The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13 1877. VOL 12 NO 24.

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY MORNINGS, AT EASTON, MD.

F. E. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Only 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—8 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 number of times to be inserted, will be marked tf. and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates. Special Notices in Local columns, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

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,

she will leave Clara's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chance's Point, Sherman's, Oxford, Double Mills, and Easton. Arriving at Cambridge at 1.30, and leave at 5 o'clock P.M.

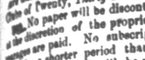
On the return trip will leave Easton every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 7 o'clock A.M.; Leave at 9, Cambridge 10, Clara's Point 12 M., arriving in Baltimore at 7 P.M.

LEAVE EASTON on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, will leave same 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 12 o'clock noon; arriving in Baltimore at 5 P.M.

Freights 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, (Peach Creek,) Trimble's Wharf and Wye Landing.

Returning will leave every

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY

from 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.

R. A. DODSON, Agent, St. Michaels. apr25

Maryland & Delaware

RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

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

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
Leave			Leave		
Easton	8 15	A. M.	New York	8 55	P. M.
Oxford	8 30	"	Baltimore	7 00	A. M.
Bevis	8 40	"	Philadelphia	8 15	"
Bloomingdale	8 55	"	Wilmington	9 36	"
Trappe	9 10	"	Clayton	12 30	P. M.
Neavitt	9 20	"	Kenton	12 45	"
Cambridge	9 45	"	Slaughters	1 00	"
Secretary	10 00	"	Marydell	1 15	"
Choptank	10 10	"	Henderson	1 25	"
Preston	10 25	"	Goldsborough	1 35	"
Hillsboro	10 40	"	Greensborough	1 55	"
Arrive at			Ridgely	2 10	"
Denton	11 00	"	Hillsborough	2 20	"
Harrington	4 00	P. M.	Cordova	2 35	"
Georgetown	4 40	"	Woodland	2 45	"
Milford	7 50	"	Arrive at		
Lewes	9 35	"	Easton	3 00	"

Freight must be at the various stations at least 30 minutes before starting of Trains, otherwise will by over twenty-four hours. Freight trains have no passenger car attached and will be subject to accident to freight business.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent

PETERS' CALF BUTTON SHOES.

THE Handsomest Youths' Button Boots to be seen at M. M. HIGGINS.

BOOK MARKS and MOTTOES.

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

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

Next door to The Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, horses, &c., at the office. Stable accommodation for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hacks run regularly to the steamboat wharf to convey passengers with dispatch. The highest market price paid for corn, hay, fodder and straw.

DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD

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

Easton, Md., apr 22

OYSTERS' and MERCHANTS' LINE

BETWEEN THE SCHOONERS

Richard & Clara M. Leonard.

The above vessels are now running between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of towing as cheap, if not cheaper, than can be done by any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. All freight to 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.

LEONARD & BRO.

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

Lard Oil, Coal Oil—

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

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

FIRE

AND

MARINE INSURANCE!

Continental Ins. Co. of Brooklyn, $2,200,000
Franklin Ins. Co. of Phil's, 3,400,000
Royal Canadian Ins. Co. of Montreal, 6,000,000
Washington Ins. Co. of Bangor, Me., 825,000
Germania Mutual Ins Co of N.Y. 1,000,000
Hamilton Ins. Co. of New York, 1,250,000

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

EDWARD H ROE, AGENT,
Easton, Md.

Risks taken on the best terms and made liberal from the payment of the money.

E. H. ROE,
Register's Office, Easton Md

CANDY PACKAGE DYES—

The best in use—
All Colors—
All shades—
Bright and beautiful.

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

B. J. TRIPPE'S

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

Building Materials of all Kinds.

Weatherboarding, Framing,
Shingles, 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. He 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.

We have received and are now offering a larger and finer line of

MENS' AND BOY'S GOODS

For Fall and Winter Wear

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

Our Boys' Department occupies one entire floor, where can be found suits from 2½ years upwards, in leading fabrics and designs.

Goods exchanged 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.

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 to all cases. Carts and Wagons of all descriptions make to order.

HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. In this branch of business, the feet will be carefully 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.

oct24-1y PATRICK RYAN.

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

THE PERKIN'S & HOUSE—and the Atwoods non-Explosive Lamps—the safest 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 B. J. TRIPPE.

LANTERNS of the most approved kind for sale at Tripp's.

