The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1878. VOL XIV.—NO. 17.

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, 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—6 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.

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 3, Light street foot of Camden, at 9 P. M. daily [except Sunday] for Easton, Double Mills, Goldsborough's Wharf, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Jamaica Point, Secretary Creek, and Medford's wharf extending on Monday, 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 Saturday) Medford's Wharf at 2, Cambridge at 5 and Easton at 9 P. M., (making all intermediate landings,) arriving in Baltimore at 6 A. M.

FOR MILES RIVER FERRY.

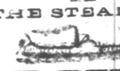
The Steamer CHAMPION will leave same pier every Monday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock for St Michael's and Miles River Ferry (Easton); returning same days leaving Miles River Ferry at 12 noon and stopping at Annapolis both ways. Fare $1.

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

HOWARD B. ENSIGN President.
Office 98 Light street, Baltimore.
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, Tunis' Wharf at 9 A M. St Michaels 10 A M Claibourne 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
Cordova,	7 55
Hillsboro,	8 10
Ridgely,	8 25
Greensboro,	8 45
Goldsboro,	9 00
Henderson,	9 18
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 30
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 beat 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 do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are new and built out of the very best material. Orders left with Messrs G. E Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt st., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. Grain bought or taken at the lowest freight rates. All Grain stored in our Warehouses, in case of fire will be at the owners risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the lowest cash price. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, a continuance of the same

C. R. LEONARD & BRO.

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

may8,77

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 on 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

March18 77-yr

SAM'L MULLIKIN,

House, Sign and Ornamental

PAINTER,

Easton, Md.,

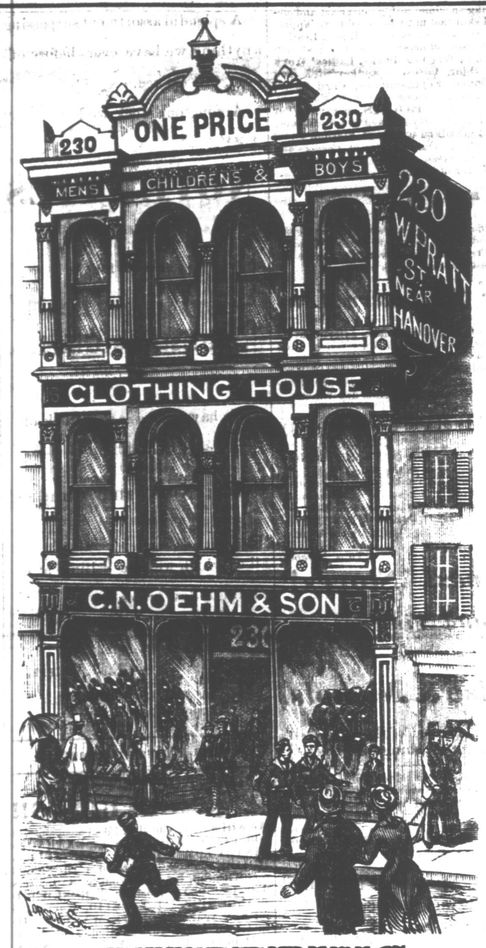
Offers his services to all wanting first class or cheap work done in his line.

je 18-6m

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

Fresh invoice just received. Oranges 25 cts. per dozen

G. W. MINNICK,
opposite the Bank.



SWEEPING

REDUCTIONS!

To move our large stock, such bargains have never been offered in new fashionably cut, well trimmed and made Clothing in Baltimore City.

Overcoats! and Suits!

For Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's wear at prices which must insure quick sales

☞Clothing made to order at the same greatly reduced prices.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

230 W. Pratt Street, (near Hanover.) Baltimore.

Sep24,78

HEADACHE NEURALGIA PILLS

CELERY CELERY

PILLS PILLS

"DR C. W. BENSON, a practicing physician, at 106 N Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., who has paid much attention to nervous diseases,) has discovered that Extract of Celery and Chamomile combined in a certain proportion invariably cures either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering my mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50c. per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—*Epis. Meth.*

BALTIMORE, July 27, 1874

DR. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have cured my wife of a severe headache of ten years standing; she had it every week or ten days, and suffered almost everything but death with it. We think these pills worth their weight in gold

REV. H. SCHLICHTER,
Pastor Salem Mission

For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists in this town.

