THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY MORNINGS, AT EASTON, MD.

E. K. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Clubs of Twenty, 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 shorter period than six months. Books received will be promptly noticed under editorial head.

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. Advertisements sent to the office, not marked with the number of times to be inserted, will be marked til. and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates. Special Notices in Local columns, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6 1877. VOL 12 NO 23.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Wednesday, Dec. 27th, 1876, the Steamer CHAMPION, Captain E. T. Leonard, will leave Pier 3 Light S reet, foot of Camden, every Wednesday and Saturday at 7 A.M. WEATHER PERMITTING,

St. Michael's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chaptico Point, Sherman's, Oxford, Double Mills, Easton. Arriving at Cambridge at 1.30, and Easton at 5 o'clock P.M.

On the return trip will leave Easton every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 7 o'clock A.M., leave Cambridge at 8, Cambridge 10, Clara's Point 11 A.M., arriving in Baltimore at 7 P.M.

On TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, will leave Pier at 7 o'clock A.M., for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Easton) direct.

On the return trip, will leave Miles River Ferry at 8 o'clock noon; arriving in Baltimore at 5 P.M.

Freight solicited at low rates and carefully handled. dec26

STEAMER OLIVE.

CAPT. E. N. DODSON.

On and after March 7th, the Steamer OLIVE will leave

PIER 12 LIGHT STREET WHARF

EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 10 A. M.,

for St. Michael's, Easton via Tunis' Wharf, (Tred Avon Creek,) Trimble's Wharf and Wye Landing.

Returning will leave every

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY

Wye Landing at 7 A. M. Trimble's 7.15, Tunis' Wharf 9, St. Michaels 10, arriving in Baltimore at 3.30 P. M.

Freights carefully handled.

R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.

LEA DODSON, Agent, St. Michaels.

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, Nov. 27th, 1876, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.		
	LEAVE		LEAVE	
Accom.	8 15 A. M.	New York	8 55 P. M.	Accom.
Express	8 30 "	Baltimore	7 00 A.M.	Express
Accom.	8 40 "	Philadelphia	8 15 "	Accom.
Express	9 55 "	Wilmington	9 35 "	Express
Accom.	9 10 "	Clayton	12 30 P.M.	Accom.
Accom.	9 30 "	Kenton	12 45 "	Accom.
Express	9 45 "	Slaughters	1 00 "	Express
Accom.	10 00 "	Marydell	1 15 "	Accom.
Accom.	10 15 "	Henderson	1 25 "	Accom.
Accom.	10 30 "	Goldsborough	1 35 "	Accom.
Express	10 40 "	Greensborough	1 55 "	Express
Accom.		Ridgely	2 10 "	Accom.
Express	11 00 "	Hillsborough	2 20 "	Express
Accom.	4 20 P. M.	Cordova	2 35 "	Accom.
Accom.	5 40 "	Woodland	2 45 "	Accom.
Express	7 30 "	ARRIVE AT		Express
Accom.	9 35 "	Easton	3 00 "	Accom.

Freight must be at the various stations at least 30 minutes before starting of Trains not carried by express twenty four hours. Freight trains have passenger car attached and will be subject to passenger business.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent

DUTTUS' CALF BUTTON SHOES.

The handsomest Youths' Button Boots to be seen at M. M. HIGGINS.

NAME MARKS and MOTTOES.

Silk Marks and Mottoes of the latest fashion following prices: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, and 12 cents at E. V. Higgins'.

Easton Livery Stables.

BENJAMIN G. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

One door to The Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodation for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and Buggies for hire at all times. Travelers promptly conveyed 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, fodder and straw.

STALL STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD

Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive at Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner. Nursing horses, 12 hours is considered a day, and a half day. For extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., jan22

OYSTERS' and MERCHANTS' LINE

FOR THE SCHOONERS

Chief & Clara M. Leonard.

These vessels are now running between Easton and Baltimore and will do all kinds of oystering. Cheaper, than any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. All freight taken at the risk of the owners of the goods.—Thankful for past favors, we hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a share of the same.

