The Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1874. VOL. 10. NO 14.

The Easton Star,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT EASTON, MD

BY E. L. DODSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

The Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Clubs of Ten, Thirty Dollars in advance.

☞No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months.

☞Letters received free of postage will be promptly replied under the editorial head.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.



STEAMER HIGHLAND LIGHT,

Capt. E. F. LEONARD,

HAVING been thoroughly overhauled, and refitted with an entirely new Main Saloon, in every respect made a First Class Boat, will resume her Night Route on SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15th, 1874, leaving Pier 3, Light street, Baltimore, on every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock P. M., for Third and Cambridge, Clora's Point, Half and Double Mills, Oxford, Bellevue, Dickson, Cambridge, Sherman's, Hughlett's, Fishing Creek and Medford's

Making close connection with the Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Easton, and with the Dorchester Railroad at Cambridge.

Steamer Highland Light and Maryland & Delaware Railroad will be extended to Denton, on and after the trip will be made as follows:

Leaving all the regular landings on the river.

On the return trips, will leave Denton every Monday at 11 o'clock noon, and on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday will leave Medford's Wharf, Cambridge 4.30, and Easton at 9 P. M., arriving in Baltimore early the next morning.

Freights taken at lowest rates. ap7

On and after TUESDAY, Sept'r 8th, the Steamer CARL D. PENTZ will leave Baltimore every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 7 o'clock A M, for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry via Annapolis and on the return trip will leave Miles River Ferry at 12.30, and Annapolis at 2:45, reaching Baltimore at 8:15 P M same day.

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD.



On and after Monday, October 19th, 1874, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.	
Leave		Leave	
Denton	8 00 A. M.	New York	11 55 P. M.
Hillsboro	8 12 "	Baltimore	7 30 A. M.
Greensboro	8 25 "	Philadelphia	8 30 "
Hobbs	8 35 "	Wilmington	10 10 "
Clayton	8 50 "	Clayton	1 00 P. M.
Kenton	9 00 "	Kenton	1 20 "
Slaughters	10 10 "	Slaughters	1 35 "
Marydell	10 25 "	Marydell	1 50 "
Henderson	10 40 "	Henderson	2 05 "
Goldsborough	11 00 "	Goldsborough	2 15 "
Greensborough	11 15 "	Greensborough	2 40 "
Ridgely	11 35 "	Ridgely	2 50 "
Hillsborough	11 45 "	Hillsborough	3 05 "
Cordova	1 10 P. M.	Cordova	3 20 "
Woodland	1 25 "	Woodland	3 35 "
Arrive	1 45 "	Arrive	
Easton	10 25 "	Easton	3 50 "

Freight must be at the various stations at least one hour (1) minutes before starting of Trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

Paragon House,

EASTON, MD.



The subscriber respectfully informs the public that she has rented and fixed up in good style, the Frame Hotel with every convenience and comfort, and now has it open for the reception of permanent and transient boarders. Her long experience in the business is a guarantee that the wants of the traveling public will be fully met. The Table will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and none but attentive waiters employed. Omnibuses will be at the various Steamboat landings and depot to convey passengers to this House. Terms reasonable.

ap11-1y Mrs. J. A. HALL.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

Two doors west of *The Easton Star Office.*

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landings, to convey passengers with dispatch.

The highest market price paid for corn, hay, straw, oats and straw.

A DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD for passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner. Allowing resting horses, 12 hours is considered a day, and allows a half day for extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., ap-23



MALTBY HOUSE,

BALTIMORE, MD.

HOGAN, - - - - Proprietor

REDUCTION OF FARE.

In consideration of the general decline in the cost of all necessaries appertaining to House Keeping, the price of Board was reduced on January 1st, 1870, to

$2.50 Per Day,

and are determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city.

my9-10 c

FARMERS' and MERCHANTS' LINE

THE SCHOONERS

Oxford and Tred Haven.



The above vessels are now running between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of towing as cheap, if not cheaper, than any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. All freight must be paid on delivery of the goods.—Thankful for past favors, we hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

I. SNOWARD & BRO.

Office—In same room occupied by R. B. Dodson, on Dover street.

oct2

SILAS LANE,

Carpenter & Builder,

EASTON, TALBOT COUNTY, MD.

