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SATURDAY, - - - - - JULY 9, 1892.

FOR PRESIDENT
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT
WHITELAW REID,
OF NEW YORK.

OREGON'S GREETING.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Monday, Decoration Day, found the editorial special with its handsome coaches and highly honored guests meandering at a rapid rate through the timbered valleys of far famed Oregon. The morning, like its predecessors, broke clear and delightfully pleasant. California was now a thing of the past and to be dealt with, as far as this trip is concerned, in memory only. Shasta was not discernible in the rear, nor its snowy companions; the sparkling, rushing waters of the upper Sacramento have given place to other sea-bound streams and leaping cascades. Oregon, the land of unwritten song and unrecorded history we behold. Oregon, the scene of untold exploits with the red man of the north, where the ravages of the lazy beast from lonely lair made the jaws of silent, yawning crater again resound and with awful cadence. Oregon, where sits in solemn stateliness Mt. Hood with the rain clouds liking his base and the cirrus kissing his brow—a tent-like cloak of ermine snow folded constantly about him, whose summit on the Fourth of July in '87 glared at mid-night with an illumination of red-fire such as never before beheld on the continent and was greeted with cheers from the thousands in the cities and towns surrounding. Oregon, within whose borders was created that matchless marvel of Nature's handiwork, Crater Lake, from whose brink rises abruptly twenty miles of rugged cliffs, from whose surface is elevated Wizard Island with its crater or Witch's Cauldron in the centre, and Llao Rock, solemn, grim and grand, over two thousand feet perpendicular, with Mt. Thielsen, the lightning rod of the Cascades in view. What an immense mountain there must have been ages ago, when long before the hot breath of a volcano soiled its hoary head, standing as a proud monarch, with its feet upon the earth and its crest in the heavens, it towered far above the mountain ranges, looked down upon the snowy peaks of Shasta and Hood and snuffed the air beyond the reach of Everest. Then streams of fire shot forth, rivers of lava were hurled upon the earth beneath, the elements seemed bent on establishing a gate-way to Hades and fixed upon this spot. At last the very foundation of the mountain was undermined and like a sinking ship this noble peak went down, down forever from sight and into the bowels of the earth leaving a smoking chasm like an inverted Shasta hollowed out. Nature filled this cup with water, and Crater Lake her unparalleled creation. Oregon, with its caves, dark innumerable; its cathedraled peaks of Baker, Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Pitt and hundreds of others pointing skyward in inspiring majesty; its hot springs, its rivers, its vales, its cultivated gardens of wealth, its mines, its harbors, its Columbia—coldly coiling the Rhine of the West. Oregon, whose people have extended the heartiest welcome humanity ever received. Yes, we are in Oregon.

The reception committee upon boarding the train inform us they have no oranges and wines to bestow upon us with lavish hand as did their sister state, California. But they extended a welcome as earnest, as cordial, as full of sincerity and wanted us to make ourselves at home. We thought it would be pleasant so to do, and we did. Trains being somewhat late the breakfast at Albany would almost approach an early dinner hour, so elegant candies were passed freely through the coaches, also cigars for those that enjoyed the fumes of the wicked weed. The committee of polished gentlemen made themselves very entertaining to all, and especially to the young ladies of the Maryland car who were not backward in showing their appreciation. At breakfast the Oregon people showed themselves capable of entertaining in magnificent style a train load of guests.

The valley of the Willamette was highly cultivated and presented an appearance of thrift and success.—Salem was passed while the decoration of the soldiers' graves was in progress and most of her citizens on the streets. The handsome State House was in close proximity to the train and it was thought we had time to accept the invitation to go through it, but when many were off and hastening to the public square, the whistle and bell made them scamper to the cars much to the amusement of those who remained on board.

At Oregon City the committe had arranged for us to leave the trains and embark on the Harvest Queen there waiting us at the head of navigation on the Willamette river. The cars were to go on to Portland empty and we were to be taken there by water. The steamer, before leaving, gave us a view of the falls of the Willamette by steaming close to them as did the Maid of the Mist last summer at the foot of Niagara, and reminded many of us of that trip, though the falls here were far less majestic than those of Niagara. We were treated to music and refreshments while taking that beautiful run down the Willamette on the afternoon of May 30th.

At Portland we were somewhat weary of seeing, but had grown used to that sort of thing, and acquiesced with becoming grace to whatever was placed before us for our enjoyment. We remembered that the people of the city had invited us, and after accepting, we had naught else to do but show our willingness to be entertained. Suppers were given at the largest and best hotels, theatre tickets were distributed to the Marquam Grand theatre where the Power of the Press was elegantly played by a troupe of artists supported by special and elaborate scenery. The chairman of the committee on reception appeared in front of the foot lights at the close of the play and read his program for the next day's entertainment and also a lengthy telegram from the Mayor of Tacoma extending to us the hospitality of that city as well as other messages from the Governor of Washington, the city of Seattle and surroundings, asking us to prolong our stay west sufficiently to partake of their hospitality. These invitations were more than many could resist, although the time was already passed when we were due home. The wires were free to us to send and receive messages, through the courtesy of the Western Union Telegraph Co., and many where the heart throbs sent pulsating that night three thousand miles east, and many were the answers received the next morning before the festivities of the day began.

