the church. Miss Willie Bostwick delivered in easy and graceful style the address of welcome which was very intelligently prepared. Miss Mary Jump read a charming selection in her eloquent manner. Miss Mary is one of the best amateur readers Easton has ever seen and always merits applause when she appears in public. Mr. L. R. Hooper read in good dramatic style and taste, Will Carlton's Lightning Rod Dispenser much to the enjoyment of the audience. So did Mr T. E White greatly entertain the listners when he rendered in good style Jeroboam and the Epworth League. The singing by the choir and the duet by Mr Harry Patchett and Miss Maud Collins were unusually pleasing and the refreshments and social time that followed made all seem to be glad they were present.

—"Daisy" to night at the Hall.

Personals.—Little Mable Smith, daughter of Mr. Lewis C. Smith, of Chapel district, won the miniature Range raffled off at Nicols & Bro's. New Years eve.

Clarence Bennett the actor, says he is entirely disinterested in saying so, but that those who go to see the Vreeland Minstrels on next Tuesday night will not regret it as they are exceptionally fine.

Miss Helen Gillingham of Philadelphia, is spending a day or two with her father, Mr. R. P Gillingham who is still confined to his room with severe sciatica

Walter Coburn brought a fine bald eagle to town on Friday morning which had been killed by the son of a Mr. Roe in Miles River Neck.

Rev. Mr. R. H. Adams and daughter were in Philadelphia spending part of the Holidays.

Dr. C. H. T Lowndes of the U. S. Navy is visiting at his parents in Miles River Neck.

Mr. John A. Arringdale has been in town this week. He reports things flourishing at Norfolk and vicinity.

Miss S K. Powell has been visiting friends in Philadelphia and New York this week.

Miss Emma Stitchberry of Easton is visiting her sister Mrs. J. W. Harden of Lewisburg, Pa. where she expects to remain until the spring.

Mr Wm. J. Hartnett has opened Beck's old stand and is now proprietor where he will carry on the same business with a new stock of goods

Change in Post-Office Hours—Postmaster Mullikin has announced that hereafter the Post-office will close at 7. 30 p. m.

Public Business.—Orphans' Court met on Tuesday; present, J. B. Bennett, chief judge; Ormond Hammod and W. C. Dudley associates; E. H. Roe, register; H. G. Pascualt, deputy, Caleb Griffin, crier.

The last will and testament of Avarilla Heather, heretofore filed, was admitted to probate and letters testamentary were granted to Chas. T. Wrightson, executor, filed an approved bond.

Fannie W. Stevens, administratrix c. t. a. of Margaret E. Lord, presented account of sales; passed.

John T. Harrison, administrator of Martin O. Camper, presented account of debts seperat and first and final account of administration; passed.

Richard Hollyday, executor of Henrietta M. Hollyday, presented release from Rosa Bococck and husband, Clarence Hollyday, Richard C. Hollyday, Nannie Tilghman and husband, Nannie Clark and husband, vestry of Trinity Episcopal Church of Baltimore, Virginia Campbell and husband. Richard Carmichael, Elizabeth H. Gale, Susan R. Gale and Meta A. Semple and husband; passed.

County Commissioners.—Board of County Commissioners met on Tuesday; present, J, E. McDaniel, president; R. R. Butler and Jos. Brown, commissioners; Wm. Reddie, clerk.

Receipts were as follows:

T. A. Lloyd, collector, 1890,	$1,0[illegible]8
S. B. Melson, oyster fines,	25
" " " magistrate's "	6
Chas. Dawson, oyster fines,	45

Disbursments were made to the amount of $486 74.

John H. McHale presented bond as constable: approved.

Jacob N. Telehay was appointed constable at Oxford vice George F. Fields, declined.

Permission was given Justice Nicols to use Court House on night of Dec. 31.

Daisy.—Act I.—Home of the Darrons—The Robbery. Act II.—Up in the Mountains—The Little Joker wins the game. Act III.—The Log-chute Falls—the Robbers robbed. Act IV.—The Boat race—A Dude, but not a fool. Act V.—The Darron Park—The Hand of Justice. At the Hall to night.

The Big Minstrel Show.—The Opera House was packed last night to welcome these jolly good actors, Vreeland's Minstrels. It has been a year since they were here before but they had not been forgotten, as the applause that followed their performance showed. From the start everybody was satisfied with the minstrels. The first part was one of the best ever seen in town. Deming and Warren, the principal commedians, caught the crowd with their jokes. The singing of Hallie Bell, Harry Meyrick and Theo. Jackson was excellent, and elicited and frequent applause. The second part opened with a big song and dance. This was followed with a jocky clog The Chinese act was very good. It has been long years since better contortionists have been seen in this place.—Washington Daily Observer, Tuesday, Nov. 3, '91.

Royal Oak Items.—*From our regular correspondent.*—The quiet of our neighborhood has again been broken by the pleasant stir of a wedding This time the place was the Ferry Neck M. E. Church and the contracting parties were Miss Emma Denny, of Deep Neck and Mr. Frank Fairbank of Royal Oak. The marriage took place at 7·15 P. M on Wednesday. Miss Addie Dean of St. Michaels presided at the organ. Rev. Jere Pastorfield assisted by Rev. J. W. Mitchell. performed the ceremony The ushers were Mr. Jas. Fairbank of Baltimore and Mr. Denny Gemminy of St. Michaels Among those present were Mrs. Francis Grace of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Lane, of Cordova and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of St. michaels.