LEONARD & BRO.

Office—Lower room, occupied by R. B. Lloyd, Dove street.

Kerosene Oil, Coal Oil—

Superior quality, warranted not to explode. For sale at low price

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE!

Fire Ins. Co. of Brooklyn,	$2,200,000
Fire Ins. Co. of Phil'a,	3,800,000
Canadian Ins. Co. of Montreal,	6,000,000
Bangor Ins. Co. of Bangor, Me.,	825,000
Commercial Mutual Ins. Co. of N.Y.,	1,000,000
Citizens' Ins. Co. of New York,	1,250,000

Special advantages offered for Insurance of country property, for one year or a term of years.

EDWARD H. ROE, AGENT,

Easton, Md.

Orders taken on the best terms and made by mailing from the payment of the money.

E. H. ROE,

Register's Office, Easton Md

FANDY PACKAGE DYES—

The best in use—

All Colors—

All shades—

Bright and beautiful.

Only 15 cts a package, with full directions. For sale at

R. J. TRIPPE'S

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

Building Materials of all Kinds.

Weatherboarding, Framing, hingles, Flooring, Laths, Bricks, Lime & Hair, Doors, Sash, Shutters, Mouldings &c.

White, Virginia and Carolina Pine.

Fencing, Fence Posts, and Cant Rails.

Lumber Dressed and Undressed.

Farmers and Builders, Look to your Interests.

Everything at Bottom Prices.

LUMBER-YARD AND OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET, NEAR THARP'S PEACH HOUSE.

The subscriber informs the public that he has a full line of all kinds of building material and fencing particularized above, which he is offering at city prices. H particularly invites a call from all wanting lumber, satisfied that he can please all as to PRICE and QUALITY.

John A. Arringdale.

Easton, Sept, 26th 1876 1y.

Our Immense Sales

FOR CASH

demonstrate the popularity of selling

First-Class Clothing

AT LOWEST PRICES.

hae re eeied and are now offering a larger and finer line of

MENS' AND BOY'S GOODS

For Fall and Winter Wear

than eer before. These goods are all Manufactured by ourselves in the latest and most appro ed styles and are fully equal to custom work, at one-half the price.

Our Boys' Department occupies one entire floor, where can be found every variety up wards, in leading fabrics and designs.

Unchanged or money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

184 West Baltimore Street. Opposite Light Street.

Branch of 487 Broadway, New York.

September 19, 1876.

THE GREAT STOMACH AND BELTS Being the Celebrated ANODYNE AND NERVINE, TONIC BITTERS, GALIPEA BITTER.

It is an unfailing remedy for Nervousness, Depression and Debility, from whatever cause they may result. Those requiring a Soothing or Quieting Draught, with no bad after-effects, will find this BITTER a most excellent and satisfactory preparation. It is at the same time an ANODYNE and a TONIC, and has the most astonishing restorative action on the NERVOUS and DIGESTIVE ORGANS. It is an unfailing cure for DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT, and will give speedy relief in MIASMATIC FEVERS, FEVER and AGUE, COLIC, &c. It is a specific in SICK HEADACHE. To be had of all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet. BELTS GALIPEA BITTER DEPOT, 13 Camden Street, Baltimore, Md. oct31,76 6m

BLACKSMITHING AND Horse Shoeing BY PATRICK RYAN, AT THE OLD STAND ON WEST ST., adjoining the Gas House, Easton, Md.

THE subscriber hereby informs his constant patrons and the public generally, that he is "still alive" and with increased facilities for business, is prepared to do all manner of work in his line as heretofore.

BLACKSMITHING in all its branches. Cart-work, Wagon-work and Machine work done in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Carts and Wagons of all descriptions make to order.

HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. In this branch of business, the feet will be especially looked after, and all diseases, &c., liable to be remedied by good shoeing will receive prompt attention.

His charges will be very reasonable to meet the demands of the times; and returning thanks for the generous patronage in the past, he earnestly solicits a continuance and increase in the future.

oct26-1y PATRICK RYAN.

