The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1878. VOL XIV.—NO. 16

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT EASTON, MD.

F. K. JOHNSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

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

☞No ads received will be promptly noticed under editorial head.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

One square—1 time 75 cents (nonpareil) 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 to the number of times to be inserted, will be marked 'tf.' and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

☞Special Notices double the above rates. Marriages, 50 cents for each insertion.

Go 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 5, Light street, foot of Camden, at 5 P. M. daily (except Sunday) for Easton, Doubles Mills, Goldsborough's Wharf, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallace's, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Jamaica Point, Secretary Creek, and Medford's wharf, extending Sunday, Wednesday and Friday trip to Denton, stopping at Lower Bridge, Kings'n, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Gilpin's Point, Towers, and Potter's Landing.

For Baltimore, steamer leaves Denton at 12 m on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, and leaves daily (except Sundays) Medford's Wharf at 7, Dumbarton at 8 and Easton at 9 A. M. (stopping at intermediate landings,) arriving in Baltimore at 4 A. M.

FOR MILES RIVER FERRY.

The Steamer CHAMPION will leave pier every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Easton); returning same day, leaving Miles River Ferry at 12 noon and stopping at Annapolis both ways. For freight or passage apply on board or to the Agents, Messrs. Thos. Ennalls & Son, Easton, Md., Messrs. Howard & Chaplain, Baltimore, and Dorchester & Delaware railroads.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President.
Office 98 Light street, Balti more.
oct8

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, Tuesday 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.

E. S. DODSON, Proprietor.
d., Michaels, Sep. 7, 1878.

Delaware & Chesapeake

RAILWAY.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

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

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.
Easton, Leave,	7 30 AM
Woodland,	7 45
Cordova,	7 55
Hillsboro,	8 10
Ridgely,	8 25
Greensboro,	8 45
Goldsboro,	9 00
Henderson,	9 15
Marshy,	9 25
Slaughters,	9 30
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 00 PM
Baltimore,	6 50 AM
Philadelphia,	8 00
Wilmington,	9 30
Clayton,	11 20
Kenton,	11 35
Slaughters,	11 50
Marshy,	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. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

Easton, Sept. 17th, 1878.

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 deal in and 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

New Horse Market!

Fred. Dittmar,

S. E. Cor. Broad & Callowhill Sts.,

Has always on hand a large number of Horses, Brood Mares, &c suitable for Light and Heavy work both for Town and Farm use.

My stock is warranted as represented.

Horses from $20 to $125 on hand.

A fine lot of wagons, also a full line of Harness.

My prices are lower than any other man in the business

Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1878 yr

Mules for Sale.

JOHN C GALE, EASTON has a number of fine Mules for Sale. He always has on hand several

HORSES FOR SALE

March 13 77-yr

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 Post-office.

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

HEADACHE NEURALGIA PILLS

CELERY. "Dr. C. W. Benson, a practicing physician of Balti- PILLS
CELERY. more, says he has PILLS
CELERY. paid much attention PILLS
CELERY. to Headache and Neuralgia PILLS
CELERY. (brain diseases.) he says that PILLS
CELERY. Extract of Celery and Chamomile combined in a suitable PILLS
CELERY. portion invariably cures PILLS
CELERY. Billous, Dyspeptic, Spasmodic, PILLS
CELERY. sick, headache, neuralgia and PILLS
CELERY. nervousness. This so triumph- PILLS
CELERY. in medical circles, and suf- PILLS
CELERY. ferers all over the country, are PILLS
CELERY. (benefiting by using the preparation PILLS
CELERY. it in pills, at 25 cts. a box. The PILLS
CELERY. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have proved PILLS
CELERY. highly successful in Baltimore.—PILLS
CELERY. Epis. Meth. PILLS

