The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1879. VOL XV.--NO. 2.

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY MORNINGS, AT EASTON, MD.

K. JOHNSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid in advance. Clubs of Twenty, *Twenty 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 with 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 Reading columns, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

To Travelers

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

For Baltimore, Oxford, Cambridge, East New Market, (Secretary Creek,) Denton, &c.

The new and elegant iron compartment steamer **ENOCH PRATT,** Captain E. T. Leonard.

The staunch and favorite steamer **HIGHLAND LIGHT,** Captain Samuel Crosby.

One of the above steamers leave Easton every evening (except Saturday) at 9 o'clock, for Baltimore, arriving in Baltimore at 4 A.M.

From Baltimore leave Pier 3, Light street, daily (except Sundry) at 9 P. M., arriving in Easton at 4 A. M., (connecting with Ches. & Del. R. R.,) continuing trip to Double Mills, Oxford, Clora's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, (connecting with Dor. & Del. R. R. for Seaford) Chancellor's Point, Jamaica Point, East New Market (Secretary Creek), and Moffett's. The steamer Highland Light leaving Baltimore on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, will extend her trip to Dover Bridge, Kingston, Towers, Potters and Denton.

The Piers of the Maryland Steamboat Company in Baltimore are ample and none better situated for the interest of the fruit grower

First class fare,	50 cents
Second class fare,	25 cents
State rooms,	50 cents

Free berths on board. Tables supplied with all the delicacies of the season.

Freight taken at low rates.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President, Office 98 Light street, Baltimore.

ROBERT B. DIXON, Agent at Easton.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

For Baltimore from Miles River Ferry and St. Michaels.

The Maryland Steamboat Company's splendid Steamer CHAMPION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY leaves St. Michaels at 11:30 A. M. and Miles River Ferry at 12.15 P. M. for Baltimore stopping at Annapolis, and arriving in Baltimore at 6 P. M.

For St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry, the Steamer leaves Baltimore from Pier 3 Light St., every Tuesday and Friday at 7 A. M., stopping at Annapolis.

Fare to or from Baltimore, $1 00.

☞ Freight taken at low rates.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President, 98 Light street, Baltimore.

ROBERT B. DIXON, Agent at Easton.

St Michaels and Wye Rivers Steamboat Line.

THE STEAMER OLIVE is now running on St Michaels and Wye Rivers as follows:

For Baltimore every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, leaving Public Landing at 3 P. M., Wye Landing at Trimble's 4.15, Claiborne 6, Tunis's Mills 7.30 and St. Michaels at 9 P. M.

From Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday leaving Pier 13 Light st., at 11 P. M. for Claiborne, St Michaels and Tunis's Mills, extending the Tuesday and Thursday trips to Trimble's, Wye Landing and Public Landing, and Saturday's trips to these points on Monday morning.

H. C. DODSON, General Agent.

St. Michael's, April 22, 1879

Delaware & Chesapeake

RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, Aug. 11th, 1879, trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Easton, Leave,	7 30 AM	11 00 PM
Woodland,	7 45	11 15
Cordova,	7 55	11 25
Hillsboro,	8 10	12 05
Ridgely,	8 20	12 15
Greensboro,	8 40	1 05
Goldsboro,	8 55	1 20
Henderson,	9 05	1 35
Marydel,	9 15	2 20
Slaughters,	9 25	2 30
Kenton,	9 40	2 45
Clayton, Arrive,	9 50	4 00
Wilmington,	12 10	7 10
Philadelphia,	1 45	8 55
Baltimore,	3 35	9 45
New York,	4 45 PM	6 45 AM

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 3.	No. 4.
New York, Leave,	4 25 PM	12 55 PM
Baltimore,	6 55 AM	3 00
Philadelphia,	8 00	5 15
Wilmington,	9 15	6 35
Clayton,	10 55	8 15
Kenton,	11 10	8 30
Slaughters,	11 30	8 45
Marydel,	11 45 PM	8 55
Henderson,	11 55	9 05
Goldsboro,	12 10	9 15
Greensboro,	12 30	9 30
Ridgely,	12 45	9 40
Hillsboro,	12 55	9 50
Cordova,	1 10	10 05
Woodland,	1 25	10 15
Easton, Arrive	1 40	10 30 PM

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, July 15th, 1879.

