The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1878. VOL XIV.—NO. 10.

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY MORNINGS, AT EASTON, MD.

T. K. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS.

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Clubs of Twenty, Thirty Dollars in advance.

☞No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞Books received will be promptly noticed under editorial head.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

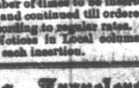
One square—8 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be marked tf. and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.



EVENING LINE BETWEEN BALTIMORE, AND EASTON, OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE AND CHOPTANK RIVER LANDING.

On and after Saturday, March 30, 1878, the steamers HIGHLAND LIGHT and KENT will leave pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, at 9 p. m. daily [except Sunday] for Easton, Deepte Mills, Goldsborough's Wharf, Oxford, Clow's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Jamaica Point, Secretary Creek, and Medford's wharf, extending Sunday, Wednesday and Friday trip to Denton, stopping at Dover Bridge, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Gilpin's Point, Towers, and Potter's Landing.

For Baltimore, steamer leaves Denton at 12 m on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, and leaves daily (except Sunday) Medford's Wharf at 2, Cambridge at 5 and Easton at 9 p. m., (making all intermediate landings,) arriving in Baltimore at 4 a. m.

FOR MILES RIVER FERRY.

The Steamer CHAMPION will leave same pier every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Easton); returning same day, leaves Miles River Ferry at 12 noon and stopping at Annapolis both ways. FLOYD.

Freights and Passengers taken for all stations on the Delaware & Chesapeake, and Dorchester & Delaware Railroads.

HOWARD S. ENSIGN, President.
Office 98 Light street, Baltimore.
oct6

Fall and Winter Arrangement of 1878.

THE STEAMER

OLIVE,

CAPT. E. N. DODSON.

After Monday, September 9th, the steamer Olive will run as follows;

For Baltimore—Leave every Monday, Tunis' Wharf at 9 a. m., St. Michaels 10 a. m., Claiborne 10:45 a. m.

Leave every Wednesday and Friday, Wye River at 7 a. m., Tunis' Wharf 9 a. m, St. Michaels 10 a. m., Claiborne 10:45 a. m.

Returning—Leave every Tuesday and Thursday, at 10 a. m., for Claiborne, St. Michaels, Tunis' Wharf, Trimble's Wharf and Wye Landing

Leave every Saturday at 10 a. m., for Claiborne, St. Michaels and Tunis' Wharf.

R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.
St. Michaels, Sep. 7, 1878.

Delaware & Chesapeake

RAILWAY.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, Sept. 23d, 1878, trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.
Easton, Leave,	7 30 AM
Woodland,	7 45
Carlisle,	7 55
Hillsboro,	8 10
Ridgely,	8 25
Greensboro,	8 45
Goldsboro,	9 00
Henderson,	9 15
Marydel,	9 25
Slaughters,	9 40
Kenton,	9 55
Clayton, Arrive,	10 10
Wilmington,	12 10 PM
Philadelphia,	1 45
Baltimore,	3 35
New York,	5 10

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 2.
New York, Leave,	8 25 PM
Baltimore,	6 50 AM
Philadelphia,	8 00
Wilmington,	9 20
Clayton,	11 20
Kenton,	11 35
Slaughters,	11 50
Marydel,	12 05 PM
Henderson,	12 15
Goldsboro,	12 30
Greensboro,	12 50
Ridgely,	1 05
Hillsboro,	1 20
Cordova,	1 35
Woodland,	1 45
Easton, Arrive,	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.

J. E. CALDWELL, Supt.

Easton, Sept. 17th, 1878.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, Proprietor

Office 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 sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties.

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

Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landing, to convey passengers with dispatch

A daily Stage line to the Railroad. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

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

dec25,77

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 attention 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

SAM'L MULLIKIN,

House, Sign and Ornamental

PAINTER,

Easton, Md.,

Offers his services to all wanting first class or cheap work done in his line.

je 18-6m

Oranges, Lemons, Cocoanuts, Figs, Raisins, &c.

Fresh invoice just received. Oranges 25 cts. per dozen

G. W. MINNICK
opposite the Bank.

Tinware—

Every description on hand or made to order. Orders for Roofing and Spouting solicited and promptly executed

T. C. Nicols.

Immense Display

OF ELEGANT

Clothing

AT

Irresistably LOW PRICES!!