NEW CROP.—London Layers—Layers and Valencia Raisins, for sale at ERIPPEN'S.

THE PERKIN'S & HOUSE—and the Atwoods non-Explosive Lamps—the saftest and best in use, for sale at TRIPPE'S.

S. RADCLIFFE'S GREAT REMEDY—Seven Seals or Golden Wonder for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia &c., for sale by R. J. TRIPPE.

THE PARAGON HOUSE.

JOHN W. COX, PROPRIETOR.

THE public are informed that I have bought out Mrs. Hall, and will take charge of the Paragon House on the 1st of October, 1876.

I have made arrangements to carry on the House as a FIRST-CLASS country Hotel. The table will be supplied with every delicacy our market will afford. Experienced cooks and polite servants have been engaged I shall do my very best to make the hotel a pleasant abode for my guests, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the old friends of the Paragon and as many new ones as I can get.

My hacks and omnibuses will continue to run to the cars and steamboats as heretofore, for the accommodation of passengers; and L. W. Covey will also continue to run a hack for the Paragon. He has buggies free of all charge to the Paragon House and carriages for hire and passengers can rely on it to any part of the Peninsula.

sept26,76-y

PAINTING of the most approved kind done to order. Paper hanging for sale and for sale at Trippe's.

THE OLD COUPLE

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimney,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees, a century old;
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will!

The children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are falling,
And she harks to the well known tone.

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morning is as rosy as ever,
But the rose from her neck has fled,
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring time prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in their place in sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upwards,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal party they traversed
The unseen mystic road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
"Whose builder and maker is God."

OH! BE NOT THE FIRST.

Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the fame of a friend,
A flaw on the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may prove true to the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

A smile or a sigh may awaken
Suspicion most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How oft the light smile of gladness
Is worn by the friends that we meet,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the sighs of dejection
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,
To parody, truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace out defeat—
Let ours be a noble ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

Reforming the Household.

"JUST what I have been expecting for about seven years," said Miss Pauline Worthington, looking up from an open letter in hand with a frowning brow.

"Is not your letter from Herbert, Lina?" questioned Mrs. Worthington, a tiny, silver-haired old lady, with a very gentle expression.

"Yes mother, Essie is very ill, with low, nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay till she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock, mother. Then, more emphatically: I think it is about time Bert's tyranny over that little martyr was ended. He is killing her."

"Lina! He is your brother."

"I can see his faults if he is."

"I never heard Essie complain."

"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago when she was married, she was a living sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet and reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile is seldom seen. A wintry shadow of her former brightness! Now she has broken down. You have never seen her at home but surely when she is here you can see the great change?"

"Yes dear, she has changed; but family cares—"

"Has Louie changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Louie was her oldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother had been a crippled pensioner for fifteen years. She took all the household cares, and had five children, and yet Louie had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness since her marriage, even if the merriment of girlhood was gone.

"Henry appreciates Louie!" said Lina; "there lies the difference between her happiness and Essie's dejection. If there is any domestic trouble, Henry and Louie share it, while Herbert shifts it all upon Essie. He is an habitual fault finder."

"Perhaps dear Essie is not so good a housekeeper as Louie. Herbert may have cause to find fault."

"Once in ten times he may. I never saw a faultless housekeeper; but Essie and her house are the nearest to perfection I ever did see."

"You never spoke so before, Lina."

"Because Louie and I thought it better not to worry you with a trouble beyond your help. I intended to give him a lesson. I do, indeed. That is, if you can spare me to go.

"You must go, dear, I shall get along very nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the fourteen mile drive to her brother's house. It was most unlike a house wherein any evil spirit of fault finding should have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well trained servants, and all comforts wealth can furnish, it seemed a perfect paradise on earth to visitors. But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise.

For the first fortnight Essie took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portals of the eternal home. There was a baby, too, six months old, and its wants filled all the spare moments. Herbert sneered and fretted over domestic shortcomings, but Lina peremptorily forbade all mention of these in the sick room, having the doctor's authority for saying the patient's very life depended upon quiet.