Notice to Travelers.

The omnibuses of the subscriber run regularly from the hotels in Easton to the cars and steamboats, to convey passengers to any place they may desire to go Passengers at private residences called for at any hour by leaving word at my office, on Railroad Avenue. Horses and carriages for hire at all times at my livery stable. Travellers conveyed to any part of the county or peninsula. Handsome turn-outs always on hand.

LUTHER W. COVEY.

Easton, March 25th, 1879.

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

COTTAGE BOARDING HOUSE!

(formerly Mrs. Nellie Smith's,)

THOS. L. SUTLIFF, Proprietor,

ALBOT STREET, ST. MICHAELS

Transient and Permanent Boarders Accommodated.

Every attention will be paid to the comfort and entertainment of guests, and charges to suit the times.

Terrapin, soft crab, oyster, and game suppers furnished specially to order.

Passengers conveyed from the steamers free or their fare deducted from their bills.

dec3,78 THOS. L. SUTLIFF, Prop.

Lumber Business.

A. H. WORDEN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIALS,

EASTON, MD., at Railroad Depot.

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Doors, Moulding, Lime, Hair, Nails, &c.

$15.00

WILL BUY ONE THOUSAND FEET

OF

Dry Virginia Flooring

FROM

E. E. JACKSON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

All Kinds of Lumber,

18 West Falls Avenue, Near Pratt Street Bridge

BALTIMORE, MD.

February 11, 1879-1yr

OAKLAND

STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

PINE, HEMLOCK CYPRESS

AND OAK

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,

LOCUST AND CEDAR POSTS.

We have always on hand a full supply of *MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE, and HEMLOCK*

Timber,

with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.

Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices

We have also *BUILDING HARDWARE* and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,

OAKLAND MILLS. *EASTON, MD.*

January 14, 1879-1yr

LUMBER!

--AND--

Building Materials,

Shingles, Laths,

Lime, Hair, &c.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

and Mill Work generally

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

My long experience in the Lumber trade should be a guarantee to purchasers of my ability to suit them both in quality and prices.

Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.

Principal office in Easton and Yard at Easton Point connected by Telephone.

Deliveries made on navigable water free of freight.

Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.

ROBERT B. DIXON,

Dover Street, EASTON.

Professional Cards.

W. M. HOLLYDAY,

Attorney-at-Law and Auditor,

EASTON, MD

HAS removed his office to the Room occupied by the School Commissioners in the Court House. mh9,75

Charles E. Shanahan,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

Especial attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c.

Office on Dover street, a few doors from Washington street. mh28

BENJAMIN H. HARRINGTON

Attorney-at-Law.

OFFICE ON DOVER STREET,

EASTON MD.,

Will practice in the Courts of Talbot and the adjoining counties

Feb 7th, 1876-1y

JOSEPH B. SETH,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,

ST. PAUL ST.,

BALTIMORE MD.

EDWARD B. BATES

(LATE OF THE TALBOT BAR)

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

49 ST. PAUL ST.,

Room No. 4 BALTIMORE, MD

DENTISTRY.

Dr. T. J. Smithers,

EASTON, MD

Office on Washington street, 4 doors below Methodist Episcopal Church.

Maj Wm. E. Stewart

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Corner of Dover and Harrison Sts.,

EASTON, MD

July11,76,yr

James P. Dawson,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

EASTON, MD.

Office on Dover Street.

March6,77-yr

Medical Card.

DR. SAMUEL C. TRIPPE

Offers his professional services to the people of Royal Oak and vicinity. Office at Royal Oak.

nov20,77yr

Oswald Tilghman,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Office on Washington street, nearly opposite M. P. Church. Special attention given to the collection of claims, negotiation of loans, and the sale of Real Estate

jan22,78yr

T. DECATUR HADDAWAY

ATTORNEY AT-LAW,

Washington and Brightwood, D.C.