THE NEW

CLOTHING HOUSE,

CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,

230 W. PRATT ST.

(Iron Front Building), Near Hanover.

Handsome Suits of Cheviot,

ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC,

In All Colors and Designs.

THE LEADING FABRICS for this Season

Made to Order at $15, $18, $20, 25, and $30

Sep24,78

SUMMER GOODS.

JACOB WILLIAMS, on Market space, announces his late return from the city, with a full line of

Cheap Goods,

including

Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Wood and Willow Ware, Crockery, Glass & China,

and a variety of other articles for family use, all purchased especially with a view to May court Jurymen and witnesses, and others, call and pay your expenses by saving money on your summer purchases. may21,78

HATS! HATS!

Spring Stock Just Arrived!

Straw Goods a Specialty!

Mackinaw Hats

Cheaper than ever before sold in Easton. A great variety of

Children's Hats Very Cheap!

My friends and the public are requested to call and examine my stock as I am sure I can give satisfaction in both quality and price.

JAS. H. LINTHICUM.

Talbot House

RESTAURANT,

(Formerly White House.)

No. 186 West Pratt Street,

(Between Maltby and Green House.)

BALTIMORE,

HENRY BANNING, Proprietor.

jun18-3m

STRAW GOODS.

Have just received my full stock of Straw Goods of all descriptions.

Taylor's Mackinaw Hats a Specialty.

M. M. RIGGINS.

Herd Book Jersey Bull

CHROME.

I have purchased of Jas. W. Tyson, Esq., of Baltimore, the registered Jersey Bull "Chrome," Herd Register No. 1718, by "Druid," Herd Register No. 229, out of "Mat," Herd Register No. 2738, and offer his services to the public at $5.00 per cow.

"Chrome," was dropped Sept. 16, 1874, is a solid dark color, black switch and tongue, with all the other fashionable points of this justly admired breed.

Robert Hough,
apr23yr (Knightly, Miles River Neck.

Notice.

The public are hereby informed that I have secured the stables belonging to the Black hotel, and will continue to feed and attend to horses as heretofore. Office at the old stand. Thankful for past favors, I hope to continue to receive the public patronage. All hire left on the premises being properly fed and watered as heretofore.

F. G. WRIGHT.

oct8tf

CROQUET,

Base Balls & Bats.

LARGE stock, better and cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

G. W. MINNICK,
opposite the bank.

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right at their homes; capital not required; we will start you; both sexes; all ages; no matter where you live, you can do the work and live at home; large pay certain; some have made fortunes at the business. Reader, if you want business address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Salt Fish for Sale.

All kinds, at the Provision Store of J. H. Hubbard, on Dover street.

TO PREVENT

Yellow Fever,

TAKE

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It Saved the People of Savannah, Ga., who used it during the Terrible Epidemic of 1876.

Messrs. J. H. Zeilin & Co.,

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, Engineers on the Georgia Central Railroad in grateful obligation for the benefits we received from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator during the Yellow Fever Epidemic in Savannah, Georgia, in the summer and fall of 1876, desire to make the following statement: That during the aforesaid Epidemic, we used the medicine known as Simmons Liver Regulator prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., and though exposed to the worst miasmatic influences of the Yellow Fever by going in and coming out of Savannah at different hours of the night, and also in spending entire nights in the city during the prevalence of this most fatal epidemic, with but the single exception of one of us, who was taken sick, but speedily recovered, we continued in our usual good health a circumstance we can account for in no other way but by the effect, under Providence, of the habitual and continued use of Simmons Liver Regulator while we were exposed to this Yellow Fever malaria.

Respectfully Yours,

C. B. Patterson, James L. Mallette,
John R. Collins, Melroy F. Cooper.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for the cure of Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver. Read: "Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work."—W. M. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They intercepted a chill in the doctor's hands."—Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. & 50c. Sold by all Druggists and General Stores. Accepts. R. K. SELLERS & CO., Prop'r, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Henry & Goldsborough, Agents, Easton.

Freights Reduced

ON

Wye, Miles and Choptank Rivers,

By the Schooner Dexter, Capt Greenbury Marshall, and the Schooner William Hayward, Capt. Nicholas C. Marshall.