Tuesday the Harvest Queen, decorated with flowers and bunting, and ornamented with one of the most complete orchestra band of musicians the city contained, was waiting at the wharf impatient to carry the editorial guests up the cliff-crowned Columbia. At ten o'clock the steamer pushed off in the spacious harbor and was soon following in the wake of the cruiser Baltimore which had weighed anchor a few moments before and bound for another port. At the mouth of the Willamette we parted company, the Baltimore going down toward the Pacific while we went up past Shaw's Island towards the Cascades. The air was cool and refreshing, the music on board was soul-stirring, the National airs and My Maryland awakened slumbering cords in every heart. Speeches and mirthful recitations were entertaining some in the lower saloon, the merry waltz was in progress in the upper, while the outer decks were filled with those who were absorbed in beholding the meanderings of the river among beautiful islands or suburban lawns. A few hours brought us to the mountain passes, which make Columbia justly entitled to its rank among the first rivers of the continent for sublime scenery. Hood peeped over the white clouds in the distance and reflected the sun's rays from his frozen summit. There, like a majestic monarch, with full command of his subjects, he watched us all day and, as if to favor us with unstinted view, he dispelled all clouds that lingeringly paid him homage and clothed in white from head to foot he towered the most majestic mound we have ever beheld. This was in part because we viewed him from the sea level, and not from mountain altitude as we had some other monarchs of the range.

Refreshments served in bountiful profusion, and souvenir cards, literature and pictures, all tended to make this day second to none we had passed west of the Sieras, and in many respects, without a parallel. As we approached the city on our return we were given the privilege of boarding the cruiser Charleston, that magnificent war ship belonging to our common uncle, and one of the few he takes deserved pride in. The methods of working the guns and the details of every part of the ship were kindly shown us by officers and crew much to the entertainment of many editors and ladies that had never beheld so large a vessel before, nor had any conception of the grandeur, magnitude, mechanical construction or meaning of the same. Live and learn was what we were all doing.

After a good supper, we again found our coaches at the depot in Portland. All the cars but three were expecting to accept the invitation to Tacoma and Seattle, the Maryland car was among three that preferred to move east. We bade our companions many good-bys and steamed eastward. No longer were we a special train, and the presence of the conductor demanding a view of our passes and the other essentials requisite to traveling on one's personal responsibility, made us appreciate the great comfort and luxury of moving in a special train with no bother. We followed the Columbia, twisted and turned with it for many miles among the Castle Rocks, the Cascades, around Cape Horn, among overhanging cliffs that completely darkened one side of the train while the other was exposed to the river below. On, on toward the rising sun, and with thoughts of home growing warmer and warmer, for that seemed to be the objective point now, though a few intermissions along the route would be indulged in as fancy dictated. We were free to do as we pleased, either in selecting our route home, or stopping off as we saw fit.—The railroads were more than fair and did all we asked and for the asking. We held passes over some lines and then used other routes.

The next day found us following the Snake River through the sandy deserts of Idaho. The scenery was much the same as had been that of New Mexico and Arizona. The sage brush, and tufts of coarse grass few and far between, were the same.—The cacti was wanting, and the snakey Snake River had more water in it than had the Rio Pecos. Another night in the desert and another lovely morn brought us to Ogden, and then to that noted and distinguished Morman Mecca, the city of Salt Lake. Here we find a hotel kept by a son of the founder of the sect—Bringham himself. The appointments are perfect, the cuisine fine. No carriages awaited our bidding, no deferences paid to our editorial badges in that holy city. We were not "the people" that our friend of the Chestertown *Transcript* had said we were. That community of saintly bigamists had no homage to pay to liliputian editors. We shuffled about for a guide and driver that felt he had a soul to save and would save us a few dimes as well. Probably we found one, probably not, albeit, we followed him through avenue and street, past the residences of the city's dignitaries, the homes of the widows Young and their young, to the very grave of the Prophet—and there paid respectful attention, stooping to take some cut flowers that had been placed on the slab by loving hands the day previous; to Fort Douglas overlooking the city, where we saw Indians being trained by the Government in rifle practice to defend the city and put down refractory Mormans in case of an outbreak. But to be perfectly fair, the Mormons are not a hideous people as many think, but are like others in all outward respects, refined, intelligent, communicative, thrifty, honest and exemplary. They love their faith as they should. They seemed to be more persecuted and underestimated than they should be. They do not indulge in bigamy any more, under penalty of the penitentiary where some of their wayward and indulgent youths are now languishing for that diversion. We visited the Temple and mounted its one hundred feet of stairway to the base of its steeples.—We sought entrance to the Tabernacle and were seated in the auditorium that accommodates its ten thousand. We heard the choir of four hundred singers practice for the next service accompanied by that immense organ so long the largest in the world and which cost one hundred thousand dollars, but now its equal is found in Australia. We were impressed with the wonderful accoustic principles, for we heard a watch tick at the chancel rail while we were more than two hundred feet in the rear, heard the whisper of one of the Mormans and saw him drop a pin two inches above the rail and then heard it fall. This tabernacle, like the inside of an immense tortoise shell, is one of the world's wonders, as it has the largest unsupported wooden roof in the world. The Prophet Young must have been more than ordinarily gifted, if he did all that he is accredited with, in planning his city, building his church, founding his religion and doing more than anyone else to keep up its membership.

With one more attempt we hope, indulgent reader, to arrive safe on the Eastern Shore, the land of Perfection if such there be on this continent for we have sampled a little of it in all directions. YOUR EDITOR.

READ the news on first page of this paper. The labor riots at Homestead Pa., this week are creating National comment.

GENERAL BIDWELL, the Prohibition leader, has a farm fourteen miles long and three miles wide.—Ex. The editor of this paper had the pleasure of eating a big dinner on said farm on May 27.

WE believed before that Cleveland would be elected, but now that the women have taken hold we know that his election is assured.—*Star*. We agree with the *Star* that if Cleveland is elected it will be by tickets not put in the ballot box.

EDITOR CLARK of the Sussex *Journal* has finished his series of highly interesting letters to California and return, and, notwithstanding his narrow escape in the derailment of his car, he brings himself safe home to his large and increasing family—of subscribers.