CONTRACTS to do all kinds of carpenter's work by the day or by the job.—Shop work when not otherwise engaged. Work done as cheap or CHEAPER than by any one else. Please give him a call. Work done in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

ap18-6m

GEO. S. CLOGG & SON,

NO. 2 S. CALVERT STREET,

BALTIMORE, MD.

BRANCH HOUSE,

No. 1109 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Have always on hand the largest and most complete assortment of Gentleman's and Boys' custom and made to measure

FIRST-CLASS

BOOTS and SHOES

TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

A SPECIALITY!

☞The only place in these cities where the celebrated Ladies, Misses and Children's Pebble French Shoes can be found. A full stock always on hand. aug4-1y

Fall & Winter Trade

Great Attractions in

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

LIQUORS.

Glass, China, Queensware,

FLOUR,

Lamps & Lamp Oil,

POWDER & SHOT.

&c., &c., &c., &c

HAVING remodeled and refurnished my store with a full stock of all the above goods, which I am selling at a small advance, I think I can offer as good inducements to buyers as any house in Easton. The public are invited to call and examine my stock

Ladies fine *Dress Goods* made a specialty.

Fine Cloths and Cassimeres for gentlemen, of the latest and most fashionable styles.

The celebrated *Eagle Powder* always on hand.

No *Rectified Whiskey* sold as a fine article, but all my best grades are purchased directly from distilleries, and warranted pure.

Wines and *Champagnes* of the most popular brands.

Pure *French Brandy* just from the Custom House—a fine article for medicinal purposes.

The lovers of fine Tea—IMPERIAL, GUNPOWDER, HYSON, OOLONG and JAPANESE—will find at my store the best stock on the Eastern Shore. These Teas are warranted fresh, via the Pacific Railroad, and at greatly reduced prices.

oct7 '73 JOS. V. B. WRIGHT.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's RESTAURANT & EATING SALOON.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has fitted up the buildings on Washington street, adjoining the Norris House, in complete order, and has opened a first-class

Restaurant,

where Oysters, Terrapins, Beef and Pork Steaks, Mutton Chops, Coffee, and everything eatable, may be obtained in their season, at all hours, at short notice, and at reasonable prices.

☞Private rooms for ladies and parties.

He has also fitted up a

BOWLING ALLEY, BILLIARD SALOON and BAGATELLE TABLE,

where the lovers of these sports can obtain recreation, and pass away a dull hour.

His BAR will be supplied with the purest and finest LIQUORS, and his PROVISIONS will always be fresh and of the best quality.

The best of order will at all times be preserved, and every effort be made for the comfort and pleasure of his guests.

feb4 T. H. HUBBARD.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF VIRGINIA.

OFFICERS:

A. G. Mellwaine, D'Arcy Paul, D. B. Tenant, Samuel B. Paul, Dr. R. W. Jeffery, } President. Vice-Presidents. Secretary & Manager Medical Director

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H. S. Davis, G. W. Cochran, R. Pickrell, Henry Franch.

C. C. Willard.

Principal office, Petersburg, Va.

Amount of capital and assets, $420,000

Amount deposited with Treasurer of Maryland for the protection of Md. policy holders, $35,000

The management of this company exhibits a record not surpassed by any Life Insurance Company in the United States, which enables it to take risks a fraction less than most other companies.

One great advantage gained by insuring in this company, the reserved premiums are invested on mortgage where the policies are issued, under the direction of local boards of Trustees, so that the money invested in Life Insurance will not go out of the county.

The subscriber has the General Agency for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and will establish a Local Board of Trustees here as soon as sufficient policies are issued to justify it.

Risks taken and policies issued on the most favorable terms.

J. B. BENNETT, General Agent

Easton, May 5, 1874.

Notice to Farmers.

WANTED—BEEF CATTLE, CALVES, MUTTON, PORK, HIDES, &c., for which the highest cash prices will be paid.

The best of Beef Fats and Rumps Tallows for sale at my stall in the Centre Market house.

WM. J. SHERRARD.

Easton, Sept. 1st, 1874.

1874-5. MARVELOUS PRIZE!!

EVERYBODY ASTONISHED!! 1874-5.

$18 in value for $3! $33 in value for $4.50!

OUR EXTRAORDINARY OFFER FOR 1874-75!