Miss Helen Benson of Oxford, Md., is visiting her cousin Miss Lyda P. Benson at the Retreat

Miss Irene Leonard who is attending the State Normal School in Baltimore City, is spending her holidays with her parents near Royal Oak.

The revival services in the M. E. Church of this place will begin Sunday Jan. 3rd.

Miss Florence Newman of Deep Neck is visiting friends in Oxford Md.

La Grippe is still raging in our midst.—Two colored people have died from its effects during the past week.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

WAITING FOR THE MONSOON.

A Period of Dreary Suspense in India and the Joy That Follows.

Day after day the sun pours down withering heat. the air is sick with it, the ground is hard as iron and gapes in great cracks, as though open mouthed, pleading to the pitiless sky for a drop of water; the wide expanse of country that a few months past was green and flower besprinkled is brown, the grass crisped with a fierce heat and falling to powder if rubbed; the trees, mostly evergreens, are parched and dusty; no breath of air rustles through, no leaf stirs. They resemble great toy trees, with leaves of painted wood. There is no sound of life anywhere; the noisy green parrots are silent and hide from the sun in the heart of the densest and leafiest top.

You may, perhaps, see a crow or a mynah sit solitarily on a bough, with drooping wing and gaping beak, helpless in this great purgatory of fire. "The moonsoon, the moonson—will it never come?" you ask as you toss half naked on your bed, worried by prickly heat and insects which shall be nameless, not the worst of which is the persistent, blood sucking mosquito. Heat apoplexy has, perhaps, prostrated one or two of your friends, and a second in the open air unhelmeted would be sudden death. "Will the monsoon never come!"

Every evening the sun drops down in the west like a great ball of fire, but leaves the heat behind him. One evening you notice with great joy two or three black clouds climb up the east to take a peep at his descending majesty. They are the advance guard, you think, of the monsoon, and it will surely rain before morning. Morning dawns and the sun sets to blowing his heat furnace strong as ever; the sky is once more a great dome of burnished brass. The monsoon at last blows the warning trumpet, and the soughing of his wind to the far away horizon calls you out from your bed to the veranda. Nature holds her breath; a great calm, a strange hush—the hush of expectancy—fills earth and air.

Ha! here comes the monsoon. Away on the western horizon a great black cloud wave surges up toward the zenith, blotting out the burnished sky in its progress, just as though you poured ink slowly into a brass bowl. Behind this black wave and moving with it is a great, dense ebon mass, cut every instant by forked lightning and bellowing, deafening thunder. The quick darting adder tongues of flame flash everywhere, search the bellowing heavens throughout from top to bottom, throughout the whole cloud packed dome.

Now for a second, only for a second, the quick, flashing ligtning ceases, and an inky blackness, the blackness of Erebus, succeeds, and the thunder bellows as Englishman in his seagirt little isle never heard it bellow. It is no distant rumble, gradually rolling nearer and culminating in a resounding crack overhead. No; around about and just overhead the infernal din never ceases.

The bellied clouds are pregnant with thunder, and the flame forks, flashing hither and thither, pierce their wombs and loose the thunder from its prison. It reminds one of Michael and the celestial host warring with Lucifer and his legions. It is terrible.

Inside your bungalow the first advancing wind that heraled the monsoon carried with it clouds of blinding dust, which is now piled up an inch high on table and chair and shelf. And still the war of the elements goes on. You cannot hear your neighbor's voice, though he shout his utmost; the birds, affrighted, shriek in the thickets, and the native servants huddle themselves together in dark corners for safety. The sky opens its flood gates and rain in torrents pours down without intermission for eighty or ninety hours on the parched earth. Splash! Splash! on the roof—not in showers, but in sheets. This is the monsoon.

And when it has passed what a transformation it has effected! The arid plain is one great lake, through which rise innumerable trees of glossy green, and crowding their leafy cathedrals, flocks of parrots and mynahs chatter their thanks to God for the welcome rain. The great lake soon disappears, absorbed by the thirsty earth, and reveals a far and fair expanse of verdure beautiful beyond words in its dazzling greenery, and sprinkled with flowers that have shot up in a night, earth's embodied hymn of praise to the Creator for the blessing of the monsoon.—London Hawk.

Shoe Buckles.

The manufacture of buckles contributed largely to the employment of Warwickshire and Staffordshire ingenuity during the last century. In 1781 all gentlemen of tone sported on their shoes a large square buckle plated with silver, and as the ladies soon adopted the reigning taste, "it was difficult," as Hutton, the historian of Birmingham, remarks, "to discover their beautiful little feet covered with an enormous shield of buckle, and men wondered to see the active motion under the massive load.' The massive load soon after this became unsupportable for both sexes. Strings came into fashion, and consequently a large class of ingenious artisans were compelled to suffer the loss of their usual employment.

In 1791 a deputation of master buckle makers from the towns of Birmingham, Walsall and Wolverhampton obtained an audience of the Prince of Wales (afterward George IV) at Carlton House, where they presented a petition setting forth the distressed situation of thousands who had been engaged in the different departments of buckle making, consequent upon the fashion which was then prevalent of wearing strings. The prince promised not only to wear buckles on his own shoes, but to order the members of his household to do the same. But the commands of royalty were nugatory when opposed to the mandates of fashion.—Sydney.