EDITOR HIGHLEY ought to be under obligations to the Minneapolis Convention for furnishing him a theme to wax hot over each week, videlicet, Harrison and the "Force Bill." Or perhaps he means the Jersey mosquito when he says such a bad word as "force bill."

BOTH the leading candidates for president have the courage to say "no" when they think it the proper word to use. Harrison says "no" when asked to do wrong. Cleveland said "no" when asked to do right.

IN another column is a communication from "Talbot" advocating a new deal all around in the appointment of a School Board for Talbot county. We know we have no "finger in this pie" but wish to remark that Mr. M. B. Nichols has a large following and that Easton is entitled to be represented. We hope his claims will not be overlooked.

THE most eloquent and most frequently quoted speech of New York's great Hill Tammany Governor—was the one made to a committee of business men, in which he said "rats."—He was almost equally felicitious in expression while in Chicago. In his remarks to the Illinois delegation—the Governor said: "We want to kill this Republican calf and skin it, and want the boys that do it to have a part of the carcass, and not go hungry for four years, as they would if Cleveland were the nominee."

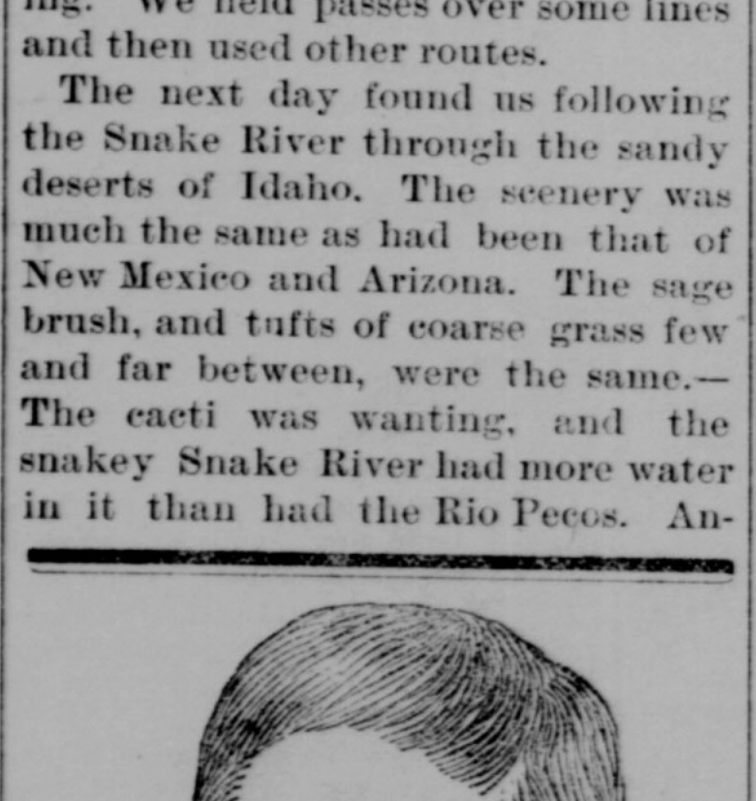
THE Supreme Court of the United States, with eminent democrats like Fuller and Lamar, upon its bench has decided that the McKinley bill is Constitutional. But the late democratic national convention said a high tariff is unconstitutional. There is a difference of opinion on the subject, but the ruling of the Supreme Court outranks a democratic platform. The democratic party has opposed everything, and the great use it has for the constitution is in the same line.

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.



Willie Tillbrook
Son of
Mayor Tillbrook
of McKeesport, Pa., had a Scrofula bunch under one ear which the physican lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him
Hood's Sarsaparilla
the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Neuralgic Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking *Brown's Iron Bitters.* Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

THE new president of Cornell University, in a recent statement, says: "While by early training and predilection I was a believer in free trade, after studying the questions have been convinced that protection is the true and wise policy of the United States." Eastern Colleges have in the past had a reputation as teachers of free trade—and Cornell is to be congratulated.

SENATOR PEFFER occasionally has lucid intervals. He said about the Minneapolis convention: "Harrison was the logical candidate. He is a Republican and intensely American, and if a man should be regarded for a faithful and conscientious discharge of duties, Harrison's nomination was the only thing to do. Blaine did not want it but like Grant was injured by his friends. I regret this mistake for he is a great man. Harrison has followed his party as faithfully as any man could; has been honest, conscientious and careful in all things, from a Republican standpoint, and is one of the very best presidents we have ever had. His nomination was a great and fitting recognition for his services to the party and the country, and I see no reason why a Republican should fail to vote for him."

A Sunset,

on Great Salt Lake is but one of the matchless spectacles to be seen in Utah. The new book "Utah, a peep into a mountain walled treasury of the Gods," is now issued an can be had postpaid by sending 25 cents to J. H. Bennett, Salt Lake City.

It is expected that the Knights Templar and others visiting Colorado the coming season will extend their trip to Utah via the Rio Grande Western Railway in both directions. That road affords choice of three distinct routes and the most magnificent scenery in the world. Equipment unequalled in the west. Two trains daily across the continent. 31dec

BLUE EYES CONQUERED A LAWYER AND LOST HIM HIS CASE.

The Witness Was Lovely, Tear Stained and Collected—The Attorney Was Handsome and Clever, and Lost His Head. But He Won Sweet Revenge.

A special bill is to be passed by parliament restricting cross examination of witnesses. Her majesty is reported to have said that the present procedure of the English law courts "is far more likely to retard than to assist justice, as persons able to give evidence are very liable to avoid doing so, if possible, in view of the indecent manner in which they are likely to be interrogated regarding their private affairs." Concerning this a remarkable story is told.

