The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 28. 1879. VOL. XIV.—NO. 23

THE EASTON STAR.

PRINTED WEEKLY AT EASTON, MD.

I. N. FOSTER, 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 till forbid and charged according to number.

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 Wednesday, Dec 25, 1878 the steamer HIGHLAND LIGHT will leave pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, at 5 P. M. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Easton, Double Mills, Godsborough's Wharf, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallace's, Cambridge, Chanceller's Point, Jamaica Point, Secretary Creek, and Medford's wharf.

For Baltimore, steamer leaves on Monday, Wednesday and Friday 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, leaving Miles River Ferry at 12 noon and stopping at Oxford both ways. Fare $1.

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

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

Fall and Winter Arrangement of 1878.

THE STEAMER

OLIVE,

CAPT. W. M. 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., Claibourne 10:45 A. M.

Returning—Leave every Tuesday and Thursday, at 10 A. M., for Claiborne, St. Michaels, Tunis' Wharf, Trippe'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 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 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 be at the various stations at least thirty 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 on 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, to continue the same.

C. R. LEONARD & BRO.

Office in same room with R. B. Dixon on Dover street, Easton.
may8,77

Herd Book Jersey Bull

CHROME.

I have purchased of Jas. W. Tyson, Esq., of Baltimore, the registered Jersey Bull "Chrome," Herd Register No. 1758, by "Dryad," Herd Register No 299 out of "Mat," Herd Register No. 2798 and offer his services to the public at $15.00 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,
apr29yr "Knightly," Miles River Neck.

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.

Notice,

The public are hereby informed that I have secured the stable belonging to the Brick hotel, and will continue to feed and stand to horses as heretofore. Office at the old stand. Thankful for past favors, I hope to continue to receive the public patronage. All management by on their horses being properly fed and watered at the stores. F. G. WRIGHT.
oct5tf

Crude Carbolic Acid—

An excellent disinfectant, kills Vermin &c. For Sale by

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

Reduced Prices.

HARDWARE in all its branches greatly reduced.

Because of very heavy stock and bills maturing that must be paid and consequent need of money has induced me to mark everything down to prices that cannot be competed with

For THIRTY DAYS from this date I offer any and all goods in my large and varied stock at about COST.

Now is the time COST.

CHEAP

Hardware,

Harness,

Stoves,

Tinware,

Horse Covers,

Blankets,

Robes,

Skates,

Corn Shellers,

and Plows.

Cheap everything in my line of busines.

Remember for

30 DAYS,

COME AND SECURE

BARGAINS!

T. C. Nicols.

The American Farmer

ESTABLISHED 1840.

For a Third of a Century under the same Management.

Adapted to the system like are yet the people of this section, its editorial page enlarged, and its corps of contributors now possesses more numerous than ever, including each of eminent success in their respective departments of farm work. It will aim to be in 1879 better, brighter, more useful than, at any time in its past useful career, and to deserve to be a welcome visitor to every farmer and farmer's family.

Besides the Staple Crops, special attention is given to Live Stock, Home-made and Artificial Manures, the Dairy, Fruits, Flowers, the Household, the Grange, &c.

Subscribe now. New subscribers for 1879 will receive free three numbers of 1878, if their names are in be ore Jan. 1.

$1 50 a year. To Clubs of five or more, only $1 Address

SAM'L SANDS & SON, Publishers,
128 W. Baltimore St., (sign of Golden Plow,)
BALTIMORE, MD.

Royal Insurance Company,

OF LIVERPOOL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1845.

PROUD & CAMPBELL, District Managers,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Gross Assets	$20 326,765 80
Assets in the United States	2,681,892 99
Surplus as regards policy-holders larger than that of any other Fire Insurance Company in the world	6,840 865 43
Net fire income of the Company for 1877	4 914,360 64
United States income during the year 1877	1,771,481 49
Losses paid since organization	33 344,345 73

Insures town and country property at equitable rates. Policies issued for two, three, four and five years, upon dwellings, schools, farm property, or churches at reduced rates. All losses adjusted and paid through the Baltimore office without reference to Liverpool or elsewhere

D. C. AVERY Agent,
Nov12-1y Easton, Md.

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

Over 1,000,000 bottles sold. It is the most pleasant remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, and THROAT DISEASES. It is a Balsamic Healer of the Throat and Lungs. Does not dry up a cough, but heals and allays irritation, so that it can be used in the lowest stage of Consumption. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Pittsburgh.