These boats will run to any points on above rivers, for the accommodation of farmers. Rates reduced to 4 cents per bushel.

sep10 G. Marshall.

Thirteen Cents a Day

will secure to your family $5,000!! in the

Virginia Mutual Protection Associat'n

of Richmond, Va.

Life Insurance at actual cost. Why not buy what you want; get what you pay for; stop when you please, and keep your reserves in your own pocket? This association was organized in January, 1874. It has paid for losses $203,257 00 at a cost to the beneficiaries of $6,023 51. The same insurance on the old plan would have cost $[illegible]!! The premiums are not paid in advance, but assessments on actual losses are made every two months. Ladies insured for $1,500 only. For further particulars address

J. B. STANTON,
General Agent, Washington, D. C.

By permission I refer to Thos. K. Robson, Esq., Easton.

Sept 17th, 1878 tf

Pickles, Pickles!

Cucumber Pickles by the hundred or dozen; also, pickled Chow Chow by the pint; something very nice; try it.

John M. Mason.

Royal Blue Soap.

This soap contains all the blue necessary for blueing clothes. It is as good as any other soap. It is as cheap as any other soap, and it saves the expense of blue. Try a cake. For sale by

Jacob Williams.

Keller's Roman Liniment and Holman's Ague and Fever Pad

Female by Henry & Goldsborough.

Select Poetry.

The Elm and the Vine.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray."
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor,
The Vine was heard to say;
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine;

"Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."
The elm was moved to pity;
Then spoke the generous tree:
"My hapless friend come hither,
And find support in me."

The kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of the shepherds,
And the glory of the spring.

O beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed;
The good we do to others,
Shall never miss its meed;
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in,
That love shall scatter flowers.

The Curse of Empty Hands.

At dawn the call was heard,
And busy reapers stirred
Along the highway leading to the wheat.
"Will reap with us?" they said.
I smiled and shook my head,
"Disturb me not," said I. "My dreams are sweet."

I sat with folded hands,
And saw across the lands
The waiting harvest shining on the hill;
I heard the reapers sing
Their songs of harvesting,
And thought to go, but dreamed and waited still.

The day at last was done,
And homeward, one by one,
The reapers went, well laden as they passed;
Theirs was no misspent day,
No long hours dreamed away
In sloth, that turns to sting the soul at last.

A reaper lingered near,
"What!" cried he. "Idle here?
Where are the sheaves your hands have bound to-day?"
"Alas!" I made reply,
"I let the day pass by
Until too late to work. I dreamed the hours away."

"O, foolish one!" he said,
And sadly shook his head,
"The dreaming soul is in the way of death.
The harvest soon is o'er,
Rouse up and dream no more!
Act, for the summer fadeth like a breath.

"What if the Master came,
To-night, and called your name,
Asking how many sheaves your hands had made?
If, at the Lord's commands,
You strewed but empty hands,
Condemned, your dreaming soul would stand dismayed."

Filled with strange terror then,
Lest chance come not again,
I sought the wheat-fields whilst the others slept,
"Perhaps ere break of day
The Lord will come this way,"
A voice kept saying, till with fear I wept.

Through all the long, still night,
Among the wheat-fields white,
I reaped and bound the sheaves of yellow grain.
I dared not pause to rest,
Such fear possessed my breast,
So for my dreams I paid the price in pain.

But when the morning broke
And rested reapers woke,
Me heart leaped up as sunrise kissed the lands.
For came he soon or late
The Lord of the estate
Would find me bearing not the curse of empty hands.

Select Story.

WOOED BACK.

—:o:—

"YOU think George has ceased to love you, Nellie?"

"I don't exactly mean that, Aunt Mary. But certainly George has changed. There was a time when he never left home in the evening; now he never stays at home an hour after dinner."

"It's a grave charge for a young wife to make."

"I wish it was only the foolish fancy you seem to imagine, Aunt Mary."

"I do not think it altogether fancy, Nellie. But I want to get at the whole truth of the matter, and see if we cannot find out the cause of this change. Surely George is not unkind to you?"

"He is always finding fault, Aunt Mary."

"With what, Nellie?"

"Oh, all sorts of things—the house, the baby, my dress."

"With no cause for complaint?"

The little woman blushed deeply and made no answer.