A few years ago an important case was tried in the probate court. A title to a valuable property was in dispute. One of the lawyers was a middle aged man, eminent in his profession. Sensitive himself, and therefore the better able to know the feelings of others, he was, moreover, a handsome man and a bachelor. The case had progressed most satisfactorily for the plaintiff—the client of Mr. Delaunay, the counsel in question. Indeed, the lawyer himself felt assurance of ultimate victory. There was one more witness to be examined.

The defendant's counsel called for Miss Rose Waverly, and the name was gruffly repeated by the clerk of the court. There was the delicate rustle of a woman's dress and an unconscious deference of men standing near as the lady passed them. A moment later she was in the witness box and had composedly gone through the usual formalities before giving evidence.

A BEAUTIFUL WITNESS.

Mr. Delaunay, at the time of her entrance, was idly chatting with a friend, well nigh assured of his victory. He leisurely turned his eyes in the direction of the defendant's fair witness. There stood the loveliest vision of a woman his eyes had ever beheld. Even the judge looked at Miss Waverly with undisguised admiration.

All in court fell under the spell of dainty womanhood until Miss Waverly, standing there with smiling frankness of demeanor, turned with a momentary look of distress to the judge. The chivalric sentiments of the men were touched. In a voice low and sweet Miss Waverly replied to all the questions. She must have known instinctively that the sympathies of the whole court were with her, and certainly the testimony she gave helped the defendant's case. Delaunay, while listening to her replies, saw where a little shrewd cross examination would somewhat shatter her statements and throw doubt on the others, and so making a few pencil notes in his brief, he bided his time.

Presently the opposing counsel sat down, looking well satisfied, and George Delaunay had to cross examine. It may be said that Miss Waverly rose to the occasion. She had heard of the eminence and searching eloquence of her questioner, and resolutely met his gaze. "More marriages," it has been said, "have been made by beauty of the eyes than by any other qualities that woman possesses."

Mr. Delaunay's first questions were couched in the usual tone of kindly inquiry that he generally adopted, a tone to lead the listener into pitfalls of fancied security. She answered his queries collectedly and to the point without unnecessary revelations, once or twice in words that seemed spoken directly to him, and these were veritable music to his ear.

LOST A CASE BUT WON A WIFE.

It was at the end of a long question to which she had succinctly replied that he paused a moment and studied some of his penciled memoranda.

While he was studying and condensing the form he should present his questions, by a reflex action his mind was condemning the means. However, the simple duty to his client overrode the scruples of his heart, he looked up suddenly with a frown at his own indecision and met her direct gaze. Her eyes were blue as sapphires and they were full of tears.

The barrister substituted another question for the severe one he had intended to ask. There was the faintest tremor in her voice as she replied. She was frightened, perhaps tired, and the man's heart expanded and went out in pity to her.

Miss Waverly stood there in brave silence, looking with wet eyes straight before her, only the pathetic droop of a perfect mouth marking the sense of timorous womanhood within her, and George Delaunay sat down. He made a remarkably clever speech, but he lost his case.

It was the opinion of many of the legal fraternity that Delaunay would have won the case had he not so unaccountably failed in his cross examination of the last witness. It is reported that the judge casually mentioned to his wife that a Miss Rose Waverly had saved the case, and that his wife afterward told her dearest friend, whereby that section of the city wherein they lived were made acquainted.

There is one other fact to be noted.

Mr. Delaunay lost no time in making the acquaintance of the "last witness" and marrying her; and as all stories should end happily in fiction, and also, if possible, in real life, it is pleasant to add that never was a couple married in London who loved each other more devotedly.—London Telegraph.

Second Marriages.

Mrs. Williams, who is principal of the New York training school for teachers, is a believer in second marriages. In an interview on this subject she said: "I believe the matrimonial state, once entered into, should be continued in, if possible, and that a man or woman left alone should seek to renew ties. I don't mean by this that they should rashly jump at the first offer, but I do know that eligible husbands and wives will meet congenial spirits soon enough always, and when they do they should not shirk their fate—I really think I should say their duty.

Man's and woman's sphere is immensely widened by marriage. They fall into a single state again and their sphere contracts and their social influence is diminished. The world holds too many narrow lives, too many that will never leave any moral impress behind. Then don't you think when people have learned to wisely fulfill the duties of marriage, which we all know is a blessing, that they ought to assume the responsibilities happily a second time?—Chicago Post.

Why the Third Finger Is Used.

How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand? That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve to the heart itself. And these ancient worshipers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring.—Exchange.

STRONG AS SAMSON.

A CANADIAN WHO HAS PERFORMED SOME MARVELOUS FEATS.

A Policeman Who Was a Match for Three Ordinary Men—Lifting a Loaded Cart That Weighed Over a Ton—A Contest on Board a Ship for a Big Wager.

Louis Cyr, who is a British subject, was born in St. John's, Quebec, in 1863.

His grandfather on the maternal side weighed over twenty-three stone, while his mother's weight is only a trifle under nineteen stone. She is immensely strong, and only a few years ago was able to pick up a barrel of flour and carry it up two flights of steps. So far as his mother's side goes, therefore, he comes from a pretty sturdy stock.

His father's family were not quite so colossal, although fairly big men and women. His father, however, brings down the scale at sixteen stone.

It was only natural Master Cyr when at school was master of all the lads. At the age of fourteen there were very few men who could cope with him, and at that early age his muscular development was extraordinary.

His parents were living at Montreal when he left school, and the question was what should they make of this young Hercules? Well, ultimately it was decided that he should enter the police service.

