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.

Attainment.

"The brave soul will not cry :
My grip is gone ! I fail !
Determination leaves me, and the pulse
Of purpose throbs no longer through my frame.
Heredity, the greed of men, conditions, fate,
All join to cheat me of my place,
And I am forced aside
To eke out life in lean repining."

Nay ; but condition is one's atmosphere.
Hope is the beating of an eagle's wing,
What with the denseness of the one,
Together with the other's vigorous use,
And higher and yet higher soars the bird.

Lincoln E. Brown.

A Missing Brother.

The only passenger who got off the evening train at Jackson's Valley came up to the shanty hotel, in front of which a dozen of us were sitting after supper. Taking a vacant chair and lighting his pipe, he said to the postmaster, next to him :—

"About six weeks ago my brother Ben started from Laurel Hill for this place. He got here all right, but I can't find what became of him afterwards. Hev you hung anybody?"

"We are hanging somebody every three or four days" replied the postmaster. "Let's see! This is Tuesday. I think we hung a chap last Friday. Yes, I know we did."

"If my brother Ben was hung it was several weeks ago. Ben was a big fellow with a sort of humped back, and he had a sort o' roar in his voice when he spoke."

"Would he give us any excuse to hang him ?"

"I think he would. Bein' in a strange town, and wantin' to show off, he'd go around bluffin' every body. Brother Ben is great on the bluff."

"But would he shoot or do anything of that sort?" asked the postmaster.

"I never knowed him to, but he might. Bluff was his great holt, but it's jest possible that he might hev shot at some body to back it up. Try and think if you hung him."

Let's see—let's see ! Big man—big voice—humped-back—great hand to bluff ! Did his toes turn in?"

"Yes, they did."

"And when he roared he sort o' winked one eye ?"

"That's Ben to a dot !"

"Two front teeth gone, and a scar on his cheek?"

"Exactly. You must hev seen Brother Ben."

"Yes, I have. We hung that man five or six weeks ago, and his grave is up on the hill. He bluffed around here for three or four days, and was finally ordered off. He didn't go, and so we hung him."

"And did he die easy ?" asked the stranger.

"Purty easy, if I remember right."

"Hev much to say ?"

"Not much. Said he'd like to see his brother Jim once more, I think."

"That's me. So he's hung and buried, eh ?'

"That's me. So he's hung and buried, eh ?'

"Yes, hung and buried. No hard feelings, I hope ?"

"Oh, none 'tall. I was jest inquirin,' you know, and, bein' satisfied that it was my brother Ben, and bein' willin' to believe that the durned kuss deserved what he got, I guess I'll go in and git some supper and then jog along back !"

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, generaf 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.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic.Cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money. 11-18-tf

B., C. & A. Railway Notice.

Persons who contemplate taking boarders during the coming summer and desire their names placed in the Baltimore,Chesapeake & AtlanticRy. Summer Book for 1898 will kindly communicate with the undersigned, giving name of place, distance from B., C. & A. station or wharf, number of persons accommodated and rate per day, week or month. All answers must be in by February 20th.

T. MURDOCH, Gen. Pass. Agent, t2-19
205 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

Hear Patchett, Wheatley, Patterson and Spence in inimitable quartett selections the 22d inst. at the Hall.

HE DISOBEYED ORDERS.

A Brilliant French Officer's First Achievement on the Field of Battle.

Lejeune, the brilliant aid-de-camp of the Marshals Berthier, Davout and Oudinot, gives a very interesting account of his first achievement on the field of battle. The French army was crossing the Alps and found itself compelled to attack at a great disadvantage a town which the Austrians were defending.

Young Lejeune, who was anxious to participate in the engagement, was greatly disappointed when he was ordered to remain at his post in the rear. When the firing began, his heart beat furiously, and as the attack progressed he felt that he could not remain passive while his fellow soldiers were performing deeds of valor.

Believing himself unnoticed, he hurried forward, forgetting that the soldier's first duty is obedience, and just where the fray seemed to be thickest he found himself face to face with his commanding officer. The general looked at the rash young soldier coldly.

"Since you have quitted your post," he said, "you may take this order and recall that company that has gone into a bad position."

Lejeune heard the order with a strange sensation, for this was an errand from which he was not likely to return alive. There was no escape, however, and touching his cap he started on his perilous mission with a quaking heart.

For some distance he crept along behind a pile of rocks that protected him from the fire of the enemy, but at last this shelter came to an end. Before him there remained 100 steps to be taken under the fire of 200 guns pointed straight at him.

To go forward was, he believed, certain death. To go back would be eternal disgrace. The whole army seemed like an amphitheater around him. Should he prove himself a coward or a hero?

"If I die," thought he, "it will be only the just penalty of my disobedience; if I accomplish my mission, I shall have proved that I am worthy yet to fight in the emperor's army."