GREAT ANODYNE AND NERVINE,

BELTS

STOMACH AND TONIC BITTERS,

Being Celebrated 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 nerves and sensitive 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.

BELT'S GALIPEA BITTER DEPOT,
13 Camden Street, Baltimore, Md.

oct31.76 6m

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 hack and omnibus 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 his busses free of all charge to the Paragon. Horses and carriages for hire and passengers sent to any part of the Peninsula.

oct31.76 1y

A FILE DRIVER for Saw, W. W. TUNIS & BRO.

LOTTIE'S WALK TO BOSTON.

It was nine o'clock in the morning. By the roadside sat a little child. A rough looking man came driving slowly by. He had red hair, a thick red beard, and light blue eyes, so light that they seemed almost white.

The man was nearly at his journey's end, but something in the child's face attracted his attention. Perhaps it was because he had a little girl in his rough home that he had left a few hours ago, and the pitiful expression in this young face touched his farther heart.

Almost instinctively he stopped his tired horse, and looked down upon her. He saw that she was pretty. Her large, dark eyes were raised fearlessly. The little blue check sun-bonnet had fallen to her shoulders and the thick, flat, brown curls were plastered on her forehead by the perspiration caused by walking in the sun.

Presently a clear, musical voice reached his ear.

"Is Boston very far off, now?"

"My next stopping-place, puss. Are you going to Boston? There's only the long bridge 'way yonder, to cross, and you're there."

The child drew a long sigh of relief. "I'm so tired," she said. "Guess I'll rest a little longer."

"Where d'ye come from?" asked the drover.

"Way from Thornville," mentioning a town about twelve miles off; and she lifted her old sun bonnet to its proper place and tied the strings.

The drover took his basket, which was filled with crackers and ham and cheese, and as the place happened to be somewhat secluded, he clambered down from the high wagon, and seated himself beside the child.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said she simply.

"Then eat;" and he filled her hands with crackers. "So you're going to Boston—such a mite as you? Well, well!"

"I'm going to Dr. Iris. Do you know him? queried the girl, eagerly. "He lives on Tremont street, and he fixes people's eyes. That's all he does do. One of the neighbors told my mother about it, and she said that he almost makes the blind see. I walked all the way from Thornville."

"You walked?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you set out?"

"Yesterday, in the afternoon. Mother thinks I spent the night at Cousin Sara's and I did mean to, 'cause I wanted her to go with me; but she was sick, so I came right on."

"Whew! Walked from there, eh? Where did spend the night?"

"In a barn."

"What? In a barn? Well, you are one of 'em. Your mother must have a sight of faith in you."

"O, she don't know it. I mean she don't know I've come all this way. I stay some times at Cousin Sara's. And there's Betty at home—she's my sister—and though she is lame, she can do a good bit; but I could'nt bear to see mother suffer so."

"If that don't beat all!" exclaimed the drover, after a long stare of admiration.—"She's the pluckiest little critter ever I did see. "Well all I hope is that you may do what you come for; but I don't know Dr. Iris, I s'pose, is one o' them rich fellers that want big fees."

"But I don't want him to come for nothing," said the child.

"Don't!"

"No; I'll pay him when I am grown up."

"Well, that's too good!" he roared. "I'm blessed if I ever saw anything so funny in all my born days. A kitten like you talking about paying when you're grown up. How old may you be now, Miss—Miss—"

"My name's Lottie, and I'm nine next May," said the child with a serious manner and nothing daunted by his air of amused interest.

"Well well, I never!" muttered the drover, raising and stretching his brawny frame. "But come, I'll give you a ride as far as Boston, any way;" and the next moment he lifted her, as if she had been a feather, and placed her on the seat beside him.

So they jogged along behind the staid old horses, while the man pointed out the sights. Everything was novel and delightful to the little woman. The long bridge the sparkling water, the vessels, and steamtugs, the glint of the sun upon the river, the fine carriages that roll past them. Everything she saw she treasured, that she might carry the picture home fresh to her mother and beguile the long, dark, painful hours with the story of her experience.

Leaving her with some pennies in her hand, and as near to the place of her destination as he conveniently could, the drover went on, quite lost in admiration of this brave little soul, and Lottie began to look about her.

The noise of the streets, the hurrying, jostling throngs, the cries and clamor of the news venders and street merchants disconcerted her a little. In all her life she had never seen such bewildering beautiful things as the shop windows displayed. It was as a trip into fairy land, and a thrill of genuine pleasure caused her for a moment to forget the responsibility of the errand she had taken upon herself.

