THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY, AT EASTON, MD.

J. K. JARSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Clubs of Twenty, Twenty-Five or Fifty to one address, at a discount. [illegible] will be [illegible] at the rate of [illegible] cents per month for [illegible] months, and [illegible] cents for a shorter period than six months. 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 advertising by the year. [illegible] Advertisements inserted in the Weekly Star will be charged according to regular rates. Special Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

# The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1877. VOL. XII.—NO. 47.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, July 9th, 1877, the Steamer MOTHER LEVERETT, Captain Lowe, will leave pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock P. M., for EASTON, Dwelle Mills, Oxford, Bare's Point, Wallace's, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Cable Neck and Neffleds, making close connection with Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Easton, and with the Delaware & Chesapeake Railroad at Cambridge. The Tuesday trip will be extended to Denton, making the regular landings on the River. On the return trip, will leave Denton every Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday will leave Redford's at 8, Cambridge 5, and Easton at 9 o'clock P. M., arriving in Baltimore early the following morning. On and after Tuesday, June 12th, the Steamer SAMUEL JEFFREY, Captain John H. Kirwin, will leave Pier 3, Light st., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 4.30 A. M., for St. Michaels and Miles River Points, [illegible]. On the return trip, will leave Miles River every at 12 o'clock A.M. and reach Baltimore about 3 P. M.

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

THE STEAMER

OLIVE,

CAPT. E. N. DODSON.

Will leave Leverett's Wharf, foot of Street, Baltimore, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 10 o'clock A. M., for Claiborne, St. Michaels, Tunis' Wharf and Wye Landing.

RETURNING: Leave Wye Landing every Wednesday, and Friday at 7 A. M., Tunis' Wharf at 9 A. M., St. Michaels 10 A. M., and Claiborne 10:45 A. M.

On Saturday leave Baltimore at 10 A. M., for Claiborne, St. Michaels and Tunis' Wharf. Returning on Monday, leave Tunis' Wharf at 9 A. M., St. Michaels 10, Claiborne 10:45.

Persons from Easton can take the Steamer at Tunis' Wharf, at 9 A. M., for Baltimore, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Steamer dock in Baltimore at 4 P. M., and due at Tunis' Wharf, on return, at 4:30 P. M.

Freight to all points, except St. Michaels, must be prepaid.

R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.

St. Michaels, July 10, 1877-yr

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

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

| GOING NORTH. | | GOING SOUTH. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Leave Easton | 4.30 A. M. | Leave New York | 6 55 P. M. |
| Arrive at Oxford | 4 45 " | Baltimore | 7 00 A. M. |
| Cordova | 4 55 " | Philadelphia | 8 15 " |
| Hillsborough | 5 05 " | Wilmington | 9 35 " |
| Tunis' | 5 25 " | Clayton | 11 15 " |
| Greensboro' | 5 45 " | Kenton | 11 30 " |
| Hillsborough | 6 00 " | Slaughters | 11 45 " |
| Dudley | 6 10 " | Harrington | 12 00 P. M. |
| Ridgely | 6 25 " | Hinkleys | 12 15 " |
| Slaughters | 6 35 " | Goldsborough | 12 30 " |
| Kenton | 6 45 " | Greensborough | 12 50 " |
| Clayton | 7 10 " | Ridgely | 1 05 " |
| Wilmington | 8 50 " | Dudley | 1 20 " |
| Philadelphia | 11 05 " | Hillsborough | 1 35 " |
| Baltimore | 11 35 " | Cordova | 1 45 " |
| New York | 2 05 P. M. | Arrive at Easton | 2 00 " |

Freights must be at the various stations at least one hour (60 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 HOTEL

Easton Livery Stables

FRANKLIN SHULTZ, Proprietor.

See next door to The Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly hurried 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, oats, timber and straw.

A DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD

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

Easton, Md., nov22

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE!

| | |
|---|---|
| Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn, | $2,200,000 |
| Franklin Ins. Co. of Phil'a, | 3,500,000 |
| Royal Canadian Ins. Co. of Montreal, | 6,000,000 |
| Bangor Ins. Co. of Bangor, Me., | 325,000 |
| 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

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. H. 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.

FRAMINGS 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, if equalled on the shore.

Ladies can be suited in any article in my line, in point of quality, style and price. A call is all that is necessary to convince, for I do not boast of selling the best goods for the least money.—This is a bold assertion, but I leave the matter with my customers as to its verification. Call and see the most complete stock on exhibition outside the cities.