Furnishes just what you want most. The Best Magazine and the Best Landscape Parlor pictures in America, quite equal to oil paintings worth $500 each. Pictures that combine the

MARVELOUS IN BEAUTY, EXTRAORDINARY IN SIZE, RICH IN SENTIMENT, ELEGANCE IN STYLE AND SUPERB IN ARTISTIC MERIT, AND

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

THE MODEL MAGAZINE,

Greatly Enlarged, and Containing The Essentials Of All Others.

Profusely Illustrated, And A Splendid Volume When Bound For The Parlor Table.

The Circulation of this Monthly is larger, than any other Magazine of the kind in the World.

It is printed on fine paper and got up in the most artistic manner, presenting an array of brilliant stories, interesting correspondence, valuable essays, household matter, music, musical, dramatic and literary criticisms, spicy items, beautiful illustrations, fair size patterns, etc., etc., and the only reliable Fashions from original costumes, published in America.

Great as are the present attractions of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, new and valuable features are constantly being added, no time or expense being spared to keep it ahead of all competition, and to present such an array of valuable features, and artistic attractions as to entitle it to the generous encomiums that have been universally bestowed on it.

Yearly Subscription, $3, with a Premium worth five times the amount paid.

THE CHOICE OF THE

THE CAPTIVE CHILD, or the OLD OAKEN BUCKET Or, both for $1.50 extra.

Size 17 by 26 inches. The choice of these large and truly splendid Chromos, which were originally sold for $15 each, are now offered in all their original beauty and excellence as a premium to each yearly subscriber to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY.

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OUR OFFER CANNOT BE EQUALED, IF EVEN APPROACHED, FOR ITS MARVELOUS LIBERALITY.

The Chromo is sent securely packed on a roller, postage 10 cents extra; or mounted on canvas and stretcher, as an oil painting, fifty cents extra, each, (which includes transportation); or mounted on canvas, in an elegant 2½ inch gilt frame, with Arabesque corners, three yards of crimson cord, and packed for $3, making the whole complete (including Frame, Chromo, Mounting, and subscription to the Magazine), only $6; or to include both Chromos framed, etc., all complete, for $10.

NOW READY! and sent anywhere in the United States on the receipt of the amount of subscription and postage on Chromos.—Subscriptions may commence with any number.

Also the Celebrated Chromos, uniform in size with the "Old Oaken Bucket" and "Captive Child."

"HOME, SWEET HOME," After Jerome Thompson, as a premium for 1876.

"AFTER THE STORM," by F. M. H. De Haas, for 1877.

Either of all these superb Chromos sent immediately on receipt of the amount of subscriptions for the years as indicated.

"AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE, to whom extraordinary inducements will be offered.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

In remitting, small amounts can be sent in U. S. Currency, but a post-office order is undoubtedly the most secure and convenient; or money may be sent in a registered letter, or by a draft made payable to our order.—Address, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

17 East 14th Street, N. Y.

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

This unrivaled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE.

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.

Simmon's Liver Regulator Medicine

Is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

FOR DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.

Armed with this ANTIDOTE, all climates and changes of water and food may be faced without fear. As a Remedy in MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It is the Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

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J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.

Price $1.00. *Sold by all Druggists.*

dec18-1y

DYSPEPSIN

DYSPEPSIN

A CERTAIN CURE FOR

Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache & Habitual Costiveness.

WHAT is Life without the enjoyment of health? If you had the wealth of Croesus, and afflicted with Dyspepsia, or its kindred diseases, you could not enjoy life. Dyspepsia is a prevalent disease in the United States, brought about by our habits and irregularities. The Materia Medica has been exhausted to find a remedy, and the skill of the most learned Physicians has failed to effect a cure. Notwithstanding this declaration we unhesitatingly say: "MILLER'S DYSPEPSIN" is a CERTAIN CURE for DYSPEPSIA and the many complaints incident thereto. It has been before the public a sufficient length of time to fully test its merits, and in every instance where it has been used according to directions, it has resulted in giving relief and effecting a cure. With each bottle is a Circular describing the symptoms of the diseases named, and for which only we claim it as a specific. ☞Give it a fair trial, and rest assured you will be benefited.

PREPARED BY

A. J. MILLER, (Firm DAVIS & MILLER, Wholesale Druggists,) BALTIMORE.

☞For sale by Druggists, Apothecaries, and Merchants throughout the country.

jan6-1y

St. Louis Life Insurance Company.

