THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT EASTON, MD.

E. K. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS.

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Subscriptions for a shorter period than six months. No subscription will be discontinued except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months.

Communications on subject of general interest, or Weeks 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 of three to five insertions will be charged at the rate of $1 per square for each insertion, unless the number of insertions be specified in the advertisement, and will be inserted accordingly until forbidden, and charged for at the rate of $1 per square for each insertion.

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 31, 1877. VOL. XII.—NO. 48.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

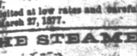
On and after Saturday, April 7th, 1877, the Steamer HIGHLAND LIGHT, Captain R. J. Lowe, will leave Dover Bridge every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock P. M., for EASTON, Double Mills, Oxford, Bachelor's Point, Wallace's, Cambridge, Chamblin's Point, Slaughter Creek and Medford's, making close connection with the Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Easton, and with the Delaware & Delmarva Railroad at Cambridge. On Monday trip will be extended to Denton, making the regular landings on the River. On the return trips she will leave Denton every Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon, and every Monday, Wednesday and Friday will leave Medford's at 2, Cambridge 3, and Easton at 5 o'clock P. M., arriving in Baltimore early next morning.

On and after Tuesday, June 12th, the Steamer SAMUEL POTTS, Captain John H. Kirwin, will leave Fort St. & Lights st. dock of Cambridge, every TUESDAY and SATURDAY, at 4:30 A. M., for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Easton). On the return trip will leave Miles River Ferry at 11 o'clock A. M., and touch Bellevue at 2 P. M.

Freight solicited at low rates and carefully handled.

Baltimore, March 27, 1877.

THE STEAMER



OLIVE,

CAPT. E. N. DODSON.

THE Steamer Olive, leaves Pier 12, Light Street, 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 due 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.

E. 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			LEAVE		
Easton	4 30	A. M.	New York	8 55	P. M.
Cordova	4 45	"	Baltimore	7 00	A. M.
Jarrels	4 55	"	Philadelphia	8 15	"
Hillsboro'gh	5 10	"	Wilmington	9 35	"
Ridgely	5 25	"	Clayton	11 15	"
Greensboro'gh	5 45	"	Kenton	11 30	"
Williamsburgh	6 00	"	Slaughters	11 45	"
Henderson	6 10	"	Marydell	12 00	P. M.
Hardcastle	6 20	"	Henderson	12 15	"
Slaughters	6 40	"	Goldsboro'gh	12 30	"
Kenton	6 55	"	Greensboro'gh	12 50	"
ARRIVE AT			Ridgely	1 05	"
Clayton	7 10	"	Hillsborough	1 20	"
Wilmington	8 50	"	Cordova	1 35	"
Philadelphia	11 05	"	Woodland	1 45	"
Baltimore	11 35	"	ARRIVE AT		
New York	2 05	P. M.	Easton	2 00	"

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty (30) 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 G. WRIGHT, 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 buggies for hire at all times. Travelers promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landings, to convey passengers with dispatch.

The highest market price paid for corn, hay, hides 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., ser23

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE!

Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn,	$512,000
Franklin Ins. Co. of Phil'a,	2,000,000
Royal Canadian Ins. Co. of Montreal	2,000,000
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,

1y87 Register's Office, Easton Md

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 of the work will be the same as of 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, 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 & Kersey's store, promptly attended to. Residence on Railroad Avenue, beyond the depot

LEWIS O. WARNER.

jac30tf

Notice to Farmers.

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

WM. J. SHEHAN.

Easton, Sept. 1st, 1877

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 sum 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.

Observe the increased yield of grain obtained by the application of

Williams' Ammoniated Superphosphate

W. WHITELOCK TRIM & CO'S MARK VEGETATOR BALTIMORE 160 THE CROP PRODUCER.

$3.50 PER BAG.

IT IS THE BEST FERTILIZER FOR DRILLING.

Every [illegible] Guarantee,

Is made [illegible] Manufacturers,

Always [illegible] Fertilizer,

Not [illegible] Ammoniated Superphosphate.

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. M. 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.

FEATHERS 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 shores.

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 its verification. Call and see the most complete stock on exhibition outside the cities.

Thankful for the immense patronage heretofore extended, I earnestly solicit a continuance, 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. M. S. NORRIS.

April 14 1877

CARDBOARD.