It was a long time before she found the location she desired, and then, poor child, she lingered about the door with the sensitive fear of a novice. She had pictured to herself so terrible an object, terrible mainly because of the dignity and power with which she had invested the skillful oculist, who could do, it seemed to her, almost what he would with dis ease—she had so pictured him, I say, that the thought of meeting such greatness—embodied, probably, in the form of a tall, pr neely person sonage, who would scarcely deign to look up on her, caused her poor little heart to throb almost to suffocation. At last she summoned sufficient courage to pull the door bell. A handsome, motherly looking woman opened the door, for the doctor's servant, who usually attended to that duty, was busy putting the doctor's horse in harness.

"I don't think the doctor can see you now, little girl," said the housekeeper looking somewhat disdainfully upon the small figure and the homely cap-bonnet, in whose darkening shadow the soft brown eyes were almost hidden from sight.

"O please let me speak to him just a moment! I came all the way from Thornville, and I haven't anywhere to go."

She burst into tears. The sob and the pathos of the child's tones had penetrated into the interior of the house.

Who is it, Mrs. Sanderson? spoke up a singularly manly voice, as some one crossed the hall.

"Only a little girl, sir. She's come a good distance, she says, but as it is after hours I thought"—

"Never mind, let her come in; I'll give her a minute or two."

Another second, and Lottie, her brain all in a whirl, found herself, breathless and trembling, in a bright looking room, standing in the presence of a slender, light-haired gentleman, whose smiling eyes, like two benignant suns, seemed to send light and cheer into the poor, cold, frightened little heart.

"Well, anything the matter with your eyes, little woman? Come here and let me see."

"Lottie, too which frightened to speak, went forward mechanically.

"They don't look like it. Suppose you take off your bonnet, and let me examine them more closely."

"It isn't my eyes, sir; it's mother's" she said, falteringly.

"O, and who is mother?"

"It's Mrs. Gaddis, sir; and we live in Thornville."

"We do?—but that's a long distance from here."

"Only a few miles, sir; I walked in since yesterday."

"Walked?—coming, John, in a few moments," he added, as the servant came to the door. "Did you say you walked?"

"Yes sir. I felt so bad for mother, because she can't see say more than's the way she earns our living. For Betty is lame in the hip and can't go out to service, and mother says she can't see very well, cries a good deal to think she can't work, and that makes her eyes. I thought if you'd give me something for them that would cure her, I'd thank you as much, and if you'd please wait till I grown up, I would. And they say you make money by the dollars outside to pay your charges."

The doctor looked her, all over, from the curly crown to the coarse shoes, all dusty and travel-worn. Then something came into his eyes which he winked away, and he put his hand on the child's head.

"You're a very brave little girl," he said, and that was all. She dared not raise her eyes to his face, while he drew on his long gloves. She did not see the pressure of his lips, and then the half amused smile that curled them as he looked forward to the growing up of the mite who stood trembling before him.

"Come!" he said in a voice that made her start and thrill to the heart with joy, though she did not know why. But she looked up and saw that he was moving toward the door.

"I'm going to see your mother," he said, smiling like a prince, and O what pleasant eyes he had! They seemed as if they might look life into poor eyes that were dead.

"Seven years ago," he said, "I was in Thornville, and wearied out with a long walk. I was a student then, and I stopped at a cottage door and rested. A sweet-faced woman, with a little girl in her arms, gave me some cool fresh milk to drink. Who knows but it was your mother?"

He took her hand in his, and to the surprise of the portly housekeeper, led the little girl, with her homely frock and her old sunbonnet, to his wide substantial buggy. Then, placing her carefully upon the seat he got in beside her, and they went off together.

The afternoon sun sent his mild beams over the country lanes and fields, when at last little Lottie, her scheme triumphant, drove up to the cottage door. They found the widow in terrible consternation, and Betty, the lame girl, crying; for news had just come that Lotty had gone off to the city by herself; and the fond mother pictured all sorts of catastrophes for her child. But when the doctor told his story and presented the brave little girl, the mourning turned into joy.

No pains were spared to restore sight to the eyes diseased from overwork and tears. The doctor adopted the whole family in fact, procured help for Betty, a nurse for the mother, and the benefit of a good school for little Lotty. And sometimes he tells her that he is waiting very patiently for her to grow up, that she may fulfill her promise, and pay him for having restored her mother's sight; and I have not the least doubt in the world but she will do it.