Home Office—St. Louis, Mo

PAID UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS, $8,000,000.

PLANS SIMPLE, RATES LOW, CONTRACTS DEFINITE.

THE LARGEST STOCK COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The careful selection of its risks, and strict economy in management alone insures its success.

H. D. HEWITT, Manager Maryland Department, No. 11 German St., Baltimore.

J. S. WATKINS, Special Representative of the Company. } aug25-1y

Ready-Made Clothes AND BOOTS AND SHOES,

AT VALIANT'S CHEAP CASH STORE, AT ROYAL OAK.

THE public are invited to call and supply themselves with a cheap suit, bought at lowest cash price and sold at a small profit, as cheap as goods of same class can be bought anywhere.

HUGH B VALLIANT.

CHOICE LIQUORS and a full line of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERY for sale cheap for cash at Valliant's cheap Royal Oak store.

je30 HUGH B. VALLIANT.

Stoves and Tinware.



THE EXCELSIOR HOT BLAST COOK STOVE—warranted to give satisfaction in every respect. Also other STOVES of improved patterns.

A large and well selected stock of

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

Persons in need of HARVEST GOODS cannot be better suited in QUALITY and PRICE. Do not fail to call and examine before purchasing.

ROOFING, SPOUTING and REPAIRING done at short notice. All work warranted. Repairing old stoves a specialty.

je23 GEO. W. BECK.

TO FARMERS AND MERCHANTS.

THE new Schooner, ANNIE K. DUKES, Capt. Rd. Gibson, is now running regularly from Oxford to Baltimore, and will carry Grain and other freights with dispatch, and as cheap as by any other boat.

Careful attention paid to the reception and prompt delivery of return freights.

Grain taken from any of the waters of Talbot county. The patronage of the public is earnestly solicited, and no pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction.

All orders left with the Captain on board or addressed to the subscriber at Oxford, will receive immediate attention.

mch11-tf EDW. S. HARRISON.

FOR RENT FOR 1875,

THE DWELLING HOUSE and premises now occupied by J. V. D. Wright, Esq. Possession given on 1st January next. Apply to

W. M. HOLLYDAY.

nov24

Select Poetry.

THE FIRST LESSON.

They sit together, at her knee
The open volume lies;
Her dimpled finger points, and he
Looks on, with wondering eyes,
To see her name, with childish lore,
The puzzling letters o'er and o'er.

Around them sing the summer birds;
The summer winds blow cool;
The sunbeams through the branches slip
To twinkle in the pool;
And woodland blossoms bid them look
On Natures glorious picture book!

Yet still their sunny heads bend low,
The mystic page to scan;
And gently falls her "yes" or "no,"
When'er the little man
Repeats, by guiding finger led,
The words her sweet young voice has said.

"A stands for angels—far above
The earth They watch us now;
Perhaps their waving pinions move
The curls upon your brow!
B stands for blue—the color, dear,
Of heaven, and of your eyes so clear!

"C stands for curls upon your head;
D is for dimple deep;
E is for ear, so soft and red;
F for your little feet;
G is for gold that tints your hair:
H is for head, so small and fair;

"I is for pretty Isabel;
J is for John and Jim:
K is for Kit!—you know him well—
You often speak of him;
L is for love—from God it came;
M is for mother, sweetest name!"

And thus her gentle voice goes on
Through all the alphabet;
She names the letters, one by one,
And, lest he should forget,
She names with each some simple word,
By her young pupil often heard.

And often, as she speaks, she bends
To kiss his forehead fair,
Or wind about her little hand
His soft and shining hair,
Or whisper in his pearly ear,
With tender looks, "I love you, dear!"

Perhaps when far in future years,
With cares and sorrows rife,
He owns the lessons all must learn
From that stern teacher, Life,
His soul will gather faith and power
From thought of this calm childhood hour!

Select Story.

PARKE MOULTRIE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

The finding of Randolph Rhett dead in his library, on the evening of October 29, 1853, gave rise to considerable excitement. The sudden taking off of a prominent member of the Carolina Legislature as Mr. Rhett, was to be deplored by the entire State, and when it became known that he had been murdered, a thrill of horror shot through every heart.