CELERY. Baltimore, July 27, 1874 PILLS
CELERY. Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and PILLS
CELERY. Chamomile Pills have cured my PILLS
CELERY. wife of sick headache, from which she PILLS
CELERY. had suffered for ten years, standing; she PILLS
CELERY. tried every week or ten days, PILLS
CELERY. and suffered almost everything PILLS
CELERY. but death with it. We think PILLS
CELERY. these pills worth their weight in PILLS
CELERY. gold. REV. W. SCHWERTZ, PILLS
CELERY. Pastor Shiloh Mission PILLS

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists in PILLS
this town. PILLS
Price 50 cts. a box. Mailed free PILLS
to any address. PILLS
Office No. 106 N. Gay Street, PILLS
Baltimore. nov27 PILLS

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.

STRAW GOODS.

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

Taylor's Mackinaw Hats

a Specialty.

M. S. RICHARDS.

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 299, out of "Mat," Herd Register No. 2798 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 Brick 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 may rely on their horses being properly fed and watered as heretofore. F. G. WRIGHT.

oct8tf

Freights Reduced

ON

Wye, Miles and Choptank Rivers,

By the Schooner DEXTER, Capt Greenbury Marshall, and the Schooner WILLIAM HARWARD 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.

sep19 G. MARSHALL.

CROQUET,

Base Balls & Bats.

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

G. W. MINNICK.
Opposite the Post-office.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

SIMMONS! LIVER DISEASE and Indigestion prevail to a greater extent than probably any other malady, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the Liver is Regulated in its action, health is almost invariably secured. Indigestion or want of action in the Liver causes Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits &c. &c. Many a hundred dollars in doctors' bills, Liver Regulators in the first cost, and have ever been saved from the effects of these attacks. Remember it is purely vegetable, and being a simple vegetable compound can do no injury in any quantities that it may be taken.

LIVER It is harmless in every way; it has been used for forty years, and hundreds from all parts of the country will vouch for its virtues, viz: Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Bishop Pierce of Georgia; John Gill Shorter, of Alabama; Gen. John B Gordon, R. I. Mott, of Columbus, Ga., are among the hundreds to whom we can refer. Extract from a letter from Hon Alexander H. Stephens dated March 8, 1872: "I occasionally use when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect. It is mild, and suits me better than more active medicine.

REGULATOR. It is not the quantity eaten that gives strength, life, blood, and health, it is the thorough digestion of the food taken let it be much or little. Therefore, do not stimulate up the stomach to crave food, but rather assist digestion after eating by taking

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE,

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA PA.

PRICE, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

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."—Wm. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have cured hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills."—Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. a Box. Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers. R. S. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Henry & Goldsborough, Agents, Easton.

FLAGG'S

LIVER

And Stomach

PAD.

This greatly improved PAD (and the only one for which a patent has been granted), on account of its Superiority of construction, is rapidly gaining ascendancy over all others for the Prevention and Cure of Chills and all Malarial Fevers, Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Kidney Affections and all complaints resulting from a disordered Stomach and Liver or Malarial Poison in the Blood. It is greatly admired, from the fact that it requires no "Pounding Up" or "Pinching Process" [?] to make it soft as do other "Pads." Its peculiar construction, combining science and mechanism, makes it a WATER SOFT and the wearing a luxury, while its strength may be increased tenfold by adding the fluid "ANTI-MALARIA," thereby making absolute CURES where other Pads have failed, or the money will be refunded.

Price of Full-Sized Pad only $2, including a six-ounce bottle "Anti-Malaria."

DR. E. HARWOOD FLAGG,
(Proprietor and Manufacturer).
39 N. Liberty Street, Baltimore.

To whom all orders should be addressed.

☞Sold by druggists generally. If your druggist has none on hand, ask him to send and get it or you.

☞Sent free of charge to any part of the country upon receipt of price, viz. $2

☞Use none but Flagg's "Patent Pad." All others are greatly inferior. Both Pads, the old and new, can always be seen side by side at Dr. Flagg's office.

☞"Take your Choice."