"Mrs. Carr, her soft eyes bent lovingly upon her niece, said in a gentle tone:

"Where does George go in the evenings, Nellie?"

"He is at his sister Kate's a great deal and—and—Kate says he is very fond of hearing Mrs. Gordon sing."

Mrs. Gordon. Do I know her?"

"She was Rettie Wilbur, and is now a widow. Her brother is Kate's husband.

"Yes, yes. But, Nellie, you play and sing far better than Rettie Wilbur."

"Not now, Aunt Mary; I never practice now."

"But George is very fond of music. I am sure you cannot neglect yours, if you try to make home the most attractive place in the world for your husband."

"I don't think the piano has been opened for a year, Aunt Mary."

"Nellie!"

"So few married ladies keep up their music."

"But many are obliged to give up accomplishments to attend to the details of household duty. This is not your excuse Nellie. Your husband's means allow you a good, competent girl, and Maggie is a jewell of a nurse. Do you really find your whole time taken up?"

"No, I could practice, but—but—well, I hardly know how I got out of the habit."

"Three years."

"And you thing in that short time you have lost your husband's affection at least, in a manner. I cannot think so, but I will tell you where I think the trouble lies. George, as you well know, was brought up and educated in a home where refined and elegant ladies presided over every detail. I think, dear, when he met you he saw the same refinements, the same taste and gentle manners, that make his sisters so much beloved in society, and such charming inmates of the home circle?"

"Thanks to you who filled mother's place to me."

"I was very glad when George told me his love for you, darling. I believed him to be an honorable, true man, one whose wealth was the least attraction to my Nellie."

"You were right. He was, he is, all you thought him."

"He married you, believing he would carry to his future home one who would make it not merely a place to eat and sleep in, but a home of taste and refined pleasure. He made the mere house a gem, as I know. He brought into it a lady, and then there was in no circle of society a more charming drawing-room than Mrs. George Huntley's, nor a more devoted husband than the one whose name that lady bore. And you tell me all is changed. Nellie, is the fault on your husband's side? Have you made his home what he hoped it would be?"

"No," said Nellie, in a low voice.

"When you come to see me again, dear, tell me you have won your husband back again. Retta Wilbur was the rival of your childhood, but she must not mar your married happiness. Let your husband see that the charms that won him can still hold his heart fast."

Very slowly Helen Huntly wended her way homeward through the dusty streets.

As Helen reviewed the past year by the light of her newly roused consciousness, she marvelled at the many instances of patient forbearance she recalled and owned in heart that the fault finding of which she had complained, was very gentle, and very often omitted where grave cause existed for it.

It was hard to define exactly the day and the hour when the household arrangements began to fall entirely into the hands of a servant, whose perfect neatness and competency were, it must be admitted, a strong temptation to a young mistress.

It was difficult to say when Helen first found it too much trouble to dress for dinner, unless company was expected; when the drawing-room was closed except for weekly cleaning; when the fine-toned piano was first doomed to silence and solitude.

As the young wife entered her own room after her long walk, fevered with the heat of the day and her own train of thought, the little clock on the mantle warned her that she had only two hours before her husband would be home to dinner.

It required an exercise of all her newly roused resolutions to refrain from throwing herself upon the bed to rest; and surely her long walk was a good and sufficient excuse for this indulgence.

The large, airy room, cooled and dusky, was very inviting, but Helen thrust aside the temptation.

Hastily divesting herself of her walking dress she put on a loose wrapper and hurried to the drawing room.

Half an hour there altered materially the aspect of affairs, for Helen wanted neither neatness nor taste when she chose to exert them.

A visit to the nursery, and two-year old Georgia; and then returning to her room, the little woman proceeded to make her own toilet, recalling her husband's favorite colors, and exerting her own taste.

A crisp, cool, white muslin, ruffled and trimmed as fashion dictated, with knots of blue ribbon at the throat and belt, and confining the luxuriant waving brown hair, had transformed the pretty face and figure, and brightened Helen into a most attractive hostess.

Only ten minutes left for the dining-room.

Jane was sure to have a well-cooked dinner and a neatly arranged table, but a few touches here and there removed all the stiff primness of Jane's work, while a tall vase of Jane roses made the dining-room fragrant and pleasant.