Rhett's library was situated on the ground floor of his spacious and magnificent mansion. The eastern windows looked out upon a beautiful palmetto grove, while the southern ones revealed the loveliness of a flower garden.

The legislator had never married, but his roof sheltered a lovely girl who bore his name. His nephew, a young Georgian named Parke Moultrie, resided with him. The youth was reading law under the Colonel, as Mr. Rhett was called throughout the State, and it was he who had found him dead among his books and legal papers.

When the student entered the room at eight o'clock on the fatal morning, he found his uncle's head bowed upon the desk, like a weary person napping. He did not manifest any surprise at this, for the Colonel often rose at four, read or wrote till seven, to fall asleep again in the position I have, in a word, described. Moultrie—I am writing from his testimony, elicited at the inquest—took a legal volume from the bookcase, and threw himself into a chair, near one of the southern windows, the sash of which was raised. He opened the volume at a page where several slips of paper had been placed by some one, and a sudden breath of southern breeze lifted them from the book. One piece alighted directly beneath the Colonel, and the youth thought to recover it without discommoding his relative. He left the chair and was putting his hand beneath the *fauteuil* when he noticed a dark red spot on the carpet. As it looked like blood, he started and tried to awaken the Colonel. Failing to do so by gentle shaking, he raised his head and saw the unmistakeble stare of death in his eyes. There was a red stain on his well ironed shirt front—it was from the wound of the life-destroying dagger. The Colonel had been dead several hours. Parke Moultrie could see this at a glance.

He did not rouse the house until he had examined the room. The Colonel's money had not been touched; his papers were in fact. Then what motive prompted the murder? Revenge! Col. Rhett had no avowed enemies who would stoop to the level of the midnight assassin. He did not fear the stealthy blow.

"My foes are chivalrous," he was wont to say. "When they want revenge, like gentlemen, to the field of honor they will call me."

Parke Moultrie found a bruised daisy leaf on the window sill. It bore the imprint of shoe nails, and it told the youth that his uncle's assassin had gained the house through the flower garden. He had preserved the leaf, and exhibited it to the coroner's jury. I have said that the papers of the deceased were found intact. But a mystery now bothered the minds of many. A will, which the Colonel was known to have written, could not be found, though the mansion was searched thoroughly a dozen times. At last, deeply buried among some old letters, a codicil was discovered. It was dated a year before the murder, and read thus:

"Codicil to the will of Randolph Rhett: I bequeath to my nephew, Marion Rhett, who, when last heard from, was in Richmond, Va., the sum of twenty thousand dollars, on condition that he or some one of my relations assumes it in trust for my child, Viola. I appoint him executor of my estate and the guardian of my child. The other items of my will, namely, five thousand dollars to Parke Moultrie; the remainder of my property, exclusive of the bequest to Marion Rhett, to Viola.

"This codicil was properly signed with the usual witnesses, and there was no doubt that he had misplaced the will after it had been executed. Parke Moultrie found it in a secret drawer of the desk.

"I do not know much about this cousin of mine," said Viola to Parke Moultrie several days subsequent to the funeral. "I have heard father speak of a Rhett, who has disgraced the family by marrying a traveling actress, but I have forgotten his Christian name. Marion sounds like it, though I do not think that is it. Shall I write to Richmond?"

"I would advise you to do so," said the student. "It is proper that your father's affairs should be attended to at once," and, he added as he turned away, "I am curious to see this Marion Rhett—this unknown cousin of mine."

That night Viola dispatched a letter to the capital of the Old Dominion, and a week elapsed before a reply came.

The letter which she received was signed "Marion Rhett." The writer expressed sorrow at the Colonel's sudden death, and much suprise at the fortune that had befallen him. "I am coming down in a few days," he wrote, "and I will have no rest till the assassin is hung."

"I judge him a young man," said Parke Moultrie, studying the chirography of the Virginian's letter. "A young man about my own age—four and twenty. I had expected to see a man in the neighborhood of thirty-six."

One evening, several days after the reception of the letter, Marion Rhett reached the plantation.

That he was a genuine Rhett could not be disputed. He possessed the intellectual forehead of his revolutionary ancestors; he could boast of the Rhett eyes, the Rhett mouth, and the ringing melody of the Rhett voice.

"What do you think of him?" Viola found time to whisper to Parke Moultrie.

