The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1877. VOL. XII.--NO. 45.

THE EASTON STAR

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Orders from Clubs, Three Dollars in advance. No subscription discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor, until arrears are paid. Notice of discontinuance will be taken at a shorter period than six months. Books received will be promptly noticed under editorial head.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Transient Advertisements inserted at Dollar Edition Rates 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 published till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates. Special Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Saturday, April 7th, 1877, the Steamers of this Company will run as follows:

LEAVE Tilghman's Island every MONDAY, TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 A. M., touching at Bellevue, Cambridge, Chesapeake City, Fairhaven, Oxford, Bay Side, Tilghman's Island, Deal's Island, Dublin, Crisfield, Tangier, Pocomoke City, Ewell, Smith's Island, Tylerton, Rhodes Point, Wenona, Cambridge, Chesapeake City and Baltimore, returning the same days, leaving Baltimore at 7 A. M., touching at Chesapeake City, Cambridge, Wenona, Rhodes Point, Tylerton, Smith's Island, Ewell, Pocomoke City, Tangier, Crisfield, Dublin, Deal's Island, Tilghman's Island, Bay Side, Oxford, Fairhaven, Chesapeake City, Bellevue, Cambridge and Tilghman's Island.

On the Tuesday trip will be extended to Denton, making all the landings on the River. On the return of the Tuesday trip will leave Baltimore at 12 o'clock M. for Denton, every Wednesday at 12 o'clock M., returning to Baltimore by way of Tilghman's Island every Thursday.

The Steamer Talbot will ply between Baltimore and Bay Side, Tilghman's Island, touching at Cambridge, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 P. M., returning to Baltimore every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 7 A. M.

The Steamer Dorchester will ply between Baltimore and Cambridge, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 P. M., returning to Baltimore every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 7 A. M.

The Steamer Newsboy will ply between Baltimore and Tilghman's Island every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 6 P. M., returning to Baltimore every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 7 A. M.

The Steamer Captain John H. Kirwin, will leave Pier 1, Pratt st., foot of Camden, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 6:30 A. M., for St. Michaels and Miles River, returning the same days, leaving Miles River Ferry at 11 o'clock A. M., and reach Baltimore at 2 P. M.

Freight solicited at low rates and carefully handled. Baltimore, March 27, 1877.

THE PARAGON HOUSE,

JOHN W. COX, PROPRIETOR.

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

I have made arrangements to carry on the Hotel in all its branches, and will keep 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; Horses and carriages for hire and passengers sent to any part of the Peninsula.

sep26,76-yr

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, March 12th, 1877, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
LEAVE			LEAVE		
Easton	4 30	A. M.	New York	8 40	P. M.
Oxford	4 45	"	Baltimore	7 00	A. M.
Bayside	4 55	"	Philadelphia	8 15	"
Tilghman	5 15	"	Wilmington	8 55	"
Wingate	5 25	"	Clayton	11 15	"
Hillsboro	5 35	"	Kenton	11 30	"
Greensborough	5 45	"	Slaughters	11 45	"
Goldsborough	5 50	"	Merrydell	12 00	P. M.
Henderson	6 10	"	Henderson	12 15	"
Bryniel	6 25	"	Goldsborough	12 30	"
Slaughters	6 40	"	Greensborough	12 40	"
Kenton	6 55	"	Hillsboro	1 05	"
ARRIVE AT			Bryniel	1 20	"
Clayton	7 10	"	Hillsborough	1 30	"
Wilmington	8 50	"	Cordova	1 35	"
Philadelphia	11 05	"	Woodland	1 45	"
Baltimore	11 55	"	ARRIVE AT		
New York	2 05	P. M.	Easton	2 00	"

All freights must be at the various stations at least twenty (20) minutes before starting of Trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours. Freight trains will have passenger car attached and will be subject to delays incident to freight business.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN S. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

Two doors from the Post Office, on Dover street.

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. Hacks and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hack driver will be in attendance at the depot on the arrival of every train with dispatch.

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

A DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

In hiring horses, 12 hours is considered a day, 6 hours a half day. For extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., sep22

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE!

Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn,	$2,200,000
Franklin Ins. Co. of Phila.,	2,300,000
Royal Canadian Ins. Co. of Montreal,	6,000,000
Bangor Ins. Co. of Bangor, Me.,	825,000
Mercantile Mutual Ins. Co. of N.Y.,	1,000,000
Niagara 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 binding from the payment of the money.