BEST Business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Furnished outfit and samples worth $5 free. Inquire your mother for the business. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. mar13,78yr

Salt Fish for Sale—

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

Rattan Rocking Chairs.

Handsome and Light,

Durable and Cheap

Instructed and for sale by John Mason.

Children's Carriages.

A fine assortment,

And very cheap,

Just received and for sale by John Mason.

Select Poetry.

THE CRICKET.

BY HENRY G. CORNWELL.

Blithe minstrel of the fading year!
I love thy song of cozy cheer,
And though my cell be rude and bare
With thee my lonely hearth I share,
Nor would I lay thin pipe forego
For sweetest reeds that man may blow.

Without, November's tempests roar;
The maniac wind assaults the door,
And shrill through mountain passes bleak
The writhen hemlocks sigh and shriek.
But what care I how wild it be
So Fate sends comrade such as thee.

Entangled, tortuted, fettered, sore,
Heive the tales world scorn for score!
Remote from man, to hear at night
Thy faultless treble's crisp delight,
And warm my old bones o'er the fire,
Are the sole comforts I desire.

When on my ruined past I brood,
And maddening memories intrude,
Then, welcome guest! thy cheerful strain
Diverts and solaces my pain,
And makes me for an hour forget
All, save thy ting clarionet!

When sleep's soft fingers close my eyes,
And childhood's fairy pictures rise,
Thou art my sleepless sentinel,
Whose watch-word tells me all is well.
Whose sudden silence warns my ear
If aught of evil wanders near.

Thou art the hermit's closest friend
And when my mortal day shall end,
And my soul-bound at last shall take
Its flight at eve the Jagged lake—
Thou art the one sole friend to me,
When I am dead, I hope thou shalt be!

Select Story.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

MR. B. was a great merchant in Baltimore. One morning as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress. He accosted him with:

"Hey! my man, what is the matter?"

The negro lifted up his eyes, and looking at Mr. B., replied:

"Ah, massa, I se in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Case I'se fotched up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?"

"No, no, massa; none o dat. It's becase I don't mind the audes."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa stranger, I will tell you. Massa Willum werry strict man, and a werry nice man; so and dey body lib de place got to mind him, and I brake frew de rule, but I didn't tend to brake frew de rule, doe; I forgot myself and I got too high."

"It is for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"Oh, no, sah, not dat nother."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."

"For praying, sah."

"For praying! That's a strange tale. Will not your master permit you to pray?"

"Oh, yes, he let me pray easy; but I hollers too loud."

"And why do you halloo in your prayers?"

"Kase the spirit comes on me and I gets happy 'fore I knows it; den I gone, kan't 'trol myself, den I knows nuttin' 'bout massa's rule."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"Oh, yes; no help for me now—kase when Massa Willum say one ting he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa's name is Colonel Willum C——."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on the Easin Shoah."

"Is he a good master, and does he treat you well?"

"Oh, yes; no better man in the wuld."

"Stand up and let me look at you."

And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jest comin' to de wharf."

"As Mr. B. started for the shore he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader, and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Colonel C. did. He introduced himself and said:

"I understand that you want to sell that negro man yonder, on board the schooner."

Col. C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get $700."

"How old do you reckon him to be?"

"Somewhere about thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very; he never had any sickness in his life, except two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes; he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir; he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeys my orders. As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment, I might want him, I built his hut within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is praying in his hut every night and morning, and when he began it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (so he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing, and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear nearly a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and my children, and our whole family connections to the third generation, and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the visit. The noise and the children would cry, and it would get me almost frantic, and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be almost daylight before I could go to sleep, for it appeared to me, that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbid his praying any more—and Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed, and my rule is never to whip, but, whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection. And I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell, or every negro on the place would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' hut. I suppose from that he has a family?"

"Yes; he has a woman and three children, or wife, I suppose he calls her now—for soon after he got religion he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"

"If you want them for your own use, I will take $700; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the $1,400."

"Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B.'s store, drew up the writings and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel. Mr. B. approached the negro who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, wrapped in meditation of the most awful forebodings, and said:

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a low bow, and every muscle in his face worked with emotion when he replied:

"Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine to Georgia?"

"No," said Mr. B., "I am a merchant here in this city. Yonder is my store, and I want you to attend on the store, and I have purchased your wife and children, too, so that you may not be separated."

"Bless God for dat; and, massa, kin I go to meetin' sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on Sabbath and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose and as loud as you choose and as long as you choose, and every time you pray, whether it be at home or in church, I want you to pray for me, my wife and all my children; for if you are a good man, your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of my name in the State. It will not injure them."

When Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets and his full heart bounded outright for gladness, exposing two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast; and his heart's response was, "Bress God, bress God all de time, and bress you, too, massa; Moses nebber tinks 'bout he gwine to hab all dese commodationers; dis makes him think about Joseph in Egypt."

After Moses had poured a few blessings upon Colonel C. and bidden him a warm adieu, and requested him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed Mr. B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next Spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel, and walk hurriedly toward the store. He soon recognized him as Col. C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was upstairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up stairs and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was attracted by a very confused noise above. He listened and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Colonel C.'s movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed and went up to see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled at seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon one knee, with his arm around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and children had been converted to God.

Moses responded: "Bress God, massa C. do I way up nes, I neber forgit you in my prayers; I allus put de old massa side de new one. Bress God, dis make Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt agin."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that was out of the question, for he would not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses, he eventually proved the instrument, in God's hands, of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own and is doing well for both worlds.

Never too Late.

It is never too late to learn. Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Cato, at eighty years of age, began to study the Greek language. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of his Tuscan dialect. Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massa; first-rate farmer—he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his lands fall and make money once; den in de spring he buys back de coarse what he for want of buy, and make money twice."

Miscellaneous Reading.

AMUSING INCIDENTS IN COURT.

[From the Cambridge Chronicle.]

A PRISONER'S DREAM—HOW THE JURY GAVE A VERDICT—AND WENT TO SLEEP.

Occasionally, even the ordinarily dry and to outsiders, uninteresting precincts of courts of justice are penetrated by rays of humor, and the formality of legal proceedings is interspersed by bits of fun, the more welcome that they are unexpected. During our present term of court several of these incidents have occurred, and they have served no little to relieve the irksome attendance of suitors, jurors and witnesses, not to mention court and bar. One or two we present to our readers.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A colored gentleman by the name of John Wilson was one day last week on trial for larceny, and was defended by a prominent member of the Cambridge bar, who enjoys an enviable reputation for eloquence and success in defending this persecuted class of our citizens. The State's Attorney had placed upon the stand a well-known magistrate from the upper section of the county, who testified as to admissions of his guilt made by the accused in conversation with him.

Mr. —— for Wilson then undertook to cross question the justice.

"Did you induce the prisoner to confess by offering threats or promises?"

"I did not, it was entirely voluntary."

"Have you related the whole conversation that took place, and all that Wilson said?"

"I don't know that I have."

"Then (with the hope of extracting some expressions of qualification or denial), I want to know what else he said."

"Well, when I told him the evidence was ugly and he was in rather a tight place, he laughed at me, saying, 'Lord, sir, I ain't ammiding. I've been in a tighter place than this, and Mr. G——, (naming the defendant's counsel) got me off with his slick tongue, and he'll do it agin.'"

It is needless to say that that ended further questions about that conversation and the unfortunate victim of misplaced confidence is booked for the State prison.

A JURYMAN WHO COULD NOT BE FOUND.