So thinking, he rushed across the open space amid a storm of cannon balls and musket shot. Not one of the messengers of death touched him, and as if by a miracle he arrived safe and sound in the French lines. The delivery of that order saved the battalion and decided the destiny of the young officer.

Significance of the Nose.

The nose, the form of which regulates the beauty of the other features, is by no means inaccessible to higher culture, for we have it on the authority of a German physician that it is beyond dispute that during half of an individual human life the nose is capable of receiving a more noble form. The training of the individual, the culture of his intellect and character, has a very considerable influence not only on the expression of the face in general, but also on the bodily nature of the nose. The characteristics of the various shapes of nose, according to physiognomy, are as follows: The small, flat nose found among women and called the soubrette nose, when occurring with an otherwise agreeable and fortunate build of features, indicates a certain gracious and cheerful naivete combined with an inconsiderate curiosity. Such a nose seldom is possessed by men, and when it is it denotes an individuality characterized by weakness and deficient sagacity. A nose thick and flat is an unfavorable feature with men as well as with women, usually signifying that the character is predominated by material and sensual instincts, while a turned up nose, with wide nostrils, bespeaks a vain, puffed up disposition. Especially wide nostrils are signs of strength, courage and pride; small nostrils, of weakness and timidity. Noses large in every respect are found mostly among men and are masculine attributes.—New York Ledger.

Cork Legs Were Scarce.

One day in 1880 Senator Hampton was going on his crutches from the senate chamber to the house of representatives. In the middle of the big rotunda he met a very large man, also on crutches. He was a member of congress from Illinois, a Republican, whose name I cannot now recall. Hampton stopped him and kindly asked his name and how he had received his injury. After giving his name the congressman said amputation was necessary by reason of a shot he had received in a fight with Hampton's cavalry. He did not dream he was talking to Wade Hampton himself. "I am Wade Hampton," said the senator. "If you have the leisure, please sit down and let us talk." Hampton had lost his leg after the war, when thrown from a mule while deer hunting. The amputation was identical with that of the congressman, and they fell a-talking. Up to that time neither had found a cork leg he could wear, and they discussed cork legs for a great while. They parted, after mutual professions of esteem. The next morning I heard the congressman tell the story in the committee room, and there never was a man who had a higher regard for Wade Hampton than he had. I believe Hampton later found a leg he could wear.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Beat Him Down.

Two Irishmen were cleaning a window in a tall building. To facilitate their work they had stuck a board out of the window, and Pat stood on the end of it which was outside and Mike on the end inside to balance. Suddenly Pat shouted :

"Moike, I've dropped me sponge."

"Thot's all roight. I'll go down and git it."

When he got to the street, he found Pat in a heap on the sidewalk and exclaimed :

"Well, well, how did yez git down here so quick, Pat? I ran all the way down, but bedad yez hov beaten me."

THAT FAMILY CLOSET.

And the Various Kinds of Skeletons That Abide Therein.

Every family has its skeleton. We know that, of course, anatomical specimens, neatly put together and stored away in a secure cupboard, of which only family members have the key—a skeleton key, probably. Only when the family is alone, with no visitors about, does it go to the door cautiously and unlock it and bring the bony occupant forth. The family knows its own skeleton, but outsiders are supposed to be in total ignorance of its existence, and if they are wiser than people think them—and of course they always are—it is only a point of politeness to pretend to be blind and deaf.

Of how many kinds are family skeletons? The Joneses possessed an uncle who died insane. You can't go near the Jones cupboard, or, in other words, even hint at the subject of hereditary insanity in their presence, without the skeleton audibly knocking its bones together and all the Joneses turning pale. You can't mention Turkish bonds to the Browns without their jaws suddenly falling; you can't think why. And when drink statistics form the cheerful subject of conversation at the Robinsons' table you observe with wonder that all the family grow uncomfortable and writhe in their chairs. You haven't the faintest notion why, but the skeleton has.

I met a man once at a dinner party who was perfectly sane upon every point on earth but one, and on that he was the opposite. He could talk about politics, science, art, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but if by any chance the conversation touched on dueling he went straight off his head then and there.

Dueling was the skeleton in his cupboard, and the reason was one that cannot be enlarged upon here. On one day in every year he shut himself up in his house and was not seen by mortal eye. That was the one day when his skeleton came out and stalked about.

Many people have what seems to the general public a harmless enough skeleton, but it is real and ghastly to themselves. It is of humble origin. It is surprising the pains people will take to conceal that their grandfathers were poor, but honest, the lies they will tell (which only proves that the grandparent's qualities have not descended in the direct line) and the meannesses they will indulge in, in the pitiable effort to hide the fact that two generations ago they kept a small greengrocer's shop or wore plush and powder. After all, the longer the line the more certain it is to contain ancestors who won their bread by the sweat of their face.

If all the world were not descended from the same "grand old gardener," there might be more common sense in trying to forget honest toil.—English Exchange.