But when convalescence begun, Lina sent Essie and the baby to visit old Mrs. Worthington, and she took control of Herbert and the children, and the household, determined to show her brother how far he carried the habit of fault-finding. With all her severity, she did believe he was himself unaware of the frequency of his quarrelsome complaints and the exaggeration of his fretful statements. The first dinner saw the beginning of the lesson Lina meant to teach. Herbert entered the dining-room, his handsome face disfigured by its habitual frown. Henry and Louie were seated.

"Soup," said Herbert, lifting the tureen cover; "perfect dish water."

"Susan," said Lina, sharply, to the servant, before Herbert could lift the ladle; "take that tureen to the kitchen and tell Jane the soup is not fit to eat."

Susan promptly obeyed. Herbert looked rather rueful at the vanishing dish. He was especially fond of the soup, and the savory fumes of the really delicious fish were tantalizing. All dinner time Lina kept up a fencing at Susan about that abominable soup, till Herbert wished he had said nothing about it. But his imagination detected a burnt flavor in the pudding he could not refrain from mentioning it, and before he could remonstrate, that dish followed the soup.

"I'll get this house in some kind of order before I leave it," said Lina, very emphatically.

"Before you leave it," said Herbert, sharply. "Do you suppose you are a better housekeeper than Essie? Why, I have not a friend who does not envy me the exquisite order of my house and my dinner table."

"Herbert, you surprise me. Only yesterday I heard you say you did wish there was ever anything fit to eat on the table."

"One doesn't expect every word to be taken literally," said Herbert, rather sulkily. But not an hour after, finding a streak of dust in the sitting room, he declared emphatically that it was not fit for a pig to live in. What was the consequence? Coming into it the next morning he found the curtains torn down, the carpets taken up, the floor littered with pails, soap and brushes, and Lina in a dismal dress, her hair tied up in a towel, directing two women who were scrubbing vigorously.

"Good gracious, Lina! he cried, "what are you doing?"

"Cleaning this room."

"Why Essie had the whole house cleaned, only the other day," he added, contemptuously.

"Well," said Lina, slowly. "I thought this room a marvel of neatness myself, but when you said it was not fit for the pigs, I supposed you wanted it cleaned."

"The room was well enough," was the curt reply. "For mercy's sake don't turn any more of the house upside down."

At breakfast a tiny tear in Louie's apron caught her father's eye, and by angry statement, "she never had a decent stitch of clothes, and he did wish somebody would see to her."

Two days after a formidable linen draper's bill was sent to him, and Lina explained it in this wise:

"You said, Herbert, that Louie hadn't a decent stitch, and you wished somebody would see to her, so I bought her a complete outfit. I could not see any fault myself, but of course I got more expensive articles, as you did not like those already provided. I am glad you called my attention to the poor neglected child."

Poor neglected child!" echoed the astonished Herbert. "Why, Lina, Essie fairly slaves her life out over those children. I am sure I never see any better dressed or neater."

Lina merely shrugged her shoulders.

A month passed. Essie gained strength in the genial atmosphere surrounding Louie and her mother, while Lina ruled Herbert's house with a rod of iron. Herbert began to experience a sick longing for Essie's gentle presence. Lina took him so literally in all he said, and yet he could not rebuke her for doing what he openly wished.

An arm chair with a tiny spot of dirt being declared absolutely filthy, was upholstered and varnished at a cost of ten dollars. A dozen new shirts, Essie's last labor of love, being said to set like meal bags, were bestowed upon the gardener and a new set obtained. Every window was opened after a pretty declaration that the "room was as hot as an oven," and an hour later the grate was fired up to smothering heat because he declared it cold enough to freeze a polar bear.

In short, with apparently an energetic attempt to correct all short comings, and put the house upon a perfect basis, Lina succeeded in nearly doubling her brother's expenses, and drove him to the verge of distraction.

But Essie, well and strong again, was coming home. On the day of her expected arrival, Lina, with a solemn face, invited her brother into the sitting room for a few minutes of private conversation.