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

jy97

The Singer Sewing Machine.

The Best Machine Made.

More of them sold than All others put together.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

THE price of the New Family Singer Sewing Machine, which sold for $60, has been reduced to $50. The price of all other styles reduced in the same proportion. Every machine warranted as represented, and to give satisfaction. The quality of the new prices will be the same as at the old.

☞ They are only sold by authorized agents. The subscriber is agent for Talbot county, will deliver machines in any part of the county. Now is the time for ladies to secure a first-class Sewing Machine for $50.

All orders addressed to me at Royal Oak will be promptly attended to.

FRANK LEONARD,
Agent for Talbot county.

Royal Oak, May 22, 1877-3m

Wood for Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has opened a WOOD YARD at EASTON DEPOT. Wood of all kinds delivered anywhere in town. Orders left with Mr. Jack Griffith, at Kemp's or Kersey's store, promptly attended to. Residence on Railroad Avenue, near the depot.

LEWIS O. WARNER.

jun30tf

Notice to Farmers.

WANTED—BEEF CATTLE, CALVES, MUTTON, PORK, HIDES, &c., for which the highest cash price will be paid. The best of Fat Cattle for Pennsylvania markets every week. Wagon for sale at my residence on Railroad near depot.

WM. J. SHEHAN.

Easton, Sept. 1st, 1876

ISAAC L. STEINEM,

Dealer in

Ready-Made Clothing

and

Gents Furnishing Goods

I desire to call the attention of the Public to the large and elegant stock of Clothing suitable for spring and summer wear now on exhibition at my store on Dover street. For cash I can and will sell goods of me at the following prices:

A Good Business suit for $5

A Good Business suit for $6

A Good Business suit for $8

A Good Business suit for $10

Best Middlesex Blue Flannel suit for $12.50.

I invite special attention to the Blue Flannel suit at $12.50. It is well made of the best material and guaranteed equal to any $15.00 suit sold in Easton. Having had an experience of twenty years in the Ready-Made Clothing business, a large portion of the time with one of the largest houses in the country, I flatter myself that the knowledge thus gained is of great advantage in the purchase and sale of goods, and affords me facilities not possessed by those who have been in the business but a few years. I do my own work without an assistant and give my customers the benefit of the same, recognizing as support I claim only a share of public patronage. Call and examine my stock and if my prices are not 10 per cent. lower than elsewhere, I will not ask you to buy.

ISAAC L. STEINEM.

may8-3m

Warehouse Fertilizer.

Observe the increased yield of grain obtained by the application of

ENNOBLATED SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME. W. WHITELOCK, Value & Co's Ann. VEGETATOR. BALTIMORE. 150 lbs. THE CROP PRODUCER.

$3.50 PER BAG.

The composition of this fertilizer requires; Phosphoric Acid, Ammonia, Potash, Alkaline Salts, and Magnesia, which are required by many crops.

DRY AND FIT FOR DRILLING.

A liberal discount made to clubs and dealers.

W. W. WHITELOCK,
44 South St., Baltimore.

June 26-4m

Grand Spring Opening OF Millinery & Fancy Goods AT Mrs. E. S. Norris's FASHIONABLE BAZAAR, Opposite Court House.

WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS, BEAUTIFUL STYLES, LATEST FASHIONS.

Stock heavy and complete in every particular. Embracing every article pertaining to the business.

TRIMMINGS of all kinds—an immense stock. Hamburg Edgings and Insertings in great variety and as low as possible.

Ribbons of all shades, quality and styles, a stock unsurpassed. Kept cleaned on the shore.

Ladies can be fitted in any article in my line, in point of quality, style and price. A call is all that is necessary to convince the most incredulous of selling the best goods for the least money.—This is full well understood, and I leave the matter with my customers. Call and see the most complete stock on exhibition outside the cities.

Thanking for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, I earnestly solicit a continuance of the same, feeling assured however that my mode of doing business, will not only retain my old, but gain a goodly number of new customers.

April 24, 1877 With respect, MRS. E. S. NORRIS.

CARDBOARD CYPRIANS.