An Underground City in Turkestan.

An underground city is reported by Russian newspapers as having been found in Russian Turkestan, near the Bokharan town of Karki. The entrances are by a series of large caves in the side of a rocky hill. Effigies and inscriptions have been found, and also designs upon gold and silver money, which lead to the belief that the town dates back to some two centuries before the birth of Christ. There are a number of streets and squares surrounded by houses two and three stories high.

Urns, vases, cooking pots and other utensils have been found in great abundance. The symmetry of the streets and the squares and the beauty of the baked clay and metal utensils attest the fact that the people had reached an advanced stage of civilization. It is supposed the town was concealed in the earth to give the population a refuge from the incursions of savages and robbers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Donkey and the Dogs.

A fierce duel was fought a day or two ago at the Nallonia distillery, Meadville, Pa., between an innocent looking, sleepy little donkey and two big and furious dogs that had been for days seeking an opportunity to tackle his donkeyship. The donkey was running loose in the high fenced bull yard at the brewery. His owner, seeing the dogs growling and eagerly showing their teeth at the bull yard gate, trying to get in, concluded that he would give the dogs a chance.

If they had been Siberian bloodhounds the barking brutes could not have rushed with more voracity upon the seemingly stupid little beast with long shaggy hair and ears. Prancing around him on both sides and watching their chance to grab him by the throat both together, the dogs, like a brace of ravenous wolves, encircled the donkey.

Squinting lazily out of his off eye the donkey appeared most oblivious to his danger. The dogs grew fiercer. As both were about to catch his throat in their teeth the donkey with the speed of a lightning flash, lowered his head and dashed toward the nearest dog as if with the long eared head to bunt him. A buzz saw could not revolve more quickly than did the little jackass at this point. He fairly flew around as if on a pivot.

Both heels flew out. They landed squarely amidships on the body of the nearest snapping and snarling dog. At the same instant 150 pounds of dog went spinning through the air and struck the earth ten yards away, a whining, yelping, whipped canine.

The fate of dog No. 1 was only an aggravation to No. 2. He snapped and growled more ravenously at the donkey than before. In two minutes more, however, the second savage assailant was cavorting over the turf in somersaults, and the donkey had closed his eyes again and retired on his laurels. Neither big dog can be coaxed near the distillery bull yard now.—Chicago News.

And His Light Went Out.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hand in his own; "and why?" he repeated imperiously. "Oh!" she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell freezing upon his soul, "because then you would come round only once every fifteen years!"—Pilgrim's Progress.

THE YARMOUTHPORT MARSHES.

The sun has set in an amber sea,
And the deepening twilight shadows
Are falling darkly around Lone Tree
And over the salt grass meadows;
No sound is heard save the quawk's harsh cry
From the tall mud rooted sedges
That rise where the broadening shadows lie
On Lone Tree creek's dark edges.

The southern landscape, stretching wide,
The night is fast invading,
And the turretlike chimneys of Sandyside
In the gathering gloom are fading,
And meadow and orchard, grove and field
Are into a dark line blending,
And the white church only stands revealed
From the treeless height ascending.

The marsh quail settle for the night
And cease their plaintive singing,
And the mackerel gulls their rapid flight
To Dennis pond are winging;
Thin wreaths of mist are creeping o'er
The creeks and marshy places,
And the sedge fringed line of the Bass Hole shore
The eye no longer traces.

The moon sails low in the western sky,
By a single star attended,
And the lighthouse opens its tireless eye
To watch till the night is ended;
Across the bay the outline gray
Of the coast is dimly lying
'Neath the crescent moon, and the summer day
In the arms of the night is dying.
—Cape Cod Item.

One Trouble.

"Too much trouble to keep children at school every day and never miss." This was said by a parent who objected to the emphatic requirement of teachers and school committee that children should be both punctual and constant at school. He wanted school authorities to consult his convenience. His son must help him occasionally on the farm, stay at home when it rained hard, or when slight indisposition overtook him; and he verily thought that both teacher and committee should consult his convenience.

He is a representative father. There are many more just like him, who have not the slightest idea that these school regulations are to make children set a high value upon school days. To let a child stay away from school for a slight reason, or be obliged to stay at home frequently to assist on the farm or in the shop, is just the way to teach him to undervalue school days. The unpunctual, inconstant pupils are the ones who feel that school days are days of drudgery, to be deprecated. The parent who would have his sons and daughters love school opportunities must see that their school days are not interrupted by small demands at home. Absolute necessity only should compel absence.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

A Terrific Practical Joke.

Florence and Sothern combined to make a practical joke which has been told as the best they ever did. They gave a dinner to Adelaide Neilson's husband, Charles Lee, at the Fifth Avenue hotel. Lee was a soft spoken, dudish Englishman, with vague and terrible ideas of American civilization. They assured him that the guests would be types of America's best society. All the guests were introduced to Mr. Lee under false names. For instance, Dan Bryant was called William Cullen Bryant, and Nelse Seymour figured as "that eminent statesman, Horatio Seymour."