For THE STAR.

Frank Schley's AMERICAN PARTRIDGE AND PHEASANT SHOOTING.

Written by Himself.

In the above named work, Mr. Schley has given us an exhaustive treatise upon this favorite sport, which will prove equally interesting and valuable to all lovers of the dog and gun. While the entire book will be read with pleasure by all true sportsmen, it is the first part only which will command the special attention of Eastern Shore gunners. The Ruffed Grouse, or "Pheasant" is no longer ranked among our game-birds on this side on the bay, and the absence of its favorite wooded hills, together with the close cultivation of the country forbid all hope of its re-introduction.

The Woodcock affords sport for too short a time and in weather too trying to be of much consequence, and Wilson's Snipe is but a passing visitor whose acquaintance is scarcely made before he is off again, so that "Bob White" has the field pretty much to himself.

As a literary production, Mr. Schley's book is open to severe criticism. Evidently the author's fingers are more familiar with the trigger than the pen, and much may be forgiven to one who is too much absorbed in his subject to be nice about his style and whose readers will be largely in sympathy with him. But such grammatical errors as "sat" for "sis," "laid" for "lay," the almost indiscriminate use of singular nouns with plural verbs, and *vice versa*, are scarcely pardonable; and it is to be regretted that the author did not submit his mss. before publication to the revision of some literary friend.

Mr. Schley enumerates no less than seven distinct species and varieties of Partridge or Quail, only one of which, however, is found in the eastern portion of the United States. The Texan bird has probably established his claim to be regarded as a permanent variety, his differences from our little familiar friend being slight, but well marked. Our author confines the former to Southern Texas, but close observation will no doubt identify him with his Florida brethren. It is somewhat unfortunate that a confusion of name should exist, the same bird being known in different sections as "Partridge" and "Quail," while the Ruffed Grouse is exclusively called "Partridge" in the northern States. The truth is that none of the birds mentioned by Mr. Schley is entitled to either name. Neither "Pheasant," "Partridge" nor "Quail" exists on this continent. Our mountain "Pheasant" is a true Grouse, closely allied to all the fifteen or her species of "*Tetraonidæ*" which inhabit the country, and is no more a pheasant or a partridge than a turkey. There is more reason for calling "Bob White" by either of his common appellations, for he occupies an intermediate place between the true partridges and the quails, differing, however, from both in important particulars and sharing with his cousins of the Pacific region the family name of "Colin."

Mr. Schley has thoroughly mastered the habits of this game little bird and the methods by which he may be captured in a sportsmanlike style. His treatment of this whole subject is the most practical we have ever read and in the main the most correct, and we will guarantee to the man who follows his directions the best of sport and the fullest of game bags. There will be differences of opinion in regard to weight and gauge of gun, style of shooting, management of dog, etc., but the man who *agrees with Mr. Schley will bag the largest number of birds*, if our experience is worth anything. There are a few points, however, on which we must take issue with the author. The partridge is a *partially* migratory bird. If undisturbed, the old pair will almost certainly lead off the young covey to some distance from the ground on which it was reared, but the instinct of the young birds is to remain in the same neighborhood, unless so led, until they have broods to carry off. Any gunner who will take the pains to shoot out the old birds from the coveys early, in the season will be sure of birds in his fields until January. Mr. Schley regards the Pigeon-Hawk and the Goshawk as the greatest enemies of the Partridge. Both these birds are rare on the Eastern Shore, and the latter, at least, all through Maryland. The great Red Tailed Hen Hawk, Cooper's Hawk and the little sharpshin kill and eat more birds than all the rest of the feathered pirates together, excepting only the "Bogby," or Great Horned Owl. The gunner should shoot these freebooters on sight, especially Cooper's Hawk—the "Privateer."