A new stock of Card Board in the following colors: Pearl, Brown, Orange, Gas Light Blue, Silver Gill and White, just received by

E. V. Higgins.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

Building Materials of all Kinds.

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

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 TRADE'S FEED 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

Soluble Sea Island GUANO.

A complete manure for all crops, especially for WHEAT, Rich in Ammonia, Soluble 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.

E. WERLY'S FRENCH WOVEN Jean Corsets at $2.19, $2.25 and $7.50. Reduced from $3 and $2 25.

FRENCH WOVEN CORSETS, Jean and Satin, from 75c to $5 40.

HAND-MADE WOVEN CORSETS, from $1 to $10.

THOMPSON'S GLOVE FITTING CORSETS, at 85c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.35, $3 and $4.

GLOVE FITTING SATIN FINISH CORSETS for summer, at great by reduced prices.

THE "COOFERY 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 $4.75. Beware of lower-priced and greatly inferior goods being sold as the best Moody Corset. Nursing Corsets at $1.85 and $2.38.

MAD. FOY'S Corset Skirt-Supporters much below former prices $1 and upwards

DR. WARNER'S Health Corsets, quality greatly improved and prices reduced to $1 25 and $1.50.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S CORSETS and Waists, at very low prices, from 50c to $1.25.

FRENCH HAND-MADE Coutils Corsets, from $2.50 to $5; all greatly reduced in prices.

CORSET CLASPS at 5c, 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 40c per pair. LADIES FORMS at 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 45c, 50c, 75c.

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 HOOPLESS SKIRTS, Night Dresses, Chemises, Toilet Sacques, Corset Covers, Aprons, &c., all greatly reduced in prices. Our Undergarments 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 line of Panier Bustles, in every desirable style, from 25c to $4.25; qualities improved and prices reduced.

We are at all times prepared to show complete or detailed lists of the above specialties, from the finest to the lowest grades, at PRICES that will ALWAYS be found AS LOW or 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. E. 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 tables, 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 & CO., Proprietors.

Apr17,77-tf

Crude Carbolic Acid—

An excellent disinfectant, kills Vermin &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 NAUSEA.

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 rendering us unfit for business. Simmons' Liver Regulator has cured many, who will testify to the efficacy of the remedy. Any one who will try systematically the remedy that has permanently cured thousands, SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, is no drastic violent purge, but a gentle assistant to 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 from disturbance of the stomach, arising from improperly digested or acrid matter, and is always attended by more or less nausea, and in many instances with distressing vomiting. No drastic cathartic should be used to relieve this, but a gentle stimulant such as SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, is the best, as it will not only relieve the bowels, but will also correct the disordered state of the stomach, which is the cause of the 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 very superior Mackinaw Hats, selected expressly for this market, and guaranteed to compare favorably, both 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 prices. My specialty is Hats. At Beaston's old stand.

Jas. H. Linthicum.

PROPOSALS FOR LOANS.

THE Board of Directors of the W. T. B. L. A. of Talbot county give notice that APPLICATIONS FOR LOANS from the Association may be made in accordance with the charter, or other officer, at any time, and will be acted upon at their regular meetings on every alternate Tuesday night. By order of Board.

C. G. BYERLY, Secretary.

PEACH BLOSSOM.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

Nightly the frost-frost freezes
The young grain of the field,
Nor yet have blander breezes
The buds of the oak unsealed.
Not yet pours out the vine
His alep centuous wine
Sun over the southern slope,
The wands of the peach-tree first
Into rosy beauty burst,
A breath, and the sweet buds open!
A day, and the orchard's bare,
Like maids in haste to be fair,
Lightly themselves adorn
With a scarf of the Spring at the door.
Has sportively flung before,
Or a stranded cloud of the morn!

II.

What spirit of Persia cometh
And saith to the buds "Unclose,"
Ere ever the first bee hometh,
Or woodland wild-flower blows?
What prescient soul in the sod
Garlands each barren rod
With fringes of bloom that speak
Of the baby's tender breast,
And the boy's pure lip impressed,
And the pink of the maiden's cheek,
The swift, keen Orient so
Prophesies as of old,
While the apple's blood is cold,
Remembering the snow.

III.

Alas, through the mellow haze
Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
Carry the flush, and fade
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets, covers, and creeks
On the fields of Delaware!
And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore!

IV.