Cardboard Cyprians, in both colors, colored Paper, Brown, Orange Gas Light Blue, Silver, Gilt and White just received by E. V. Higgins

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

Building Materials of all Kinds.

Flooring, Siding, Ceiling, Lath, Lime & Hair, Shingles, Framing, Bricks, Doors, 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 TRAPP'S PACKET 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.

No Credit! No Losses!!

NO HIGH PRICES!!!

The Superior Standard of Excellence

CLOTHING,

Fully maintained at prices lower than ever.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

Popular One-Price Clothiers,

184 West Baltimore Street, opposite Light Street,

BALTIMORE,

Branch of 487 Broadway, New York. may8-2m

Farmers and Merchants

Packet Line.

The Schooners

Clara M. Leonard

and

Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are under and built out of the very best material. Orders left with Messrs. G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt st., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. Grain bought or taken at the lowest freight rates. All Grain stored in our Warehouses, in case of fire will be at the owners risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the lowest cash price. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, a continuance of the same.

C. E. LEONARD & BRO.

Office in same room with R. B. Dixon on Dover street, Easton.

may8,77

NEW GOODS.

AT THE

Old Stand of Jas. C. West.

COME and see for yourselves, and examine my stock; it is as cheap for cash as is offered on the shore. As I buy for cash only, I can sell cheap for cash. Please give me a call before buying elsewhere, and I will guarantee you will buy, for I intend to try to satisfy my customers both in price and quality.

So lend a helping hand my friends!
And help me with my store,
I'd like right well to pay my way,
And just a trifle more.

I'd like to sell you calico, which I took good if my prices are not 10 per cent. lower than elsewhere, I will not ask you to buy.

I'd like to sell you Sugars, and Teas, and Coffees, and Syrups, and Molasses, and Rice, and Starch, and Soap, and Candies, and Nuts, and Raisins, and Figs, and Prunes, and Citron, and Currants, and Flour, and Meal, and Feed, and Hay, and Oats, and Corn, and Rye, and Potatoes, and Onions, and Cabbages, and Turnips, and Apples, and Butter, and Eggs, and Lard, and Hams, and Shoulders, and Sides, and Sausage, and Herring, and Mackerel, and Oysters, and Lime, and Cement, and Plaster, and Nails, and Glass, and Putty, and Paint, and Oil, and Turpentine, and Varnish, and Brushes, and Soap, and Candles, and Matches, and Powder, and Shot, and Lead, and Pipes, and Tobacco, and Snuff of the very best brands. CIGARS that can't be beat in town. Confectionery, nice and sweet; to supply the wants of my little friends, which they often come to get. And there are as good farmers around as ever trod the soil, who like myself, are well content to earn their bread by industry and toil.

So lend a helping hand my friends!
And help me with my little store,
I'd like right well to pay my way,
And just a trifle more.

The public's obedient servant,

SILAS LANE.

may8-tf

Wall Brushes.

A FULL line of of Wall Brushes, and at very low prices, cash paid at

LEDGE'S Drug Store.

Ridgway House,

COR MARKET ST. & DEL. AVENUE.

PHILADELPHIA, Apr. 11, 1877.

Prices Reduced to Special Basis, &c.

THE undersigned begs leave to state to his many friends and patrons that he has reduced the rates of Board at the Ridgway House. Its convenient location to the wharf and street cars, make it a desirable stopping place, for all connected with the Produce, or other business. It is well known for its good rooms, excellent table, obliging and attentive servants, and no pains will be spared to make it as quiet, Home-like and Comfortable.

Terms, $2 per day. Dinner 50 cents each.

W. L. BUTTERWORTH & CO.,
Proprietors.

SPECIAL

Crude Carbolic Acid

An excellent disinfectant, kills Vermin, &c. For Sale by

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

THE CHAMPION REAPER.

It is the best; It took the Highest Honors at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

5,000 were sold in BALTIMORE Last Year.

1800, the largest Shipment of Reaping Machines ever made at one time in the World, were lately shipped on a single train, from Springfield, Ohio, to Harrisburg and Baltimore.

Buy only the CHAMPION Reaper and Mower.

Order at once, or you may not be able to get one.