Upon the point of "withholding scent," our author's remarks are very satisfactory, his explanation being the right one in every case but one of ten. And yet the nostrum he lauds is unmeaning nonsense too. The bird has perfectly as power to restrain its scent at will, nor does fear produce any such effect. Involuntarily, but when a bird drops and instantly "scents" with all its feathers tightly compressed against the body the escape of effluvium will be so slight that the finest nose will often fail to detect it. We feel quite sure, from close observation, that this dog scents birds into place on Mr. Schley, and that his infallible little book we have read with the fond anticipation of a gunning day on the Eastern Shore. A man we started on the author's theory, a message of dynamite would be in danger, but it is perfectly safe to do so in the case of snipe. Mr. Schley seems to be aware the fact that guns are made for shooting for the very purpose of preventing accidents. The advice which he gives for any gunner to attempt to practically carry in execution the precepts which each should be well drilled in, is, for the most part, very good. For years past we have followed the rounds of our cousin and taught their very principle point to the same course, i.e., carry your gun half cocked, and when you want to use it, bring it down, cock it, and fire in place of those suggested by the author, it will be noticed that they refer almost exclusively to the locks. Mr. Schley's directions in all other particulars being admirable. 1. Keep your gun invariably at the half cock and never cock it except when about to fire. At full-cock the sear catches in a shallow nick in the tumbler and a slight touch of the trigger releases the hammer. But the half-cock nick in the tumbler is so deep that no jar on the trigger can release it, the hammer protects the cap from any chance blow, and if the gun is not utterly worthless, the hammer or sear will break short off before it will explode the cap. An accident, with the gun at half cock, is thus next to impossible.

2. Never, under any *circumstances*, allow the hammer to rest upon the cap. The full-cock is far less dangerous, because then only a touch of the trigger can fire the gun and that is protected by the trigger-guard. *Many accidents* which has occurred within our knowledge during the past eight years has arisen from this reckless habit of Maryland gunners and the reasons for this are obvious. With the hammer *down* a twig, a fence rail, a catch in the clothing, a touch from a dog's paw or tail—almost anything, in short, may partially draw back the hammer and release it with force enough to explode the cap. At half-cock this would only *cock* the gun, or it would slip and catch again at the half-cock. Besides this a sharp blow on the back of the hammer, or even a very strong pressure, sometimes only the jar of the stock upon the ground will cause an explosion. In sections where this dangerous habit does not prevail accidents never occur except through gross carlessness. In Maryland fatal casualties from this cause mark every gunning season. How such a practice originated and why it is so generally observed in Maryland is a mystery, but it is a fact that we never knew of its prevalence elsewhere, and we never heard, in any other section, of one tenth of the fatalities which the Maryland papers record.

3. Never remove the caps from a loaded gun, except to place it in a vehicle or boat, and *always* replace them when you take it out. At home, guns should always be kept under lock and key, and breech-loaders need never be loaded except for immediate use. If you cannot look up your muzzle-loader, then draw or shoot out the charges before entering the house, but it is always best for the gun to keep it loaded. If you do, keep the caps on and a glance will show (the gun, of course, being half-cocked) that the loads are in. If no caps are on it is *prima facie* evidence that the weapon is unloaded and some fool will try to snap it off, "just out of fun," probably aiming it at somebody's head. If every gunner will add these rules to Mr. Schley's general directions and *observe them*, we will guarantee the country against gunning accidents for the next ten years, at least.

The book is gotten up in handsome style, and well-printed, except the title page. The illustrations are somewhat coarsely executed, but are well-drawn and accurate. We heartily commend the work to all lovers of field-sports.

THE NEXT SENATE and the PRESIDENT.

General Grant assumed the Presidential chair eight years ago with his well earned fame at its zenith. He was backed by the electoral vote of all but six States, a popular majority of over 300,000, five sevenths of the House of Representatives and five sixths of the Senate. He has seen this overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives swept away and the party left in a helpless minority. The Senate, being further removed from the influence of popular feeling, has not been affected by the full force of the tidal wave which carried the Democratic party into the seat of power, but it has still felt the influence of public opinion and the steadily growing distrust of the leaders in whom President Grant confided, and with whom he shared his vast power. In 1869 there were 58 Republicans and 10 Democrats in the Senate. The year following these numbers were increased by the admission of candidates previously elected and one change in Minnesota to 61 and 11, respectively. The Democrats gained 6 in the Forty-second Congress, the Republicans falling to 57, but in 1873 the great leaders, Sumner, Schurz, Trumbull and Fenton, and Tipton, of Nebraska, revolted from the administration, reducing the party vote to 51. In the Forty-third Congress the invincible two-thirds was broken by the election of Gordon in place of Hill, of Georgia, and Merrimon to succeed Pool, of North Carolina. The next year the death of Sumner added one to the list of administration Republicans, making the classification: Republicans, 50; Democrats, 19; Liberal Republicans, 4; vacancy, 1. The popular revulsion in 1874 made itself felt in the Forty-fourth Congress, when the Republican list was decreased to 44 and the Democrats increased to 29. The Republican majority was then reduced to 15, but was increased to 17 by the admission of Colorado Senators.