When George Huntley opened the hall door with his usual weary sigh his foot had scarcely passed the threshold, when a pleasant sense of relief crept over him.

The long closed doors of the drawing room stood wide open.

The half-closed blinds of the open windows admitted the cool evening breezes, softly stirring the lace curtains; vases and saucers of fresh, fragrant flowers stood here and there, and upon the piano were scattered loose sheets of music.

In this pleasant room a chubby boy in white was running to meet papa, while a smiling wife spoke a few gentle words of welcome.

No fretful woman, with untidy dress and rough hair; no boy banished to the nursery to-night.

George was a philosopher.

He made no comment, but Nellie felt the added tenderness of his kiss, noted the admiring looks in his eyes, and felt that her work was appreciated.

Dinner passed off pleasantly.

Encouraged by her success so far, Nellie chatted gaily, and George found himself listening over the dessert of fresh fruits till long after his usual time for leaving the table.

"You are not going out?" Nellie said, as she saw George advancing ominously toward the hat rack.

"I was going to Kate's. Will you not come along?"

"I would rather have you here."

"Then I will stay. You have the first claim.

"Thanks. I was thinking how long it was, since we had a game of backgammon."

"I hope you were going to play for me," with a glance at the piano.

"I will. To-night you must remember that I am out of practice, but afterwards I will not claim that indulgence. To-morrow I will resume daily practice."

"I wish you would," was the careful reply. "It has grieved me to see such musical talent and culture as yours being wasted.

Even in that opening prelude the skillful fingers regained some of their cunning and force, and when at last Nellie said she was tired, both were amazed to find two hours had flown by.

A few games of backgammon, a song or two, and it was time to retire.

Instead of a lonely, hurried breakfast next morning, George found Nellie in a neat morning dress, presiding over the table, as in the days when housekeeping had the charm of novelty.

Three weeks passed away, and then Kate came to spend an evening with her brother, accompanied by the pretty widow, Mrs Gordon.

Nelly had scarcely admitted to herself why she chose her softest and prettiest muslin for that evening's wear, why she was so very careful in the arrangement of the Pompador roll her husband declared so becoming to her face; why she selected her prettiest set of jewelry, and crisp new ribbon for hair and necktie.

But George, as the visitors entered the room, could not refrain from the comparison between Nellie and Retta, and a throb of exultation at the thought that he had chosen well.

Pique, or a more ignoble impulse, prompted the dashing widow to exert all her fascinations.

She played brilliantly; she sang well; she chatted with wit and vivacity; but Nellie met her bravely upon her own ground, and conquered her.

Her musical attainments far surpassed the widow's showy, superficial playing, and her voice was full of depth and feeling.

Not once did she waver.

Her husband's heart was the stake for which she played, and though she knew it had never strayed far from its lawful allegiance, she wanted it firmly fixed upon herself.

The evening was nearly over, when Kate said.

"You have quite deserted us George. It is three weeks since you have spent an evening at our house."

"Impossible! It cannot be so long."

Nellie turned her head away to hide her smile of triumph.

"But it is," Kate persisted; "we were counting the days this morning."

"I will come with Nellie some evening next week. Where has the time flown Nell?"

"There were two evenings at the theatre," Nellie said, demurely.

"Yes, and we have been learning some new duets. And I am reading Owen Meredith's last new poem aloud to Nellie, and we are contriving some additions for the conservatory, that takes time to calculate and plan. Then Nellie is helping about some papers that I want to get in order, and——"

"Stop! stop. You are pardoned," Kate cried, laughing at her brother's earnest face. "Only when these pursuits will allow you to spare one evening, pray remember that you have a sister."

"Nell, Walter was saying last week he wanted to hear you sing that Brindisi he used to admire so much. I am so glad you have taken up your music again. We are all so proud of it."

"I mean to keep my practice up now," Nellie said. "George is getting so big that mamma cannot make him an excuse for laziness any longer."

So, with promises for an evening at Kate's soon, the party separated, George escorting the ladies home.

Nellie sat thoughtfully in the deserted parlor, wondering if her husband would soon return, or be detained by Mrs. Gordon's charms till a still later hour.

The full time to be allowed for the walk had passed, and a doubt was creeping into the wife's heart, when a ringing step upon the pavement, light, bounding feet upon the steps, and the rattling of the latch-key in the lock, announced her husband's return.