He was about seventeen at the time, and his strength had increased in a marvelous manner. He soon showed what a valuable acquisition he was to the force. He was sent to do duty in the roughest and most disturbed district of Montreal. He made so many captures and quelled such a number of disturbances that he soon received substantial recognition from the authorities. He was paid double salary and used to do the work of three.

Naturally he was not very popular among the roughs. So they made up their minds to settle him. Accordingly six or seven picked men waited upon him one dark night and went for him with sticks and belts. He was frightfully cut and can show you the scars of the wounds he received about the forehead now.

It must have been a desperate fight, but in the end his pluck and superior strength were too much for the cowards. Three out of the six made their escape more or less hurt. One of the others he had picked up and dashed upon the ground, rendering him senseless. The other two he nipped around the waist until they screamed in agony.

A BIG POLICEMAN.

He was just making off with the two he had captured, when he compassionately thought of the poor injured fellow on the ground. He, therefore, changed over his prisoners to the left hand, and holding them both firmly with one hand by the collars, picked up the senseless man with his right arm and threw him over his shoulder.

It must have been a curious sight to see this marvelous man with his senseless burden and captives going down the streets of Montreal on that dark night, the blood from the wounds in his forehead running down and nigh blinding him. He dropped the wounded man in at the hospital as he passed, and took his prisoners to the station. Cyr, however, was very much cut and had himself to go to the hospital. This and many other episodes during his service with the police made him very popular, and after the event described he was left unmolested.

He had been a custodian of the police for nearly two years, when an incident happened which called attention to his immensity of strength.

One day he was on duty in one of the chief thoroughfares, when a cart laden with bricks came to grief. The horse fell down and the shafts were broken. They succeeded in getting the horse free from the harness. But what was to be done with the cart? There it stood right in the line of traffic. It was suggested that it should be unloaded.

"Stand on one side," said the muscular young policeman. Divesting himself of his coat and handing his hat to somebody standing by, he crouched under the cart, pressing up with his great broad shoulders. The bricks, cart and all were lifted foot by foot until they were moved right on to the sidewalk.

The applause of the crowd collected was tremendous. Some gentlemen who had witnessed this performance were so astonished that they had the whole lot weighed. The weight that he had lifted was found to be a little over 2,100 pounds.

That feat of strength determined his career.

PLAYING WITH AN ANCHOR.

He left the police and at once entered into the show business. By steady practice with the dumbbells and proper training his muscular powers gradually increased to the enormous dimensions of today.

The toughest customer he ever had to deal with in lifting to the shoulder was a Captain Burst. On one occasion when in New Brunswick Burst offered to bet him $200 that he would not lift the same weight on to his shoulder that the captain would.

"Done," said Cyr, and the money was put up.

This feat was not to take place at an exhibition, but on board one of the ships laying off where they were.

Now, Burst was what you might call a "whopper." He stood 6 feet 7 inches, and, unlike the generality of giants, he was a broad shouldered, muscular individual.

So to the ship they repaired, with the stakeholder, referee and a few acquaintances.

Aboard the vessel was an anchor weighing exactly 800 pounds. Burst picked up this pretty little toy and placed it with apparently not much difficulty onto his shoulder. It remained there for about a minute, during which time the wonderment and applause was great. The anchor was then taken from his shoulder by six men and replaced upon the deck.

Then came Cyr's turn, and the betting was two to one against him. He had never attempted such a feat before. Yet, nothing daunted, he grasped the anchor and after a desperate struggle managed to get it onto his shoulder. It was a near thing, however, and nothing like so easily done as by his opponent. Never mind, he got it there.

"Now," said Cyr to the captain, "just you get up and straddle across my shoulders."

After some persuasion he was induced to do this, and Cyr, to the blank astonishment of the crowd, especially his opponent, walked around the deck. This so astonished Burst that he shook him by the hand and said, "Well, now, you're the first man I've ever given best on that feat." And the $200 was paid to Cyr.—Liverpool Letter.

It is strange, though true, that in Asia and Africa, where grass will not grow, the most beautiful flowers and shrubs flourish to perfection.

Odd Employment for Women.

In the most recent of her lectures, entitled "New and Odd Employments of Women," Miss Virginia Penny shows that there are few fields of labor in which women of today have not engaged, and that their ingenuity in devising new occupations is not excelled by that of man. Persons who have observed the progressive emancipation of woman will find among the occupations she mentions some that are unusually interesting and novel. One woman makes a business of dressing wealthy women for parties, receptions and other social affairs. She selects the materials, directs the styles in which the dresses are to be made and decides upon the jewels, gloves and other accessories. She also dresses and trims the hair, and arranges and loops the dresses. The display of her taste and judgment is well paid for.

A woman in Los Angeles has made a specialty of the art of decorating rooms for dinner and evening parties. She sends her card to all newcomers who have homes and are likely to entertain. She decorates the rooms with flowers, arranges the tables, festoons the draperies and brings out the harmony of color with wonderful effect. Another California woman, who follows a similar occupation, had charge of all the arrangements at the great Fair wedding. California society still talks of the wedding of Herman Oelrichs and Theresa Fair at San Francisco, in May, 1890.

The members of the Japanese club in New York city issue a Japanese newspaper. It is printed on a hektograph, and only a small number of copies are made. It is intended chiefly for the information of their friends at home.

In Vienna they have a single word for an occurrence very common with them in winter—the bursting of a water pipe. This is the word: "Hochquellenwasserlieferungarohrenfatalitaton."

The mean descent of the Ohio river from the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela to the Mississippi is about 5½ inches per mile, the distance being 975 miles.

TO BURN WASTE STRAW.

An Ingenious Brooklyn Man Has Devised a Simple Method of Using Weeds.