C. W. Gerry M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC

Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE and Residence on Railroad Avenue corner Harrison street

dec31,75yr

Business Advertisements.

BOOTS & SHOES!

JESSE HUGHES

has just brought home and has now open and on exhibition at his Boot and Shoe Establishment. There is no need to go out of Easton to buy cheap goods, as my stock has been purchased at bottom prices Those in need should call and get Boots and Shoes at their own prices, as I am determined to sell goods. All I ask is a call, and I am satisfied that I can suit all who want articles in my line, both in quality and price.

Ladies' wear very cheap.

Gentlemen's Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, &c.

A heavy stock of Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes for Men, Boys, Youths and Children, and will be sold at Panic Prices. Call and get a Bargain.

Manufacturing still carried on Call. and leave your measure.

Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

Feeling thankful for being sustained in the past, I still beg to be sustained by my friends and the public in general in the future.

sep10 JESSE HUGHES.

Grand Spring Opening

AT THE

Mammoth Fashion Bazaar

OF

Mrs. M. S. Norris

(opposite the Court House,)

Easton, Md

The Ladies of Easton and Talbot county, as well as the towns and counties adjacent, are respectfully requested to call at the Great Bazaar of Fashion and inspect the beautiful and superb stock of Bonnets, Hats, &c., of the very latest styles, as well as Ribbons, Trimmings and Flowers in heavy stock, which has just been received and opened for inspection and sale. Her entire stock has been purchased with great care, and with an eye single to the wants of her lady customers, and she can boast of the most complete establishment on the home. Every article in Millinery and Fancy Goods can here be obtained, without visiting the cities as heretofore, and prices are astoundingly low. Her unprecedented large sales during the season just passed, has given her great encouragement to extra efforts. This she has done as will be seen from an inspection of her immense and beautifully selected stock.

She has secured the services of a lady from the city, whose good judgment and excellent taste in the trimming department has never failed to please the most fastidious

She now invites her friends and customers to give her a call when visiting Easton, and returns profound thanks for the very liberal patronage extended her in the past, and earnestly solicits a continuance.

Miscellaneous.

TUTT'S PILLS!

INTRODUCED, 1865.

A TORPID LIVER

is the fruitful source of many diseases, prominent among which are

DYSPEPSIA, SICK-HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, DYSENTERY, BILIOUS FEVER, AGUE AND FEVER, JAUNDICE, PILES, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY COMPLAINT, COLIC, ETC.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite and Nausea, the bowels are costive, but sometimes alternate with looseness, Pain in the Head, accompanied with a Dull sensation in the back part, Pain in the right side and under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, General weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness at night with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS

are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

TUTT'S PILLS

are compounded from substances that are free from any properties that can injure the most delicate organization. They Search, Cleanse, Purify, and Invigorate the entire System. By relieving the congested Liver, they cleanse the blood from poisonous humors, and thus impart health and vitality to the body, causing the bowels to act naturally, without which no one can feel well.

A Noted Divine says:

Dr. TUTT:—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last Spring your Pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

TUTT'S PILLS.

Their first effect is to Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced.

DR. J. F. HAYWOOD,

OF NEW YORK, SAYS:

"Few diseases exist that cannot be cured by restoring the Liver to its healthy action, for this purpose no remedy has yet been found that has as happy an effect as TUTT'S PILLS."

SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CTS.

Office 35 Murray Street, New York.

☞ Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL, "Valuable Information and Useful Receipts," will be mailed free on application.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a Glossy BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts instantaneously, is as Harmless as spring water, and is guaranteed to be free from all injurious ingredients. Sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

DEATH DEFEATED.

For over 50 years Seller's Liver Pills have been the standard remedy for *Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Shoulders or Back, Dizziness, Coated Tongue, Fever and Ague,* and all diseases arising from a deranged state of the *Liver or Stomach.* Thomas Adams, of Big Sandy, Ky., says: "Seller's Pills have saved hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills in his country."