Again, one night Henry Thompson was on trial for stealing goods in Vienna. The case was concluded, but as another jury was already in possession of the petit jury room, Thompson's jury was sent down to the sheriff's office in charge of a bailiff. The latter marched them down, fastened them in, and took his station at the door to await the result of their deliberations. After some discussion it was found that the jury was agreed on a verdict of acquittal, but lo! when the foreman began to tell them off he found there were but eleven! He at once summoned and notified the incredulous bailiff, who sturdily disbelieved until by standing them up in a row and counting them himself, he found to his horror and consternation that it was too true.

He immediately arrived at the conclusion that his brother bailiff in charge of the other jury had in some unaccountable manner contrived to get possession of one of his men, and locking up the eleven he went off to search for his stray lamb. The other, on being charged with the theft, denied the allegation, but nothing would satisfy our friend but an actual count of the other's jury, when he verified the fact only the traditional twelve were there and not a thirteenth. Thereupon, nothing remained but to report to the court, and in a state of high excitement the unfortunate custodian of the jury rushed up to the judges and interrupted the proceedings, and convulsed the court room, by exclaiming in tones of the greatest consternation, and with a countenance in which excitement and apprehension struggled for the mastery: "Oh, Judge, I've lost one of my men, I've lost one of my men—what shall I do, whall shall I do?"

After the laughter caused by the incident had subsided the court informed him of their view that the juror could not have been spirited away, and that he, the bailiff, must go out on the highways and look him up. This he proceeded to do with such energy and diligence that in half an hour he discovered his estray safely ensconced in bed at a private residence in the northwestern suburb of the town, and required him to hustle on his clothes and accompany him back to the court house, when, after a few minutes more, he triumphantly produced the whole twelve before the court with a verdict of acquittal for the accused at the bar.

It turned out that the missing juror, a highly respectable and esteemed old gentleman of the Neck, who was a "teetotaler', in politics, took it into his head, as the jury filed into the sheriff's office, that it was the bailiff's *treat*, and being confirmed in this view, he said, by the fact that eleven were mostly "local opinionists," and himself having fully made up his mind to acquit the prisoner, and not desiring to "liquor up," he thought he would slip off to bed and enjoy a comfortable night's rest, while the rest spent the night in wrangling over whisky and Henry Thompson.

Why He Changed.

A dilapidated individual stood gazing at a huge pile of watermelons until his mouth watered, and he made bold to remark to a man who was selecting one for his dinner:

"I wish I had five cents to get a small melon; I haven't tasted of melon for over two years."

The gentleman promptly handed over a nickel and went on with his selection. About the time he had his melon picked out he saw the vagrant coming out of a saloon near by, and he called out:

"I thought you wanted that money to buy a melon."

"So I did" was the very courteous answer. "I told you I hadn't tasted melon for over two years, and after reflecting a little I found I hadn't tasted whisky for over three. Therefore, I gave whiskey a show to catch up with melon, and start off square. Nothing mean about me sir, good-by!"

An exchange describes a new hog disease that is raging in Monmouth county, N. J., and says: "The animals are attacked in the throat, the staggers, or something akin to it, immediately ensues, and in a few seconds all is over." If we do not mistake, the disease is common in this part of the country, it being usually the result of a big hatchet and a sharp knife. The preliminary symptoms commence in the throat in all cases.

Her Hair Won't Curl.

A boy about twelve years old entered a store near us to-day, and sat down, sobbing as if his heart would break. When he finally became aware of the presence of the lad he looked down on him kindly, and gave his white head a fatherly pat and said:

"Bub, you don't look the least bit like a murderer."

"No, sir; I never murdered nobody in my whole life," was the mournful reply.

"I'm glad to hear it, my boy—real glad. The boy who has remorse upon his mind can't half enjoy a velocipede or a mince pie. Did you call here to consult me?"

"Mother said I might."

"Did, eh; the good old soul. Well, my son, you can unburden yourself as if I had banged hair and wore dollar store rings over yaller kid gloves."

"It's about my sister," began the lad. "She's eighteen years old, and she has got freckles and her hair won't curl."