"Herbert," she said very gravely, "I have a proposition to make to you. You are my only brother, and I tell you I love you very dearly. It has really grieved me to the heart to see how much there is to find fault with in your beautiful home.

Herbert twisted himself uneasily in his chair, but Lina continued:

"You know that mother is very dependent upon you, Louie having the house and children to care for, but I think would sacrifice her own comfort for yours. So if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently, to keep things in order for you."

Here Lina was obliged to pause and strangle a laugh at Herbert's expression of horror and dismay.

"You are very kind," he faltered, the instinct of a gentleman battling with a strong desire to tell Lina she would certainly drive him into a lunatic asylum by six months more of her model housekeeping

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage certainly needs all the aid and sympathy his family can give him."

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke hotly:

"You are entirely mistaken, Lina. I have not made an unfortunate marriage. If ever a man was blessed in a wife, I am that man."

"You amaze me, Herbert!" Lina cried in well-feigned astonishment.

"I don't see why you should be surprised. Essie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model mother and a perfect home angel—God bless her.

"Herbert, is that true?"

"I cannot believe it!" was the the slow response

"Cannot believe it!" Why?"

"Because," and Lina dwelt impressively only on every word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting her frequently, I have never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise to Essie. I never saw one look of approbation or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort upon your face. Continual fault finding, constant blame have changed her from a happy girl to a pale, careworn woman. Even her last illness was but the unspoken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure and constant striving for approbation never given. And you tell me now she never failed in her duty to you. There is a grave error some where, Herbert."

The sadly earnest tone, the face of thoughtful gravity, sent every word home in the young man's heart. He spoke one word in self-defense as Lina slowly left the room. In the profound silence that followed consciousness reviewed the past, and he knew that his sister had only spoken the truth.

"God help me," he whispered, "to conquer this fault. Essie shall hear no more fault finding, and if I see her drooping I shall send her to mother, and I have Lina here to keep house."

Never had wife and mother warmer welcome than greeted Essie. The children were almost crazy in their loudest demonstrations of delight. But Lina had to run into the hall to hide her merry eyes when Herbert, kissing Essie said: "We must let mother have Lina now, dear. She has been very kind and worked hard for my comfort, but I want my home all to myself for a little while."

The girl looked in his face with a glad smile, and then kissed her sister-in-law and mother. Lina knew the battle was won in the right direction. In the days that followed Essie found appreciation meeting every effort to add home comfort, a word of praise for every little triumph of cookery or needle work, her pale face grew bright with happiness, and Herbert found his own heart lightened by the cheerful voice, the sunny smile, the bright eyes of the Essie he had wooed years before.

And Lina, making a visit six months later, told her mother on her return:

"Herbert learned his lesson by heart, mother. He appreciates Essie now at her value, and lets her know it."

AUNT DOLEFUL'S VISIT.—"How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were ill, and I stopped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say: 'It's such a comfort to see you, Aunt Doleful You have such a flow of conversation, and are so lively!' Besides I said to myself as I came up stairs,—Perhaps its the last time I shall ever see Cornelia alive.

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well now, how do you know? You can't tell You think you are getting better, but there was poor Mrs. James sitting up, and everyone saying how much better she was, and all of a sudden she was taken ill with spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash. Jemima is young to bring the baby up by hand. But you must be careful, and not get anxious and excited. Keep quite calm and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the baloony in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness, what's the matter! I dare say Providence 'll take care of him. Dyn't look so. You thought Bridget was watching them? Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked at me like a burglar. No doubt she'll let him take the impression of the doorkey in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for a ten dollar bill. Now don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! how singular it is to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age! It might be all and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them, though; that ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything the matter with it. And many don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear! dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the town, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia! I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I cant do anything else I can cheer you up.

HOW THEY CURED THE TUTOR.

He was the pink of perfection. If the cream of human excellence was to be churned the butter would lump up in the shape of Professor Porteous Prye tuter. He had contracted the habit of stealing up stairs in his stocking feet to see if the lights were out at ten. It is hard teaching old dogs new tricks, but boys sometimes succeed better with old professors.