Prepare to harvest your Wheat and get it to Market while it is worth over $2 a Bushel

The Champion will not break and delay your harvesting. It is thoroughly reliable. There are already over 150 in Talbot county. They give universal satisfaction. Those who have them, prefer them to all others. They defy competition. They are light running, strong, and do clean work. They are self-rakers or droppers, combined or single, to suit all tastes. Nothing exhibited at the Centennial could compare with them. Mr. Jame Coleman, of England, Chairman of the Examining Committee, appointed by the Centennial Commission, gave these machines the highest personal compliments, after the trials.

They are offered at reasonable prices, and on easy terms, to responsible farmers. Samples will be exhibited in Easton during Court.

ORDER AT ONCE—*Remember*, THE CHAMPION IS THE BEST

JAMES C. TARBUTTON,
Agent for Talbot Co.

may15-2m

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as the SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR OR MEDICINE.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC for all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

Regulate the Liver and prevent CHILLS AND FEVER, MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE AND NAUSEA.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

BAD BREATH!

Nothing is so unpleasant, nothing so common as bad breath and so rarely every one it comes from the stomach, and can be so easily corrected if you will take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR. Do not neglect to use a remedy for this repulsive disorder. It will also improve your appetite, Complexion and General Health.

PILES!

How many suffer daily day after day, making life a burden and robbing existence of all pleasure, owing to the secret suffering from Piles. Yet relief is ready to the hard-earned dollars which had spent in only the vainly that has permanently cured thousands. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, is no drastic violent purge, but a gentle medicine in every sense.

CONSTIPATION

Should not be neglected as a trifling ailment. Constipation is the cause of the almost universality of the bowels, and say drastic purges from the demand for a cathartic. Simmons Liver Regulator, is a gentle yet thorough laxative, and may be taken by the most delicate without fear of any ill effect, and only a dose or two required when constipation or costiveness threatens.

SICK HEADACHE.

This distressing affection arises most frequently, The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the foul bowels, produces nausea, which is overcome just in time to avoid vomiting, when a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator will cure the headache in ten minutes, and prevent its return for many days.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Price, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Oct26,76-1yr

From the New York Observer.

Always Trusting.

WE WILL MARY CHASE.

Sweet Hope, I'm lying on thy breast,
Rejoicing thy fair face,
And trusting in thy promises
Like many of our race.
And then set whispering in my ear
That dangers all are o'er,
And that my bark, still on the sea,
Is very near the shore.

And some who see me trusting thee
Look on with scornful eyes,
And whisper thou art Falsehood drest
In Truth's much honeyed guise;
They bid me be distrust thy words
That seem so free from guile,
And tell me disappointment lurks
Behind thy winning smile.

Sweet Hope, thine arms have lifted up
The mighty and the small,
And hearts have drept from the great height
And broken in the fall;
But my heart will not break, I know,
Even with thee, by these;
For, when thou letest go thy grasp,
Faith's arms will welcome me.

"Going to Press."

William A. Jones, foreman of the composing room of the New Orleans Times, died very suddenly last Sunday from death he became conscious for a moment, and in that gleam, dwelling upon the habit of his life, he suddenly exclaimed: "The ads are all right, compositors, lock up the forms and let's go to press."

Fellow-man, a moment linger,
On the dying printer's speech;
For it bears a weighty lesson,
Our unheeding hearts to teach.

Day by day thou art composing
What a universe shall read,
Type to type set ceaseless setting,
As thou addest deed to deed.

Ah, how surely thou shalt volumes,
When the hand that sets them lies
Fixed in an unbreakable stillness,
Their composer advertise.

Soon the forms are locked forever,
Changeless shall th' impression be;
Scan thy proofs in time, O printer;
Thou art near eternity.

Are the "ads" all right, composer?
Art thou standing justified?
Ready now for death and judgment,
Their unfolding to abide?

So shalt thou, as night advances,
Greet thy summoning Foreman's call;
Then await the morn eternal
Publishing thy life to all.

THE FIRST DINNER I COOKED

"Oh, yes, mother, please let her go. We'll get dinner, and have ever so much fun. Don't say no."

"And you really think you can do it?"

"O, yes! I am sure we can. If we get into any trouble, there's old Dinah to put us right again."

Very well, then, Martha. If Miss Retta is willing to undertake getting dinner, you may go." And thus settling the question, mother resumed her interrupted reading, though for some moments an amusing smile playing around her lips.