What fool, to-day, would rather
In winury memories dwell?
What miser reach to gather
The fruit these boughs forfell?
No, no! the heart has room
For present joy alone;
Light shed and sweetness blown,
For odor and color and bloom!
As the earth in the shining sky,
Our lives in their own bliss lie;
Whatever is taught or told,
However men mean and sigh,
Love never shall grow cold,
And life shall never die!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

My First Love-Letter.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Have I ever told you, Nell, of my first love-letter? I presume not. It is a story I have not been fond of telling. But years bring, to me, if not philosophy, a comfortable sense of the comical in regard to all early illusions and dis-illusions.

The moment of opening and reading the first love-letter is a thrilling, an august point of time, in which all the spring tides of passionate young life seem to meet in a swift, dizzying whirl of emotion. If from the right man, what ecstatic joy! If from a suitor one can not smile on, what sweet pain! But you know all about it, dear.

I was very young when I received my first love-letter—indeed, not permanently out of short frocks and the bread and butter age.

Having lived the greater portion of my life in the country, the companion of my brothers, I was a desperate romp and gipsy, delighting to roam the fields and the woods, preferring the fishing rod to the needle, and even the stable to the parlor. As yet, a fine horse was the rival of all mankind in my young affections. Still, I had read Scott, Edgeworth, Hemans, with an occasional stealthy dip into Byron, and had my own foolish little romantic dreams of my hero, my fairy prince, who was to come in Love's good time.

I used to dream of him, as I sat like little Ellie, among the elders, with my feet in the brook, or as I rode alone in the woods. I thought little of his pedigree, but I resolved that he must have a patrician Greek profile, dark blue eyes, and black, curling hair, coming down on his lofty brow in a Byron peak. I make no account of houses or lands in Love's Arcadia; but my hero must possess a fine horse. The "steed of steeds" was a *sine qua non.*

Our removal from country to town was an absolute sorrow to me, with my nature-loving heart, and wild, free habits. I hated the dusty monotony, the thronged loneliness, the dull whirl of city life. I could only console myself by occasional flights back into my old rural haunts.—From the longest, roughest tramps I returned refreshed, prepared to endure what I could not cure.

I "come out" prematurely and temporarily when I was scarcely fifteen, on the occasion of a large wedding party. I wore a long dress and white kid gloves for the first time. My hair was curled. Oh, the torture of a night and the hideousness of a day in curl-papers! I wore natural flowers and carried a huge bouquet.

Distressingly dimident, not to say awkward, I early in the evening retired to a deep window-seat, where I remained watching the merry groups of wedding guests, and listening to their easy chatter, with childish wonder and delight.

Among the gayest of the gay was a certain fair young lady, whom I had known for some time as my double. Not that she was in the least like me. She was a blonde—very much blonde—while I was a very brunette. She was distinguished for sumptuousness of attire; and dress was not then, any more than it is now, my besetting sin or peculiar virtue, whichever you incline to esteem it. But oddly enough, this fair lady bore my name precisely, surname and baptismal. I used to think the circumstance annoyed her, almost as though I had stolen the fashion of her Parisian bonnet, or the pattern of her costly embroidered shawl. Aside from the name, there was little in common between us, certainly no love. At this party she quite outshone the bride. I found it curious to watch her.

"Her brightness and brightness did shine with such splendor!"

which was all very proper, she being a rich tallow-chandler's daughter.

But not long did I watch my double, for, my dear, at this very party I first saw him—my ideal hero—my fairy prince. From all that goodly company I singled him out at a glance. There was the Greek profile, the blue eyes, there was the black, curly hair, the Byron peak and all.

Imagine the emotions of your friend when to her secluded window-seat this very young gentleman was brought and presented as "Mr. John Trevalyan." It wasn't just Trevalyan, it was quite as respectable a name. The John I'll stand by.

Well, he stood by me and talked to me for a blissful, wonderful half hour, quite as though I had been a full-grown belle, and I, under the spell of his presence, fairly fell in with the little make-believe and chattered away, quite at ease, and all some time. I talked a good deal, too. My very voice had an unfamiliar sound.

