Cut this out for your scrap-book and watch for the next. These selections are made with great care by the Editor of the GAZETTE.

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

An Eminent New York Chemist and Scientist Makes a Free Offer to Our Readers.

The distinguished New York chemist, T. A. Slocum, demonstrating his discovery of a reliable and absolute cure for Consumption (Pulmonary Tuberculosis) and all bronchial throat, lung and chest diseases, stubborn coughs, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away, will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his New Discoveries to any afflicted reader of the Easton GAZETTE writing for them.

His "New Scientific Treatment" has cured thousands permanently by its timely use, and he considers it a simple professional duty to suffering humanity to donate a trial of his infallible cure.

Science daily develops new wonders, and this great chemist, patiently experimenting for years, has produced results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed by any modern genius. His assertion that lung troubles and consumption are curable in any climate is proven by "heartfelt letters of gratitude," filed in his American and European laboratories in thousands from those cured in all parts of the world.

Medical experts concede that bronchial, chest and lung troubles lead to Consumption, which, uninterrupted means speedy and certain death.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 98 Pine street, New York, giving postoffice and express address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Sufferers should take instant advantage to his generous proposition.

Please tell the Doctor that you saw his offer in the Easton GAZETTE. 8-7-1y

Personally Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Personally-Conducted Tourist System of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is the highest perfection yet attained in railway travel; it affords all the comforts and conveniences of modern railway equipment, and at the same time eliminates all anxiety and annoyance inseparably connected with individual travel.

For the season of '97 and '98 it has arranged for the following tours:—

California.—Four tours, leaving New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg January 8, January 27, February 16, and March 19. With the exception of the first party going and the last returning, all of these parties will travel by the "Golden Gate Special" between New York and California, stopping at intersecting points *en route*.

Florida.—Four tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia January 25, February 8 and 22, and March 8. The first three admit of a sojourn of two weeks in the "Flowery State." Tickets for the fourth tour will be good to return by regular trains until May 31, 1898.

Tickets for the above tours will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

For detailed itineraries, giving rates and full information, address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

Piles Permanently Cured.

In from 3 to 5 days' time by the use of Lo-Mo. One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, regardless of how long standing, what you have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all first class druggists, or sent prepaid to any address, on receipt of price. Address Harry Logue, Williamsport, Pa. 10-16-1y

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Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and billiousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists. 11 13-tf

ECONOMY IN DETAILS.

Labor Saving Devices to Which American Manufacturers Owe Their Ascendency.

There is a good story told in a Philadelphia paper of a French officer of engineers who during a visit to one of the large machine shops in that city regarded with comparative indifference the massive tools and "show" features of the establishment but paid close attention to a little tool sharpening machine—a type of those numerous ingenious labor saving appliances with which an American shop abounds. At the close of his inspection he stated that he had visited all the most notable engineering undertakings and establishments in America, and that he should report to his government that the biggest things in America are the little things. He was struck with the fact that in some establishments which he had visited the profits were mainly realized in the saving of materials and labor by close attention to details which in Europe are unconsidered trifles, and as an instance of this he quoted the little grindstone which he had noticed in the shops.

The criticism of the French engineer went direct to the mark, for while we have engineering works as great as any in the world it is in our genius for invention of labor saving appliances that we lead the world, and herein, too, lies the secret of the extraordinary reductions which we have been able to make in the cost of manufacture.

With the ever growing magnitude of industrial operations and the increasing keenness of competition the race will be won by the people who have a genius for economy in details, who are untiring in their efforts to save time and labor in the most insignificant trifles of shop and factory management.—Scientific American.

City Fathers Study Engineering.

Lectures on municipal engineering at the University of Nebraska are being attended by members of the city council, which body has changed the night for its meetings in order that its members may be free to go to the lectures. Others of the citizens are also attending the course, which is being given primarily for the benefit of the engineering students by Mr. Andrew Rosewater, city engineer of Omaha.—Engineering News.

RINGGOLD'S PULLEY.

Sylvia was old enough to know that she ought to resist the fascination that was absorbing her best thoughts. She studied her lessons—all except arithmetic, which she loved—in a reluctant sort of way and recited with a far off look in her eyes. Sometimes that look came to her when she was talking with her girl friends, and she would forget what she had said a moment before, call people by wrong names, return wrong answers to questions and act altogether so strangely that some girl would break out into a laugh, saying:

"Sylvia, I believe you are crazy."

This had happened more than once, and it annoyed Sylvia so much that she had tried her best to feel interested in fancy work, and pretty gowns and hats, and a dozen other things about which girls talk to each other.