Tommy Tayre is a cadaverous youth, with a sulphur-colored mustache, but the iron had entered his soul, and he said he must do what he could. So he bought three papers of carpet tacks one night, and stood the innocent little nails, business ends up, all the way up and down the stairs and retired with his faithful followers to the wood closet above to wait results. Promptly the chapel bell struck ten, then a season of waiting and whispering followed. Presently came a furry, creeping sound like woollen stockings feeling their way over rough boards. Tommy tucked his hat in his mouth—his mouth runs clear around, except a small isthmus which connects the top of his head with the nape of his neck—and held his nose till the first burst of glee had subsided.

Now came a suppressed scream, one foot on the stairs; then another foot down, then a scream that wasn't suppressed; then a howl; he had struck the second stair; then he sat down on the next step, but he got up again, and a groan, with exclamation points after it, came tearing up to the wood closet. The boys stood back to give Tommy room to kick; then came a scrambling and shouting of heavy words, and distinct mention of the "father of iniquity," and Tom promptly appeared and asked, in a voice fresh from the valley of Nod, "What seems to be the matter?" "Matter?" "The boys" "the demons;" "confound it;" "see here;" "help!" and he shifted about and hung to the railing, and tried to stand on his knees.

Tom brought a light and the boys carried the wounded man to his room, and offered sympathy; got a claw hammer and draw out the tacks. The professor wears slippers and sits on a cushion. Tom sits on nettles, for seventeen boys know the secret, and it is spreading like small-pox in an Indian camp.

ONLY A "SUB."

He was only a "sub." He took work whenever he could get it from the other comps. He came in the editorial room at the dead hour of night, when graveyards are supposed, according to Shakspere, to be in a troubled condition. His hair was a soft of the don't-care kind, and looked like a fodder stack that had had an attack of wind colic, and as he stood there and pronounced the awful word "cop"—which in a printing office vernacular does not mean a policeman, but brain work from the editor's muscle—he looked like anything would satisfy him, from a death notice set in five em spaces to an anathema upon Grant to be put in Nonpareil quads. The editor's muscle was weak; he had been grinding out poetry and prose from early morning, and when he glanced at that sub's face and felt of his own muscle, he concluded that this world was but a fleeting show. But still there stood before him that gaunt figure, crying "cop," and with his arms folded and eyes lifted ceilingward, he was undoubtedly the champion of the hour. The clock on the wall or rather the galvanized repeater in the editorial pocket, ticked and ticked; the hungry devil munched on sauer kraut and spice; loud the wind whistled through the crevices, and as the weary newspaper man looked up, there was a cry of "cop." All the fates curse yel exclaimed the infuriated quill driver. In the language of Richelieu, the sword is mightier than the pen; if you take two of them, put a rivet through the middle, and use them as scissors. Still, in a low, soul-thrilling tone, there was a cry for "cop." Then the editor, he got mad; such a mad man never before seen since a Western editor fought a duel with a mosquito with a damning needle. His face grew livid with rage, his hair stood upon end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, and jumping, he seized up the scissors and brandishing them wildly in the air, he exclaimed, in accents wild, as though with the last expiring breath, and trotting toward that aggravating sub, who had now raised to a falsetto, and was squeaking out "cop," "Man" he said, "thou canst not thwart me. I have a weapon. Its power is undisputed. By this glittering steel, the blades of which, as an trenchant as the words of Toledo, I will an editorial out from an exchange. By my faith and these unerring scissors, I will make a world of 'cop.' He seized the crisp exchange in the grip of a giant; like the flash of steel it flitted through the heavens, the terrible weapon did its way through the columns and the prize was gained. In frantic joy the sub seized it, and bore it to the room above, as the editor sank into and weak into his chair, himself a sacrifice upon the spread his pallid features.—*Printer's Circular.*

THE idea that Congress cannot distinguish between a patriotic citizen and a politician who might be induced by the vote of an election to do anything to get a place, is a mistake. The people of this country are not to be fooled, or forced, or bullied into electing the President of their choice, nor will that submit to bitter imputation, when they have chosen, to see the place given to a politician who has neither the ability nor the character to fill it. The people are sick of the whole business, like the Indian, they will kill.