It was the first Fourth of July after the war; and though all of our old servants had remained with us till then, they were now anxious to attend a grand celebration that was to take place on an adjoining plantation, and to which they had been invited.

So each and all had received permission, if possible for the cook to leave? what would we do for dinner? Mother could not get dinner herself, even if she had known how, which she did not; she was too delicate. For sister and I to attempt it seemed equally absurd. What could girls, unaccustomed even to dressing themselves, know of cooking? There seemed to be no help for it, and mother was just saying, "I am sorry to disappoint you, Martha," when the thought which form our introductory remark suggested itself to my mind; and so, as we have said, it was settled.

"Prepare just what you please, but don't attempt too much," was mother's final advice; and highly delighted with the permission sister and I proceeded to make out our bill of fare. Baked chicken, cold ham, rice, sweet potatoes, loaf-bread, pickles and preserves, with canned peaches and preserves for desert, were the articles finally agreed upon.

"Don't you think, my dear," said mother, "that you had better dispense with the chicken? Who will prepare it?"

We hadn't thought of that. But to give it up!

"Never!" said sister. "I'll run out to the kitchen and tell Martha she must prepare it for cooking before she leaves. That's all right," she continued, returning after a few moments' absence. "Martha says she'll see that Ben catches and kills a chicken at once."

I was so impatient to begin my novel employment that I scarcely waited for the servants to leave before I hastened to the kitchen. There, to my surprise, I saw Ben sitting on an upturned bucket, and wearing upon his dusky countenance an indiscribable look of dejection. Resting his elbows upon his knees, with a chicken dangling between them, he looked up wistfully as I entered.

"Why, Ben! Why didn't you go with the crowd? What are you waiting for?"

"Didn't git tru wid dis here chicken in time, and mammy said I had ft to do fore I got my foot across de fence." Neither did see sich a hard old thing to pick," he added ruefully, as he gazed longingly across the field and over the hill, beyond which the last of the happy throng had a few moments before disappeared.

"You have done it very nicely, indeed," said I, encouragingly, for I thought it looked quite perfect. "What else is there to be done? Maybe I can finish it?"

"Got to be singed, and de feet cut off," he replied. "Course you don't know how to do dat. Singing chicken's 'quires 'sperienced hands, if it ain't nuffin but holding them over de fire."

"Oh, no; that's easy enough," I cried. "Cut off the feet, and I'll do the rest."

"Kip you, sure enuff new?" inquired the boy, his face brightening up.

"Oh, yes! Of course I can. But if you don't hurry you won't be able to overtake the rest of them."

"Yaas, sa, sah!" he exclaimed; and seizing a knife, he severed the legs at the proper joints, and placed the fowl in my outstretched hands.

But he had just disappeared when sister entered.

"You are in good time," said I. "Run and ask Dinah how this chicken must be treated to bake it." Aunt Dinah was a bed-ridden old servant, the only one left at home. "And then wash and put on the potatoes. I think this sort of a thing splendid—don't you?—and we will get on swimmingly."

Alas for human nature! Turning to leave the kitchen, sister's foot slipped upon the feathers, which Ben in his haste had neglected to gather up; and though she was not seriously injured by the fall, her ankle received a wrench which rendered her unfit for work. Thus I was left alone in my glory. Of course, now that the getting of the dinner devolved entirely upon me, I drew on my thinking cap with renewed vigor.

"Biscuit! Let me see—they are made of flour, salt, lard and water. Yes," said I, "upon reflection I am convinced that water is only to economize lard, and it must go in. Dear me, there is no salt in the box, and now, with my hands all stuck up in this way, I must go to the storeroom. I wonder, too, how much to, ought to put in. A half teaspoon will do, I suppose. How it sticks to my hands! Not greasy enough, perhaps, so I'll add another spoonfull of lard. I declare it is strange how hard it is to make biscuit all of a size. I give it up; and to-day must go to the oven in shape like the verse—regular and defective.

"I believe Dinah said something about putting a little water in the oven with the potatoes to steam them. I wonder what good it will do them? Oh! I remember she said it would soften them. But why put so little? It will only soften one side, and I certainly am not going to turn them over with my hot hands. No, indeed; I'll fill the dish and let them stick fast.