Take no other. Sold by all druggists.

Henry & Goldsborough, Agents, Easton.

Mules for Sale.

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

HORSES FOR SALE

Mar16 3m

Salad Oil—

French and genuine at

Henry & Goldsborough.

Select Poetry.

Last Year's Freight.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

There were loosened leaves from the ledger of Time—
Ah, some were blotted and blurred,
With the traces of tears and the color of crime;
One bore a reason, another a rhyme,
And some but a single word:
'Twas "Mary," or "Willie," or "Charley," or "John,"
It was somebody loved, it was somebody gone;
'Twas a babe in a cradle, 'twas a wife in a grave—
For the death-angel took when the life-angel gave.

There were little shoes, there were tresses of hair,
And a couple of broken rings—
And a little red frock, and a children's chair,
And a little hood she was wont to wear,
And a thousand useless things.
There were lines that he wrote—there were books that he read—
There were songs that she sang—there were prayers that she said—
And a bud half embroidered, as she laid it aside,
And the needle still there where she placed it and died!

There were sweetest of songs, uncaroll'd, unheard;
The hope of the heart in song
For the warble of thought, like the song of a bird—
A melody wild, unwedded to word—
Can never be utterly wrong;
And a thought of the humblest, be it one that we love,
Is as suited to song as a wing to a dove,
So the mother was singing, but a mother no more,
This the song she sang of the gone on before:

A while ago, my Clarence, for there was a Clarence then—
Do you think they give the angels names as they give them unto men?—
Was watching on a summer's day a river's gentle flow,
And a lily on its bosom as its waters come and go;
"That lily was a star, mother! a star that fell and died;
And the angels, don't you think, when they lost it, that they cried?"

Now ice is in the river,
And the clouds are shedding rain.
The lily's gone forever,
Will Clarence come again?
There's one more star aloft, they say—
One lily less I know—
It shall glimmer on my heart,
While its pulses come and go.

Oh, they talk of their treasures—their jewels and gold—
But what are they all to these?
For they never are stolen, nor purchased, nor sold;
They never grow rusty, nor worthless, nor old:
They need neither keeper nor keys.
Here are bonds never broken, here are deeds warranted,
And the angel of record recording them free;
All consigned were the treasures, too rich for this shore,
To the sea of the Blest, by the ship Nevermore!

Select Story.

The Mysterious Marriage.

ONE night in the early part of the eighteenth century the old and respectable pastor of the village of Nerwig in New Zealand sat in his solitary chamber, lost in devotional meditation. The hour was near midnight. His house was situated at the furthest extremity of the village, and the simple inhabitants knew so little of mistrust or dishonesty that bolts and locks were alike strangers to them, and every door remained either opened or without fastening.

The pastor's lamp burned dim, the solemn stillness of the hour was only interrupted by the murmurings of the waves, and the pale moonbeams were reflected on the surface of the ocean, when he suddenly heard his house door open, and heavy steps ascend his stairs, and he naturally expected a call to the sick bed of some of his parishioners to afford the last spiritual consolations, when two strange men entered his apartments, their faces concealed in large white cloaks. One of them advanced and said to him very courteously:

"Reverend sir, be good enough to follow us immediately. We want you to perform a marriage ceremony; and the bridal pair already await you in the church. This sum, continued he, taking a purse from his breast, "will reward you for your trouble, and for disturbing you at this unseasonable hour."

Silent and frightened the old man regarded his visitors, who seemed to him to have something strange and even unearthly in their appearance. The stranger repeated his invitation in a commanding and threatening tone. When the old man had recovered himself a little, he began in a mild manner to remonstrate and told him that his sacred office did not allow him to perform the solemn ceremony of marriage without a knowledge of the individuals themselves, and complying with such other formalities as the law directed.

"Reverend sir," said the other man, stepping forward in a threatening manner, "you have the choice to follow us and take the sum of money offered to you, or remain here with a pistol bullet in your brain." With that he held a pistol to the old man's head, and waited for his answer.