Waiting for me, dear?" he said.

"You have come home quickly," she answered.

For answer he took her in his arms, and while he looked lovingly into her eyes, he sang in a low sweet voice,

"There's no place like home."

So Nellie won her victory, and she kept the advantage gained.

The Funny Things We Do.

Have you ever reflected upon the very many funny things we do, for which we can give no particular reason? How it is that we do not give five cheers, four cheers, two cheers, one cheer? Why is it that we give three cheers and no more? Who can tell?

Why is it that the majority of people use their right hand in preference to their left, and cannot help smiling at those who use the latter?

Why is it that a man cannot see a bundle of toothpicks without helping himself when he does not need them at all?

Why is it that a small boy cannot let the thin-waisted wasp fly in peace, without furiously going for it with his new straw hat; or why is it that the small girl always insists upon lugging home a kitten that has not even learned how to open his eyes?

Why is it that when any one asks us how many days there are in a certain month, we always say over to ourselves:

Thirty days has September,
April, June and November?

Why is it, that we turn to the right instead of the left, when the left is far more preferable, and if adopted would save many an accident on railroad and highway? The driver always sits upon the right of his vehicle; in turning to the right he is farthest away from the wagon he passes, and unless he is an expert cannot tell how close he comes to the wheels of the man who goes by him, whereas if he turned to the left side he could look straight down, see to the fraction of an inch how close he was approaching an obstacle, and thus avoid it. The engineer runs upon the right hand track, and sits upon the right hand side of his cab. The long, narrow locomotive, which with sand tower, bell-ry and smoke stack is in front of him, cutting off his outlook and impeding his observation. He can view only his own track, while the opposite track, save at a distance, is almost wholly unseen by him. (On some railroads the reverse is the custom.)

Custom, owing to cause we know not of, has established these curious precedents, and from observation and education we unwittingly do thousands of things that are, to say the least, funny, and that we cannot possibly explain.

Mr. Tilden's Denial—Comments of the Press.

The New York Herald, commenting on Mr. Tilden's denial of any knowledge of the New York Tribune's cipher telegrams, says "the denial is as explicit, absolute and comprehensive as the most emphatic forms of the English language allow," and claims that "the explicit denial of such a man is certainly entitled to some respect when put into the scale against a mere inference supported by no direct proofs."

The Philadelphia Times says it "must be a matter of gratification to all, irrespective of party, that Mr. Tilden has spoken decisively so manly, so particular, so thorough and so conclusive."

From the N. Y. Herald.

November Fashions.

GORGEOUS COSTUMES FOR EARLY AUTUMN AND PRESENT WEAR—A LIST OF NOVELTIES THAT IS PERFECTLY BEWILDERING.

The fashions of the present season are gorgeous for those who can afford gorgeous raiment. There is nothing that art, skill and industry are not developing, and as far as possible, pressing into the service of ornamental dress; but the beauty and especially the novelty are mainly in the fabric. A change, almost amounting to a revolution, has taken place in the styles of costumes and the materials of which they are composed. A few years ago these were almost entirely plain and self-colored, the difference in design and trimmings alone giving variety to the general appearance of the woman, either abroad or at home. Competition in trade, the stimulus of a great industrial exhibition, and the desire for change have caused a revival of rich stuffs such as have not been seen for a quarter of a century at least—satins with raised velvet figures, brocades interwoven with silver and gold, silk embroidery with silver and pearls, and lower grades of small figures, armures and damasks, in which the colors of the Orient are introduced in no vulgar profusion but at minute lines and dashes, which enrich without suggesting loudness or vulgarity.

CLOAKS, JACKETS, AND WRAPS.