Mr. Trevalyan talked of poetry, art, music, and novels, in a low, earnest manner, the melodious rise and fall of which, I felt, was the perfection of all that was refined and high-bred. I felt, too, that he was very, very handsome, so cool, so pure, so cameo-like, and he began to know it I shared his aesthetic preference. I suppose, if I had been properly trained, or a year or two older, I might have answered "Mozart and Mozart" to music—Beethoven, Mozart, Henry Russell, and the Seguins; I dearly love art—Titian, Michael Angelo, and Benjamin West; but I adore poetry—Milton, Byron and N. P. Willis.

As it was, with a desperately honest impulse, I replied,

"I admire art and music, poetry, and all such things, but I don't know much about them yet. To tell the plain truth, my particular enthusiasm is—just horses! I guess it comes out in my paper, and all that; but I do know something about horses, and I love them."

My hero smiled, in a beaming, indulgent way, and declared that he participated in my enthusiasm—that his love for horses amounted to quite a passion, and that he fancied himself he owned the fastest trotter in all that region.

"Ah! at that moment, to quote from dear Miss Bremer, "our souls met."

Mysterious sympathy of passionate young hearts!

His eyes upon a nearer view, were gray, but their expression was full of poetic sensibility. They beamed with that tender deference, half wistful, half wicked, hardest of all looks for even "little women" to resist. I suspect the fellow knew it. They all do.

There was, now and then, a mysterious shade of sadness over his brow—an interesting, Lara-like frown, that came and went in that festive hour. I divined that, young as he was, he had great thoughts and ambition, great sorrows and sins, or meant to have them, which was all the same.

At parting, he begged from my bouquet a sprig of geranium, which he placed in his button-hole "for remembrance." Then he asked leave to visit me, which I graciously accorded. Then we murmured our adieu.

I went home with my head among the stars. My dear, absurd as it may seem, I really believed I had that night met my destiny, and met it on the whole, in a very satisfactory shape.

I did not know just when to look for my admirer, but I was ready for him morning and evening. I grew strangely careful of my dress. I assiduously brushed and curled my hair. I applied cosmetics to my sun-burnt face. I slept in kid gloves.

These alarming symptoms were not unnoticed by my tender mother; but she noticed that my manner had grown quiet and maidenly, and took great comfort thereat.

Six days I waited in vain. The seventh—magic number!—brought—not him, but a letter. It was a dainty-looking missive, all rose-tinted and gilt-edged. This was before the time of envelopes—a remote age bordering on the "Drift Period," you may think, in the insolence of your nineteen summers.

It was directed—this letter of letters—in one of those rearing Italian hands once so fashionable. It was sealed with lilac-colored wax, and the seal bore the motto—how well I remember it, though I didn't in the least know what it meant then—of "*Toujours fidèle.*"

With my heart beating into my fingertips, I broke the seal—I opened the letter. The very first line was something startlingly equivocal: "My dearest Love!"

Without waiting to read another word, I turned the leaf to look at the signature: "Oh, my prophetic soul!" it was "John Trevalyan!"

I made no copy of that letter, and found memory has been a little unfaithful in regard to the exact wording. I know that I read it with great satisfaction—in especial, a lover-like inventory which it contained of my most amiable and admirable characteristics. There were things set down there that I had supposed known only to myself.

Toward its close the letter assumed a practical one. "I will, with your leave," it ran, "call on your father in a day or two. In the meantime, love, perhaps you had better confide our dear secret to no one, unless it be your brother Tom."

Ah, heavens! the letter was not for me! Alas! I had no "brother Tom."

Providence had been bountiful in sons to our house. Our cup had run over with that particular sort of blessing, but the respectable name of Thomas had somehow never struck my mother's roving fancy. At the baptismal font she had never given it in.

Fatal omission!

"Madam, you might have saved me from this."

I recealed that letter. I sent it with all dispatch, and a courteous apology, to my double, now my rival. I was wretched, but I could not be base.

Yes, she married my John. After that, I got no more of her letters, which was some consolation.

No, she was not pretty—even on her wedding day; but she was charmingly dressed.

John still lives. He has grown rich and stout. He has no longer the Greek expression; but the Byron peak on his brow is more pronounced than ever. Of all the beautiful enthusiasms of his youth, that for fast horses alone remains. He has, I believe, never been so unhappy or wicked as he promised to be, though, for a time, he fell into evil ways and was sent to the Legislature. My double has made several visits to Paris, and had grown fonder and more *au fait* of dress than ever.

As she has no children, she gives her whole mind to it—"but that's not much."