The dinner was calm enough until the coffee was brought. Then Bryant and Seymour got into a quarrel, which increased rapidly in loudness and volume. Finally the lie was passed. They each drew a huge revolver and began firing rapidly each at the other across the table. The other guests at first tried to pacify them, then joined in the quarrel, drew pistols and began firing. Mr. Lee kept his seat for a while, but soon darted under the table, which place he was with difficulty persuaded to leave.—New York Sun.

Deaf and Dumb.

Deaf and Dumb Beggar (unexpectedly receiving a quarter)—Oh, thankee, thankee!

Benevolent Passer—Eh? What does this mean, sir? You can talk!

Beggar (in confusion)—Y-e-s, sir. Ye see, sir, I'm only holdin this corner for th' poor deaf and dumb man what belongs here.

Benevolent Passer (quickly)—Where is he?

Beggar (in worse confusion)—He's—he's gone to th' park t' hear th' music.—Good News.

Hard to Suit.

"I was traveling by buggy through one of the most prosperous counties of Illinois," said a New York commercial tourist, "and I met an odd character in the person of an old farmer who was determined to be pleased at nothing. The old man was standing leaning against the barnyard gate as I drove up. Seeing a well in the inclosure, I asked the tiller of the soil if I might have a drink therefrom. He gruffly assented, and, hitching my horse, I was soon cooling my thirsty throat with as cool, clear, pure water as I ever tasted. I complimented the old man on the water, and a colloquy something like this followed:

"'That's splendid water,' said I.

"'Ye-es, but it's so darned hard the wimmen folk have to break it with an ax when they want to wash.'

"'You have a fine, large farm here.'

"'It's so goll darned big that it takes all I can raise to pay the taxes.'

"'I notice you have splendid crops this year.'

"'Yes, the crops is putty good, but then everybody is got just as good crops, and nobody won't get nothin for it.'

"'This is fine harvest weather.'

"'Putty good harvest weather, but powerful bad on hay Grass won't grow nohow while it stays dry like this.'

"'You seem to have good health yourself.'

"'Can't complain o' my health, but it keeps my appetite so powerful that I eat more'n a hired man.'

"Disgusted with a man who considered good health and a 'powerful' appetite things to kick about I drove on. If that man dies and by any chance gets into heaven he'll be kicking before he's been there an hour that his harp is out of tune and that his halo doesn't fit him."—Chicago Times.

Lifting Skirts on a Rainy Day.

It is very amusing on a rainy day to watch the way the women pick up their skirts now that so few of the gowns are made to clear the grime and slime of the streets—nearly all of them being of that uncomfortable length which is neither one thing nor the other. By far the greater majority of women reach behind and grasp wildly at some portion of their dresses in a feeble, abortive way which is an unconscious betrayal of character. They appear to seize the folds by instinct just at the wrong place, lifting up part of the drapery to an absurd height just in one place, with the rest of the skirt trailing on the ground on either side. Another favorite and more efficacious way is to seize the gown on both sides, and, regardless of appearances, to lift it high above the ankles; but even this heroic method generally leaves some forgotten portion hanging in the mud.

There is one and one only way of managing the present skirt in bad weather, which despite the length has its good points in scarcity of folds and light lining, making it really easy to carry comfortably if properly understood. Fortunately the long petticoat is a thing of the past, and it is not difficult with the left hand to reach behind to the right side and gather all the fullness together; then bringing the folds around to the left, this raises the short part of the skirt to the top of the boots, and it is very easy to carry the light folds of the train in the left hand, while the right is free to hold an umbrella.—New York Tribune.

Paid Himself Off.

"When I would do good," said the apostle, "evil is present with me," and what was true in St. Paul's day is true now. Every man has two men in him, and the question is, which shall get the upper hand?

A man who was in what are called "pretty good circumstances," but who was not by nature of a generous turn, met a poor old woman while out for his afternoon ride on horseback. She stepped in front of him, and, in Scripture language, "asked an alms."

It was easier to give something than to refuse altogether, and he dropped a quarter into her hand and rode on. Presently he began to soliloquize:

"After all, now, shouldn't I have done better if I had kept that quarter and bought myself something? How do I know that the old beggar wasn't a humbug?"

When his meditations had gone thus far he wheeled his horse around and rode back quickly to where the old woman was standing.

"Give me back that money," he said.

She handed it to him without a word, wondering what sort of a customer she had fallen in with. He put the coin into his wallet, and at the same time took out of it a five dollar bill, which he passed to the beggar.

"There, self," said he, "I guess you'll wish you'd kept still."—Youth's Companion.

Early Rising.

From a very ancient date there has been a class of wiseacres who were unwilling to admit that any good could emanate from those who did not "rise with the ark." These would-be philosophers held mere early rising to be a virtue which covered a multitude of sins, and that early retiring and early rising would make men "healthy, wealthy and wise," despite the fact that milkmen, chimney sweeps and others, who are earliest out of their bed, were never distinguished for these said characteristics or acquirements.

Should one argue that early rising, like cold baths in winter, did not agree with all constitutions, they would refer to the sluggard, or to the early bird, or to some other person or thing having not the least possible relation to our circumstances.

Imagine the comfort (?) of having one of these early rising philosophers as a near neighbor, or perchance a dweller under the same roof, and he not only rising at unreasonable hours, but insisting upon disturbing the "forty morning winks" of the other inmates.