Counting the vacancies to be filled there are 29 seats which newly-elected members will assume on March 5. Several of the incumbents of these seats have been re-elected. The new members are as follows, their names being placed after the Senators whom they succeed:

State.	*Old Senators.*	*New Senators.*
Ala,	George Goldthwaite, D.	John T. Morgan, D.
Ark,	Powell Clayton, R.	A. H. Garland, D.
Fla,	T. M. Norwood, D.	Bent. H. Hill, D.
Ill,	John A. Logan, R.	David Davis, D.
Iowa,	George G. Wright, R.	S. J. Kirkwood, R.
Kan,	James M. Harvey, R.	A Republican.
Ky,	J. W. Stevenson, D.	James B. Beck, D.
La,	J. R. West, R.	Wm. P. Kellogg, R*
		Not yet elected, D†
	Vacancy	Not yet elected, R*
		J B. Eustis, D†
Maine,	Geo S Boutwell, R	Geo F Hoar, R
Mis,	J L Alcorn, R	L Q C Lamar, D
N H,	A H Cragin, R	E H Rollins, R
N J,	F T Frelinghuysen, R	J H McPherson, D
Ore,	J K Kelly, D	L Grover, D
S C,	T J Robertson, R	M C Butler, D‡
		D T Corbin, R‡
Tenn,	Henry Cooper, D	I G Harris, D
	D M Key, D	J E Baily, D
Tex,	M C Hamilton, R	R Coke, D
W Va,	S Price, D	P Hereford, D

* Elected by the Packard Legislature. † Elected by the Nichols Legislature. ‡ Elected by the Hampton Legislature. ‡ Elected by the Chamberlain Legislature.

Throwing aside for a moment the disputed seats from Louisiana and South Carolina, which we presume will finally be given to the Democrats, also the re-elected members, it appears that there are seventeen new members, of whom twelve are Democrats and four Republicans. The Republicans have lost five seats and gained none. The changes are with hardly an exception for the better. General Morgan, of Alabama, is an abler man than Judge Goldthwaite. Governor Garland, who succeeds Clayton, of Arkansas, is an able lawyer and and a sound conservative. Ben Hill's election fills a seat which hitherto might as well have been vacant for all the influence that its occupant had, and when we think of the current ability of Judge Davis in the place of Logan's demagogism, the courteous gentleman, L. Q. C. Lamar, in the seat of Alcorn, and George F. Hoar in Boutwell's place, we need not want for assurance that we shall see more of statesmanship and less of partisanship in the Senate of the Forty-fifth Congress than in that which preceeds it.

The next Senate then stands: Republicans, 39; Democrats, 34; contested seats, 3. The majority on organizing will be five Republicans, and according as the Louisiana and South Carolina contests are decided the Republican majority will be taught or less. Looking over the several States we find that fourteen Republicans are represented by two Republicans each, and four are divided—Kansas Democratic, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Nevada Republican, but in the six Democratic States have a united representation. The Southern States, the delegations of the general States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, are divided, and with each a slightly majority of one party, so that Mr. Hayes is inaugurated he will have the support of the Senate. If Tilden is inaugurated he too will have the support of the Senate, if not solid at least powerful.

THE ENDS OF GREAT MEN.

The four conquerors who occupy the most conspicuous places in the history of the world are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of him ambition, with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of millions, looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer—set a city on fire and died in a state of delirium.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped "three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights," and made her foundations quake, fled from his country, hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their god, and who called him Hannibal. Hannibal died at last by poison administered with his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities—after having dyeing his garments in the blood of more than one nation of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth—was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth—closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the departing vessels that did not, and could not, give him aid.

Thus these four great men, who seemed to stand the representatives of all these whom the world calls great—these four men, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died,—one by intoxication, as was supposed, by poison, in the wine, once suicide; one murdered by his friends; and one a lonely exile. How wretched is the end of all such earthly greatness.