"He is the person he represents himself—Sumter Rhett's son," was the student's reply. "But there is something about him I do not like, Viola I cannot explain myself now."

Marion Rhett gradually assumed the reins of government on the plantation.—He treated Parke Moultrie deferentially for a fortnight, when he suddenly began to wax cold toward him. He hinted that there was a good opening for law students in Richmond, and unable to bear his ruling longer, and unwilling, for Viola's sake, to resist after the manner of the Carolinian, he quitted the estate.

"I shall feel lonely while you are away, Parke," Viola said to him on the night prior to his departure. "I do not like my cousin. He treats me kindly; he is very entertaining; but there is something about him I do not like."

Parke Moultrie started at her last words. He had made use of them while addressing her shortly after Marion Rhett's arrival on the plantation.

"What have you discovered, Viola?"

"Nothing, Parke—only there is something about him I do not like. I cannot explain myself."

Parke Moultrie kissed Viola Rhett before he went away, and a week later a letter informed her that he had opened a law office in Petersburg, Virginia.

Occasionally, during the year that followed the departure of the student, Viola heard from him and he from her.

To his repeated advice to watch the doings of Marion Rhett she at last began to return evasive replies, and one evening the contents of a certain letter startled him.

Viola was about to become the wife of Marion Rhett!

The announcement, made by the fair girl herself, drove Parke Moultrie from the chair, and he stared at the letter, unable to credit the evidences of his senses.

"He has fascinated her with those baleful eyes of his!" he cried, crushing the letter in his hand. "I love the girl; she loves me—or did. I know this! By heavens! his plans shall amount to nothing. I will baffle him, if I am compelled to kill him on the field of honor. They are not fitted for one another; the angels in heaven revolt at this match, and the demons down under the sea rejoice. He has charmed her as the serpent charms the bird. He drove me from the plantation that he might work with more ease to molest, or make him afraid. I will not give Viola up without a struggle. With the spell broken, she will return to me. She is not sinning—no! no! Marion Rhett has done it all!"

Maddened almost beyond control, Parke Moultrie stood over his law table with bloodless lips and clenched hands. The room was growing dark, and the lamplighter was making his rounds. The lawyer's form was not visible from the street, but his door, flung wide, told passengers by that he had not deserted the office.

While he stood in the dusk, slowly recovering from the excitement into which Viola's letter had thrown him, he heard a boy's voice at the door.

"This is the place, ma'am, but I guess Mr. Moultrie's gone out."

"No, I am here," said the lawyer, hastening to the door. "If the lady will step in, I will light the gas."

He saw the door darkened by a form, clad in female attire, and turned the gas on. The next moment he closed the door, and turned to his visitor.

He found a woman who had not passed her twenty-second year. She was very beautiful, fragile in form, intellectual in countenance, but there lurked the fire of passion in her dark Southern eyes, and it heightened her loveliness.

She dropped into the chair which the lawyer pushed to her and looked him in the face.

"Do you listen to clients after office hours?" she asked, in a rich voice, which rippled over a smile that played over her coral lips.

"Yes, miss—or madam."

"Madame, if you please, Mr. Moultrie," she said, her eyes flashing hatefully, and then she laid a white, ungloved hand on the table. "That hand," she murmured, "you must separate forever from the hand it grasped before the altar five years ago. Do you understand, Mr. Moultrie?"

"I think I do. You seek a divorce."

"And I must not seek in vain," she said, firmly.

Parke Moultrie drew some paper from the drawer, and sharpened his pencil.

"Please state your case, madam," he said, glancing at her.

"Five years ago, from the tenth of next October, I, as Maud Raymond, better known to the playgoing world as Mademoiselle Beaucharge, was united in marriage to Marion Rhett."

At mention of his rival's name Parke Moultrie almost dropped his pencil. The woman did not seem to notice his emotion, and continued in a calm, brief manner.

"I don't know why I married him. I never loved him. He had no money."

"Perhaps he had prospects?" suggested the lawyer.

"Prospects!" echoed the petitioner, with a smile. "Ah! he had prospects. He had a rich uncle—Randolph Rhett I think his name was. He expected money there, but his marriage with me ruined all his prospects. His uncle cursed him in a long letter, and told him that he had cut him off without a cent. I hold the letter. After that, Marion Rhett soon tired of me. He basely deserted me in Mobile. That was three years ago. I have spoken to him but once since. It was in Harrisburg. I was playing my last engagement there. It was the night of the 20th of October, 1858."