Price 50 cts. a box. Mailed free to any address

Office No. 106 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore. nov5yr

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for the cure of *Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Sick Headache*, and all derangements of the Liver. Remember Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work.—Wm Andrews, Baltimore. I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They saved my *wife's life, dollars in doctor's bills.*—Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. a box. Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers. H. F. SELLERS & CO., Props. 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 always soft and the wearing a luxury, while its strength may be increased or lessened 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 for you.

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

Use none but Flagg's "Liver 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. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. mar1,79yr

Salt Fish for Sale—

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

Rattan Rocking Chairs.

Handsome and Light,
Durable and Cheap

Just received and for sale by John Mason.

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.

ENLARGED

Remodelled, refitted, repainted and replenished with a large and complete stock of Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Inks, Pencils, Mucilage, Blank Books, Musical Merchandise, Stereoscopes and Views, Pictures, Picture Frames, Toilet Articles, Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, &c., &c., &c. Every article in each and every line for sale at lowest possible prices.

All the leading Papers and Magazines supplied to subscribers at publishers prices.

G. W. MINNICK,
opposite the bank.

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. A. HIGGINS.

Herd Book Jersey Bull

CHROME.

I have purchased of Jas. E. Tyson, Esq., of Baltimore, the registered Jersey Bull "Chrome," Herd Register No. 1718, by "Lund," 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

CROQUET,

Base Balls & Bats

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

G. W. MINNICK,
opposite the bank.

Select Poetry.

[From the Westminster Advocate.

At Christmas Dawn.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Wake children! The beautiful dawn has arisen,
And flung wide the dim cloudy doors of her prison,
She has blown out the pale little stars, one by one,
And swept the gray mists from the path of the sun;
And here and there, softly, with pencil of gold,
She has touched the bleak edges of upland and wold,
Flushed the wan skies with pink, set the hill-tops aglow,
And barred with a sunbeam the gates of the snow.

The morn brightens slowly: come children, and see
How fair on the mountains her footsteps can be,
Who bringeth glad tidings of peace and delight
To a world that was shrouded in error and night
When the shepherds with joy hailed the mystical star
That led the Wise Men of the East from afar,
For little ones, this is the wonderful morn
When the Child of the Promise—the Christ-child—was born!

Thro' the silence a vague, murmurous melody thrills—
Some wandering chord of that olden refrain—
A tremulous radiance broods on the hills,
Like the glory that shone upon Judea's plain
'Tis the visible footprints of Angels, who trod
The mountains of old with the message of God,
And yonder, behind that superlative glow,
Their faces are veiled from our vision, I know!

Heaven smiles from the hights of the infinite blue,
To see the fair Earth robed and garnished anew,
With mantle of ermine, and jewels of light,
The frost-spirits plucked from the chaplet of Night,
And wove with the pale festal roses we bring,
To deck the pure shrine of our Savior and King.
While Heavenly presences hover in air,
And our Hearth-Alters smoke with the incense of prayer!

Lo! The pageant of sunrise, with banners unfurled,
Is blazoned in light on the walls of the world!
And out of the shining infinitude swells
A chorus triumphant, of Voices and Bells:
Up! up through the measureless spaces afar,
The hymn of rejoicing climbs, star over star.
Till softened, inspired, and exalted by flight,
It breaks at the feet of the City of Light!

Miscellaneous.

From the Lexington (Va.,) Gazette.

MEN OF THE SOUTH.

—:o:—

BY COL. WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSON.

—:o:—

JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER.