Seller's Vermifuge, the great Worm destroyer. "Expelled 400 worms from my child, two years old.—Wm Sarver St Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. Price 25 Cents. H. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circulars

Henry & Goldsborough, Agents, Easton.

Royal Insurance Company;

OF LIVERPOOL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1845.

PROUD & CAMPBELL, District Managers,

Baltimore, *Maryland.*

Gross Assets	$20,326,755 80
Assets in the United States	2,681,812 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	4,014,300 64
United States income during the year 1877	1,771,431 49
Losses paid since organization.	33,344,845 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, Easton, Md.

nov12-1y

BRICK AND TILE.

Salmon Brick, Arch Brick

Red Brick, Paving Brick.

Well Brick, Pressed Brick, and

TILE

from 2 to 7 inches vent, at all prices, from $12 to $75 per thousand.

WE are now prepared to deliver bricks in any part of Talbot county, or anywhere on the E. S. or on railroad out of the county, at 20 per cent. BELOW OLD PRICES, for the cash. We have a heavy stock on hand, of splendid quality, and are determined to command the brick trade of this section, if SUPERIOR BRICKS and LOW FIGURES will do it.

Our stock of Tile is very heavy, and we sell it very low for cash; but are prepared to enter into a range ments with farmers, who may want to put in tile and who may not have the cash, to give them SIX or NINE months credit. The tile ought to go in, and the spring land be made productive, and we are willing to help those who are short of money.

We invite a call from all those in want of either brick or Tile.

JOSEPH H. WHITE, Easton.

WHITE & DODSON, St. Michaels.

may15,77

W. R. MEREFIELD,

TRAINING AND SALE STABLES,

Hambleton Park Fair Grounds,

HAMBLETON, Talbot Co., Md.,

Horses entrusted to his care will receive the best of attention.

CHARGES—$25 per month for training and feed; $15 for training where the owner finds feed. Sales made on 10 per cent. commissions.

He returns his very sincere thanks for the liberal patronage received during the past year. feb11,79yr

Select Poetry.

THE ROSARY OF MY YEARS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art—
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their life by the means of their heart.

The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth, of years,
Few or many they come—few or many they go
But our time is best measured by tears,

Ah! not by the silver grey
That creeps through the sunny hair,
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way
And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On the forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth—but the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair;
While their blood beats warm, their heart lies cold—
O'er them the Spring-time—but Winter is there.

And the old are oftimes young,
When their hair is silu and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung,
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years;
From a cross to a crown they lead—'tis well!
And they'd blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life,
The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave bark home,
It reaches the haven through tears.

Select Story.

THE MYSTERIOUS PORTRAIT.

IN a small but handsomely furnished sitting room in a London hotel a young lady was sitting in an easy chair, before a blazing fire, one dreary November afternoon. Her hat and cloak lay upon the table beside her, and from the eager, impatient glances she turned toward the door at every sound of a footstep on the staircase outside, it was evident that she expected a visitor.

At last the door opened and a tall, aristocratic looking young man entered the room.

"Harry, what a long time you have been!" she exclaimed, springing up from her seat. "What news have you brought? What does your father say about our—our marriage?" hesitating with the shyness of a bride at the last word.

"Read for yourself, Helen," replied her husband, handing her an open letter, and standing opposite her, leaning against the marble mantelpiece, watching intently the expression of her fair face as she read:

"In marrying as you have done, you have acted in direct opposition to my wishes. From this day you are no longer my son, and I wash my hands of you forever!"

"Harry, why did you not tell me of this before?" exclaimed Helen, as she read the hard, cruel words, looking up through her tears into her husband's face.

"My darling, what was there to tell?—How could I know that my father would act in this hard-hearted manner? I knew that he wished me to marry the daughter of a nobleman living near Marston Hall, and so unite the two estates; but I had no idea he would cast me off for disobeying his wish. And even if I had known it," he added, fondly clasping his young bride to his heart, and kissing away the tears from her eyes, "I should not have acted differently. My Helen is worth fifty estates, and as long as she loves me I shall never regret the loss of Marston Hall and its fair acres. But my love," he continued more seriously, "there is an end of your promised shopping expedition into Bond street. You will have to do without diamonds, now that your husband is a penniless outcast, instead of the heir of £15,000 a year."