Thankful 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.

With respect, MRS. H. S. NORRIS.

apr24-1877

CARDBOARD.

A fresh stock of Card Board in the following colors: Light Green, Orange, Gas Light Blue, Silver, Gilt and White just received by E. V. Higgins

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 you can purchase 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 salary required to support a clerk.

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

Whitelock's Vegetator

Observe the increased yield of grain obtained by the application of

AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE
W. WHITELOCK
TRADE & CO'S MARK
VEGETATOR
BALTIMORE
THE CROP PRODUCER

$3.50 PER BAG.

It Contains

Every element the plant requires;
Is made of the best material;
Always of uniform quality;
Not exhausted by many crops.

DRY AND FIT FOR DRILLING.

A liberal discount made to clubs and dealers.

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

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With respect, MRS. H. S. NORRIS.

apr24-1877

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 $30. The price of all other styles reduced in the same proportion. Every machine warranted as represented, and to give satisfaction. The quality at the new prices will be the same as at the old.

They are only sold by authorized agents. The subscriber as, 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 $30.

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

N. B. LEONARD,
Agent for Talbot county.

Royal Oak, May 22, 1877-3m

Wood for Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has opened a WOODYARD at EASTON DEPOT. Wood of all kinds delivered anywhere in town. Orders left with Mr. Jack Griffith, at Thompson & Hersey's store, promptly attended to. Residence on Railroad Avenue, beyond the depot.

LEWIS O. WARNER.

jan30tf

Notice to Farmers.

WANTED—BEEF CATTLE, CALVES, MUTTON, PORK, HIDES, &c., for which the highest cash price will be paid. The best of East Pork and Tongues always for sale at my stall in the Easton market.

WM. J. SHEHAN.

Easton, Sept. 1st, 1877

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 AT WASHINGTON STREET, NEAR TRIPPE'S FLOUR 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. 25th, 1876 1y

Soluble Sea Island GUANO

A complete manure for all crops, especially for

WHEAT,

Rich in Ammonia, Soluable Phosphates and POTASH SALTS.

Manufactured by R. W. L. RASIN & CO., BALTIMORE MD.

FOR SALE BY DANIEL LLOYD,

Agent for Talbot and Dorchester Counties.

June 26, 1877-3m

1115 WM. T. HOPKINS 133

1115 Chestnut Street and 133 North Eighth Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

CORSETS! CORSETS!! CORSETS!!

40,000 PAIRS OF CORSETS
EVERY DESIRABLE QUALITY AND PRICE, FROM 50c TO $10 PER PAIR.
ALL GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICES.

R. WERLY'S Double-Bone Corsets at $2.19, $2.25 and $2.50. Reduced from $3 and $2.25.
FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS, from 68c to $5.40.
HAND-MADE CORSETS from 50c to $10.
THOMPSON'S GLOVE FITTING CORSETS, at 85c, $1.08, $1.25, $2.25, $3 and $4.
GLOVE FITTING VENTILATING CORSETS for summer, at great ly reduced prices.
THE "COOFEY" COEK CORSET, at $1 and upwards
MRS. MOODY'S Patent Self Adjusting Abdominal Corsets, all qualities, at prices just reduced, at $2.38, $3.35 and $4 95. Beware of lower-priced and greatly inferior goods being sold as the best Moody Corset. Nursing Corsets at $1.85 and $2.38.
MADAME FOY'S Corset Skirt Supporters much below former prices $1 and upwards
DR. WARNER'S Health Corsets, quality great y improved and prices reduced to $1 35 and $1.60.
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S CORSETS and Waists, at very low prices, from 50c to $1.25.
FRENCH HAND-MADE Coutilla Corsets, from $2.50 to $5; all greatly reduced in prices.
CORSET CLASPS at 5c, 8c, 10c, 13c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 45c per pair. LADIES FORMS at 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, &c.
WE HAVE EIGHT styles of $1 Corsets, including Woven and Hand-made, the best Corsets at the prices EVER SHOWN in the AMERICAN MARKET.
UNDERGARMENTS, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S MUSLIN SKIRTS, Night Dresses, Chemises, Toilet Sacques, Corset Covers, Aprons, &c., all greatly reduced in prices. Our Under-garments are unequalled in quality, variety or cheapness by any other establishment in Philadelphia, and special discounts of 5 and 10 per cent. for cash. Call and see them.
HOOP SKIRTS AND NEW TRAIL BUSTLES.—We call special attention to our new styles of "Champion" Combination, Princess, and all other desirable styles of Hoop Skirts, from 45c to $2. Our own make and Eastern makes. Also to our complete lines of Parlor Bustles, in every desirable style, from 35c to $4.25; qualities improved and prices reduced.