TOWARDS the southwestern end of the great Valley of Virginia, where its plains rise into bold hills, lies the county of Rockbridge, named from the famous Natural Bridge within its borders. Among its highlands, divided merely by a narrow water-shed, are the fountain heads of the Shenandoah and the James. A basin, closed as with a rim by the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge and some cross-ranges of high hills, collects the head waters of James. From the bank of its chief affluent—the North River—starts a narrow street, winding up a grassy valley and climbing a steep hill for about two miles, along which and on the adjacent hills are scattered the dwellings of some four thousand people. Near the cubical brick court-house, with the customary pepper-box belfry, several short streets run at right angles to the main street, up and down hollows and sinks, in defiance of all the teaching of the two schools of engineering in the town. In the centre of the village the old brick and frame stores crouch on the hot, treeless streets, but upon its western limit a long sweep of high ground is crowned by comfortable residences and gardens and by the buildings and groves of Washington and Lee University, and the Virginia Military Institute, which doubly assure its character as "a college town." At the Institute Stonewall Jackson taught as a professor. His body rests beneath the sod of the Presbyterian graveyard. General Robert E. Lee, after Appomattox, became President of Washington College, an institution which had its origin in the Revolutionary "Liberty Hall Academy." To it he gave a new and larger life, and after his death it became Washington and Lee University.

Here came Matthew Maury of world-wide renown; John M. Brooke, who showed the way to the deep-sea soundings; Custis Lee, the modest but able son and worthy successor of the great hero; Prof. Richard McCulloch, the physicist; Prof. Edward S. Joynes, the eminent linguist; Rev. Wm. N. Pendleton, Lee's chief of artillery, and many more persons of consideration.

Among these immigrants invited thither by Gen. Robert E. Lee as one of his Faculty is John Randolph Tucker, now probably not only the most interesting person in Lexington to the American public, but as a political leader one of the most striking figures on the floor of Congress.

"Blandome," his village residence, crowning an eminence in the suburbs of Lexington, commands a magnificent view over plain and mountain and wooded height. Amid the most beautiful scenery in America will be found a home which in its sweet simplicity, its genial hospitality, its gentle gayety and its Christian graces will compare with the best and most beautiful of the homes of any land.

With Mr. Tucker's career in Congress it is not proposed here to deal at length. He has conformed closely to the action of his party, while aiding in giving direction to some of its most important measures. In three years of service in the House of Representatives he has attained an acknowledged position which would be enviable if it had been achieved in thrice the time. And this is the more remarkable as it was his first experience in a legislative body, and as it cannot be said that he has ever sought either rank or notoriety in the distribution of honors or power in his party. His position has been willingly accorded him by the suffrages of his colleagues on account of his willingness and capacity for work, his vast store of legal knowledge, his skill as a debater, and a certain sturdy moral courage and self-reliance, not in the least aggressive, but ready for the most trying occasions. It is not claiming too much for Mr. Tucker to say that he is the ablest and most learned constitutional lawyer in the House, and that his profound yet popular speech on the tariff has struck the keynote for free-trade reform.

Mr. Tucker has, as is well known, very clear and well-defined views of State rights of the school of Jefferson and Madison. These he has avowed with such candor and yet with such admirable temper that his assertion of them has produced no irritation except where he has been misrepresented. Perhaps Mr. Tucker's name and kinship to John Randolph of Roanoke prepared the public mind for a reproduction of that terrible parliamentary chief and aristocratic republican democrat. John Randolph's mother made a second marriage with St. George Tucker, a gentleman who emigrated from Bermuda in 1773, became a colonel in the army, and attained after the Revolution the first repute in Virginia as a judge, law professor and commentator on the Constitution. He was the author of "Tucker's Blackstone." Almost exactly in his footsteps followed his son Henry St. George Tucker, who served two terms in Congress and gave up his seat to become subsequently the first Chancellor and then President of the Court of Appeals of Virginia. He wrote "Tucker's Commentaries," a learned law book, and was a graceful poet.