ANOTHER ABDUCTION.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

A gentleman visited police headquarters this morning and told a remarkable story of abduction, which, if true, resembles in many respects the stealing of little Charlie Ross in Philadelphia. The statement was to the effect that John Kafu, a wealthy butcher, doing business at No 86 Centre street, in this city, needs his two children, Annie, aged fourteen years, and John, aged six years, to the school connected with the Church of the Transfiguration, at Mott and Park street. It is the custom of the girl to take her little brother home with her at noon-time, but when she inquired for him at recess to-day a number of little boys, who were companions and class-mates of her little brother, informed her that a man came up to the child as he was standing in front of the school, and talking pleasantly to him, finally gave him a twenty-five cent silver piece, and telling the little fellow what fine things could be bought for it induced him to go away with him. The children who witnessed the occurrence thought at the time that the man was acquainted with the boy, and consequently no alarm was given until the child's sister inquired for him. She hastened to her father's house and was then informed that her brother had not been at home. A search for him and his abductor was instituted, but without avail. A number of the children who saw the boy accosted visited police headquarters afterwards in company with Mr. Kafu, and said that the man had previously offered another child twenty-five cents to go with him.

A LOCAL RETURNING BOARD.

They were playing poker, and Pomp held a full hand. His eyes glistened with conscious triumph as he put up a ten-cent note and gazed at his partner expectantly.

'I raise dat ten cents,' remarked Pete.

'I goes a quarter more,' insinuated Pomp.

'I stand you and raise anuder quarter,' replied Pete.

'I continues on de war-path and flops down de last thirty cents' answered Pomp placing six nickles on the table.

'I kivers de pile and calls you,' remarked Pete.

'Fell hand,' said Pomp, turning his cards. 'What you get?'

'A pair, and de game am undecided.'

'What's dat? Undecided? Dis yer chile takes de pile.'

'Not by a long chalk. Dis case will now be referred to de returnin' board, who will examine into de particulars. Dar's plenty more good cards in de pack, and why didn't I git 'em? Dar's been intimidation and fraud, and meanwhile de returnin' board takes possession of de spoils,' and Pete reached out his hand.

Then the other side denied the right of the board to meddle, and when the reporter left the horrible demon of civil war was dancing a wild dance in the neighborhood and a policeman was marching up to mediate with a club.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Lent comes on Valentine's Day and Easter on April Fool's day this year.

—"Button up your lip" is the latest slang paraphrase of "shut your mouth."

—Great destitution prevails in New York and Brooklyn, and deaths from starvation and exposure are frequently reported.

—Dr. J. C. Ayer has been pronounced hopelessly insane by a number of physicians.

—Joseph F. Dengler, ex-cashier of the Pennsylvania National Bank of Pottsville, Pa., has been found guilty of embezzling $6,000 from the bank.

The Hon. Alexander R. Holliday, a former member of Congress from Virginia, died at his home, near Richmond, on Monday.

—Two masked burglars attempted to rob the house of Mr. Dimforth, near Troy, N. Y., Saturday evening, and also attempted to murder him, but were captured by his boys.

—"Universal education," says Joffe, "is essential to the safety of our republican government." Education is a very good thing in its way, but honesty is the supreme necessity. Honest ignorance is preferable to educated knavery any day in the year.

—Two hundred and fifty-nine persons were killed on railroads during the month of January, and one hundred and twenty-six were injured.

—Tunis half-dollars, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

It is easy to confuse the near-side light by closing the eyes; and it is easy to twist the clearest truth by hardening the heart against it.

In all differences consider that both you and your opponent are dropping dead, and that ere long your very memories will be extinguished.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat bite.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another, and all against the evil thing only.

A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them, on the principle that nothing looks well from behind.

Public reformers had need first practice on their own hearts that which they purpose to try on others.

Discretion is a noble quality; but regulated by knowledge or humility, it becomes rudeness.

Next to the man who can answer a question thoroughly is the man who can ask it clearly.

The more any one speaks of himself the less he likes to hear another talked of.

No science is speedily learned by the noblest genius without tuition.

What thou seest speak of with caution.

The eighth National Cat Show was opened on October 30 at the Crystal Palace, London. There were 168 cats on exhibition. Some were arrayed in white, gray, and silver dresses, and some had coats of wire that emitted phosphoric sparks when the fur rubbed the wrong way. One of the exhibitors set a value of $25,000 on "Little Brownie," a short-haired tabby aged three years.—This highly esteemed little puss was described in the catalogue as being a thoroughbred descent from cats in the possession of the owner and her father for nearly thirty years, and a tabulated pedigree for seven generation, framed and glazed, was affixed to the salon office in the palace. Notwithstanding the feats of Little Brownie, who was reported to be a famous rat catcher, having on many occasions dispatched five rats in a minute, the judges awarded in this case the first