"Do tell! And so she always a writing poetry on the sad sea and the pale moon, and is probably out to-day gathering Autumn leaves?"

"I guess so, sir, but she's always stealing all the money I can save up. She takes it and buys stuff to remove freckles and make her hair curl. I've talked and mother has talked, but she won't behave herself, sir, and mother said I should come and get advice from you."

"Hum—yes—hum. She takes your hard earned wealth and squanders it for Bandoline and freckle lotions, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"And has she succeeded in taking off the freckles?"

"Not a one."

"And does her hair curl?"

"Not a curl."

"Good. It's a judgment upon her! The wicked never prosper, and don't you forget it! However, she is bound on trying if it take all the money you can earn, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. She says she'll take those freckles off if it kills her, and if I hide my money where she can't find it she'll run mother in debt at the drug store. Mother says she wishes you would scare her most to death."

"Scare her. Why, let me get a sight of her, and I'll give her some statistics that will curl her hair till she can't get her jaws together! Boy, do you know what these freckle lotions are composed of?"

"No, sir."

"Of course you don't—you are too young and innocent for that. They take and dissolve old cross-cut saws in nitric acid, and a butcher-knife or two, douse in some vinegar, sprinkle in kyann pepper and a bowie knife, and it is mixed up by a man who has committed six murders."

"But sister isn't the least bit afraid of it, sir," protested the boy.

"Pshaw! the girls," muttered the pantomimist, as a shadow of disappointment passed over his face. "I verily believe that the average American woman would take the chances of going over Niagara Falls if she was sure that the trip would remove her freckles."

"Yes, sir," replied the good boy.

"And yet freckles are a positive indication that a female is kind hearted, high minded, noble, forgiving, charitable, lady-like, and is certain to have a large funeral and the best lot in the cemetery. At this very hour I can name five queens, six duchesses, ten earlesses, five countesses, and the wives of 194 members of Congress who have freckled faces and comb their hair back straight."

"Yes, sir," sighed the boy.

"Go home, bub—go home and feel easy in your mind. I'll drop in on your folks to-morrow about noon, and when I get through talkin' to your sister she'll never want any more freckle syrup. Don't give her any hints, as I want to come upon her suddenly, the same as a trusted bank cashier starts for Europe."

The Bible.

It is the book of Laws, to show the light and wrong.

It is the book of Wisdom, that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise.

It is the book of Life, that shows the way from everlasting death.

It is the most authentic and entertaining history that has ever been published.

It is the most compendious book in all the world.

It contains the most ancient antiquities, remarkable events, and wonderful occurrences.

It points out the most heroic deeds and unparalleled wars.

It describes the celestial, terrestial and lower worlds.

It explains the origin of the angelic myriads and devilish legions.

It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic and the profoundest artist.

It will teach the best rhetorician, and exercise every power of the most skilled arithmetician.

It will puzzle the wisest anatomist and the nicest critic.

It corrects the vain philosopher and confutes the wisest astronomer.

It exposes the subtle sophist and drives diviners mad.

It is a complete code of laws, a perfect body of Divinity, and unequalled narrative.

It is a book of lives.

It is a book of travels.

It is a book of voyages.

It is the best document that ever was agreed to.

It is the best deed that ever was sealed.

It is the best evidence that ever was produced.

It is wisdom to understand it; to be ignorant of it, is to be awfully destitute.

It is the king's best copy and the magistrate's rule.

It is the housewife's best guide and the servant's best instructor.

It is the young man's best companion.

It is the schoolboy's spelling book.

It is the learned man's masterpiece.

It contains a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound mystery for a sage.

It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory.

It affords knowledge of witty inventions and it is its own interpreter.

It encourages the wise, the warrior and the overcomer.

It promises an eternal reward to the excellent, the conqueror, the warrior, the prevailer.

And that which crowns all in that the author, without partiality, without hypocrisy, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Blinding Attack.