"Hush, Harry! Please don't talk like that," she said, hurt at his bitter tone. You know that it was not of diamonds and dress I was thinking. But what are you going to do Harry?" she continued, laying her hand upon his arm, and looking up sadly into his pale, set face." You cannot work for a living."

"And why not work for a living?" he exclaimed, in a determined voice. "Because I happened to be the son of a baronet, brought up and educated without any ideas or knowledge of business? But I will work for my living, and show my little wife that I am not quite unworthy of the trust and confidence she reposed in me when she placed this little hand in mine," he added, stooping to kiss the small white hand that rested confidingly upon his arm.

It was while pursuing his favorite study of oil paintings among the famous galleries of Rome that Harry Marston wooed and won Helen Tracy, governess in an English family residing in Italy, and the orphan daughter of an officer in the army Before he had known her a month, Harry, who had been in love—or fancied himself in love—with at least half a dozen different young ladies in as many months, felt that he had at last met his fate.

Delighted at the idea of being loved for himself alone, he had not told her of his real position, and it was not until the marriage ceremony was over that Helen discovered that she had married the eldest son of a baronet, and the heir to an estate producing £15,000 a year.

It was not without some inward misgivings that Harry wrote to his father telling him of his marriage, which were more than realized, as we shall see by the letter from Sir Philip Marston, which awaited him at his club on his return to England with his bride.

But, full of confidence in his ability to maintain himself and his young wife by his own exertions, and thinking that surely his father would relent and be reconciled to him after a time, Harry troubled himself very little about his lost inheritance; and though their new home—consisting of three small, poorly-furnished rooms in a back street—was very different from the grand old mansion to which he had hoped to take his bride, he set to work cheerfully at his favorite art, and tried hard to earn a living by painting pictures and portraits. But he soon found that it was not so easy as he thought.

It was all very well when he was heir to Maston Hall, and studied painting merely from love of art; but picture dealers, who in those days had been all flattery and obsequiousness to the young heir, now that he really wanted to sell his pictures and sketches, shook their heads, and politely but firmly declined to purchase.

At last one dreary afternoon, when Harry was sitting in the little room he called his studio, trying to devise some new scheme to replenish his slender purse, the servant opened the door and ushered a white-haired old gentleman into the room.

Placing a chair by the fire for his visitor, Harry inquired his business.

"You are a portrait-painter, I believe sir?" said the old gentleman, looking at at him through his gold spectacles.

"That is my profession, sir," replied Harry, delighted at the thought of having found a commission at last.

"Well, sir, I want you to paint the portrait of my daughter."

"With pleasure, sir," said Harry eagerly.

"When can the lady give me the first sitting?"

"Alas! sir, she is dead—dead to me these twenty years, and I killed her—broke her heart with my harshness and cruelty!" exclaimed the old man, in an excited, trembling voice.

A strange chill came over Harry, as the idea that his mysterious visitor must be an escaped lunatic crossed his mind; but mastering, with an effort, his emotion, the stranger continued.

"Pardon me, young sir. This is of no interest to you. My daughter is dead, and I want you to paint her portrait from my description, as I perfectly well remember her twenty years ago."

"I will do my best, sir, but it will be no easy task, and you must be prepared for many disappointments," said Harry, when having given a long description of the form and features of his long-lost daughter, the old man rose to depart, and for weeks he worked incessantly upon his mysterious portrait of the dead girl, making sketch after sketch, each of which was rejected by the remorse-stricken father, until the work began to exercise a strange kind of fascination over him, and he sketched face after face, as if under the influence of a spell.

At last, one evening, wearied with a day of fruitless exertion, he was sitting over the fire watching his wife, who sat opposite, busy upon some needlework, when an idea suddenly flashed upon him.

"Tall, fair, with golden hair and dark blue eyes? Why Henlen, it is the very picture of yourself!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat, taking his wife's fair face between his two hands, and gazing intently into her eyes.