Henry St. George Tucker, unlike his famous half-brother, was a man of gentle culture, amiable temper and the most normal modes of thought. John Randolph once said to a friend, though the writer does not know that the anecdote is anywhere in print, "My brothers, the Tuckers, are good and able men, but they lack that fierceness which is necessary to success."

It is curious to observe how these two scions of the same maternal stock varied so directly according to the inherited traits of their paternal ancestors. The Randolph sprung from Pocahontas marked our political history with indelible scars inflicted by his arrow words and trenchant sarcasms. In spite of broadcloth, classic erudition and Anglo-American prejudice, he seemed to wield a scalping-knife and to exhibit something of the ferocious vindictiveness of the aboriginal breed. Yet this erratic Randolph, patriotic and uncorrupt, left a memory which is one of the proudest landmarks of the public spirit of the United States. His milder half-brother, descended from a family distinguished in England and the East and West Indies for administrative talents, was the very type of a civilized man, and his venerable old age closed like an autumn sunset in the genial glow of native benevolence, philosophy and civil duty well performed.

If these developments might furnish matter of study for Mr. Galton, a still more marked case of hereditary genius may be found in the career of John Randolph Tucker. Born in Winchester in 1823, he entered the law as a profession, and has ever since followed closely in the footsteps of his father and grandfather, as jurist, law professor, commentator and statesman. His early experience at the bar was not encouraging. While he was a diligent student, a certain levity of manner, springing from a boisterous spirit of fun—the overflow of superabundant animal spirits—warned off possible clients, and he was obliged to wait several years before he obtained a single case. Though he was a very abstemious youth, his hilarity sometimes provoked sharp criticism from the Pharisees; and one sanctimonious prig commented upon it by regretting that "Poor Ran. Tucker would get drunk before breakfast." This gay and almost rollicking spirit has never left him, but his constituents required him to give bonds before his election that he would reserve its expression for the people among whom he was known and by whom he is understood. When he was first elected to Congress an eminent friend took him in hand. "Ran," said he, "you are a good man and a sensible man, you have talents, sir, that may be made useful to your country, but if you expect to do anything for your own reputation, or for this grand old commonwealth, sir, I hope when you get to Washington you will never tell an anecdote."

The advice was very good, and has been so far followed that Mr. Tucker's reputation for wit and humor has not interfered with his usefulness. Tucker is, in fact, a most amusing *raconteur*, and his comic stories, told with wonderful dramatic and mimetic power, are a good part of the stock in trade of the professional humorists of the State. For years he had more reputation of this sort than any other—a reputation that damaged to some extent his professional eminence. He has a keen but kindly wit, and knows how to make an anecdote or repartee play the part of an argument. Availing myself again of the Virginian's privilege to talk genealogy and family traits, I may here mention that he shared this comic faculty with a very large family of brothers and sisters. Of these, "Bev." Tucker is the best known to fame—a gentleman whose marked individuality deserves portrayal from some pen not less graphic than his own.—"Sainty" (St. George) Tucker, for a long time Clerk of the Virginia State Senate, was, when alive, considered "the wittiest man in the State." This is the verdict of many of the acutest minds in Virginia. Dr. David Tucker, who married a daughter of Vice President Dallas, was equally renowned both in his profession and as a conversationalist.

But while Tucker's eminence is due very greatly to his versatility, he owes it most of all to his capacity for labor. He concentrates upon his work with an entire absorption for any required time, and then will throw it off again at will with perfect ease and self command.