She was in the habit of carrying to school a book that was not a schoolbook and sometimes she shyly looked at it when she thought no one was observing her. One day she was discovered—not by the teacher, but by Mary Bell, who thought the matter so singular that she called out at recess:

"Oh, girls! What do you suppose I saw Sylvia Ringgold reading in school? A dry old book about mechanics, and that kind of thing. I was sure it was a



"SYLVIA HAS THE FATAL FEVER."

good story and was going to ask her to lend it to me, when I got a look at the title and saw the wheels and the diagrams and things."

After this everybody said that Sylvia was "queer," but many of the girls liked her in spite of that, for she was uniformly kind and obliging.

The one relative that interested herself particularly in Sylvia's peculiarities was her Aunt Hester. This lady did not like them, and every now and then she told Sylvia's mother that something must surely be wrong with the girl. Mrs. Ringgold was inclined to make light of the matter.

"You are mistaken, Hester," she would say to her sister, "there is nothing the matter with Sylvia. She is just like other girls, except perhaps a trifle more studious."

"Is she studying her lessons all the time when she's alone up in the garret?" Aunt Hester once asked.

"Very likely she is, or perhaps reading a story. Sylvia wouldn't do anything wrong. She was always so good and quiet."

If Sylvia had been a boy, her strange reserve would have been readily understood by her family, and she would never have been permitted to remain so long undisturbed in the garret. But how could they suspect that a girl would be afflicted with the family craze for inventing something? This passion for studying mechanical devices had survived through three generations of Ringgolds, and it had cost them a great deal of money and much sorrow and disappointment.

Sylvia knew the family story. Many a time she had heard about Grandfather Ringgold's pulley, which had never been completed. Then, there was her Uncle Alexander, who repeated her grandfather's failure, spending money, but gaining nothing, and finally there was her Cousin Dick, whom half the people in town called Crazy Dick Ringgold, because he walked the streets trying to interest rich men in his impracticable patents.

The women of the Ringgold connection, one and all, had a horror of patents, because they had suffered so many deprivations from the failures and losses incident to them. No one knew these things better than Sylvia. That is why she guarded her secret, that is why she felt so guilty when any one asked her why she acted so strangely.

How could she tell her mother, or her Aunt Hester, or her father, or any one, that her mind was on fire with the spirit of invention, and that she was trying now to solve the mystery of grandfather's pulley?

But the day of discovery was at hand. It was housecleaning time, and Aunt Hester, while in the garret, came upon a remarkable mechanical contrivance of springs, and wire, and cords, and bits of wood, and brass, and steel. She did not have to look twice to know what it meant. She gave vent to her feelings by a little scream of surprise and dismay, which brought Mrs. Ringgold running up from the story below.

"Oh, sister!" cried Aunt Hester tragically, pointing to the young girl's model. "Look! Sylvia has the fatal fever in her blood—the curse of the Ringgolds."

Mrs. Ringgold was quieter, though it was plain that she was vexed. She looked the contrivance over, and then covering it up, said sadly:

"Poor Sylvia!"

After awhile Sylvia came in from school. She knew, in a moment, that something had disturbed the family serenity, and intuitively guessed what it was—her model had been found.

By the way the Ringgolds talked an outsider might have supposed that Sylvia had done something really wicked or had contracted a dangerous disease. She even fell into this mood herself and cried a little, but her father tried to comfort her.

"Never mind, Sylvia," he said, "we are going to let you make a visit to Uncle Jerold's. When you get out there, you'll forget all about this nonsense. Girls can't invent, and they shouldn't try it, especially when the men of the family fail."

"I'll try not to think of it," said Sylvia.

The next day she was taken out to the country to see what a change of scene would do for her. Uncle Jerold lived on a small farm that had formerly been a part of Grandfather Ringgold's estate. Sylvia had never visited them before, and she found everything very interesting. Her aunt took her out for a long ramble through the woods, and the two gathered autumn leaves and lichens and bunches of bright red berries. In a secluded corner of the woods Sylvia noticed a tall iron construction, which she thought resembled the observatory in the park at home, and she asked what it was.

"Oh," said Aunt Rebecca with a little sigh, "that is your poor grandfather's derrick. He had it erected that he might experiment with his pulley. Dear me! If your grandfather had let inventing alone, we might all be rich!"

You see, Aunt Rebecca knew nothing of the young girl's infatuation.

Sylvia tried very hard to keep her thoughts off the forbidden subject, but this was not easy, with the top of grandfather's derrick in full view from her window. Evidently her father had forgotten that this old reminder of their broken fortunes had never been taken down, or he would have sent Sylvia somewhere else for a change of scene.

"I must examine it," the girl said to herself one afternoon, and she went out by herself into the woods and looked at the derrick. It was just as her grandfather had left it years ago. There was an open box supported by four chains attached to a lever, which was intended to be lifted by a spring, but the lifting had never been accomplished because grandfather's pulley would not "work."

Sylvia lingered at the spot, thinking and comparing what she saw with what she had read. Why did not the spring work? She went out to look at it the next day and the next.