Without losing a moment he sat down and commenced to sketch Helen's face; and when the strange patron called the next day, Harry was so busily engaged putting the finishing touches to his portrait that he did not hear him enter the room, and worked for some moments unconscious of his presence, untill the cry of "Helen, my daughter!" the old man hurled him aside, and stood entranced before the portrait.

After gazing for some minutes in silence, broken only by his own half-suppressed sobs of remorse, the old man turned slowly around to Harry, and asked him in an eager voice where he had obtained the original of the picture.

"It is the portrait of my wife," replied he.

"Your wife, sir! Who was she? Pardon me for asking the question," he added; "but I have heard lately that my poor Helen left an orphan daughter, and for the last six months I have been vainly trying to find the child of my lost daughter, so that by kindness and devotion to my grandchild I might, in part at least, atone for my harshness to ward her mother."

Harry was beginning to tell him the story of his meeting with Helen at Rome, and their subsequent marriage, when the door opened, and his wife entered the room.

Perceiving that her husband was engaged, she was about to retreat, when the old gentleman stopped her, and after looking in her face for a few moments, exclaimed, "Pardon me, madam, can you tell me your mother's maiden name?"

"Helen Treherne," replied Helen, wonderingly."

"I knew it, I knew it!" exclaimed the old man, in an excited voice. "At last I have found the child of my poor lost daughter!"

In a few words Mr. Treherne explained how he had cast off his only child on account of her marriage with a poor officer, and refused even to open her letters when she wrote asking for forgiveness.

"But, thank Heaven!" said he, when he had finished his sad story, "I can atone in some measure for my harshness toward my Helen by taking her Helen to my heart and making her my daughter."

It is needless to add that when Sir Philip Marston heard that his son had married the heiress of one of the finest and oldest estates in the country, he at once wrote a letter of reconciliation to Harry, and after all, Helen eventually became mistress of Marston Hall, in the picture gallery of which no painting is more valued or treasured than "The Mysterious Portrait."

Did you ever see a baseball player try to catch a train on the fly.—N. Y. News. No. It would be too late to rescue the fly, anyhow. When a train is on a fly, that fly's mission in this world is ended, and the train shouldn't be annoyed.—Rather encourage it to get on more flies.

A farmer, having lost one of his sheep, said to a neighbor: "You know that big wether I had out in that lot. Well I found him dead this morning, and now what I want to know is whether the weather killed the wether or not?"

A young woman of Wallingford, Conn., was married the other evening, and while the festivities that followed the ceremony were at their height the bride eloped with one of her old admirers, who was among the guests.

Miss Madeup Oldgal—Yes, I love the old oak; it is associated with so many happy hours spent beneath its shade. It carries me back to my childhood, when—when—" Young Foodle—"When you—er—planted it?"

Letter from the Young Editor.

Washington Hawkeye.

Anybody could tell what he had. Every man in the sanctum knew in a minute. The timid knock at the door gave him clear away at the very start. No man or woman ever knocks at a sanctum door unless he comes on that fatal errand. Then he came inside and took off his hat and bowed all round the room, when every man on the staff roared out, in a terrible chorus, Come in!" Then he asked for the editor, and when the underlings, with a fine mingling of truth and grammar, pointed to the youngest and newest man in the office and yelled, "That's him!" he walked up to the young gentleman designated, and before he could unroll his manuscript we knew the subject of it, and a deep groan echoed round the room.

"Poetry, young man?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir," said the poet; a couple of triolets and a sonnet on the marriage of my sister with an old college friend."

"Old college friend; male or female, young man?" asked the editor, severely.

"Male, sir," said the young man.

"He said "sir" every time, and every time he said all the young gentlemen of the staff, save the young gentleman who personated the governor, snickered. He looked severe.

"Anything more, young man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the infant Tennyson; "a kind of idyl and one, inscribed 'To My Lost Love.'"

"Love been lost very long, young man?" asked the journalist, very critically.

"Well, it's immaterial, that is," stammered the young man. "It's indefinite—it's—"

"Ever advertised for it" asked the reporter, who was writing a puff for Slab's tombstones, but he was instantly frowned down.