AN INJURED TRAVELER.

A man dressed in good clothes, an eyeglass and a gold mounted cane, and possessing a rather, clerical appearance, hailed a passing street-car. There was nothing unusual or particularly noticeable in this except the air of lofty dignity with which he commanded a halt, and the exquisite effect which he made to maintain his center of gravity as he passed to the car, and revealed the fact that he was slightly inebriated. Arriving at the door he ostensibly raised his right foot to enter, but not raising it quite high enough, he fell headlong on the floor of the car. Raising himself up with some difficulty, he cast a severely reproving look at the old gentleman sitting near the door, he said.

"Sir, what d' you lift this car for just as I was going to get in?

"My dear sir, I didn't lift the car, replied the old gentleman meekly.

"Well, perhaps you didn't. I won't tempt to argue with a man in your condition.—My amiable friend, it's my calm and deliberate opinion; you've been looking upon the wine when it is red. Very sorry to see it in a man of your age. What d' you suppose your mother would say if she would see you intoxicated? My friend, I've shed many bitter tears over such cases as yours. Yes, continued he, in a faltering voice, and pulling out his handkerchief, "and I m d—d if I ain't weeping now, as you'll readily observe.

Whereupon he wiped his eyes with a grand flourish, and blew his nose, and navigated to the other end of the car

When he reached his destination, he pulled the bell strap and started for the door.—When he got about half way, and just as he was in front of a lady, he tripped and fell at full length on the floor. Raising himself to a perpendicular he turned to the lady, and in a tone of mingled severity and whiney, said:

"Madame, you've certainly got the biggest foot I ever saw in my life."

"Sir!" said the lady indignantly.

"Oh, don't 'pologize, madam. I beg you not to 'pologize. You're not to blame for it But if you would just pare 'em down a little 'twould be a great commodation to the traveling public."

The lady was speechless with indignation, the passengers were convulsed and the gentleman slalked majestically out to the door stepped to the ground, and immediately sat down As the car moved away, he arose, examined his clothes, looked up and down the street, waved his hand in an uncertain manner and stalked away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HONESTY—A BRIEF SERMON.

Everybody says that everybody should be honest; but everybody is not honest either at home or abroad. That we should be honest in our trade; weights and measures, dealing with our neighbors and with our strangers, is clearly right. That a strong principle of integrity should govern us, is just what every man not admits, but believes and contends for. There is no such thing as being too honest. Honesty is a virtue better than gold, richer than rubies, more precious than gems and costly trappings—a much richer adornment for manhood or womanhood than wealth can purchase or place secure. To be honest is to be like a child and angel, and Christ said of little children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." But we wish to write a word—a strong word—in behalf of honesty.—There are many people who are honest away from home; they make home promises only to break them. As husbands they make a thousand and one promises to their wives, and hint a thousand and one good things, and raise many pleasant expectations they never seem to think of again. As wives they practice a thousand little deceits, equivocate many times, when straightforward honesty was just the thing required. As parents they conceal, go around the truth deceive and often falsify to their children, when the truth is always better, always the best. The children see their parents' double dealing, see their want of integrity and learn to cheat, deceive and equivocate. The child is too often a chip off the old block.

EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.

Judge—What is your business, sir? What do you follow for a livelihood?

Wit—Nothing particularly,

Judge—You do not appear to be a man of property—how do you get your bread?

Wit—I sometimes get it of Mr Humbert, the baker, sir—and sometimes—

Judge—Stop, sir. Understand my question. How do you support yourself?

Wit—On a chair, sir, in the day time; or a bed at night.

Judge—I do not sit here to trifle. Are you a mechanic?

Wit—No sir.

Judge—What are you then?

Wit—A Presbyterian, sir.

Judge—If you do not answer me, I will have you taken care of.

Wit.—I would thank your honor to do it; for the times are so hard that I cannot take care of myself.