"Sylvia is a queer girl," said Aunt Rebecca to Uncle Jerold. "She cares more for that crazy old derrick of your father's than she does for making silk patchwork."

"If she were a boy, I'd say she had the Ringgold mania," said Uncle Jerold.

One afternoon Sylvia was engaged at her fascinating occupation out in the woods. She had made a clearing around the derrick, adjusted the machinery and supplied some pieces that were missing. She had stepped into the lifting box, and, happening to pull a hanging wire cord above her head, she found herself suddenly hoisted.

"Oh," she cried, "I've found it! I've found it!"

Up and up the box went, the old rope creaking and scales of rust from the chains falling thick on Sylvia's head She was so happy that she had no thought of fear. Up and up she was carried, till she stepped out of the little car on to the top floor of the derrick, and here, up in the air, Sylvia stood for five or ten glorious minutes, saying to herself:

"I have completed grandfather's invention!"

Yes, the Ringgold pulley was now a reality. Sylvia knew the secret that her grandfather had searched for in vain. The reward had come sooner than she expected, and her happiness was almost overwhelming.

"Father will be proud of me now," she thought, "and mother will laugh, and Aunt Hester won't scold." And Sylvia herself laughed a little bit triumphantly as she stood on the high structure, with the tops of the trees nodding at her.

Presently she heard Aunt Rebecca's voice calling from the world below.

"Sylvia, where are you? Supper's ready!"

"I'm here," said Sylvia.

When Aunt Rebecca and Uncle Jerold saw her up on the top of the derrick waving her handkerchief, the sight filled them with consternation and almost took away their breath, and when she said, speaking down from her elevation,



"I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT WAS THE MATTER."

"I've found out what was the matter with grandfather's pulley," they thought she had lost her mind. But they soon learned the truth.

Her descent was not accomplished quite so easily, for some of the machinery was defective from long exposure to the weather. But with Uncle Jerold's help she managed to get down in safety

The feelings of the other Ringgolds, when they learned of Sylvia's discovery, were so exuberant that it would seem like exaggeration to try to describe them. To think that the lost fortune was to be won back by quiet little Sylvia!

In due course of time the Ringgold pulley was patented, but only a few that saw it in operation several years ago, at a great world's fair, knew that a girl of 14 had perfected the invention.—Jane Ellis Joy in Philadelphia Times.

To The PEOPLE of TALBOT COUNTY

THERE will be published and is now in course of preparation a book of rare value to the people of Easton and the citizens of Talbot county, and will be a valuable accession to the historical annals of the county, entitled

"A Land of Legendary Lore,"

— OR —

ROMANCE AND REALITY

ON

"ON THE SHORES OF THE CHESAPEAKE."

The Book is now rapidly being compiled by Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who has devoted months to its preparation. It will be a concise, thorough, and a complete

HISTORY OF TALBOT,

truly a Land of Legends and of many Romances, strange stories, mysteries and interesting reminiscences.

Commencing with Talbot's earliest days, when the Indians dwelt here, the book follows the march of enterprise from the crude days of danger and struggles up to Talbot and its towns today. The book will be well printed, bound and illustrated with

The Best and Finest Half-Tone Pictures

while the price will be within the reach of everyone. A large edition will be issued and the earnest support of the people is asked for it. It will tell the outside world just what this county was in the past and is in the present.

A book for subscribers to the "The Land of Legendary Lore" is at the GAZETTE office, where persons can name the number desired, and see just what the work is. The following will give an idea of what the book is to be.

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The White-Winged Canoe.
CHAPTER II.
The Passing of the Indian.
CHAPTER III.
The Romance of Reality.
CHAPTER IV.
Retrospective Musings.
CHAPTER V.
Some Gleanings from Early History.
CHAPTER VI.
Talbot County's First Town.
CHAPTER VII.
Two Hundred Years Ago.
CHAPTER VIII.
As Seen Through Strangers Eyes.
CHAPTER IX.
Colonists and Their Customs.
CHAPTER X.
Names Well Known.
CHAPTER XI.
Old Families.
CHAPTER XII.
Old Homes.
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Old Time People.
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Fireside Talk.
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Ye Old Time Way.
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CHAPTER XXVII.
The "Friends" of Then and Now.
CHAPTER XXVIII.
Easton the Hub.
CHAPTER XXIX.
Easton's Environs.
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The Yachtsman's Mecca.
CHAPTER XXXI.
Pride, Progress and Prosperity.
CHAPTER XXXII.
The Talbot of Today.

In the way of illustrations there will be Scenes in Easton, County Landscapes, Marine Views on the Avon, Choptank, Miles, Wye and Chesapeake, Old Time Homes, Homes of today, Churches and Burying Grounds, Water and Land Views of Talbot Towns.

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