In a little shop just opposite the entrance to the Fulton ferry can be seen a unique invention in which a number of well known Brooklynites are interested. It is the straw burning stove, invented by Mr. G. B. Field, which he claims is destined to revolutionize the fuel question in the far west. As is generally understood, one of the great hardships of the winter in the west is the lack of fuel of any kind and the great expense of bringing it from the abundance of other sections of the country. Another agricultural difficulty is what to do with the waste straw and weeds about a farm. Mr. Field contends that he has solved both problems, or rather that he can make the last solve the former. His process is very simple, and, as he gave a practical demonstration of it to a reporter, it certainly seems to carry out all he claims for it.

Every farmer has a lot of waste straw, grass and weeds that is useless for fuel if burned in the ordinary way, but Mr. Field's way is not the ordinary way. It is a very easy way when you see how he does it, like the famous standing egg of the Genoese discoverer. He takes any kind of hay, grass, weeds or straw, the ordinary day farm refuse, and cuts it up in a common hay cutter. Then he puts it in what he calls a retort, a sheet iron cylinder about the size of the everyday ashcan that fills our streets when the carts go round. A retort holds eighteen or twenty pounds of the cut straw pressed down and packed tightly.

There is an ordinary stove grate at the bottom of the retort and before he begins to pack in the cut straw Mr. Field puts in the center a round stick about four inches in diameter. This is the little joker of the whole scheme. When the retort is full he pulls the stick out, and of course it leaves a hole through the center of the mass. The consequence is very important. It makes a central draft for his combustion when he sets the straw on fire, and every one who uses one of the central draft lamps can appreciate the benefit of this intense heat and fire.

Now, having packed his weeds into the retort, he next puts into what is an ordinary stove, except that in place of a fire box and grate, such as we find in the coal burning kind, he has a compartment large enough to hold the retort, which is about twenty-eight inches high and eighteen inches in diameter.

This is like a big oven and closes with a door which takes up one end of the stove. The other end is divided into two ovens, one for baking, the other for heating. The top of the stove does not differ from the ordinary kind, being divided up into six pot holes, with the usual lids. Having put in the retort full of the cut weeds, he opens a little door at the bottom of the stove, applies a match and the fire is made. The hole in the middle of the packed mass makes a central draft fire that in a few moments generates carbonic and nitrogen gases, which, igniting, make an intense heat. The straw burns slowly from the bottom up, the twenty pounds of weeds lasting about four hours and giving a fire that will cook, heat, boil, broil, or do anything that an ordinary stove will do and at a cost that is only the collection of the waste about the farm.

The reporter saw one of them burn for two hours and the contents were then not half consumed. It was a most interesting operation. Every one knows how difficult it is to make straw or weeds burn in the ordinary way even to merely destroy them. Here they are not only reduced to fine ashes but made to serve all the needs of the farmer for fuel, cooking or other domestic purposes. There is no complicated machinery, no elaborate process of preparation; you merely, as it were, put a lot of straw or weeds into an iron ashcan, place it in another square iron box and your stove and fire are ready.—Brooklyn Eagle.

How One Servant Was "Managed."

Once a woman objected to doing work the way I wished. Her own way, she thought, was easier, and she did not see why mine should be preferred. It is a common matter of disagreement, is it not?

"Maggie," said I, "last night you took your new dress to be made. Now put on your hat and go down and tell your dressmaker to make it in any easy way to suit herself. Tell her it does not matter whether you like it or not. She can make it any way that comes handy."

"Indade an I won't ma'am," cried Maggie, indignant. "Sure I pay her good money for makin it, an haven't I a right to have it made to suit meself?"

"Of course you have," said I; "and if you are working for me, and you expect me to pay you good money for doing it, ought I not to be pleased instead of you?"

Maggie looked at me a minute; then she laughed. She never made another objection to doing things "my way." It is better to have a servant with quick perceptions than one who has graduated at all the cooking schools in New York.

The mistresses who treat their servants this way get the best work and the heartiest good feeling.—Harper's Bazar.

Mothers and Politeness.

For the decline of politeness in one respect women are to blame. They have permitted the practical ignoring of that law which commands home courtesy. Children are not now taught to honor their father and their mother, and neither the tone of society nor its securities have been improved by neglecting those domestic good manners which sweeten and strengthen life at its very roots.

This dereliction supposes another—rude fathers and nagging mothers, who replace their artificial public manners with icy sarcasms, provoking silences and irritable complainings at home. And true politeness depends upon an undeviating habit. No man is polite enough, no man is human enough, whose public courtesies have not their origin in the gracious sweetness generated upon its own hearth.—Amelia E. Barr in Lippincott's.

An All Around Raise.

A man owning a double house up town rented the half he did not occupy to a noisy tenant. Such a racket was kept up that he notified the party to get out.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked much hurt in his pride.

"Ah, you raise the deuce all the time and I can't stand it."

"Why don't you offset it by raising something yourself? I don't object."

"Don't you? Well, I'll just raise the rent," and he did to such an extent that the tenant left.—Detroit Free Press.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which will appear in this paper.
Take no Substitute, but insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by
J. NICHOLS, Easton, Md.

DEAFNESS,
ITS CAUSES AND CURE.
Scientifically treated by an aurist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free. 2jul92–1y
Dr. A. FONTAINE, Tacoma, Wash.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

The Maryland Steamboat Co.
—s—
STEAMERS JOPPA and IDA.
—s—
Delightful Excursion Trips from EASTON, OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, DOVER BRIDGE and all other landings on the route, to
DENTON AND RETURN,
Daily, except Saturday and Monday. Round Trip Tickets will be sold for 50 Cents. Children between 5 and 12 years, half price.
Steamers leave Easton at 5:30 a. m., Oxford 6:30 a. m., Cambridge 8 a. m., Dover Bridge 10 a. m.
JAMES E. BYRD,
jul2tf Sec. and Treas.