From 1857 to 1865 Tucker was thrice elected Attorney-General of Virginia, each time almost without opposition. During this period his residence was, of course, at Richmond. Left without a dollar after the war, he went to Middleburg, Loudoun County, and was getting along comfortably when he was persuaded to go to Baltimore by business prospects of the most alluring character. Though he did well there at the bar, he could not resist the first temptation to return to "the sacred soil." He was offered a professorship of Law at Washington College, Lexington, Va., of which Gen. Lee was President, and, abandoning the most lucrative prospects, he accepted. This was in 1870. In 1874 he was nominated for Congress, though not a candidate, in order to heal a threatened breach in the Conservative party, arising from the personal ambitions of aspirants. He was elected, and was re-elected in 1876. On September 9th, 1878, a Democratic Convention met in Lynchburg to nominate a candidate for Congress, and he was nominated unanimously by acclamation. "Let Tucker make his own platform," was the universal sentiment of the convention, and his friends framed one in his own words embodying his views, as expressed in a letter to the electors of Buckingham County.

Mr. Tucker's ascendancy in Congress is remarkable when it is considered that it is his first legislative experience, and that he was immediately pitted against the ablest and adroitest Republican leaders. But with his Congressional career the public is familiar.

A good deal of Mr. Tucker's success in life has been due to his happy domestic relations. He married in early life a very beautiful and estimable lady, Miss Laura Powell, of Loudoun county, who has relieved him of many of the cares that fall to the lot of the head of a family. He was thus allowed to pursue his profession unencumbered. He is in the family circle that Mr. Tucker is most charming. His house is a babyocracy, where in his vacation eight grand-children romp with him at pleasure. He does not condescend to them. He plays with them, jokes, frolics, races, teases and enjoys the sport as much as they do. He is fifty-four, but this capacity for innocent amusement and power "to drive dull care away" preserve him from the inroads of age. He has five daughters, three of whom are married; two are young ladies. His only son is a lawyer in Staunton, Va.

The writer has rescued a quaint little epigram written by Tucker on the birth of this son, which shows that he cannot forget the subtlety of the lawyer in playing poet:

Two currents sweet of mutual love
Commingle in our song
By marriage rite we are one in law,
In him we are really one.

Brought up in the Presbyterian Church, he early became an elder in that religious body, and has been a very successful teacher in the Sunday-school and Bible class. Indeed, his study of the great text book and the standards of our faith has been of a character to fit him fully for the pulpit had he chosen that field of usefulness. As it is, he is a most attractive lecturer, especially to young and earnest men. His religion is cheerful and entertaining, and of no narrow or contracted type. Randolph Tucker might have sat for that fine picture which Sydney Smith drew in a sermon at Combe Florey, "How beautiful it is to see the good man wearing the mantle of piety over the dress of daily life, walking gayly among men the secret servant of God."

It has seemed to the writer that to those healthful and vital influences, a happy home and personal religion, is due Mr Tucker's exemption from the worst ills of political life. He has a well-regulated ambition to do well the tasks which are set for him, without much care for the rewards, pecuniary or political, attached to them. This is the sort of man who is at first always put to dray-horse work. When his value is found out parties cannot afford to do without him. If the power of mastering the most intricate political problems, combined with the power of commanding attention in their exposition and relieved by the graces of oratory and by social attractiveness, fits a man for public station, John Randolph Tucker ought to have before him a long and high career.

But there is always a drawback. What is gained by politics is lost to jurisprudence, and it may be questioned whether that profession may not have occasion to regret the popular favor which called him into public life.

A Mortgage.

In the whole range of sacred and profane literature, perhaps there is nothing recorded which has such staying qualities as a good healthy mortgage. A mortgage can be depended upon to stick closer than a brother. It has a mission to perform which never lets up. Day after day it is right there, nor does the slightest tendency to slumber impair its vigor in the night. Night and day, Sabbath, and at holiday times, without a moment's time for recreation, the biting offspring of its existence, interest, goes on. The season may change, days run into weeks, weeks into months, and months be swallowed up into the gray mansions of advancing years, but that mortgage stands up in sleepless vigilence; with the interest, a perennial stream ceaselessly running on. Like a huge night-mare eating out the sleep of some restless slumberer, the unpaid mortgage rears up its gaunt front in perpetual torment to the miserable wight who is held within its pitiless clutch. It holds the poor victims with the relentless grasp of a giant; not one hour of recreation, not a moment's evasion of its hideous presence. A genial savage of modifying aspect while the interest is paid; a very devil of hopeless destruction when the payments fail.