We are at all times prepared to show complete assortments of the above specialties, from the finest to the lowest grades, at PRICES that will ALWAYS be found LOWER than any others. Purchasers can save time and money by examining our goods before purchasing elsewhere. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Terms Cash and One Price only at each Store. Wholesale and Retail.

1115 Chestnut and 133 North Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA.

1115 WM. T. HOPKINS, 133
June 26, 1877-4m

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 new 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. R. LEONARD & BRO.

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

may8,'77

Wall Brushes.

A FULL line of of Wall Brushes, and at very low prices to be had at

Henry & Goldsborough.

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 usual, Home-like and Comfortable.

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

W. L. BUTTERWORTH & SON
apr17,'77-1y Proprietors.

Crude Carbolic Acid

An excellent disinfectant, Bile Varnish &c. For Sale by

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

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 to take 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 PAINS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

BAD BREATH!

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

PILES!

How many suffer torture day after day, making life a burden and robbing existence of all pleasure, owing to the secret suffering from Piles! We answer it is rarely to the hand of almost any one who will use systematically the remedy that has permanently cured thousands, SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR, is no drastic violent purge, but a gentle assistant in nature.

CONSTIPATION

Should not be regarded as a trifling ailment—in fact nature demands the utmost regularity of the bowels, and any deviation from this demand paves the way often to serious danger. It is quite as necessary to remove impure accumulations from the bowels as it is to eat or sleep, and no health can be expected where a costive habit of body prevails.

SICK HEADACHE

This distressing affliction occurs most frequently, The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the imperfect digestion of contents, causes severe pain in the head, accompanied with disagreeable nausea, and this constitutes what is popularly known as Sick Headache; for the relief of which, take SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR or Medicine. Manufactured only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Price, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Oct10,76-1yr

MACKINAW HATS.

I have on hand a large stock of Mackinaw Hats, which I offer at prices to suit the market, and guaranteed to compare favorably in price and quality, with any to be found elsewhere.

A full line of Straw goods of every variety of quality, shape and color, at very low figures. My specialty is Hats. At Beaston's old stand.

JAS. H. LAUGHLINE.

PROPOSALS FOR LOANS.

THE Board of Directors of the W. P. B. L. of Talbot county give notice that APPLICATIONS FOR LOANS from the Association may be made to any of the Secretary, or at their office, at any time, and will be acted upon at the regular meeting, on every alternate Tuesday night. By order of the Board.

C. O. BYERLY, Secretary.

## Poetry.

### Lighted e'er by Love's Eternal Star.

Oh, beautiful dreams of my life!
Oh, beautiful light of my soul!
With glorious harmony rife,
Then hast of my spirit control.

By feet by the star-gleams are led,
My hands by the Angels are held;
With life, all my earth hopes are wed,
By that peaceful fancy is held.

By dreams of the night and the day
Are overand over the earth,
And joy's flashing shadows then play,
Write out in gold words of mirth.

Oh, beautiful dreams of my soul!
Through all of earth's pleasures dearest,
Still thou art the star of my goal,
Where the fairest hope yearning may cluster.

I know that this world can shadow
Pleasures that fade away in the night,
Dreams of a life that are overcast
By the gloom of the world's darkest night.

Yet still thy light shines on my way,
Through all the dark paths I must tread,
Thou art the star of my goal,
Lighted e'er by Love's Eternal Star.

## How I Never Went to the Centennial.

ORIGINAL STORY.

BY MR. E. W. LATIMER, OF BALTIMORE.

My name is Clarissa Barrington. If I had had the courage to advertise for a situation as housekeeper, nursery governess or companion a few weeks since, I should have described myself as a "settled woman," meaning one who, after long years in this life had settled at the bottom—one who had settled her accounts with her fates, and would go unmarried for the future. Yet I was only thirty-seven—the age of some young mothers and of happy wives. My time for lovers was when I grew up, a pretty girl, upon my father's farm, in old Virginia, where there was none then.—If I discouraged him it was only because he seemed to admire me so much that the girls laughed at him. Well, the whole of that was over before the war, and he went to Richmond at the first call for troops from the Governor of Virginia.