The old pastor grew pale, rose up silent and trembling, and, hastily clothing himself in his robes, said, "I am ready, gentlemen."

The strangers had spoken in Danish, but with such a foreign accent as could not be mistaken. The mysterious men went silently through the village, hurried as it was in slumber, and the pastor followed them. It was a dark night in autumn, and the moon had already gone down. When they approached the church the bewildered old man, with fear and astonishment, saw it brilliantly lighted up, and his companions hastened across the low sand flats which intervened between it and the village, still concealed in their white mantles, while, with his limbs palsied with age and frigid, he with difficulty strove to keep up with them. When they reached the church they blindfolded his eyes. The (to the pastor) well known side door opened at their approach, grating on its hinges and he found himself thrust forward into the church, which appeared filled with a great multitude. All around him he heard a muttering and sound of many voices in a tongue unknown to him, but which he supposed to be Russian. And as he stood amid the multitude with blindfolded eyes, puzzled, and not knowing what was about to happen, he felt his hand seized, and was pulled with considerable violence through the crowd. At last, as well as he could judge the throng was thrust aside. They loosed the bandage from his eyes, and he recognized by his side one of his former companions, and found himself standing before the altar, which was lit up by a row of wax lights, burning in splendid silver candlesticks, and the church itself was so completely illuminated by numerous lights that the most distant object could be plainly discerned; and as, when he was thrust blindfolded amid the crowd, the noise had terrified him, so now his soul was struck with astonishment and horror at the dead silence that prevailed.

Although the side aisles and benches of the church were densely crowded, yet the centre aisle was quite empty, and the pastor perceived opened in it a newly-made grave. The stone which had covered it was placed leaning against one of the pews. The pastor saw none about him but men, but he thought he could distinguish one female form in one of the most distant pews. The stillness lasted some minutes without anyone attempting to break it, just as in the human soul a still gloomy brooding of the thought generally precedes some deed of crime.

At last a man rose up whose noble appearance distinguished him from the rest of the assemblage, and betrayed his high rank. He stepped quickly through the empty aisle, while the multitude silently gazed at him as his steps resounded through the church. This man was of middle height, and stoutly built, of a most proud and haughty carriage, his complexion was very dark; raven black hair and a high aquiline nose gave a very commanding expression to his countenance, while long and bushy eyelashes overshowed his small black eyes, which appeared to gleam with wild passions. He was dressed in a magnificent suit richly embroidered with gold, and on his breast glittered a star. The bride who knelt near him was most carefully and even sumptuously attired. A dress of sky blue satin, embroidered with silver, enveloped her slender form, and hung in large folds of drapery over her graceful limbs. A diadem, blazing with magnificent diamonds, adorned her golden hair. The highest grace and beauty could be traced in her face, disfigured as it was by terror. Her bloodless features seemed immovably fixed; her pale lips appeared death-like—her eyes half closed—and her powerless arms dropped helpless on her half-sinking body. So she knelt, a picture of death, an indescribable fear and paralyzing horror appearing to freeze both life and consciousness into the semblance of deep sleep.

The pastor then for the first time perceived a hateful looking old woman dressed in a fantastical costume, and her head covered with a red turban, who grimly and even scornfully regarded the kneeling pair. Behind the bride groom, a man of gigantic stature and dark forbidding countenance had placed himself, who, standing there immovable as a statue, glanced around him in a fixed and earnest manner.

The pastor, paralyzed with fright, remained for sometime as if struck dumb, until a savage glance from the bride groom woke him from his trance. What now puzzled him was the uncertainty whether the bridal pair could understand his language. This appeared to him improbable; however, composing himself, he ventured to ask the names of the bride and bridegroom.

"Neander, Feodora," answered the latter in a rough voice.