These good people are not aware that they have mistaken a habit for a characteristic, and you could not convince them that it is as often a bad as a good trait. They have never observed that many evil doers are frequently stirring about early in the morning.

If, however, early rising is used by them as an argument for forehandedness, then much that is said may be true; still it is really more important that a man should obtain a sufficient amount of refreshing sleep than that he should rise each morn at a given hour.—Fannie L. Faucher in Housekeeper.

Oysters on Trees.

"Chesapeake bay has the finest kind of oysters," said the Talking Man. "The reason they are sometimes found growing on tree branches is this: The spawn of the oyster floats about in the water, tossed by wind and waves. It has the quality of attaching itself firmly to any solid substance it touches. Sometimes it might be the bottom of a ship, a rock or a tree branch. You know the bottom of a ship often needs scraping on account of the shellfish adhering to it.

"Now, the branches of trees often droop into the water. They do it along the borders of the Chesapeake the same as on the banks of any other river or bay. At high tide such branches will be covered with water, and when the tide goes back the branches come to the surface again.

"The spawn sticks on those boughs when they are beneath the waves. In a few days the tiny oysters begin to develop, and before long at every low tide the branch can be seen hanging out, with little oysters growing all over it.

"Sometimes a branch which is often under water will be nearly covered with small oysters. It looks very odd, of course, but it's a common enough sight down there.

"Grow? They don't grow very large, to be sure. To attain perfection an oyster must always be under water, and these hang half the time out of it. When they are exposed too long to the hot sun they die. Their weight often causes them to fall off."—Harper's Young People.

Who Invented the Cigar?

It is not at all certain that the white race has a prior claim even upon the invention of the cigar. In all parts of New Guinea, the largest island in the world, that have yet been visited, tobacco is cultivated, and in some of these districts the humble pipe contributes nothing to the enjoyment of the weed, and is not even known. Dr. Maclay saw natives with crude looking cigars in their mouths who had never seen a white man before, and thought he had dropped from the sky. Dr. Finsch, who some years later explored the coast for hundreds of miles, says the natives of the whole northeast coast of New Guinea, though inveterate smokers, had never heard of a pipe, and returned those which he gave them as articles for which they had no use. He says they roll the partly dried leaves into a rude cigar, and, not being blessed with Havana wrappers, they tie around their cigar a large green leaf from a tree.

Doubtless the vilest weeds sold on the Bowery are superior to those products of Papuan ingenuity, which hold fire so poorly that a live coal is always kept on hand to revivify them. But they suit the native taste, and the people seem to regard those who draw tobacco smoke through a pipe stem as belonging to an inferior race of human beings.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Why She Wanted to Know.

Here is one of Marshall P. Wilder's stories: Every time I've started out on one of my reading tours lately I've had a hard time to get to the ticket window of the railway station. There are always a lot of people there who are asking questions. They remind me of an old woman whom I heard of in London who went to a station a little way out of the city and asked when the next train would go to London.

"Twelve-fifteen," said the agent. It was then 9 a. m.

Shortly afterward the woman came again and asked the same question. Same reply.

At 10 o'clock, same question, same answer, and so on at intervals of thirty minutes until 11:30. Then the agent was vexed.

"Madam," said he, "no train will pass this station—express, freight, goods or accommodation, to London or from London—until 12:15."

"Oh," responded the old lady, much relieved, "then I think I'll venture to cross the tracks."

Handshaking.

Those who have made a study of handshaking say that every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical, enthusiastic or indifferent. If you only know how, you can tell all about a man by the way he shakes hands. The man who has a hand about the size of a ham and who possesses a viselike grasp that gathers your digits into its fatal clutch about as a devilfish surrounds its helpless victim is not much more disagreeable to meet than he who

With finger tip he condescends
To touch the fingers of his friends,
As if he feared their palms might brand
Some moral stigma on his hand.
—Chicago Herald.

Immense Steel Spring.

The largest steel spring in the world is 310 feet long, 6 inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. The manufacture of this spring is a remarkable accomplishment in metal working and was successfully undertaken by a Pennsylvania firm, although the principal European iron works had previously refused the order.—New York Recorder.

Seeing in your dream one or more houses burning means, for the poor, that they will become rich, and for the rich man, that his riches will be augmented.

Hoaxing the Britishers.

During a shooting match in the presence of the governor of Candahar the latter noticed to his astonishment that the heads of sparrows were the favorite butt of the marksmen, who but seldom missed their aim. Whereupon he declared that it was far more difficult to hit an egg. Sir Peter laughed at the supposition, but the sirdar stood his ground and the matter was put to the test. An egg was suspended on a wall and the soldiers fired at it, but strange to say, not one of them hit the egg.

The governor and his suite kept their countenances, and excused the nonsuccess of the firing party on the ground of the difficulty of the thing. At last a ball happened to hit the thread to which the egg was fastened, and it fell to the ground without breaking. Now the mystery was solved; the cunning Afghan had used a blown egg, and the featherweight shell had been moved aside each time by the current of air in front of the ball, and thus escaped being hit.—Taglische Rundschau.

A New Use for Aluminium.