FIVE two-cent stamps will get you a sample of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Phila.—Agents wanted.

PEPPER AND SAGE.—Fresh and good for Sausage time. W. C. HUGHES.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK.
FISH BRAND
Oil Clothing
is warranted the Best in the World!
Is more WATERPROOF,
Is STRONGER, and
will WEAR LONGER
than any other goods manufactured.
Ask for the "FISH BRAND;" take no other.
L. C. ZIRCKEL & BRO., Sole Agents, Baltimore, Md.

PIK-RON.
Just received, Pik Ron, for Glass and Wood, 10 colors for decorating Glass and for Wood, Willow and Wicker cane, most perfect imitation of Stained glass known. For rose jars, vases, plain pressed glass can be made to look like the finest colored glass. 10 cent bottle will paint strip 100 feet long. For sale by
J. C. HENRY & BRO.

DR. W. H. HARDCASTLE HOLBROOK
Will visit patients in town and immediate vicinity and treat patients at office both in town and from the country. Having had 24 years experience in city and country practice, he hopes by strict attention to his profession to merit a share of public patronage. Diseases of women and children and all chronic diseases treated with special care.
Office East St., 2nd door north of Dover St., Easton. Office hours from 8 to 10 A. M. and 2 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M. 18jun3mo.

FINE STATIONERY.
FOR FASHIONABLE CORRESPONDENCE.
Old English Vellum Linen Paper,
Damask Linen Paper,
London Court Linen Paper.
Sanford's Inks, the best ink on the market.
For sale by DAWSON & JENKIFS.

1892 1892
—THE—
Maryland S. B. Co.
SCHEDULE
BALTIMORE,
THIRD HAVEN
AND GREAT CHOPTANK RIVER ROUTE

FOR BALTIMORE.
The magnificent side-wheel steamers IDA and JOPPA will leave alternately daily except Saturday, as follows:
Denton, 1.30 P. M. Oyster Shell Pt., 4:30 p. m.
Lyford's, 1:50 p. m. Cambridge, 6 00 p. m.
Williston's, 2.00 p.m. Oxford, 7.00&10.00 p.m.
Two Johns, 2:10 " Corner's, 10.30 p. m.
Willis, 2 30 p.m.
Dover Bridge, 3:00 p.m. Double Mills, 7:30 p.m
Medford's, 3:45 p. m. Easton, 9:00 p. m.
Arriving in Baltimore at 4 o'clock following morning.

FROM BALTIMORE.
Returning, leave Baltimore from Pier 4, Light Street Wharf, daily, except Sunday at 9 P. M., for the landings named, arriving at
Corner's, 1.30 a.m. Medford's 9.15 a.m.
Double Mills, 4 15 a.m. Dover Bridge, 10 a.m.
Willis, 10.30 a. m.
Easton, 5. Lv. 5.30 a.m Two Johns, 10.45 a.m
Oxford, 6.30 a m. Williston's 10,55 a m.
Cambridge, 7.30 a.m. lv. 8 a.m Lyford's, 11.05
Oyster Shell Pt. 8.30 a m. Denton, 11.20.
Freight Taken at Low Rates and Carefully Handled. Grain Bags furnished and Grain delivered at Elevators.
JAMES E. BYRD, Sect'y & Treas.,
Office 302 Light street, Baltimore
ROBERT B. DIXON & Co., Agents at Easton

Choptank S. B Co.
THE PEOPLE'S LINE.
Representing the best interests of the people of the Eastern Shore of Maryland.
Opposed to any one line having a monopoly of the Choptank River Route

SCHEDULE.
Steamers leave Baltimore daily (Sundays excepted) at 9 P. M., from Pier 11 Light St. for Easton, Ferry Wharf, Oxford, Trappe, Cambridge, East New Market and Preston.

RETURNING TO BALTIMORE.
Leave Choptank Whf. near Preston daily at 1 P. M., (Saturday excepted). East New Market, 3 P. M., Cambridge, at 5 P. M., Trappe, 5,15 P. M., Ferry, at 7 P. M., Easton, at 9 P. M., and Oxford at 10 P. M. Freight and Passengers taken for all Stations on Delaware and Chesapeke and Cambridge and Seaford Railroads.
Handling of grain a specialty. Bags furnished on application to agents, and grain delivered at Elevators in Baltimore at sailing vessels rates.
E. S. JOHNSON,
President.
B. P. COX, Agent, Easton. 26oct

Established 1808,
DAWSON & JENKINS,
FINE PERFUMES.
A bottle of Fine Extract, FREE to everyone purchasing ONE OUNCE of Sweet Chimes Extract. Our perfumes are used by the fashionable world and are unequalled in quality.
LIST OF ODORS.
White Lilac Blossoms,
Jockey Club,
White Rose,
Jasmine,
Sweet Chimes.
White Clover,
Florida Breezes
Lily of the Valley,
Violet,
Heliotrope,
Trailing Arbutus,
May Queen,
French,s Lavender Water,
" Heliotrope Water,
" Lilac Blossom Water,
" Violet Water.
Compound Talcum Powder, Sweet Chimes Toilet Powder, Sweet Chimes Toilet Soap Farina German Cologne.
DAWSON & JENKINS.

FRUITS.—W. C. Hughes has a fine line of fruit of all kinds.