During the war our father and mother died, our servants went off with the Northern soldiers, our farm was sold for Confederate money, and when all was over my brother and I found ourselves, like thousands better than (for we were not entitled to F. F. V. in our family), homeless and penniless. Our hopes were gone, our estate was gone, our home was gone, our independence gone; our household friends, may, and our very neighborhood were gone also. We stood like shipwrecked sailors among wreck and ruin.

It may be that our sins deserved a judgment. I know the Lord of all the earth does right, and yet it seems hard sometimes that I, who never in my life treated a servant with anything but kindness, should have been so utterly crushed under that judgment, which, they say, was sent to punish slavery.

My brother emigrated to Brazil, and did as badly as all others who went there. I wint to stay with a distant cousin, whose house was still standing, and in return for the shelter her roof afforded me, I worked late and early. The ladies of the family had to do all that had been done before the war by twenty negroes. There were children to be taught, patching and darning to be attended to, an appearance of the old traditional gentility and hospitality to be kept up. Our clothes were commonly received from generous friends in Baltimore. Sometimes we made quilts. Sometimes we made preserves. Sometimes by the same generous friends in the same generous city; and we put up old-fashioned Virginia pickles; but the demand was not equal to the supply.

How often have we shivered in our beds for want of blankets, or suffered on cold days from shoes that let in water, or thin clothes that let in air! We who had known no want, no care, no lack of any pleasure in our lives in the gay days that preceded our adversity.

At last a piece of very extraordinary good luck befel me. A silver bowl and sugar dish—family relics which had been carried off during the occupation of our farm—fell into the hands of a Massachusetts gentleman, who took great pains to find out their former owner. He wrote to me proposing either to purchase them or send them back to me. The family silver had always been intended to be a part of my own portion, so that I had no hesitation in writing to him that I would take the price, and a sum much larger than I expected was forwarded to me. It bought me some good clothes, it enabled me to make some little presents, and it left me with twenty dollars over to be spent on anything I thought proper.

What should it be? I was sorely tempted to devote it to my own gratification. My life had been all joy, all brightness, all improvement utterly pressed out of it. Might I not just give myself a taste of joy, of brightness and improvement with this chance that had been offered me? In a word, might I not go to the Centennial?

I thought of all the Sunday school stories of good little boys and girls who gave away their cents instead of buying candy. But they did not seem to apply in this case. It was not unwholesome candy for which I longed, but something I was sure was going to be good for me. After all it is *one's self*, and not one's dollar that does good. If I come back to my gray life beaming with brightness from my new experience, might I not be of more worth to church and poor than even twenty dollars?

I had dreadful qualms of conscience for a month about it. Whether I decided rightly must be shown by the sequel of my story, but the Centennial conquered. I considered the matter as if I were my own matter, and that brought me to a decision in my favor. To go to the Centennial would be concentrated essence of that trip to Europe to which all hardworking Americans looked forward as the vacation of their lives. I would do it as economically as possible, but I would snatch my glean of brightness.

The next difficulty that presented itself was with whom to go? Family parties were all large enough without me. Young men did not want to be bothered by an old maid. I was as unused to travelling as I was to pleasure or self-reliance, but I decided at last to trouble nobody and to strike out for myself. I would go alone.

I went over to our county town and purchased an excursion ticket to the Centennial, good for five days. There was quite a little bustle in my cousin's house when I announced that I was really going. I think the general astonishment might have discouraged and deterred me, but I had bought the ticket, and no one could advise that I should waste the purchase money.

I started, as I have since found every-body else did, entirely ignorant of how to meet every difficulty that would present itself on reaching Philadelphia. The only useful practical suggestion I received was to carry no checked baggage. I put my clothes in an old-fashioned carpet-bag, and my cousin packed me a great basket with what she called "a snack"—pickles, preserves, fruit cake, ham sandwiches, roast chicken, biscuits and cold muffins.

It was a rainy September afternoon when one of the boys drove me to the nearest station.

"Good-bye, and the good Lor look after yer, Miss Clary," said Aunt Jenny. "An' don't you think too much of your fine, honey. There's many a one as sets out spry and gay like you as ge home with what's to happen to 'em afore they gets back home again."