"What!" cried Parke Moultrie, starting again.

Marion Rhett's wife repeated the declaration.

"Are you confident of the date?"

"I am. I can swear that I parted with him then and there."

"Mrs. Rhett, on what grounds do you petition for a divorce."

"On the grounds of desertion; but there is another charge which I would to God the court would hear."

"Will you make it now?"

She rose to her feet, and looked the lawyer in the eye. All the passions of a Creoi burned in her eyes, and her voice was cuttingly vindictive and emphatic.

"I charge the man who charmed me to the altar with basest of crimes—the murder," she cried.

"Can you prove it?" cried Parke Moultrie, springing almost triumphantly from his chair.

"I do not know," she cried slowly. "Oh God, if thy angels could speak in the courts of men! The dagger he carried would fit the death-wound which I have seen so minutely described in the papers. I know he killed him, for I have heard him swear that he would do it. What sweet revenge if I could prove it."

"Hold!" cried the lawyer. "One of his lies shall furnish the missing link. I have a letter which he wrote the Colonel's child one week after the murder.—In that letter he declares that he was in Alexandria the night of the twentieth."

"He was not! On the morning of the 11th of October, 1853, I left Harrisburg for the South. I was obliged to retire from the stage on account of my health. I reached Cloydon on the 28th. That night I rambled among the suburbs of the town. I saw a man approaching, and shrunk into the shade of a palmetto. He passed me and I saw the face of my husband. He went toward Colonel Rhett's plantation. The next day he was not in Cloydon. I have not seen him since. Mr. Moultre, you can draw your own conclusions."

Park Moultrie was not slow in drawing them.

The next day he left Richmond, and one night suddenly confronted Marion Rhett. A gentleman whom he made known as Mr. Swails, of Pittsburg, accompanied him.

"Where were you on the 20th of October, 1853?" enquired Mr. Swails, during the conversation that followed the introduction.

The answer came after a moment's thought.

"In Alexandria and Washington."

"Ah! a fine old town, Alexandria," said the questioner; and then the conversation fell upon the murder at the plantation.

"I was in Richmond that night, at the Spotswood," said Marion Rhett.

The last word was still quivering on his lips when Swails rose to his feet.

"Marion Rhett, in the name of the Commonwealth of South Carolina, I arrest you for the murder of your natural uncle, Randolph Rhett."

The accused laughed.

"Well, well, this is a joke, Mr. Moultrie, I suppose I am indebted to you for its perpetration. So I am to exhibit a clear alibi to a dozen men. We'll drink over this!"

With forced good humor Marion Rhett ordered wine, and astonished the officer and his friend.

But alas! for his precious life, his alibi was not a good one. The lie in his letter to Viola hung to him. The evidence of his wronged wife he could not overthrow. Before he died he confessed to another crime. Entering his uncle's chamber that fatal night, he found him at the desk. There, before the old man could recognize him, drove the little dagger to his breast, stole the will, and wrote the codicil found among the old letters.

The spell of Marion Rhett's fascination dissolved, Viola returned to the love of Park Moultrie, and became his wife.

"You do not need a divorce now," said the lawyer to the deserted actress, after the villian's condemnation.

"But I must have it! The world shall never point to me and say, "Her husband was hung by his own lies."—The court must separate us before he dies."

On the morning of Marion Rhett's last day on earth, certain papers were placed in his hands. They told him that the ties that had bound him to Maud Raymond were broken.

The intelligence embittered his last moments; but he met his fate with the courage of a Rhett. It was Marion Rhett who left the daisy leaf in the library, as is related in the first part of this story, it was Marion Rhett who was hung by his own lies.

The actress committed suicide four years since in New York. On her person was found the decree that separated her from a murderer.

Parke Moultrie and his wife are happy. Over his desk hangs a sword and faded uniform. True to the teachings of his father—true to the spirit of the Rhetts—he wore them nobly for the "lost cause."

A French paper tells of a marriage which occurred not long ago where the bridegroom, unable to write, signed his name on the register with a cross. The bride though she had received a good education, did the same, replying to a relative who whispered a remonstrance: "Did you wish me to humiliate my husband in the solemn act by placing him in a state of inferiority to his wife? I shall soon manage that he shall be able to write."