Perfection in musical instruments is generally the result of skilled workmanship, and it is comparatively rare that a new metal is discovered that will improve the tone of an instrument. Since, however, aluminium has been found suitable for almost every purpose and an improvement on every known metal for each, experiments have been made by more than one thoughtful inventor with a view to ascertain whether it could not be used to advantage in making music creating instruments.

That these experiment have been crowned with success is now reported in inside circles, and in both pianos and violins the new metal has been used to alleged advantage. In the piano it certainly does produce satisfactory results, with every possibility of lasting qualities, and perhaps in the violin it is the same, though to a man who looks upon a violin with something of a sacred glance this appears doubtful. Still the inventor's claim is such a strong and evidently genuine one that it cannot be ignored by even the most skeptical.—P. S. Gilmore in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Took Him for a Blacksmith.

Speaking of some of the amusing stories of horses and horsemen that are going the rounds now brings to mind an incident that happened in Erie county a few years ago. C. J. Hamlin had a visit from Robert Bonner, the owner of Maud S, Rarus, Dexter, etc., and while he was there Mr. Bonner illustrated some of his theories on horseshoeing in the village farm shop, having a number of shoes turned and put on horses under his directions. One of the interested onlookers was a farmer from an adjacent village and who was much interested in horses, having bred and raised some very good ones, and who also did his own training (?) and driving.

This man was much impressed by what he saw at the blacksmith shop that day, and after he reached home that night immediately repaired to the village grocery, where the merits of the different horses were discussed every evening, and imparted his newly learned knowledge on horse shoeing to his neighbors. What he had learned was all right, but the amusing part came in when one of the listeners asked him where he learned so much, and he answered as follows:

"I was out to Hamlin's today, and he had a blacksmith by the name of Bonner, from New York, out there showing his man how to shoe horses, and I want to tell you that what that New York blacksmith didn't know about horses' feet ain't worth knowing." The man was so evidently ignorant of Mr. Bonner's true position that none of his hearers had the heart to enlighten him on the subject.—Rider and Driver.

How the Indian Walks.

The Indian hunter has a distinctive gait. His toes, either straight before him or pointing inward, cover the center of gravity. His hips sway slightly to the stepping side, and his rear foot is not exactly lifted, but rather peeled off the ground just high enough to clear the surface, and settled in its new place before the weight comes on it. He does not swing his shoulders nor walk with a spring, nor plant his foot with a shock, as the white man does. If the Indian were turned to stone while in the act of stepping, the statue would probably stand balanced on one foot.

This gait gives the limbs great control over his movements. He is always poised. If a stick cracks under him it is because of his weight, and not by reason of the impact. He goes silently and with great economy of force.

The muscles have less strain on them and do not tire so soon. Sometimes it seems as if they never tired. He treads through woods and swamps and down timber with no noise except the rustling of the grass and leaves disturbed by his passage.

His steady balance enables him to put his moving foot down as gently as you would lay an egg on the table. You could not hear the thud of a footfall if you listened a week. The gait is not elastic nor springy nor handsome, and it even makes the man seem bowlegged. Put the same person in leather boots on a floor and you would truly say that he stumped along, but in moccasins on a hunt he does not walk, he glides.—Exchange.

Catastrophe of the Oneida.

One of the most extraordinary catastrophes that have befallen vessels of the United States destroyed the sloop-of-war Oneida in 1869. She was bound homeward, with a jolly ship's company, eager to see wives and sweethearts and native land once more, when not far out of port she was struck by the British steamer Bombay coming in. The stem of the Bombay cut off the stern of the Oneida. The ship was sinking rapidly and guns of distress were immediately fired, but the Bombay steamed on her way and left the vessel to her doom. She went down and all but one or two of her crew were drowned.

The captain of the Bombay gave no other reason for his conduct than that he had Lady Eyre, the wife of a distinguished British satrap, on board, and did not wish to disturb her nerves with scenes of shipwreck. He was mobbed when he reached Yokohama, dismissed from the service, socially tabooed from that time on, and died in disgrace a year or two later.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Cruel Method of Hunting.

The most destructive mode of capturing the muskrat is by spearing. Four or five rods of iron three or four feet long are secured in a cross section frame of wood or iron, and their points are well sharpened, and with this the hunter approaches the rathouse as quietly as possible, as the inmates are constantly on the alert, and if alarmed will quickly run down their spiral stairway and out into the leads. Stepping to the side of the house the hunter reaches up over it and plunges the spears down through it as far as he can push them. With a pick he pulls the house to pieces, and frequently finds two or three muskrats, and sometimes more, impaled by the spears. This destructive method is, however, not looked upon with favor by the sportsmen, as it tends to drive the rats away from the more accessible parts of the marsh.—Baltimore Sun.

Some Bees and Their Product.

The largest beekeeper in the world is Mr. Harbison, of California, who has 6,000 hives, producing 200,000 pounds of honey yearly. In Greece there are 30,000 hives, producing 3,000,000 pounds of honey; in Denmark 80,000, producing 2,000,000 pounds; in Russia 110,000, producing the same; in Belgium, 200,000, producing 5,000,000 pounds; in Holland 240,000, producing 6,000,000 pounds; in France 950,000, producing 23,000,000 pounds; in Germany 1,450,000, and in Austria 1,550,000, each producing 40,000,000 pounds of honey. But in the United States there are 2,800,000 hives, belonging to 70,000 beekeepers, and producing 62,000,000 pounds of honey yearly.—Yankee Blade.