It is strange that a friendly social language is stored full of the choicest works of the human mind, and whose population is so whole, so well educated, reading aloud as a source of amusement and means of enjoyment is so little resorted to. There are many families—even in book-loving New England there are scores of families, we fancy—where a book, or a chapter of a book, is never read to the family circle from end out of the year to another. The individual members of the family read; but all reading done in the family is silent reading. Father has his paper, mother her book, Mary her novel, Johnny his story of wild adventure. Reading there is enough of it; but each one reads for himself.—There is no reading for the whole, and no grouping of the family into an audience for an evening's enjoyment, such as seems to people who have a good thing well

"Only those who have visited in families where the gift of reading was cultivated as a source of family enjoyment, and the custom of reading aloud to the family practiced, can imagine what a help and blessing to the family life such a habit is. Music is well enough in its way, but its range of expression is far narrower than that of reading, and for that matter far less practical in its adaptation to the family wants. Then, too, playing requires an instrumental accompaniment, and a piano costs money and requires too much practice on the part of the performer to be available for the many. The art of reading well is easily acquired and cheaply taught and the expressions of literature are abundant and varied. If sorrow has fallen on the family, the needed antidote can be found both in prose and poetry.—If fun is called for, then fun can be had at the asking; for the language is so full of humor, so quaint and subtle that the rare recital of the author's words brings the point out and "sets the table in a roar." History, tragedy, comedy, wit, pathos, sublimity every spring at which the human mind loves to drink can be opened and the sweet waters be freely given to every one.

How cozy those home readings may be made. Warmth, light, companionship, culture, happiness, are all included in them. How much you are missing if reading is not cultivated as one of the means of happiness and pleasure in your family circle; for in such an exercise there is quickening for the imagination, appeal to judgment, elevation of feeling, opportunity for criticism, which shall teach the children more of literature in three hours than they can learn at school in three weeks. Next to the impulse of love as a means of drawing families together is the influence of intellectual companionship. Cultivate this, and see how satisfactory will be the result.—*Golden Rule.*

What the South is Doing.

The election of Governor Houston, of Alabama, and the probable election of Governor Hampton, of South Carolina, to the United States Senate, are additional and very gratifying evidences of a return on the part of the Southern people, brought about by their emancipation from carpet-bag rule, to the ancient and honorable practice of sending only their best men to the National Legislature. With such men as Bayard, Whyte, Lamar, Gordon, Hill, Stephens, Houston, Hampton, Tucker, Johnston and others to represent her in the Senate and House, the South can scarcely be prevented from taking high rank by the mere force of "natural selection," in the councils of the nation. It would be well if other portions of the country would imitate her example in selecting only their ablest men to represent them at Washington. We might then reasonably expect something like practical and judicious treatment of serious questions at the hands of Congress; and our national legislators would again represent, really the intelligence, the refinement and the sterling worth of the American people, instead of the "views" of that small minority of worthless politicians, hangers on and manipulators who assume to relieve the people at large of the trouble of governing themselves, and who are careful to select as their representatives only such men as will serve their ends, and not the legitimate purposes of honest and economical government.—*Balto. Bulletin.*

A Gambler's Confession.

"I want to ask you something on a delicate subject—gambling," said a Milwaukee reporter to Russ Wheeler, a veteran gambler of the West, who had just been convicted of manslaughter, having shot and killed another gambler.

"It's not delicate, as I have nothing to hide."

"You know all about gambling, its fascinations and its results."

"I have got a boy, the only one I have, and I would sooner to-morrow follow him to the grave, than see him touch a card or gamble in any shape."

"Is it hard to stop after a man gets into it?"

"I have found it so. I never intended to go a second time. If it had not been for gambling I would to-day be in as good condition, socially and financially, as any man in Milwaukee."

"A gentleman told me the other day that you said to him that you would never touch another card."

"That is my honest intention. I have been successful in business since I commenced playing. When you go into the business world they say you are a thief and a robber and will have nothing to do with you.