The pastor now begins to read the form of the marriage ceremony, and as his voice faltered and he made many blunders in the reading, which the bridal pair did not seem to remark, his suspicion was confirmed that they did not understand his language. But when he asked: "Neander, wilt thou take Feodora, now kneeling beside thee, for thy wedded wife?" and he doubted whether the bridegroom, ignorant of his language, could answer him, to his great astonishment the latter spoke out, "Yes," in an almost screaming tone which resounded through the church. Deep sobs bursting out simultaneously from the crowd accompanied this exclamation, and a visible emotion transient as the distant lightning flash appeared to pass over the almost emotionless features of the bride. The old man then turned himself, speaking louder, to the bride, as if he wished to wake her from her death-like lethargy, while he said: "Wilt thou Feodora, take that man kneeling beside thee for thy husband, and honor him as such? If so, answer me in the affirmative?" Then the lifeless bride appeared to wake up, a deep and awful shudder appeared to move her pale feature, her bloodless lips moved, and quick transient fire sparkled in her eyes, her bosom heaved, while a plentiful flood of tears extinguished the momentary sparkle of her eyes, and the word "Yes" was heard like the last word of a dying soul, and appeared to find an echo in the unrepressed cry of sorrow which simultaneously burst from all present. The bride sank exhausted into the arms of the old woman behind her, and relapsed into her former state of insensibility, and so the ceremony ended. The bridegroom rose up and bore the lifeless form of the bride to her former place, and the gigantic man followed them. The pastors first conductors then appeared again and blindfolded his eyes as before, and led him, not without some trouble, through the crowd, and having pushed him rudely through the side door, they bolted it on the inside and left him standing alone in the churchyard.

Here he remained for sometime bewildered and confused, uncertain whether all he had witnessed was not a dream. But when he had torn the bandage off his eyes, and he saw the church before him, still lighted up, and heard the noise of the people within it continue, he felt convinced of the reality of the mysterious event he had been an actor in. In order to observe as much as possible the conclusion of the strange scene, he concealed himself in a corner of the porch, and anxiously listened, as every moment the noise within became louder and louder. It seemed as if a warm strife had arisen; he thought he could distinguish the rough voice of the bridegroom, who loudly commanded silence. Then followed a long pause, which was succeeded by the piercing scream of a female voice. After that another silence, and then a voice of loud lamentations, which lasted nearly a quarter of an hour. The lights were then suddenly extinguished, the confused noise of the crowd was again heard and the whole multitude came streaming out of the church and hastened noisily down to the sea-shore.

After a little while the pastor crept out of his hiding place, and hastened to the village.

He then awoke his friends and neighbors, and, still laboring under the effect of his fright, related to them all that had occurred. But so peaceful, still and monotonous, was the usual course of the community, that an alarm of quite a different nature seized on them. They believed their respected pastor had lost his senses, and it was not without some trouble that he at last persuaded some of them to accompany him with pick-axes and shovels, and follow him to the church.

In the meantime the night had passed away and the sun had appeared; and as the pastor and his companions ascended the hill on which the church stood, they saw a ship in full sail leave the shore and steer in a northerly direction. Such an unusual sight in such a solitary neighborhood made them a little more inclined to credit the old man's story, and it was fully confirmed when they found the church door forcibly broken open. Full of curiosity they entered the church, and the pastor pointed out to them the grave which he had seen open during the night. It was easily perceived that the stone had been lately displaced, and the tools they had brought with them soon enabled them again to remove it, and in the open grave was found a new and richly decorated coffin. With almost youthful impatience the old man descended into the grave—others followed him—and the pastor soon found his horrible forbodings confirmed. In the coffin lay the form of the murdered bride. The magnificent diadem was gone and a pistol bullet had apparently been discharged through her heart. The traces of grief and horror were vanished from her features, which now wore a placid smile of a most heavenly expression, she lay there like an angel. The old man threw himself down weeping beside the coffin, and deep wonder, horror, and astonishment seized all the the beholders.

The pastor found himself in duty compelled to report this strange occurrence to the Bishop of Zealand, and before he went for the purpose to Copenhagen, he requested his parishioners on no account to mention what had occurred. The grave was again covered up, and no one ventured again to speak of the matter. In a short time afterward a man of high rank arrived at the village from the seat of government, desired them to show him the grave, and commended the pastor's prudence in preserving silence about the matter; he ordered the whole affair to be kept as private as possible, and threatened any one who dared to speak on the subject with the highest displeasure of the authorities.