With these words of doubtful prophecy sounding in my ears, I drove off under the dripping brightness of chestnuts, hickories and maples spared by the hand of war in the once grand old avenue.

The roads were very bad. The old coach, lumbering along, with four horses, five inside and a pile of luggage on the top, was full half an hour behind time when it drew up at the station platform, and I was hurried out of it by the impatient cries of "Baltimore! Baltimore!" from the conductor, and "Philadelphia! Philadelphia!" from the baggage-master, following with oaths and sparks which seemed to come from every cigarette lit of both and from.

We got to the small country town that was our station about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The train, which was already due when we arrived, did not come up for half an hour.

"Good-bye, cousin. Here, you, see all right," said Ben, handing me a ticket, "up to 10 at night it stops on the car platform."

"Now, madam, all aboard! We are behind time as it is," said the conductor, showing me into a car crowded with male passengers.

"This is not the place for me," I cried, drawing back.

"Indeed, madam, there is no other," replied the gentleman, as the train began to move. "These are the Pullman cars, and there is no Pullman in the train. I will get you a seat near them."

These latter consisted of a young fair lady, with her parents, on one side, and a young, fair, light-haired and handsome lady, who paraded her privilege of making a pillow of her husband and a sickly female child in the arms of a robust middle-aged gentleman.

The conductor got me a seat behind the girl, who alternately amused me and disgusted me by the contrast of the sun that the gentleman with the child. The married woman prattled and spread herself a few small feathers thereon.

The novelty of being in a railroad car was so great that everything interested and amused me. At first I was absorbed in speculations about my fellow-passengers; then I began to wonder how the drippings and dreary fields looked in the rain; and then I fell to wondering what the little boys who passed us in woods have their supper. Suddenly I remembered my carpet-bag. Where was it? It had not been checked. Had it been put into the car with me? I started up just as the train moved off the station, where we put out the young lady.

"Were you going to get out, ma'am? I'm afraid it is too late," cried one of the gentlemen.

"No, sir. But it's my carpet-bag," I cried. "A blue carpet-bag, with brown flowers, and my name on it, Miss Clarissa Barrington. And yet, you see, anything that I put into the car!. What shall I do if it is lost? It had almost everything I own in it."

"Better ask the conductor."

"I'll fetch him," said another.

He came, but all the help he could afford was to say he'd ask the baggage master.

In a few minutes he came back, and the baggage master with him. A tall man, dressed in blue, a dark beard covering half his face, and the peak of his cap shading the other. He eyed me quietly as the conductor with brief explanation introduced me thus: "This is the lady who has lost her carpet-bag—blue, did you say? with dark brown flowers. Was there any direction on it?"

"Miss Clarissa Barrington, Philadelphia," I answered.

"She says Miss Clara Harrington," said the conductor. "Blue carpet-bag, and brown flowers, not checked. Is sure she saw it on the platform at Agueville Creek Station."

"Yes, yes, I heard," said the baggage-master, waving him aside. "Clarissa Barrington—still Clarissa Barrington?"

"Why, who?" I cried, and our eyes met.

"Is it—" and I put out my hand eagerly.

"Yes," he said, pressing it in both his own, "Joe Mitchell."

I drew back in my seat and made room for him.

"But tell me," he said, "about the carpet-bag."

I gave it over again.

"There is no such bag on the train. I will telegraph at the next station. Where will it find you in Philadelphia?"

"I don't know," said I. "I haven't any place to sleep in yet. I am going to see the world. I'm put a bit of color into my life of Confederate gray."

"Never mind," he said. "I'm going through. We'll see the show together if you like. I can look after you."

And then years, disappointments and distress rolled off like clouds before a summer sun. He sat beside me, and we talked of things before the war, of his perils and adventures, of my troubles, and poor brother Ben's.

I was, as it were, safe "happed" under his protection. I, who had been so lonely all these years; I, who had tried, though with a heart of fear, to strike out boldly for myself in search of a glimpse of happiness.

I read in his eyes something I had not seen in eyes of man since our last parting. He told me he was not married, but I knew he was not, without telling.

I was a totally *unsettled* moment then. I was so happy as he sat beside me.

Night now came on. Rain was still falling. Lamps were lighted in the cars. Men looked at their watches and talked about the next refreshment station. Mr. Mitchell left me to attend to business in the baggage car, and shortly after we were "switched off," as people around me said, "on to a siding," and the train came to a standstill without any station.