Judge—You work around the wharves, I suppose?

Wit—No sir—you can't get around them without a boat. I don,t own one.

Judge—I believe you are an idle vagabond.

Wit—Your honor is very slow of belief, or you would have found that out before.

Judge—What do you know of the case now before the court?

Wit.—Nothing, sir.

Judge—Then why do you stand there?

Wit.—Because I have no chair to sit in.

Judge—Go about your business,

AN OVER-ANXIOUS MAN

—He was around yesterday afternoon inquiring after 'the latest,' and he looked so hard up and knocked about that many wondered what possible benefit a political victory could be to him When they made bold to ask him, he replied.

'Well, you see, my brother Bill is fishing for the office of Secretary of War.'

'He is, eh!

'Yes, sir, and if he gets it he will get brother Sam appointed revenue collector.

'Yes.'

'And then Sam will get the old man appointed postmaster.

'Yes.

'And the old man will get my brother-in-law on as letter-carrier.

'Yes.

'And my brother-in-law will use his influence to get me appointed weight-master of the Western District, and then the whole family will waddle around in clover knee-high. You see how much depends on this thing. How's Florida goes?

JURISDICTION OF RAVENS.

The following colloquy, which occurred between two Senegambians in front of this office Saturday, during a lull in the machine, illustrates the superstitious sentiment which the negroes entertain for the Republican party and its leaders.

"Tell you what, *Sam*, dat man Hayes am the smartest man ober lived!"

"Eh! 'Jim, he ain't smarter dan Linkum!

"Yesh! he's smarter dan Lincum, I tell you.

"Is he smarter dan Grant?

"Lor, chile! he's smarter dan Grant.

"Well, dat is he smarter dan de Lord?

"Not sartly, Sam; but he young. He

BIRTH.

—*Morristown Herald.*—"Love makes 180 pounds of girl feel no heavier than a feather on a fellows knee." *Felton Times.*—"And the same fellow would have his leg cramped out of shape by seventy-five pounds of wife." *Danbury News.*—"That would depend somewhat upon whose wife it was."

—"I sympathize sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband so young—" "Ah, yes, he was very good.—And then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of a husband one has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a husband one will find to relieve him."

—The paternal author of an heiress was approached by a youth who requested a few moments conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment——" "Young man," interrupted the parent briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about: You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on this subject. I have given my consent to the others, and give it to you; God bless you."

—A promising youth of only seven summers who had been assured of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father. "Father did you use to lie when you was a boy?" "Me, my son," said the paternal, who did not recall the past with any distinctness. "Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer. "No, but why?" "Oh, because I can't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy that tells as many as I do."

—A gentleman dining with a friend one day, was struck by the earnestness with which one of the little girls regarded him. His therefore took her upon his knee, and began talking with her. "Please, sir," said she, presently, 'tell me what's in the house next to yours? I'd like to see it." "Tell me, my little girl why you wish to know." "Because, sir, I heard mamma say you were next door to a brute."

—A paper "out West" has the following notice: "All notices of marriage where no bride-cake is sent will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have special notice in very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed or stolen."

—Jefferson requested this inscription to be placed on his monument; "Author of the Declaration of Independence, Framer of the Bill of Civil Rights for Virginia, and Father of the University of Virginia." Grant can also have three inscriptions on his monument: "Taker of Bribes, Patron of Rogues, and Father of Returning Boards."

—The following dialogue recently occurred in one of our rural justice's courts. 'Do you know the prisoner, Mr Jones?' 'Yes, to the bone.' 'What is his character?—*Didn't know he had any.*' 'Does he live near you?' 'So near that he has spent only five shillings for fire wood in eight years.'—'Did he ever come in collision with you in any matter?' 'Only once, and then he was drunk, and mistook me for a lamp post.' 'From what you know of him, would you believe him under oath?' 'That depends upon circumstances. If he was so much intoxicated that he did not know what he was saying, I would—if not, I wouldn't.'

—Ex-Surgeon-General Francis, of the British Army in India, writes: '