After the death of the pastor, among his papers was found a detailed account of the transaction attached to the church records. Some believed that it was in some way connected with events which occurred in Russia, in the period between the death of Peter the Great and that of the Empress Catherine. It is hard, and, indeed, impossible, to satisfactorily explain this dark and mysterious occurrence; but the manner of the Russian nobility of the highest rank, and even of the Imperial family of that period, render it probable that some of them were concerned in this tradgedy, of which the victim is supposed to have been a Princess of Courland, and the principle actor a grandson of Peter the Great.

"Heat is Life—Cold is Death."

There is no greater fallacy than the opinion of many, particularly the young and strong and vigorous, that winter—especially a sharp, frosty one, with plenty of snow—is the most healthy season of the year. Very few persons seem to realize the fact that cold is the condition of death, and that in both cold and warm climates it is our unconscious effort to maintain our bodily heat at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees that wears us out. To this temperature, called "blood-heat," every cubic inch of oxygen that serves to vitalize our blood must be raised by our own bodily heat, or life ceases. Since in cold weather the maintenance of a sufficiently elevated bodily temperature becomes very often a difficulty too great for our strength the advent of a severe winter is really more to be dreaded than a visitation of a vestilence. The saying, "Heat is life—cold is death," has a striking illustration and confirmation in the reports now regularly submitted by Dr. Russell to the Glasgow Sanitary Committee. The death rate rises and falls with the regularity of the thermometer. So many degress less heat, so many more deaths and vice verse. In one of his fortnightly reports Dr Russell says, "The death rate in the first week of the fortnight was twenty-one, and in the second week twenty-fie. The mean temperature in the former week was 40.8 degrees Fahrenheit, in the latter 30.6 degrees." He attributes the low rate of the first week to the high mean temperature of the preceding fortnight, which was 47.03 degrees and adds: "This is a good illustration of a law which we frequently observe in these reports of temperature and death rates—that a week of low temperature produces a rise in mortality the week following." In our climate it would probably be difficult to find a more frequent cause of serious ailments than taking cold. Whatever weak place we have, whatever constitutional disorder we are subject to, cold will surely discover. We take colds because our vitality is too low to ward off the effects of the reduced temperature around us. As a matter of first importance, then, to resist cold and the various derangements of the system consequent, it is necessary by proper nutrition to maintain our animal heat; second, to retain this heat by a sufficient quantity of clothing; third, to regulate with care the temperature of the air we breathe. Contrary to the opinion current among lovers of cold weather, a fire in a bedroom in the winter is cheaper and better than a doctor's bill; for owing to our inactive condition during sleep, the circulation of the vitalizing blood is both slow and imperfect, and hence the danger of taking cold by breathing cold air is greatly increased. A cold is the beginning of everything that is bad, It should never be forgotten that "heat is life—cold is death."

A politician gave this advice to his son-in-law, who was nominated for office: "Lean a little toward everything and commit yourself to nothing. Be round, be perfectly round like a bottle, and just dark enough so that nobody can see what's in you.

DOUBLE MURDER.

"Are you alarmed?"

"No."

"No wonder. I am, as you know, a dead shot, and that man Caffrey is my mortal enemy. If the insult had been inflicted upon me by a stranger or a person indifferent to me, I should have spared his life, but bring Caffrey before the muzzle of my pistol, and my bullet will pierce his heart."

The man who uttered these terrible words, shortly after daybreak on the 17th of December, 1849, in a small grove about two miles east of Montgomery, the capital Alabama, was Theodore Verrie, a young man of wealth, belonging to one of the oldest families of the State.

His companion was Jack Shannon, a young man of Irish descent, who was to act as second to Verrie in his contemplated duel with Caffrey, a middle aged man, who on the preceding day had grossly insulted Verrie at a saloon in Montgomery. There Caffrey had said to Verrie, "Your father was a dog, but you are not even a puppy!" Verrie had struck him in the face, whereupon Caffrey challenged him.

The challenge had been promptly accepted, and the duel was to be fought with pistols, at twelve yards distant.

Verrie had arrived first on the field of honor, but Caffrey soon made his appearance. The latter was rather a disagreeable looking man. There was a lurking, restless expression in his small gray eyes, and his ugliness was increased by his remarkably tall and gaunt form.

His second was John Albright, a well know sporting man, whose company was shunned by the better classes, although nothing discreditable had ever been proved against him; but there were vague reports that his antecedents in West Virginia, whence he had come to Alabama, had been very bad.