What was wrong? A dozen passengers went out to gather information. They came back saying the track at some point ahead of us had been washed out, and we might have to wait on the "siding" till the morning.

There was an English traveller upon the cars who over and over again during the night exclaimed about the extraordinary patience of the public in America. I said it might be due to the habit of submitting to all kinds of national abuses in politics, till they could be reformed at the end of four years by a constitutional revolution.

"Ah," said he, "that constitutional revolution every four years is your national safety valve."

By this time those at our end of the car had grown quite friendly. I brought my big "snack" basket which was passed round to my neighbors, and after a while we settled down to sleep; but the poor little girl who was but two years old, and who from time to time on the whole journey had wailed miserably, began after eating some supper from my basket, to cry with piercing shrieks and piteous baby cries of mum, mum, ma!

The father took her in his arms and began walking up and down the car to quiet her. This only diffused the discord and discomfort through the company.

"Why don't he give the child to its mum, mum, ma?" cried one stout fellow savagely.

"Because," said the poor father, stopping as he passed him, "she has got no mammy. Her mother died at sea not many weeks ago, and I am carrying her home to the friends of her dead mother."

There was a great hush of sympathy among us after that. As the father again passed me I held out my arms and offered to take the little creature.

After some more low wailing she settled down, upon my breast, and Mr. Mitchell being still away, the father came and sat beside me.

He told me his name was Bernard, captain of a fruit schooner that went voyages to the West Indies. That his wife had died at sea. He had money, he said, but no near relatives, and was greatly perplexed as to how to dispose of little Fanny. Her mother's people lived in Maine, and they were all old, they might not like to be troubled with a baby.

The poor man's heart, it seemed very full, and, as well as I could, I comforted him.

When Joe came back at last I don't think he was much pleased to find his seat occupied, and a baby taking up my attention, but he took a place behind me and talked over my shoulder with his beard very near my ear. The captain did not like that in his turn.

It was good fun to see them. It was like a little game of the old Bluebeg into my life again. I did not much mind teasing Joe's little game, and so the captain—he insisted on my calling him Bernard—and I made the best of it, when his wife had died at sea.

At length this thing went out. It seemed as if the baby, Fanny, the sea, the wind and the gloom, my poverty and loneliness had rolled together like a scroll, and the old times brightened forth again. Two hours more passed, and for my captain, Bernard was a good man, and for a time was gone, for more than Bernard, I had known I loved him.

Sometimes then, I tried cleverly to get rid of one another. Sometimes they tried to get rid of me. Sometimes we talked over the strange events of the journey, and told our own stories or the stories of the others.

The captain's and Mitchell's were capital, Joe's was tame, but yet more full of interest to me, for they told of his own adventures and escapes when serving in the Confederate army.

Gradually a group of passengers gathered round us. Their presence was evidently attracted by the sailor. Joe drew out of his talk, and the group, hearing a strange accent in the cries of some stranger, drew nearer to the speaker, to his auditors, Joe among them.

"Clary, how long is this to last? You are quite the same Clary, as sweet, as true, as lovely, and as fear as ever. Why, I've been thinking of you almost as long as I have been thinking of myself. Time has gone by, and I have grown to manhood, and the same Clary too in loving, and accepting every kind of admiration, and in driving me almost to do as I did once before."

"Oh, Joe!" I said.

"Could any one approach me with seeking admiration, when no one had admired me for sixteen years? And yet how could I tell my love sooner?"

"Oh, Joe, you little—" I said; but did not tell him what he little knew.

"Clary, you little know," said he.

"Know what?" I said.

"The misery I suffered sixteen years ago."

"You were jealous—I don't like to say what, Joe."

"What was I, love?"

"A goose, both then and now, I said, defying the rules of gender.

"Oh, Clary," seizing the fingers I put up behind my head to fix my hat straight, "do you care for me now?"

"Not in a corner like this. We might be overheard," I said.

"But what are you going to do about this one?" whispered he, pointing to the captain.

"It does not matter. He cannot really care for a woman he has only known two or three hours," I replied.

"He can though, if she's you," replied Joe, infatuated.

"You don't know sailors. Besides, the poor man's fatherhood is all on the side of his new passion. He hopes you will be the kind mother he wants for that poor little miserable baby in your arms."

"She may be handsome yet," said.