I never could think her the companion for John in intellect and soul. I never, in truth, could help thinking that, if I had a fair start with her—if I had had her clothes—if I had had her brother Tom—it might have—but all—

"Of all and words of tongue or pen,
The saddest of these, it might have been."

GROVER VINDICATED.

A Startling Plot to Rain Him Fully Exposed.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—A Portland (Oregon) dispatch says: The congressional committee on Monday examined D. W. Butler, who denied having received any money from any source to vote for Grover. Wm. Goodman testified that Styles' statement regarding himself was false; he never received a promise of office, money or any other compensation for his vote. Both of these witnesses are members of the Legislature. A number of other members testified to having no knowledge of corruption in the election.

A. B. Lake, who had been named by a fellow name Rigby, to make affidavit that he saw $1,900 paid to Mosier to vote for Grover, made a counter affidavit, in which he denies the truth of the first one and pronounces the whole statement false. He was promised he should be subpoenaed to Washington and get money for it. He had received an order on Wit Waters, United States Marshal, for $200 for making the affidavit.

J. S. Williams was secreted under a bed and heard substantially the agreement made between Lake and Rigby, in which conversation Rigby promised to give Lake an order for $200 on Waters, United States marshal.

How to Make a Family Telephone.

[From Tuscumbia North Alabamaian.]

Mr. John M. Powers, one of the pioneers of Colbert county, in North Alabama, amuses his children with a telephone that can be made in a few minutes by any one, and by means of which conversation in an ordinary tone may be carried on between parties a hundred yards or more apart. Knock both ends out of two tin cans—old oyster cans will do—punch a hole in each, and run the end of each can, through which insert the end of common wrapping twine, although a silk line would be better, tie a knot to prevent the string from slipping through, extend the string as far as you can without allowing it to touch the ground or any thing else, and the end of the other can is ready for use. The tin cans and twine cost a trifle, and the beauty of this arrangement is the string through the cans and paper must be taut.

A little money goes a little. It is the self that makes it generous and whole-souled, the other is generous and selfish. Generosity and selfishness are the sunshine and drilliness of the same shine.

The way for a desirable old bachelor to secure better quarters, is to take a "better half."

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the setting sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. Bourdillon.

The above incomparable lines have been printed in almost every newspaper in this country and Europe, having been translated into almost every European language. They are well worth reprinting.

MARYE'S HILL.

Burnside's Desperate Effort at Fredericksburg to Storm an Impregnable Fortress.

Judge Howe in the Philadelphia Weekly Times.

From noon to dark Burnside continued to hurl one division after another against that volcano-like eminence, belching forth fire and smoke and iron hail. French's Division was the first to rush to the assault. When it emerged from cover and burst out on the open, in full view of the enemy, it was greeted with a frightful fiery reception from all his batteries on the circling summit. The ridge concentrated upon it the convergent fire of all its enginery of war. You might see at a mile the lanes made by the cannon balls in the ranks. You might see a bursting shell throw up into the air a cloud of earth and dust, mingled with the limbs of men. The batteries in front of the devoted division thundered against it. To the right, to the left, cannon were answering to each other in a tremendous deafening battle-chorus, the burden of which was—

Welcome to these, madmen about to die.

The advancing column was the focus, to point of concentration, of an arc—almost a semi-circle—of destruction. It was a centre of attraction of all deadly missiles. At that moment that single division was going up alone in battle against the Southern Confederacy, and was being pounded to pieces. It continued to go up, nevertheless, toward the stone wall, toward the crest above. With lips more firmly pressed together, the men closed up their ranks and pushed forward. The storm of battle increased its fury upon them; the crash of musketry mingled with the roar of ordnance from the peaks. The stone wall and the rifle pits added their terrible treble to the deep base of the bellowing ridge. The rapid discharge of small arms poured a continuous rain of bullets in their faces; they fell down by tens, by scores, by hundreds. When they had gained a large part of the distance, the storm developed into a hurricane of ruin. The division was blown back, as if by the breath of hell's door suddenly opened, shattered, disordered, pell-mell down the declivities, amid the shouts and yells of the enemy, which made the horrid din demoniac. Until then the division seemed to be contending with the wrath of brute and material forces bent on its annihilation. This short recalled the human agency in all the turbulence and fury of the scene. The division of French fell back—that is to say, one half of it. It suffered a loss of near half of its numbers.