The distance was measured off, and the order to fire given. Both duelist fired into the air, and declared themselves satisfied, but refused to shake hands.

They then started back for Montgomery, but Verrie and Shannon never reached that city. They were found days later by a negro, in a cane brake about a mile from the city. Both of them had pistols in their right hands. The pistols had been fired off.

When the two corpses were brought to Montgomery the most intense excitement ensued. Business was entirely suspended, and the names of the dead men were on all lips.

Had they killed each other? Or had they been murdered? The former question was discarded as utterly improbable, because the two victims had always been on the friendliest terms.

So public opinion in Montgomery settled down to the conviction that Verrie and Shannon had been assassinated. But who could have been guilty of so dastardly a crime?

When it became known that Caffrey had quarrelled with Verrie he was arrested, but Albright positively swore that he had been with Caffrey hunting for two days for woodcock in the lilac woods, which was far away from the spot where the two corpses had been found by the negro.

So the prisoner was discharged, and for seven long months nothing further became known about the mysterious tragedy.

Meanwhile Caffrey and Albright passed almost their whole time together. Both of them began to drink heavily. Albright who had no means of his own, lived off Caffrey, who was well off.

One day the two boon companions had been drinking very heavily at the Magnolia saloon.

"Caffrey," said Albright. "you must lend me to-day $50 I will give you the money back to-morrow."

"To-morrow means never, I suppose," was the reply.

"And what if it did?" cried Albright, angily. "Now, I want you to give me two thousand dollars."

Caffrey turned livid with rage.

"Albright," he said, "you are an infernal scoundrel."

"And you," retorted Albright, "are a d—d cowardly assassin!"

The two men clinched, and a long scuffle ensued. The other persons in the saloon did not interfere, but they listened attentively to every word the two men uttered. Finally Albright threw Caffrey down.

"I have a good notion," cried the infuriated sporting man, "to serve you as you did those two poor young fellows, one of whom you told me you had reason to believe was your son."

At last the bartender separated them. An hour later both Caffrey and Albright were arrested by the sheriff. Albright was so frightened when he was told that he had been apprehended on suspicion of being one of the murderers of Verrie and Shannon, that he made a clean breast of the whole affair. He stated that after the duel Caffrey had waylaid the two young men, and shot them dead. Then he had put their pistols in their right hands and dragged them into the canebrake.

He had said that he believed Verrie was his son; because he had held illicit intercourse with the young man's mother. To prove Caffrey's guilt beyond a doubt, he said, that Caffrey had taken from Verrie a locket containing the portrait of the young man's mother. This locket was found on Caffrey's person. He was tried for murder, found guilty, and hung at Montgomery.

Albright, as an accomplice, was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment.

The Influence of Marriage upon Life and Morals.

It would appear from the inquiries of M. Bertillon, that the influence of the conjugal association, whether on the health or the mortality of both sexes, is considerable.

In men it is found that from twenty-five to thirty years of age, the married furnish 6 deaths, the celibates 10, and widowers 22 deaths per 1,000; from thirty to thirty-five years the deaths are respectively 7, 11 and 19 per 1,000; and from thirty-five to forty years, 7½, 13 and 17½ per 1,000; and so on for all other ages.

In women, the advantage derived from marriage does not show itself until after twenty-five, and is scarcely remarked until thirty. From thirty to thirty-five, the deaths amongst spinsters are 11, and only 9 per 1,000 amongst wives; the difference increases until forty-five, beyond which age, the advantage diminishes somewhat. From fifty to fifty-five, however, wives exhibit but 15 or 16 deaths per 1,000, while spinsters or widows furnish 26 or 27.

Prior to twenty-five years, for France, and twenty years for Paris, marriage is injurious to the vitality of women, the mortality of spinsters from fifteen to twenty being 7.59, and of wives, 11.83 per 1,000; and of spinsters, from twenty to twenty-five, 8.22, of wives, 9.92 per 1,000.