Considerable attention is now paid to cutting and shaping of outside garments, and the cost put into quality of material rather than into a trimming, which, after all, is highly unsuitable. Perhaps the size of the cloaks for the past two winters has had something to do with the abandonment of fine and fancy trimmings, as one cannot pile passementerie, and gimps, and fringes, and ruches, and what not on a cloak that envelopes the whole person without aiding greatly to the weight of a garment which is assumed to be purely protective. Fur trimmings and fur linings are as fashionable as ever, but these are mostly applied to silk cloaks. In cloth the tendency is constantly toward soft, thick, furry fabrics, finished with stitchings and showing only the addition of handsome buttons. There are favorite styles of cloaks, which are in effect, long cloth overcoats, with deep furred collar and cuffs, which present a very stylish appearance. These facings, if not of fur, are of dark plush resembling fur, or of velvet, or figured armure. The circular wrap is reviving in Scotch plaids, which do not, however, follow the tartan patterns or colors. Dark blue and green mixtures, and plaids containing several shades of brown, are the most in vogue, and are lined with crimson, garget, or tiny dark red check or striped flannel. Shawls are indispensible to the demi-season. There are charming new wraps for early autumn and evening wear that are a warm mixture of silk and wool, and dolmans in mastic shades of cloth that are almost covered with an iridescent embroidery which looks like real gems. The new mixtures of narrow criped silk braid and chenille, in fringe, are very effective as a border to this embroidery, and are also largely used in the trimming of black cashmere and silk suit cloaks.

"The "Zerocoat" is a new style of winter garment, whose special feature consists of a collar and mittens or gloves made of sealskin silk, plush or any other suitable material, and so attached to the garment that they may be used or concealed from view at the option of the wearer. The collar fits snugly inside the coat, its ends being secured in pockets by buttons; but when needed for protection, the ends being unbuttoned, the collar is drawn up and rebuttoned around the neck and face. When no longer required it may be turned down outside, in which position it gives a stylish and elegant finish. These features are especially applicable to ladies' ulsters, opera cloaks and skating jackets, combining elegance, novelty and comfort in the greatest degree.—The Zerocoat is also introduced in gentlemen's fashions, and is really a very stylish and comfortable garment.

WINTER COLORS.

The darker shades of red, such as garnet, wine color with a blue shade, olive, old gold and pale gold, are the fashionable colors, blended more or less in winter dresses and costumes. Navy blue has lost nothing of its popularity, bronze and bottle green are both in favor, but high colors are mixed in with the sombre shades and more or less relieve the uniformity of the plainest toilets. Of course, it is not one color that predominates as much as fine mixtures of many colors.—These are seen in silks, in feather trimmings and ornaments, in ribbons, in galloons, in the finishing of lingerie, in bonnets, and especially in the rich embroidery now used so profusely. In silk, satin and rich trimmings the fine gold, olive, crimson and bronze shades lend very striking effects, the presence of any shades of yellow bringing out all other colors and shades most perfectly. Mastic or putty colors has a rival in a color called "livery," which is in peculiar favor in England for the dress of coachmen and footmen. An occasional costume in plum and mulberry shows a determination to preserve with consideration these beautiful and warm winter colors. Genevieve Ward, as Queen Katharine, in the second act of "Henry VIII," is costumed in a rich dress of dark garnet and black satin, and here these colors are so artistically combined that the effect produced is magnificent.

NOVELTIES.

Scotch plaid embossed velvet will be used for trimming hats. Velours nye—striped velvet—has velvet stripes on a satin ground, and is used for bonnets. Brocaded velvet for bonnets has quaint irregular figures of cut and uncut velvet on a satin ground. Felt bonnets embroidered with gold are among the novelties. Alsatian bows are worn on hats. Velvet ribbon, edged with gold and silver, is used for bows. Gold beads, dotted with jet flowers, are worn with the Roman coiffure. A long, narrow band is over the brow, and a broad one further back serves as a comb.

In place of the chatelaine chain for carrying a fan or purse there is a silver pin with a catch, by which it is fastened to the belt. Four small chains attached are intended for any trifles which the wearer may fancy to append.

"We know," said the school committee-man to the new teacher, he was examining for her position, "that A, B and D, are vowels, but what we want to know is why they is so."

Interesting to the Bible Students.

Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.

Joshua, Phineas or Eleazar wrote the book of Joshua, though it is not certainly known which of them.

Samuel is the penman of the books of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David, and probably Nathan and Gad wrote his last acts. The whole was formed into two books which were named after Samuel, as the most eminent person, called the first and second books of Samuel.

Jeremiah most probably compiled the two books of the Kings.

Ezra compiled the two books of the Chronicles. He is also author of the book bearing his name.

Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah.

The author of the book of Esther is unknown.