"Now for the coffee-pot. A measure of coffee, three pints of water (I don't suppose it make any difference whether hot or cold, as I'll use the latter), and he sure to settle with egg. Yes, that's just Dinah's direction, and a very easy one to follow. I don't wonder mother fretted about Mary's carelessness when we have it made poorly, when it's so easy to make right.

"Let me see! Biscuit, chicken, potatoes and coffee—all cooking. What's next? Oh, yes—the rice. I wonder how much I ought to put with a pint? Mother stand fine on the point. I'll call and ask. 'A pinch, daughter.' Oh, yes, of course. How absurd it is me to ask, when I see it on the table so often! And now, that everything is cooking, I'll get something to read, for they say a watched pot never boils, and I won't risk it.

"But soon my rice-pot claimed attention. It was boiling over! I put it in the wrong pot, that's all! was my mental ejaculation, as I drew forth a larger vessel, and proceeded to make fair division. Then, side by side, I swung the pots.

"What an unsavory odor? That, perhaps, is a peculiarity of the chicken, and as it has been so long mouldy, to be tender. I'll put it in the oven to bake—not forgetting to sprinkle it with flour, pepper, butter and salt, according to directions, or occasionally put a little more butter on during baking. That, I suppose, is to make it brown better. And now for my boat again.

"But what is the matter with the rice? I stood aghast, and gazed upon the pots and their snowy white contents, like one in a dream. In desperation I seized a third and still larger pot, and from both vessels proceeded to practically fill it.

"That rice! Even now I never think of it without a sickening sensation. For two days it was served in every conceivable style—as a substitute for tea, fried for breakfast, and pudding for dinner.

"Just before dinner father returned from town accompanied by Cousin Will, who was my special aversion, insomuch as he never let pass an opportunity to plague me. On this account, therefore, I was, if possible, more anxious than ever that my dinner should be a success. With them came also Harry Lee. Now, I had often been teased about Harry. He certainly came to the house a good deal, and danced with me at all the parties, and in other ways showed his admiration. As yet, however, I could not make up my mind whether I liked him or not. He was rich, accomplished and handsome, and the girls all envied what they called "my good fortune," but I was, I must confess, a little afraid of him. He was so self-contained that I had an idea that he was severe. I was all in a flutter, therefore, when I found he had come to dinner, and trembled least there should be some mistake. I almost regretted that I undertaken to play the part of cook. What in the morning, had seemed to me such rare fun, now appeared to be the very reverse.

"But there was nothing to, but to put a good face on the matter, and go on. All things being ready, I set the table, sweetened a can of peaches, and proceeded to take up dinner. The chicken I considered done to a turn; neither biscuit nor potatoes had exactly the right look, the former being undeniably yellow and hard. One accidentally dropping on the floor, startled me with its solid thud. The potatoes, I regret to say, were in a condition that rendered the use of a spoon not simply convenient, but simply essential.

"At length, with beating heart, flushed cheeks and burnt fingers, I announced all things as ready and the family assembled in the dining-room.

"A very nice looking dinner, indeed," said table, "and my cook deserves a fee (not of my own making) and the canned fruit. "Here Will," he added, "I have the headache; take this seat, if you please, and carve."

"And so, Cousin Retta, you have turned cook," said Will. "A very nice looking dinner, considering." Here he suddenly paused, laid down his carving knife, and for an instant a puzzled expression overspread his face. Then, in spite of all efforts to restrain himself, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Why, what's the matter with the chicken," he exclaimed, at length. Mother in mild tones came to my relief.

"They forgot to singe it properly for Retta," she said apologetically. "Suppose we have it taken away. Let us try the ham."

It would be useless for me to enter into the details of that dinner, or to attempt to repeat the many jokes that Will made at my expense. During that hour I learned the importance of grinding coffee, and discovered that hot water was preferable to cold in making that most delightful beverage. That part of my instructions I listened to in meekness of spirit, but when the whole egg, which had been boiled in lieu of a settler in the coffee-pot, was taken out, and even mother laughed, it was more than I could bear. The tears would come.

It was a feeling of relief I arose to remove the dishes and help to dessert. "This at least, is one thing about which there can be nothing wrong," I said to myself. Had I not, in remembrance of the family prosperity, for sweet things, put two full cups of sugar on those peaches? Was not the cream rich in quality and abundant in quantity? What more could be desired?

"So, Retta, to atone for this peculiarly served dinner, you have given us our favorite dessert," said father, leisurely stirring the cream and sugar into his peaches before tasting them.