"But now, Joe, go away, I want to think. Let, stay one minute longer. Do you know how poor I am? I have only just enough in my purse to go to the Centennial—the lost carpet-bag contains all my stock of clothes."

At this moment my other hand was seized on the front side of the seat. Captain Bernard had come to a pause in his narrative, and my last words caught his ear.

"My dear young lady, did I hear you say you were not well off?" he said, stooping down over his little girl, so that his words breathed close to me.

"Captain, I cannot talk about myself," I said. "See how many persons your very amusing narrative have drawn around us. Suppose you leave me to repose now, for awhile. And that my old friend, Mr. Mitchell, should go away. I will take good care of little Fanny. It is more than to-morrow morning."

So dismissed, my lovers went together to their fate. As I knew afterwards, poor captain, his prospects all became one so on. Joe tried not to talk, but the Captain *would* ask questions and expect him to answer them.

Very soon the train began slowly to move on. The lights were lowered. Some fortunately went out, having burnt up all their oil.

It was dim darkness, or dark dimness, in the car; thick mist and rain outside of it.

I leaned back thinking, and pressed Fanny's little head still closer to my bosom. "Had I done right? Had I not been too much like that light girl who had run up her line of business? Had I not been nine hours engaged in serious flirting? Was such flirting wrong? It must be, for it lost me Joe full sixteen years ago. But then was it my fault that Captain Bernard had begun to be attentive to me? In short, how far was flirting wrong? Of course it was most wicked in excess, like dancing, cards, or drinking. But was it necessary to make vows of total abstinence against it? If so, why was it little coquetry a female charm? Why was it love of pleasing men, and seeing what would come of it, implanted in our bosoms? But oh, had I not been a silly fool to think of such *nonsense* at my time of life, and, after my sad experience? No, no, I wasn't old. Joe Mitchell loved me!

At that moment a quick jerk and tremor ran all through the train. The car gave three short leaps, then swayed from side to side. Those who were sleeping woke. A sort of long, deep breath, a smothered half-formed groan, ran through the car. Before a word was spoken it had gone over. Passengers, seats, bags, lamps and scattered parcels came sliding to the side on which I was sitting. The shock was not violent, but it seemed instantaneous.

That is, there was no time to think anything was taking place, before we found ourselves all in a heap, down somewhere.

As we went down I heard a prayer breathed forth for life and safety. As it arose to Heaven, its answer may have been a command to our protecting Angel to fly swiftly.

I had fallen under a great pile of passengers, all struggling to regain their feet at once, with nothing to fetch up upon. Fanny was in my arms, and we were saved from being crushed by the back of one of the seats, which in some way had so fallen as to keep hard pressure off of me; but to the latest hour of my life I shall have shuddering recollections of the struggling, smothering, warmth and softness of the human mass above me. The seat had caught my clothes and I was pinned down closely. I thought for a moment of a terrible penny-dreadful description I had read of a lady so pinned down, and slowly—well! I cannot tell the horror here, and at that moment the remembrance of that miserable reporter's highfalutin' trash was agony.

I struggled to rise. I called out, "for the child's sake," not to tread on me. Our whereabouts were indicated by poor little Fanny's cries. In a few moments more I gained my feet, and tried—oh wisty. At every step my feet went through strange holes and splashed in water. In a few moments I discovered I was walking on the window frames. Nearly all the glasses had run up, as the car went down roof foremost, and there was very little injury by glass, none by the lamps, for some one seized and flung them through some aperture. We were therefore in the dark, but not for long. In another moment one of the cars—a postoffice car, containing a large Southern mail, burst into a flaming fire.

There were no shrieks, a sort of awe and horror took possession of the passengers. Some of the men scrambled outside the car. I saw the bride's feet twiddle in the air as her husband and some of the other men drew her up, and passed her through a window.

Just then a fireman, I think, touched me on the shoulder, and pointed to the car door, lifted from the outside like a box lid. I made for it, and heard the bride murmuring about missing her pocket handkerchief and part of a gold earring.

Little Fanny and I, after, I had leaped over a chasm of broken ear, of water at the bottom, were drawn out under the door, and we down upon a bank of mud and water. Then, when thirty feet and up the embankment, which skirted the margin of the river, before us, a mass of flaming smoking car and the postoffice car on fire.

The engine, tender, and baggage car were all upon the track. A broken rail had thrown off the last three c