Dainty Ham Sandwiches.

Ham sandwiches dainty enough to set before the queen are made as follows: Pound or chop together the yolks of two hard boiled eggs with six ounces of cooked ham, a dust of cayenne and six ounces of butter. Rub it all through a sieve or fine colander and spread on very thin slices of rusk bread a day old. After spreading roll the slice up, pinching the ends a little to make them hold in shape, and pile lightly on a folded napkin. A few drops of carmine in mixture before rolling give an appetizing "pinkiness" to the ham.—New York Times.

The Preferred Suitor.

Two gentlemen, one old and plain looking, and the other young and handsome, paid their addresses to a charming young lady of eighteen summers. The fair creature decided in favor of the elder suitor. Quite overcome with joy, the latter asked the bride, as they returned from church on the wedding day:

"How was it you gave me the preference?"

"Because a gypsy told me that I should be married twice, and I am saving the other for the next time."—El Dia.

College Boys' Pranks.

There is often a larger show of personal liberty in New York than can be seen in any country town. This liberty sometimes borders on objectionable license, but it is viewed with great leniency by both the city authorities and public. Forty or fifty college boys can raise more of a rumpus on Broadway or in a metropolitan theater with perfect impunity than would be tolerated even in a college town. The other day I saw at least that many young men marching along Broadway at its most crowded portion, near the postoffice, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, blowing tin horns and shouting and yelling like a lot of Comanche Indians.

There was nothing in the time or in the day when such a demonstration might be expected or winked at. They had simply been to a society meeting. Yet all this noise was deemed necessary. They swept the sidewalk of ordinary business people and compelled the floating business world to stand still for the time being. Next to taking practical possession of a crowded theater and running the play, or swarming about a leading hotel until the managers are obliged to shut up the bar and drive them out with the aid of the police, this performance is most popular.—New York Herald.

A Good Judge of Woods.

A local builder visited a celebrated artist of the impressionist school to receive directions about a house the latter was building on Long Island. He found Mr. —— at his studio, and the artist took great pains to show the contractor what he considered his best treasures. "How did you like Mr. ——'s pictures?" some one asked the man afterward. "Well," he answered, "I thought the frames were beautiful, but I didn't think much of the pictures."—New York

A Pleasant Prospect.

Imagine first the stupendous size of London. Then imagine yourself as a stranger invited to "The Turnips, Green street, Kitchen Garden, Shepherd's Rest, N. W." Thirdly, imagine a dark night, and no names of streets on the gaslamps. Fourthly, imagine a cabman who doesn't know his business.—London Cor. Kate Field

THREE CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

I.

Hearken! how the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"See the twain whose weary feet
Wander through the village street—
Doors are closed against the stranger.
See the Child, the meek and lowly,
Christ the mighty, the all holy,
Sleeping cradled in a manger."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas time.
Be the loaf of plenty doled,
Be the poor man's heart consoled.
Thus we keep the Christmas time.

II.

Hearken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Wondering shepherds see the night
Flooded with celestial light—
Wondering hear the angel message:
Come and let us kneel before him,
Let us find him and adore him.
Peace on earth this child doth presage."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas time.
Let all strife and hatred cease,
Kindness live, good will and peace.
Thus we keep the Christmas time.

III.

Hearken! still the Christmas chime
Sings on earth its song sublime!
"Eagerly the Magi sped
By the wondrous star beam led,
Gold and myrrh, and incense offer.
He brings most—yes, he the nighest
Draweth unto God the Highest
Who a heart of love doth proffer."

Sing your joy, O Christmas chime!
Let us keep the Christmas time.
Love shall be the law to bind
In one band all humankind.
Thus we keep the Christmas time.
—Century.

A Habit of Actor Florence's.

The late W. J. Florence had a habit of promising a man a fish or some game when he was about starting on a hunting or fishing trip. Day after day would pass and the game would not be forthcoming. But almost every day a letter or telegram would come, saying that Florence had not forgotten, that Florence was just about sending the game, that there was no cause for worry, as a fine fish or deer was on its way to the express office. At first this solicitousness would cause courteous letters and telegrams in return; as the delay got longer the victim would get impatient and would finally be literally haunted by huge fishes or deer, "with the compliments of W. J. Florence." Then some fine day, when it was least expected, the fish or deer would come.—New York Sun.

The World a Waste of Water.

An interesting calculation has been made by a French geologist to the effect that, taking into consideration the wear and tear on the solid land by ocean washing, rivers, wind and weather, and leaving out of the calculation volcanic action, the world will in four and a half million years be completely under water and no dry land exist at all.—New York Recorder.

Didn't Like Poetry.

Here is a bad remark of a young Etonian who was captain of the boats and no end of a swell, but whose literary attainments were of the slightest. His brother, who was musical, had set the words of one of Tennyson's poems to music, and the young athlete gave it as his opinion that the "music was well enough, but the words were all rot."—New York Tribune.

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Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. e7

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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MARRIED.

HARDCASTLE—MEIERE.—At the residence of the bride on Wednesday, December 30th, 1891, Dr. Edward M. Hardcastle, Jr., and Miss Nannie Lloyd Meiere, both of this county.