"And full atonement it is," replied Will, still laughing, as he raised his spoon to his lips.

How shall I tell the sequel? The next instant Will sprang from the table and rushed out of the room, with father following close at his heels. I turned first from mother to sister for explanation, I did not dare to look at Harry, but had they taken a dose of quinine they could not have worn upon their faces a look expressive of greater dismay and disgust.

I had not helped myself, but seizing a spoon I plunged it into the peaches. When I had tasted all was clear. I had salted instead of sugared the fruit.

I afterward found that I had mistaken the sugar barrel. Both stood together in the store room, side by side, and I had used their contents without looking critically at them. Hence my mistake.

All this time, while Will was making open fun of me, while mother looked always from back a smile, Harry had never, for one instant, changed countenance. In his easy, well-bred manner, he kept up the conversation, as if nothing had gone wrong. Had he been dining at Delmonico's with everything working as smoothly as it always does there, with each separate dish the perfection in its way of culinary science, he could not have worn a more unconcerned look. At the episode of the chicken, not a muscle of the face relaxed. When the peaches came on, he was the first to taste them, but he gave no sign whatever of their condition. And all through the dinner, with its other mistakes, which I gladly bury in oblivion, he showed the same delicate consideration for my feelings.

What wonder then, from that hour I began to like him? He was no longer silent and severe in my eyes. He was on the contrary, the embodiment of knightly courtesy. He carried his forbearance to such a point, that he never, even after we were engaged, alluded to that unfortunate meal. He was, I myself, that first spoken of it.

"I'ed an wonder, darling," he said one evening, as we sat, hand in hand, alone, in the twilight, "when you began to confess, I knew, at first, you were indifferent, and did how it used to pain me. Often I wondered if I ever should win you."

"And don't you know I was indifferent?" "Are you really in earnest?" "Yes, I will tell you the truth, if you promise not to laugh." "I promise." "Well, then, I was so tired of the dinner, all the cooking having fallen on my shoulders, I resolved never, while I lived, to let my feelings on the subject be known." "And yet, I'm sure you were very nice." "And yet, I'm sure I was very nice, considering what I had undertaken." "Well, I love you for it, and now I love you as my life."

And so I reaped better than I sowed, for the happiness of a lifetime has come of "the first dinner I cooked."

A Rat-Rat Warrior—The Man Who Got Bruised Over the European Situation.

Mr. White, a Detroiter, of mild mien, visited this office yesterday to find a warmup and to have a chat about the European situation, and it wasn't two minutes before his enthusiasm was up to boiling point.

"It will be worth thousands and billions and billions of dollars to this country!" he shouted as he broke through one of the office chairs.

"Yes it will," somebody remarked.

"It will stiffen wages, bring out capital, make money plenty, and—just set in and to whooping!" he whooped as he scrambled on the leg wounded at the first Bull Run.

Somebody remarked that it probably would.

Taking five newspaper war-maps under one arm and a copy of the London Times under the other, Mr. White left the office and proceeded directly homeward, feeling more patriotic every moment.

"Oh! we're going to lay 'em right out, Nancy!" he said as he dropped his hat in the hall.

"Did you order the flour?" she asked in a careless tone.

"Flour! What do I care about flour? The Russians have got Kars and half of the Turkish army!"

"Have, eh! Well, I hope that paper-hanger will be here in the morning. You didn't think to see about——"

"Right here is Kars, and right here is where the Turks got mauled!" he exclaimed, as he knelt on the floor and traced one of the maps.

"Did, eh! Say, John, can't you take up the lawn this morning, and did you see about the whitewashing?"

"Will you talk about whitewashing when all Europe is convulsed with war?" he fiercely demanded, as he shook the other four maps at her.

"I—I'd like those onion-buds marked out to-day," she replied, as she hunted through the work-basket for a button with an eye on it.

"Onion beds marked out, when this very copy of the London Times editorially predicts that a million armed men will be rushing at each other's throats in less than sixty days!"

She found the button, and he unrolled the balance of the maps. There was a dead silence until his finger rested on the City of Erzeroum, when he shouted:

"Here are we! Right around here is where they are making the Turks howl for sugar!"

"By the way, John," she softly remarked, as she looked up, "don't you think that summer kitchen will have to be re-shingled this spring?"