ESTABLISHED 1866. CAVEATS. LABELS.
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS. DESIGNS. COPYRIGHTS.
We give special attention to cases rejected in other hands, also to interferences, appeals, reissues, trade marks, the preparation of opinion as to infringement, scope and validity of patents, and the prosecution and defense of suits for infringement. Our book of instructions, terms, references, etc., sent free.
EDSON BROTHERS, Equitable Building, 1003 F St., Washington, D. C.
[MENTION THIS PAPER.]

H. B. SMITH & CO.,
ARTISTS.
OIL, PASTEL,
INDIA INK AND
CRAYON PORTRAITS.
601 AND 603 MASS. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.
—:o:—
☞ ORDERS BY MAIL SOLICITED AND SHIPPED ON APPROVAL.
—:o:—
EXPRESS CHARGES PAID BY US.

SLUG SHOT KILLS BUGS.
ONLY 6c. POUND.
Slug Shot destroys insects injurious to House and Garden Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Vines, Potatoes, Melons, Cabbage, Currants, and Vegetables and Fruits of all kinds. When used does not harm man, beast or fowl.
For sale by J. C. HENRY & BRO.,
Easton Md. Druggists.

NOTICE.

The Oxford Tabernacle Meeting, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, will begin JULY 17th, continuing Ten Days.

Everybody cordially invited, especially the Methodists of Talbot county. Come and spend a few days with us. You will be blessed and will be a blessing to us. First class accommodations at reasonable rates at hotels and private boarding houses.

H. C. TURNER,
2jul3t Preacher in Charge.

For Sale Cheap.
—s—
Two Second-Hand Reapers and Binders, one McCormick and one Champion.
Apply to MRS. M. H. P. COX,
m7tf Kirkham Md.

THE HARVEST FIELD.

Soon you will be in the "Harvest Field" gathering the "Golden Grain." That will be your Headquarters from which orders will be issued. Before you begin to battle with the grain send in your orders for
BINDER TWINE.
We have a fine quality of MANILLA, STANDARD and KENTUCKY HEMP.
STEAM ENGINES and THRESHERS
Now in Stock. We have been handling these Engines and Threshers for years and can speak confidently of their high merit. Large Stock of
CANDY AND GUM DRIVE BELTS
For the Machine Season. Also
LEATHER AND GUM BELTING
In all sizes. See us and save money. Heavy line of
MACHIN OILS
At low figures, Our trade on
FARM WAGONS
has been all that we could expect, and we can only add, more of our Wagons are on the road than all others combined.. We now have in our Exhibition room a large stock of superior
CARRIAGES & ROAD CARTS.
We have sold a large number because of the good quality and easy price. Don't fail to see us on the Road Cart or Carriage. For fine work in the Corn Field get the best, the
BUCKEYE & STEVENS SULKY CULTIVATOR.
These Implements will certainly save you some cash. Good Hay crop—then you want a
HAY RAKE.
We have it, and none better. This way for
CARRIAGE & WAGON HARNESS.
Stock large and new. See our
PICKET FENCE
For Poultry Yards, Lawns, etc. Cheap and Strong
LAWN MOWERS.
All sizes and very low.
ICE CREAM FREERERS, REFRIGERATORS, HAMMOCKS, LAP DUSTERS,
Just in at lowest prices. We respectfully solicit your patronage.
YOUR FRIENDS,
SHANNAHAN & WRIGHTSON HARDWARE COMPANY.

B. P. COX.

Dry Goods Department
Full to Overflowing.

Carpet and Matting Department
Rich and Imposing.

Clothing Department
Far too full of Styles and Qualities to enumerate.

Grocery Department
Ever Fresh and Complete.
CHINA, GLASS, BASKET WARE, &c.
Always on Hand.

Prices As Usual---The Lowest Possible Consistent With Fairness.

B. P. COX.

HARDWARE SPECIALTIES
—AND—
FARM MACHINERY.
DEERFIELD SPRING TOOTH HARROWS,
HAMILTON ADJUSTABLE SMOOTHING HARROWS,
AKRON SULKY CULTIVATORS,
All three of these implements are new in this section and are the most complete tools of their kind.
UTICA SPRING TOOTH HARROWS,
VERY STRONG AND CHEAP.
CORN PLANTERS. DISC HARROWS.
SEVERAL STYLES OF THE MOST POPULAR
CHILLED PLOWS.
GARDEN SEEDS A SPECIALTY, IRON FRAME CULTIVATORS,
WHITELEY BINDERS AND MOWERS, THOMAS LAWN MOWERS.
AUBURN STEEL AXLE WAGONS.
A FULL SUPPLY OF **BINDER CORD,** AT BOTTOM PRICES.
It will pay you to see me before ordering your Cord this season, for I have qualities and prices that cannot fail to please.
☞ Also a full supply of Repairs of Champion Binders and Mowers. ☜
E. T. NICOLS.

What are you Going to do about Clothes this Summer?

[But, first, the item about Railroad Fare at the bottom of this advertisement. Be sure to read it.]

You know this famous Old Corner for Good Clothing isn't in the cotton business; nor gushing over job lots of Clothing bought for a song; nor selling Clothing made by miserably paid work-people.

There's only one way to Good Clothing at Low Prices—the manufacturer selling to the wearer. That puts the dealer's profit out of joint. That it saves money to you we needn't tell you. It shows on its face. Besides it lets us make just the Clothing that is popular, the styles you ask for oftenest, the goods you like best.

There's more money for us in selling thousands of suits at a small profit than hundreds at a high one. What prices? Well, for $10, $12, $13.50, $15 and up. That's two or three dollars under usual city prices.

Very nice Dress Suits for $15. This is the greatest store in existence for Dress Suits.

Business increasing every season. Value for your dollars increasing.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Sixth and Market, Philadelphia.

For example, we pay Railroad Excursion Fare from Easton if you purchase $40 worth.