Elihu was most probably the author of the book of Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters, and also the last.—Some think Job wrote it himself.

David wrote most of the book of Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them.

Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastics, and the songs of Solomon.

Isaiah is the author of the prophecy of Isaiah.

Jeremiah wrote the book bearing his name, and Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Obadiah, Joel, Amos, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, and Haggai and Zachariah, wrote the prophecies bearing their respective names.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the gospels named after them. Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles.

Paul is the author of the epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, Galatians, Phillipians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Philemon, Titus and Hebrews.

James the son of Alpheus, who was cousin-german to Christ, and one of the Apostles, wrote the epistle of James.

Peter wrote the epistle bearing his name.

The Apostle John wrote the three Epistles of John.

Jude the Apostle, and brother of James, called also Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus, a relative of our Lord, wrote the Epistle of Jude.

John the divine wrote the book of Revelation.

Hitting the Wrong Man.

The following amusing incident occurred not long since in a denominational book store, not a thousand miles from Cornhill (Boston).

Amusing it certainly was, though the hero of the occasion has not regained his equanimity.

The clerks in this store had acquired the habit of playing off tricks upon each other—practical joking they called it—and one of the tricks was this: If one of the clerks happened to see another in a stooping posture, selecting books from the lower shelves, he would seize a board and smartly spank the stooping victim.

Jerry P—— was one of the clerks, a simple-minded, good-natured fellow from Vermont, always ready and willing for the hardest kind of work, and prized by his employers accordingly.

Jerry had been the chief victim of the spanking process, and was determined upon revenge—not with malevolence, nor yet with indignation, but simply in the way of fair play. To this end he lay low, watching an opportunity.

One afternoon upon returning to the store from an errand, the longed-for opportunity seemed to present itself, and Jerry seized it instanter.

At the far end of the long counter he saw an individual overhauling books on the very bottom shelf, his body bent at a most tempting angle.

Jerry was sure it was Tom S——, from whose hands he had received many an emphatic spank, and now was the time to pay off old scores.

So he selected a splendid board, and creeping noiselessly to the spot, he gave the stooping man a blow that sounded through the store like the bursting of a retort, and brought him to an erect position like a Jack in a box.

Here was a fix. Tom S——, at the sound of the blow, appeared from another part of the store, while the gentleman who had been struck stood in utter bewilderment, rubbing away at the afflicted part most assiduously; and poor Jerry then discovered to his dismay and deep regret, that he had struck his employer's parson, the Rev. Dr. B——, who had been cautiously searching among a lot of old Greek and Hebrew books.

Jerry wept with shame and confusion, and was forgiven; and from that time that particular species of amusement was discontinued in the store.

True Love.

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote
Upon the sand:

"Agnes I love thee!"

The mad waves rolled by and blotted out
The fair impression.
Frail reed! cruel wave! treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more;
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
Her tallest pine, and dip its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high and burnished heavens
I'll write:

"Agnes I love thee!"

And I would like to see any
Dog-goned wave wash that out.

—*Bret Hart.*

If State Senator Swalls, of South Carolina, had lived in any Northern State and prostituted his senatorial office as openly and recklessly as is clearly proven he did in that State, he would be in the penitentiary; but having resigned his seat to escape the inquisitorial and fled to escape punishment, he has settled down in Washington where a few carpet-bag thieves yet linger, and is telegraphing over the country how the Hampton rifle clubs have driven him from the State. As the South Carolina penitentiary evidently haunts his dreams he should file himself to the Massachusetts Botany Bay of public thieves, and put himself under the protecting wing of Governor Rice. He will find Kimpton there, and a fellow feeling will make Kimpton wondrous kind to Swalls.—*Phila. Times.*

FALLING DEAD BEFORE HUSBAND'S COFFIN.—At Meadville, Pa., Thursday morning, as the funeral of Professor L. D. Williams was about to leave the residence for the church, and the friends were taking leave of the remains, his wife, aged sixty, fell dead beside her husband's coffin. Mrs. Williams had been in her usual health.

When is a young man's arm like the Gospel? When it maketh glad the waist places.

Somebody was an eminent theologian in his day, and in his last sick brought down the house.

When we wish to down think we can do, but when we do down a thing it becomes impossible.

We should do good to an enemy and make him our friend.