The girl who does general housework says he tore the five war-maps into five hundred pieces, and banged the London Times against the wall with an awful thump as he jumped out doors, but girls are sometimes prejudiced. Mr. White was in the corner grocery at half-past eleven, saying to the proprietor:

"Don't it make your blood jump as you read of the European situation?"

And the proprietor raked the cheese knife on the edge of the counter to clean it and replied:

"Seems like I shall far to kill doze poys who cut soap int dis knife."

How can you expect anybody but a warrior to feel as warriors do?

Cure for the Bite of a Rabid Dog.

The means used by Mrs. Riday, near Melville, who was bitten by a mad dog, last March, were so simple and yet so effective that publicity ought to be given to it, so that others may profit by it.

Shortly after the dog had bitten her she thrust the bitten hand into hot water and let it bleed freely, then took a bottle of spirits of Ammonia and bathed the wounds freely. When her husband came home she had poke root dug and a poultice made of it. In a day or so she opened the wounds afresh and applied the Amonia again. During this time she drank a tea made of elecampane root.

Mr. Franklin Dyre, of Kent county, Md., a few days ago published the following statement for the benefit of the public in which he recommended elecampane as a sure remedy for the virus of a rabid dog. He says:—Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten, take one and a half ounce of the root of the plant—the green root is perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer and may be found in our drug stores, and was used by me—slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk boil down to a half pint, strain, and when cold drink, fasting for at least six hours afterwards. The next morning, fasting, repeat the dose, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning take another dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours.

I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog eighteen years ago and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten; they took the above dose, and are alive and well at this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten that applied the same remedy.

It is supposed that the root contains a principle which, being taken up by the blood in its circulation, counteracts or neutralizes the deadly effects of the virus of hydrophobia.

I feel so much confidence in this simple remedy that I am willing you should give my name in connection with this statement.

The reader should clip this article and place it in some safe place, ready to be consulted should an emergency arise that would require a test of the virtue of this plant.

A Murderess Prefers Death to Imprisonment for Life.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, June 28.—One of the most singular cases in the annals of criminal law was decided today by Judge Bingham in the Common Pleas Court.—Some years ago Mrs. Sarah M. Victor was convicted in Cuyahoga county of murder in the first degree, having poisoned her brother, and was sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was commuted by the Governor to imprisonment for life. Since that time Mrs. Victor has been confined in the Ohio penitentiary. The prisoner grew tired of life under such circumstances, spent the hours, many of them, in solitary confinement, and in constant weeping. In January, 1876, she made application to the courts of this city to have the original sentence carried out on the ground that she had not consented to the commutation. Judge Bingham, after having the matter under advisement for eighteen months, rendered an opinion holding that Mrs. Victor is in law an escaped prisoner after conviction, and issued an order to the sheriff for her delivery to the authorities of Cuyahoga county to await the action by the courts of said county. Mrs. Victor will be taken to Cleveland soon.

Attorney General Little, legal adviser of the warden of the penitentiary, subsequently made application to the Supreme Court for leave to file a petition in error, which was granted, and a stay of execution of Judge Bingham's decision ordered until the case can be finally heard. Mrs. Victor will accordingly remain in the penitentiary. The course of high legal talent is to the effect that Judge Bingham will not be sustained by the Supreme Court. The case excites great interest.

Death by Lightning.

FAIRFIELD, Adams co., Md., June 28.—On Wednesday afternoon, Zephaniah, three little boys, William, Jacob Bender, son of Mr. H. Bender, Walter Crouch, son of the late Benjamin Crouch, and George Sparks, were in the field of Mr. Anderson, near the village of Tolson, in Kent County, when Mr. W. Bender was reaping, when a heavy thunder shower came up, and the three boys named, William, Zephaniah, and George Sparks, about seven years, was instantly killed. The other two were stunned, and were immediately carried to Chestertown, about seven miles distant to receive medical assistance.

TURNOUT IN TOWNSTOWN.

JUDGES GRASON AND YELLOTT PRESENTED BY THE GRAND JURY FOR MALFEASANCE—A TOWN FOR THREE LAWYERS—WHO SHALL WIN THE SQUIRE—THE FIRST CASE OF THE KIND EVER KNOWN IN THE STATE.

Townstown is in