The effect of widowhood on the mortality of women is singular; from the age of twenty-five to thirty it is mischievous; for while but 9 deaths per 1,000 were furnished, as an average, by maids and wives of these ages, in widows the figure rose to 17 per 1,000. But this mortality soon diminishes, and after forty-five it is not greater than in maids of that age. At this age it is the mothers who are not spared by death. The "calculation of probabilities," says M. Bertillon, "shows us that the man who marries between twenty and twenty-five, has yet a mean of forty years to live in place of thirty-five years, and that the girl who marries at the same age has fifty years of life to hope for in place of thirty-six, which she would have lived unmarried; the other four years to hers.

The influence that marriage exerts in relation to criminality is also singular; for 100 criminal celibates there are but 49 married, as regards crimes against the person, and only 45 in crimes against the property; and not only does this enormous disparity exist, but in the gradual diminution of criminality which has taken place since 1840, the married have borne the largest part. The criminality of widowers, and especially of widows, is generally somewhat in excess of that of the married.

The number of suicides among celibates and the widowhood is about double that which takes place among the married.—Insanity also appears to affect the married in a still less proportion.

The Facts About Sam Snyder.

BY MAX ADELER.

We were all sitting out on the piazza in front of Blyler's store, and Abner Byng was there, with his legs cocked up against a post, and his chair tilted back. Dr. Murray was running his eye down the column of the county paper, when he suddenly said.

"Hallo! This is queer! Why, it says here that an English chemist has succeeded in distilling whiskey from sawdust!"

"That's nothing," said Abner Byng, flipping his thumb.

"How do you mean nothing?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it's old, awful old. I knew that years ago. Did you ever meet Sam Snyner?"

"No, never met him."

"Well, Sam was a hard drinker—must have rum by one means or another. He had no money and nobody to trust him or treat him. So Sam somehow ascertained that whiskey could be made out of sawdust, and do you know what he'd do?"

"What?"

"He'd get so drunk off a fence-rail and a cross-cut saw that he couldn't tell a cow from a sugar-cured ham. Put him near to a wood-pile and a saw-buck, and let him alone, and before 11 o'clock he'd turn out one of the most delicious mint julips you ever tasted."

"Easily done, was it?"

"Easily? Why, one time his family tried to keep him sober by putting him out on the roof and keeping him there; and do you know what Sam did? Got a boy to tie a wash boiler and four foot of lead pipe to a string, and Sam fished 'em up, and in three days he had had turned every shingle into cocktails, and he fell through into the garret in such a frightful condition of intoxication that they had to give him electric shocks from a forty-two cell battery to bring him back to consciousnesf."

"You know that to be a fact, do you?"

"Certainly, I was there Why, that man acquired a preference for liquor made from wood, and three times, to my knowledge, he got manis potu from consumption of distilled pie boards and potato mashers. He drank up four sets of chair legs: and one Fourth of July, when his wife stopped his destruction of the furniture, he celebrated the day by calling in three or four friends to drink a new kind of energetic brandy that he'd just made out of a window sill and a clothes prop. Drink! Why, sir, I pledge you my word Snyder in a single winter drank up a smoke house, three wash-tubs, and a front door. Nothing could stop him when he got going."

"Why did he prefer domestic utensils?"

"He didn't. There was a woods out back of his house that belonged to his aunt. Sam'd go out there with a meat saw, or any kind of saw he could get, and in two years he had stimulated his system with eight chestnut trees, four persimmons, one oak, and fifteen sailings of various kinds. Trimmed that grove out so that his aunt couldn't rent it to picnic parties. Nearly broke the old ladies' heart too."

"Did he kill himself drinking?"

"Well, not exactly. It seems that he was haunted for a long time by the idea that if he could distil the Presbyterian church steeple he could turn out an article that'd bear a resemblance, somehow, to old apple brandy. Queer, wasn't it? But the man was not exactly right in his mind was diseased. So one night he got on the roof of the church with a ladder to steal the steeple. When he got there—I dunno how it was, but the idea seemed to strike him to taste the thing, maybe, to see if he was right about the flavor, and—he must have been wild when he did it—he actually swallowed the weather cock, and there he stuck, whirling around all night as the wind struck him! Dead! He was deader'n Martin Van Buren when they come to take him down!"

"He swallowed the weather-cock, did he?"

"Yes, sir, swallowed it."