IN LONDON'S SLUMS.

A Rather Rough Experience That Taught an Artist a Lesson.

An artist who is well known in a northern city used occasionally to put on his shabbiest clothes and penetrate to the slums in search of inspiration for his brush. On one of these excursions he stopped to watch the efforts of a ragged urchin who was disfiguring the pavement of a squalid street with a piece of soft blue stone, and, although the figures which the lad drew were grotesque, the artist was struck with their originality and began to take an interest in their development.

"That's right, my boy! Make your lines clear and never mind the details. Champion! What! You don't know how to sketch that old man's head? Then give me the chalk. I'll show you."

The next moment the enthusiastic artist was on his knees, and with the piece of stone had quickly drawn a clever picture. Before he could commence another sketch, however, he felt a stunning blow on the head, and a shrill female voice cried:

"Take yer bloomin hook, ye great, good for nought hulk! What d'ye mean by messin up t'flags 'at I've just washed? 'Tain't no wonder 'at t' kids do it when a senseless old idiot like yerself sets 'em t'example. Be off, or I'll scour t'pavement wi' yer ugly carcass."

The artist hurriedly dodged another boot, sprang to his feet, and, without waiting to argue the matter, sneaked ignominiously off. He vows that he will mind his own business when next he goes slumming.—London Telegraph.

Why Doesn't the Boiler Burst?

What a tremendous force is struggling to tear a boiler to atoms! Take, for example, a horizontal tubular boiler of ordinary proportions, 60 inches in diameter by 16 feet long, containing eighty-three 1 inch tubes. Such a boiler has a surface area of 40,716 square inches.

Suppose this boiler is operated with a working pressure of 100 pounds per square inch, which is not at all uncommon. The boiler therefore sustains a total pressure of 4,071,600 pounds, or more than 2,035 tons.

Do we realize what this means? The boiler has resting upon it the equivalent of a column of granite 10 feet square and 254.5 feet high, or, to put it another way, the boiler is holding up the equivalent weight of 22,371 persons, each weighing 182 pounds.

The best authorities agree that the ordinary draft horse, working eight hours a day, exerts an average force during that time of 120 pounds.

Now, this force acting to disrupt the boiler longitudinally is 226,200 pounds, so that to produce an equivalent stress it would be necessary to hitch up to the ends of the boiler two teams of 1,885 horses altogether.—Strand Magazine.

They Are Friends.

Helen—I wonder why Kate doesn't mind her own business.

Mattie—She hasn't any.

Helen—Business?

Mattie—No; mind.—Chicago News.

To The PEOPLE of TALBOT COUNTY

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

"A Land of Legendary Lore,"

OR

ROMANCE AND REALITY

ON :

THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

The Book is compiled by Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who has devoted months to its preparation. It is a concise

HISTORY OF TALBOT,

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

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

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 this work is at the GAZETT office, where persons can name the number desired, and see just what the book is to be. The following will give an idea of the contents :

CHAPTER I.
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's First Town.
CHAPTER VII.
Two Hundred Years Ago.
CHAPTER VIII.
As Seen Through Strangers Eyes.
CHAPTER IX.
In Slavery Days.
CHAPTER X.
Old Time People and Customs.
CHAPTER XI.
The Old Maryland Way.
CHAPTER XII.
The "Friends" of Talbot.
CHAPTER XIII.
Linked with the Past.
CHAPTER XIV.
Ancient Churches.
CHAPTER XV.
Weird Tales That Are Told.
CHAPTER XVI.
Maryland of Ye Olden Time.
CHAPTER XVII.
Talbot's Worthies of Colonial Days.
CHAPTER XVIII.
Old Burying Grounds.
CHAPTER XIX.
Told by Gravestones.
CHAPTER XX.
Historic Families.
CHAPTER XXI.
Pen Pictures.
CHAPTER XXII.
Random Sketches.
CHAPTER XXIII.
A Man of Strange Destiny.
CHAPTER XXIV.
The Battle of the Admirals.
CHAPTER XXV.
The Towns and Villages of Talbot.
CHAPTER XXVI.
Easton's Environs.
CHAPTER XXVII.
A City by the Sea.
CHAPTER XXVIII.
Men of Mark.
CHAPTER XXIX.
The Strange Story of the Villa.
CHAPTER XXX.
A Mecca for Boys
CHAPTER XXXI.
A Sail along Chesapeake's Eastern Shore.
CHAPTER XXXII.
The Talbot of Today.
CHAPTER XXXIII.
Past and Present.
CHAPTER XXXIV.
Notes of General Interest.
CHAPTER XXXV
Agricultural and Fruit Products.
CHAPTER XXXVI.
In Touch with the Times.
CHAPTER XXXVII.
Leading Men of Easton.

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

Advertisers and subscribers communicate immediately with THE GAZETTE, Easton, Md.