A Giant Unpopular With Lions

The lions at Barnum's show, now on exhibition in New York, seem to have an antipathy for Colonel Goshen, the giant. The "Colonel," when questioned in regard to it, said: "It is a curious fact that I can never go near the lions but that they show evidence of hate or fear. Just watch the four in that cage." The lions were apparently half asleep.

As the giant among men advanced, the kings among beasts rose as with one accord. Their broad foreheads contracted in angry scowls and their eyes flashed in anger. As the giant paused at the other side of the cage the lion nearest him sprang at him, only to be arrested by the iron bars of his prison. Then he gave forth a cullen growl and lashed his lushy tail fiercely against his sides. "If I come in ordinary dress," said the giant, "they get absolutely frantic."

"Mandy, is you got dem chickens shut up in de smokehouse like I tole yer?" "No, an' I like to know what's de mattah wid you, dat's you's mighty tickler 'bout dem chickens all at once?" she replied.—"Nobber you mind, I know what's de mattah, an' dat's nuff till dem chickins is housed. When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in de next yard's gwine to hab a party to-morrow nite, I wants to be shore dat my chickins doesn't 'tend it. You here me?" The chickens were at once locked up.

"We have got to practice the most rigid economy at such a time as this," remarked a man the other day to a crowd on the sidewalk. "I have stopped all my papers for which I formerly subscribed, and don't buy candy, toys and such trumpery for the children; times are bad. Come in, boys, and take a drink."

Select Story.

THE OLD MAN ALWAYS RIGHT.

A Pretty Story, But Not an Example.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

"I TAKE it for granted that you have been in the same country, and seen a very old farm-house with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch. There is a stork's nest on the summit of the gable, for we can't do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so that it will open. The baking oven sticks out of the wall like a little fat body. The elder tree hangs over the palings, and beneath its branches, at the foot of the palings, is a pool of water in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There are yard-dogs, too, that bark at all comers.

Just such a farm-house stood out in the country; and in this house dwelt an old couple—a peasant and his wife. Small as was their property, there was a single article they could not do without—a horse, which made a living out of the grass it found by the high road. The old peasant rode into town on this horse; and often his neighbors borrowed it from him, and rendered the old couple some service in return for the loan of it. But they thought it would be best if they sold the horse, or exchange it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might the something be?

"You'll know the best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair day to-day, so ride into town and get rid of the horse for money, or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be right to me. Hie to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him, for she could do that better than he could, and she tied it in a double bow, for she could do that very prettily. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. So he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or to be bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people, who were all bound for the fair, were driving or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest was a man trudging along and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow could be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange—the cow for the horse."

"Hallo, you there with the cow!" he said.

"I'll tell you what—I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but I don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," said the man; and they exchanged accordingly.

So that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed, merely to have a look at it; so he went on to town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode steadily on; and after a time he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said our peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more praiseworthy to have a sheep than a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So the peasant went on the high road with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

"That's a heavy thing you have there.—It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, and paddling in the water at our place.—That would be something for my old woman; she could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, if we only had a goose! Now, perhaps, she can have one; and, if possible, it shall be hers. Shall I exchange? I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain."

The other man had not the least objection; and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became proprietor of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the high road became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked in the road, and close by the palings; and at the barrier they even walked into the toll man's potato field, where his one fowl was strutting about, with a string to its leg, lest it should take fright at the crowd and stray away, and so be lost. This fowl had short tail feathers, and winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning. "Cluck, cluck!" said the fowl.—what it thought when it said this I cannot tell you; but as soon as our good man saw it he thought, "that's the finest fowl I've ever seen in my life! Why it's finer than our parson's brood hen. Oh my word, I should like to have that fowl. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that for my goose."

"Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged; the toll-taker at the barrier kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the fowl.

Now he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of brandy to drink; and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in when the hostler came out, so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sack full of them—enough to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that's a terrible waste! I should like to take them to my old woman at home. Last year the old tree by the turf-hole only bore a few apples, and we had it on the mantelpiece till it was quite spoilt. 'It was always property,' my old woman said; but here, she could see a quantity of property, if she pleased.—Yes, I shall be glad to show them to her. What will I give? I will give my fowl in exchange."

And he gave the fowl accordingly, and received the apples, which he carried into the guest-room. He hanged the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot; he had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse-dealers, cattle-men, and two Englishmen—and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins, and always "betted," and they could bet, too, as you shall hear.

Hiss-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast!

"What is that?"

"Why, do you know—" said our peasant.

And he told the whole story of the horse that he had changed for a cow, and the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it to you well when you get home!" said one of the two Englishmen. "There will be a disturbance."

"What—give me what?" said the peasant. "She will kiss me, and say, 'What the old man does is always right!'"

"Shall we wager?" said the Englishman. "We'll wager coined gold by the ton, a hundred pounds to the hundred weight!"

"A bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set the bushel of apples against it; and I'll throw myself and my wife into the bargain, and I fancy that's piling up the measure."

"Done—taken!"

And the bet was made. The host's carriage came up, and the Englishmen got in, and the peasant got in; away they went, and soon they stopped before the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, old woman."

"Good evening, old man."

"I've made the exchange."

"Yes, you understand what you're about, said the woman.

And she embraced him and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I changed the horse for a cow," said the old man.

"Heavens be thanked!" said she.—"What glorious milk we shall have, and butter and cheese on the table! That was a capital exchange!"

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better, still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything! we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, and woolen jackets and stockings! The cow can't get those, and her hairs will only come off.—How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then this year we shall really have roast goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of giving me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she'll grow fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl!" said the old man.

"A fowl? That was a good exchange," replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens; we shall have a whole poultry yard! Oh, that's just what I was wishing for."

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shriveled apples."

"What? I must positively kiss you for that," exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband. Now, I will tell you something. Do you know you had hardly left me this morning before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savory herbs.—I had eggs and bacon, too, but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the school-master's—they have them, I know—but the schoolmistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lena,' she answered me, 'nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shriveled apple. I could not even lend you a shriveled apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend her ten or a whole sackful. That I'm very glad of; that makes me laugh!" And with that she gave him a sounding kiss.

"I like that!" exclaimed both the Englishman together. "Always going down hill, and always merry; that's worth the money." So they paid a hundred weight of gold to the peasant, who was not scolded, but kissed.

Yes, it always pays when the wife sees and always asserts that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right.

Fresh Air.

The average quantity of fresh air required for the healthy respiration of each individual per hour is thus estimated:

In hospitals, for ordinary patients, 2,500 cubic feet.

In hospitals, for wounded patients, 4,000 cubic feet.

In hospitals, for epidemic patients, 5,600 cubic feet.

In prisons, 2,000 cubic feet.

In work shops, from 2,000 to 3,500 cubic feet.

In barracks, from 1,000 to 1,600 cubic feet.

In theatres, from 1,500 to 2,000 cubic feet.

In meeting-houses, from 1,000 to 2,000 cubic feet.

In schools, for children, 500 cubic feet.

In schools, for adults, 800 to 1,000 cubic feet.

An Illinois woman looked under her bed for a man 786 times, and was disappointed each time. When, upon looking the 687th time, her labors were rewarded by finding just what she was looking for, when she was so badly scared that she didn't enjoy her discovery a bit.

A clergyman, who had just performed a wedding ceremony, and filling up the papers, asked the husband what his business was, "I am a wine merchant and a shoemaker," was the reply. "Two," chimed in the bride, "so you can just set him down as a sherry cobbler."

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