Harry, after looking on while his new little sister acted as being washed and dressed, turned away, saying, "If she seemed like that up in heaven, I don't wonder they sent her off."

Terms of Advertising.

One square—6 lines—one insertion $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Special Notices, inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 20 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.

Advertisements sent to the office, not marked for a number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

A Romance in Real Life.

A short time ago a young man, about twenty years of age, arrived in Baltimore from England, and commenced to look for work at his trade. After several days' fruitless search, the *Gazette* says, he entered a large factory on Lombard street and inquired for work of the superintendent. The latter questioned him, asking him his name and where he was from, and other particulars about his family. He told the superintendent that his mother resided in England and had reared him, his father having quarrelled with her when he was an infant, and had abandoned them, and it was supposed he had come to America, but no tidings had been received from him. When the young man had concluded, the superintendent, who for many years has been employed by the firm with whom he is at present engaged, said to the astonished youth, "I am your father." They discussed family matters at length, and the father, hearing from the son that his mother had never ceased to mourn their unfortunate difference and his absence, determined to proceed at once to Europe and bring her to this country, and endeavor in the future years to atone for the mistakes and errors of the past. He secured employment for his son, and obtained the necessary leave of absence from his employers, he sailed last week for England, intending to bring back with him on his return the wife from whom he had been so long separated.

THE ALABAMA CONSERVATIVES.—There isn't much of the "old rebel yell" in the extract from the Alabama conservative committee's address, issued a few days after the recent election.

"The party we represent is firmly pledged by all that is sacred among men to use its utmost endeavors to bring the blessings of good government to all the people of the State, and under the providence of God, it remains to be seen whether our party is equal to the responsible and arduous duties it has undertaken to perform. These duties require of us that justice must be fairly administered according to the laws of the land; that the rights of the people of Alabama, both person and property, must be preserved inviolate; that there must be no oppression of any race or class of men; that the credit and good name of this State must be restored; that harmonious relations of mutual confidence and good will must be cultivated and adjusted among all the conflicting interests represented among the people of this State, that yielding a cheerful obedience to the laws of the United States, and promptly bearing our share of the burdens of the general government, whether in war or in peace, we must also cultivate such other relations that the citizens of every State composing our great Union who may from time to time have business with us, or come into our midst, shall receive that justice and hearty welcome at our hands due to brethren of the great household, without regard to difference of political opinion."

The small number of furious loyalists in the North who have already discovered another war in the South will find fool for reflection in these patriotic words.

Prescription for the Cure of Drunkenness.

There is a curious prescription in England for the cure of Drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been assisted in recovering themselves. The receipt came into notoriety through the efforts of John Vine Hall, father of the Rev. Newman Hall and Captain Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern Steamship. He had fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his utmost efforts to regain himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquors, although he had for many years been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many have been assisted to reform, is as follows: "Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven grains; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; to be taken twice a day." This preparation acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so paltry supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

"With Pleasure"—A Good Story.

A rich landholder of LaBeauce arrived with his wife and two daughters at the Grand Hotel in Paris the other day. Room No. 117 was assigned to the father and mother, and No. 119 to the young ladies, who retired about 11 o'clock on the evening of their arrival. After they had gone to bed the elder of the girls left her room, wishing to get more air. The hall was lit, but she had no candle. She returned after a few minutes rather sleepy and jumped into bed. "I am frozen," she said to her sister, "warm me up." "With pleasure," responded a bass voice. The young girl gave a shriek and bounded from the room. She had entered No. 121, having mistaken it for her own room, No. 119. For the next eight days she did not dare to leave her apartment. Finally, venturing to go down to the table d'hote, she found herself placed by the side of a military gentleman of distinguished appearance. The joint was brought, and our heroine asked her neighbor, the officer, to pass the salt. "With pleasure," answered the voice she had heard in her night adventure, and she fainted away. Her marriage to the officer will soon take place.

An Astonished Editor.

"Burleigh," of the Boston Journal, writing from the region about Pottsville, Pennsylvania, says: "One of the papers on the line of the Reading Road got up a campaign paper that was a paper. Not that was issued all along the line. A large part of Sunday was employed