PHILLIPS—COX.—At the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. R. H. Adams, on Dec. 24th, 1891, Mr. D. W. Phillips of Baltimore, Md. to Miss Lizzie A. Cox, of Easton.

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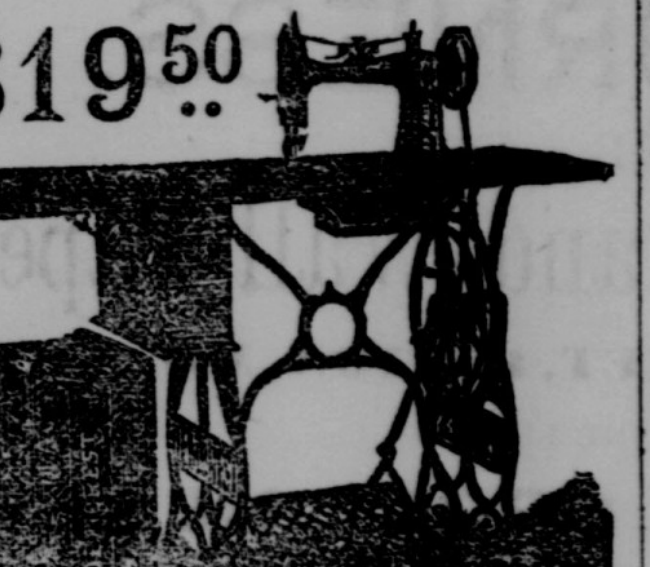

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BALTIMORE and OHIO RAILROAD.

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For Chicago & Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.20 A.M., Express 7.15 P.M.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.30 P.M., Express 10.30 P. M.

For Pittsburg, Express daily 10.20 A.M. and 7.40 P. M.

For Cleveland via Pittsburg, 10.20 A.M. and 7.40 P.M.

For Washington, week days, 5, x6.20, 6.30, x7.10, x7.20, x8.00, 8.35, x9.30, x10.20, (10.35 A. M., 12.10 P. M., 45 minutes) 12.15, x2.10, x2 30, 2.50, (3 45 45-minutes) x4.15, 5, x6, 6.20 x6.50, x7.15, x7.40, x8.18, 9.05, x9.54, x10.30 and 11 P. M. Sunday 6.30, x7.10, 8.35, x9.30, x10.20 (10.35 A. M., 12.10 P. M., 45 minutes) 1.05, x2.10, x2.30, (3.45 45-minutes) 5.00, 6.20, x6.50, x7.15, x7.40, x8.18, x9.54, x10.30, and 11 P. M.

For Annapolis, 7.20, 8.35 A. M., 12.15, and 4.15 P. M. Sunday, 8.35 A. M. and 5.00 P. M.

For Frederick, 4.00, 8,10 A.M., 1.10, 4.20 and 5.35 P.M. Sunday, 9.35 A.M. and 5.35 P.M.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9.30 A.M., *7.15 and *8.18 P.M.

For Lexington and points in the Virginia Valley, †4, †9 30 A.M. For Winchester, †4.20 P. M. Mixed trains for Harrisonburg, §4.00 A.M.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad, *4.00 A. M., and *7.40 P.M. Luray only, †2.30 P. M.

For Hagerstown †4.00, †9.30 A. M., †4.20 P.M.

Trains arrive from Chicago, Columbus and the Northwest daily, 1.00 and 5.45 P. M.; from Pittsburg and Cleveland, *9.00 A. M., *5.45 P.M.; from Cincinnati, St. Louis and the West, 4.55 A.M., 3.15 P. M. daily.

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For Atlantic City, 5.10, 10.48 A.M, 12.55 P.M. Sundays 5.10 A.M., 12.55 P. M.

For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington and Chester, daily 12.50 5.10, 8.50, (10.48, stopping at Wilmington only,) A. M, 12.55, 3.40, 5.55, 8.55 P.M.

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6 30	3 05	Baltimore	11 10	9 25
7 27	3 53	Philadelphia	10 32	7 55
9 42	6 00	Clayton	8 30	5 37
9 51	6 09	Kenton	8 21	5 27
10 05	6 19	Hartley	8 10	2 16
10 07	6 21	Slaughters	8 08	5 13
10 15	6 28	Marydel	8 01	5 03
10 22	6 35	Henderson	7 54	4 54
10 30	6 42	Goldsborough	7 48	4 46
10 40	6 52	Greensborough	7 39	4 35
10 50	7 01	Ridgely	7 29	4 23
11 00	7 10	Queen Anne	7 20	4 13
11 10	7 18	Cordova	7 11	4 02
11 18	7 25	Chapel	7 05	3 55
11 33	7 37	Easton	6 55	3 43
11 48	7 50	Trappe	6 39	3 27
11 59	8 00	Oxford	6 30	3 17
A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.

1891 **1891**

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Potter's, 1:40 "
Two Johns, 1:45 "
Dover Bridge, 2:30 p.m.
Medford's, 3:15 p. m.
Oyster Shell Pt., 4:00 p. m.
Cambridge, 5.30 p. m.
Corner's, 6.30 p. m.
Oxford, 7.00 & 10 p.m.
Double Mills, 7:20 p.m
Easton, 9:00 p. m.

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