"Well, that wasn't half so hard to swallow as your whole yarn. I don't believe now that story about his getting drunk off a fence rail" said Blyler.

"You don't doubt my veracity, I hope?" said Abner. "You do! Well if you have a quarter about you it will soothe my wounded feelings. I only want a—"

At this juncture Blyler kicked Mr. Byng off the porch, and Abner walked away to the next tavern with a faint hope that the bar-tender might give his credit one more chance.

"Insults," says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money; we cannot hinder their being offered, but we are compelled to take them.

Select Poetry.

PARADISE.

A HINDOO LEGEND.

A Hindoo maid, a Hindoo lad, they met
When twenty years united to a shrew,
Released, he hopefully for entrance sues
Before the gates of Brahma's Paradise.
"Hast been through Purgatory?" Brahma said,
"I have been married." And he hung his head.
"Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son!
Marriage and Purgatory are one and."
In bliss entranced he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the peace he never had known before.

He scarce had entered in the Gardens fair,
Another Hindoo asked admission there.
The self-same question Brahma asked again:
"Hast been through Purgatory?" "No—what then?"
"Thou canst not enter!" did the God reply.
"He who went in was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."
"Married? 'tis well, for I've been married twice!"
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise!"

Varieties.

—Mexico has not yet decided to have an exhibition.

—Socialists are springing up everywhere in Russia.

—Never neglect to call upon your friends.

—Never laugh at the misfortunes of others.

—Never give a promise that you do not fulfill.

—Senator Chaffee has made $5,000,000 out of his silver mines.

—A true faith in science knows no limit to its search for truth.

—A handfull of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

—A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

—The washerwoman's motto is, "soap on, soap ever."

—Sorrows find us small, and should leave us large.

—Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

—Can you call a clerk in an oil store a serve-ile fellow.

—The modern Shylock usurerly-ly takes great interest in his shavings.

—Many a bad record is made by running your face on time.

—Printers' ink will keep the hinges of the store doors loose.

—Why is an editor a moral man? Because he always does write.

—To-morrow is the day on which idle men work and fools reform.

—That man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

—No brandy is allowed to be sold in Norwich, Conn., even for medical purposes.

—Mortgage is Latin for "death-grip." It is a living fact if it is in a dead language.

—We may joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

—Somebody once remarked that "Going to law is cutting one's throat with a pen."

—Lawyers are never more earnest, than when they work with a will—that is, if the estate is valuable.

—The South Hill man calls his wife's false teeth "things," because "they are not what they seem."

—You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

—How to be a Christian—Don't think that heaven was made expressly for yourself and friends

—Tom says the other day he saw a waling match, and Bill says that's nothing for he saw a candle run.

—Time enough to enumerate your good actions, when you have repented of and atoned for your misdeeds.

—Talk of Chinese ways that are dark; why, there are over one hundred miles of tunnel in Great Britain.

—It is lucky to pick up a horse-shoe, unless, of course, it happens to be attached to a mule's hind leg.

—American hams that don't find a market are sent to Europe and bring a high price as West-failure hams.

—Auntie "Cecil, don't be so rude! You should not kiss gentlemen!" Cecil—"Why not, auntie? You do!"

—He saw a negro smoking a new meerschaum. "Thunder!" he exclaimed, "why the pipe's coloring him!"

—The label upon a bottle of chill remedy, requesting the patient to shake well before using is really tantalizing.

—When an individual is destitute of both brains and humanity, he is decidedly a poor specimen of humanity.

—When she struck him over the head with a tin dipper for trying to kiss her, he called it "the tintinnabulation of the belle."

—"That boy will make his mark in the world some day," said a parent of his dullest child. So he did. He never learned to write.

—The vain man is, after all, the happiest. While the rest of us are trying to please others he is perfectly satisfied if he only pleases himself.

—A pretty pair of eyes are the best mirrors to shave by. "Yes," replied a bachelor, on reading the above, "lasting a man who has been shaved by them."

—The reason why more people did not get into the ark, is that Noah declined to advertise in the papers. There is a great moral lesson concealed in the fact.

—A lazy boy near Stanwix has conquered the kindling-wood question. He just backs his father's best mule against the wood-pile and throws the milking stool at him.

—"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a polka, "now twenty-two." "What would you take me for?" "