"Anything more?" asked the principal interlocutor: "anyhing more, young man?"

"Yes, sir," was the hopeful response, "a threnody in memory of my departed brother."

"Brother dead, young man or only gone to Sagetown?"

"Dead, sir,"

"Your own brother?"

"No, sir, I never had a real brother, it's only imaginary."

"Can't take this, then, young man," was the chilling reply. "Poetry, to find acceptance with the *Hawkeye*, must be true. Have to reject this threnody, not because it is not very beautiful, but because it is not true. Now how much do you want for these others?" And he fingered them over like a man buying mink skins.

The poet really didn't know. He had never published before; he had barely dared hope to have his verses published at all. A few copies of the paper containing them he was sure—

"Oh, no," the editor broke in, "oh, no; no, sir; can't do that; we don't do business that way; if a poem or sketch is worth publishing, it is worth paying for. Would $15 pay you for these?"

The poet blushed to the floor with gratitude, and the young journalist grandly wrote out an order and handed it to the poet.

"Take that to the courthouse," he said, "and the Auditor's clerk will give you the money."

The poet bowed and withdrew, and with great merriment the journalists burned his poems and resumed their work.

That wasn't the funny part of it, however. The next day the simple-minded poet presented his order to the clerk designated. And it was so that the clerk owed the paper $18 for subscription and advertising, he promptly cashed the order and tured it in when his bill was presented, and the manager just charged it to the salary account of the smart young journalist who signed the order, and the happiest man the maddest in America are living in Burlington. One of them is a happy, green, unsophisticated young machine poet, and the other is a wide-awake, up-to-snuff, know-the-world, get-up-and-dust, young journalist, who is already a rival of Horace Greeley in some of the verbal parts of journalism.

Two Civilizations.

From the Washington Post.

Mr. James A. Barksdale, of Yazoo City, did not shoot H. M. Dixon from behind, or from the porthole of a closed carriage. He met him almost face to face. Dixon pulled out a navy revolver and Barksdale snatched up a shot gun. Both fired, but Barksdale's was the truer aim, and Dixon fell. It was the life of the one or the other, and both knew it. For this bloody personal encounter between two obscure desperadoes, the satanic Radical press demand Federal military intervention, and the obliteration of a State. In San Francisco Saturday—the strong Republican city of San Francisco—where by frauds of a colossal character enough illegal votes were thrown in November, 1876, to change the electoral vote of the State from Tilden to Hayes, a life-long Republican editor met a life long Republican politician of national prominence, and poured the contents of a revolver, first into his breast, and next into his back. The Republican editor concealed his murderous purpose and deadly aim behind the curtains of a closed carriage, so that for the murdered man there was neither premonition, nor the possibility of defense or escape.

Now, managers of the Radical satanic press, be good enough to inform us: If Mississippi is the refuge of fiends, what is California?

If Yazoo City should be swept from the face of the earth, or sown with salt, what of San Francisco? If for 1,000 men to say to the desperado Dixon, "you shall not make savages of 5,000 negroes, and lead them to the destruction of our hearths and homes," is a crime against civilization, what designation do you give to the act of Charles De Young? What distinction do you make between the thousand cool and determined men assembled at Yazoo City to declare that they will prevent a bloody conflict between two races, and the 20,000 frantic Sand-lotters in San Francisco threatening to sack the city and lynch their political opponent?

Is there one among you honest enough to answer either of these questions?

THE New York *Sun* says: "How do stalwart Republicans relish Carl Schurz's declaration that he would vote for a Democrat like Bayard rather than for Grant, should the latter be the nominee of the Republican National Convention? It would be interesting to hear the opinion of Schurz's official predecessor, the Hon. Zach Chandler, on this sort of talk.

What is the difference between a load of unsalable apples and a huckleberry stain on the cream cloth? One is a drug on the market, and the other is a mark on the drugget.

It is not necessary to make a man tumble over a pile of lumber on the sidewalk to remind him that a great deal of building is going on.

A sand-storm is a rain of terra.