Hancock immediately charged with five thousand men, veteran regiments, led by tried commanders. They saw what had happened; they knew what would befall them. They advanced up the hill; the bravest were found dead within twenty-five paces of the stone wall; it was slaughter, havoc, carnage. In fifteen minutes they were thrown back with a loss of two thousand—unprecedented severity of loss. Hancock and French, repulsed from the stone wall, would not quit the hill altogether. Their divisions, lying down on the earth, literally clung to the ground they had won. These valiant men, who could not go forward, would not go back. All the while the batteries on the heights raged and stormed at them. Howard's division came to their aid. Two divisions of the Ninth Corps on their left attacked repeatedly in their support.

It was then that Burnside rode down from the Philips House, on the northern side of the Rappahannock, and standing on the bluff at the river, starting at those formidable heights, exclaimed, "That crest must be carried to-night." Hooker remonstrated, begged, obeyed. In the army to hear is to obey. He prepared to charge with Humphrey's Division; he brought up every available battery in the city. "I proceeded," he said, "against their barriers as I would against a fortification, and endeavored to breach a hole sufficiently large for a forlorn hope to enter." He continued the cannonading on the selected spot until sunset. He made no impression upon their works, "no more than you could make upon the side of a mountain of rock." Humphrey's Division formed under shelter of the rise, in column, for assault. They were directed to make the attack with empty muskets; there was no time then to load and fire. The officers were put in front, to lead. At the command they moved forward with great impetuosity; they charged at a run, hurrahing. The foremost of them advanced to within fifteen or twenty yards of the stone wall. Hooker afterward said: "No campaign in the world ever saw a more gallant advance than Humphrey's men made there. But they were to do a work that no man could do." In a moment they were hurled back with enormous loss. It was now just dark; the attack was suspended. Three times from noon to dark the cannon on the crest, the musketry at the stone wall, had prostrated division after division on Marye's Hill. And now the sun had set; twilight had stolen out of the west and spread her veil of dusk; the town, the flat, the hill, the ridge, lay under the "circling canopy of night's extended shade." Darkness and gloom had settled down upon the Phillips House, over on the Stafford Heights, where Burnside would after awhile hold his council of war.

How Much Stock to an Acre.

Many interesting experiments have been tried by our farmers at various times to determine the highest feeding capacity of an acre of ground, and some very remarkable results have been reported; but precisely what the best attainable results are is still an open question. Probably some of our numerous readers can shed some light on this subject from their own experience.

Whether ten acres of ground of average fertility will keep more or less than that number of cattle, carrying them through the year in good condition, is a question of no little interest. For it is closely related to the problem of profitability.

One thing we take for granted. If we take what has been considered the average experience of farmers on this subject it will be found to fall very much below the highest results actually reached by the skill and perseverance of some of our practical men. And here comes in the point we wish to come at. Why do the average results of our husbandry invariably fall so far below the achievements of some of the leading men? Of course we cannot expect that all will rise to the level of the highest; but why do so many fall behind, and so far behind? If one man by skill and perseverance can make an acre of ground support ten or three cows, is there any sufficient reason why another should require two or three acres to support just one? We should like to receive from farmers some account of what they have accomplished in this direction, and from what particular crop or kind of food an acre can be made to produce the greatest amount of actual nutriment, or feeding value.

It may be all right, spending around the skies with a telescope, gazing at the stars, but the person who will invent a potato bug annihilator, or the person this country wants to put on the track.

Don't put the point of your pen much in your mouth. The tip of your pen has been used in the rind of lemons, and many people find out that it tastes like a vulgar habit.

Moody and Sankey are to labor in Baltimore during September.

A CURIOUS WILL.

About twenty years ago there lived in eastern Kentucky a wealthy old bachelor named Dodsworth. At the age of forty he married a girl of twenty, and when the bride of sixty years from his decease his wife was only half his age. He was noted for his peculiarities, and on account some where he formed a great deal of his fortune in the cattle business, was known as "old Dodsworth," and he made it a point to live up to his name. He wanted to make his property to his wife, as the law had direct very heavily, but yet he could not leave it without displeasing some of his several old nieces in the process, which when making their will and draft in a manner cutting the wife out with a shilling if she married again. This old man was full of that stamp. His young wife was good looking, vivacious, fond of society, and it was folly to suppose she would mourn for ever. Her husband made in his will an attempt to invest to the shade of Blanche, to