The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1880. VOL. XV.--NO. 24.

THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

TERMS:
One Dollar and Fifty Cents cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid within the year. Clubs of Ten, Ten Dollars in advance.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months. Subscribers out of the county $2 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square—6 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction 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 accordiug to regular rates.
Special Notices in Local column, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

Baltimore Business Advertisements.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

AT LOW PRICES, FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

NOW OPENING

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

New York Clothing,

AT 178 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,

Two Doors Below the Old Stand.

All parties will remember the great demand for

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s Fine New York Clothing.

It can now be had at

178 W. Baltimore St., Two Doors Below the Old Stand.

We name in part some of the Leading Styles of Goods, and assure our patrons the former high standing of our Clothing is still maintained.
We are selling good stylish Overcoats for $6, $7, $8, $10 and $12.
An elegant Overcoat, made from imported goods, lined with the best Farmer's Satin, $15, $16 $18 & $20.

GOOD BUSINESS SUITS

Well made and trimmed, cut in the latest style, for $7, $8, $9, $10 and $12.
Extra fine Business Suits, made by custom tailors, for $15, $16 and $18.

FINE DRESS SUITS,

For $15, $18, $20 and $22, just about one-half what custom tailors charge for the same quality of goods.
There is no house that has as large and complete an assortment of Fall goods as we now have in store, and sell good strong Working Pants for $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2. Good Cassimere and Worsted Pants for $2.50, $3 and $3.50.
We have different styles of fine Dress Pants, comprising all the newest patterns in Domestic and Foreign goods. Prices ranging from $4 to $7.

HEAVY WINTER OVERCOATS.

We have an immense stock of Men's Heavy Winter Overcoats, in Black, Blue, Brown and Plain Beavers, Petersham Chinchilla and Fur Beavers; also, all the new styles in Fancy Beavers, cut in Plain Sack and Ulster shapes.

Boys and Children's Clothing.

We are selling thousands of Suits for Boys' and Children's every day wear (all styles and prices.) Thousands of Boys' and Children's Dress Suits at prices within the reach of all.
We are showing the largest stock of Boys' and Children's Overcoats and Ulsters ever displayed in the city at prices ranging from $2.50 to $10.
Our large sales enable us to sell at small profits. We invite all to call and examine our immense stock and low prices. No fault will be found if you do not buy.
REMEMBER, this is the only house in the city where you can buy ROGERS, PEET & CO'S FINE NEW YORK CLOTHING, 178 W. BALTIMORE ST., two doors below the old stand.

Metropolitan Clothing House, 178 W. Baltimore St.,

Next to Coleman & Rogers, Druggists.

dec2,79yr

BOOTS, SHOES,

GROCERIES, &c.

JESSE HUGHES has removed his Boot and Shoe Store to John Mason's new Block of Buildings, *FIRST STORE NEXT TO ODD FELLOWS HALL.*

Mr. C. H. Hughes has an interest in this new business, and hereafter the business will be conducted under the firm name of J. Hughes & Co. A fine stock of Groceries is added to their new business.

They have just returned home with a large and superior stock

Boots & Shoes

of all descriptions, for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Youths and Children, and fine stock of Heavy Bootas ☞ Work made to order.

Grocery Department.

Viz: Coffees, Sugars, Teas, Flour, Hams, Dried Beef, Shoulders, Middlingt, Lard Molasses, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c., &c. Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Willow Ware and Stone Ware.

A full line of plain and fancy Candies, Cakes and Crackers, in fact everything belonging to a grocery. These goods have been purchased for cash and will be sold at bottom figures.

Our friends and the public generally will please assist us in our enterprise.

J. HUGHES & CO.

oct21,79

PATCHETT'S

DOVER STREET

Furniture Emporium!

A Big Stock Just Opened!!

The subscriber informs housekeepers that he has just returned from the city with an immense stock of

FURNITURE,

CONSISTING OF

Chairs, Tables, Bedsteads, Bureaux, Stands, Mattrasses, Picture Frames, Cottage Setts, Parlor Setts,

and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which have been bought at the lowest cash prices, and will be sold cheap.

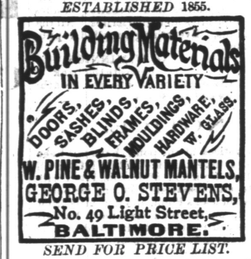
Repairing and Upholstering done to order.

COFFINS AND CASKETS always on hand, and Hearses furnished for Funerals.

A call from his old friend and customers requested.

SAMUEL PATCHETT,
jan20-tf Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1855.



SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

MALTBY HOUSE,

BALTIMORE.

APRIL 1st, 1879.

Recognizing the fact that the relationship existing between the Counties of Maryland and the City of Baltimore is such that residents of the Counties have occasion to visit the City frequently during the year, in consideration of these facts and the liberal patronage extended the "Maltby" in the past, I deem it but a matter of justice that some discrimination should be made in their favor. I have therefore concluded to

Reduce the Price of Board to $2 per Day

feeling confident that the same will be fully appreciated by them, and at the same time merit and secure an increased share of their patronage. Assuring them that nothing will be left undone that can add to their comfort during their stay.

Rooms without board, 75c and upward per day. C. R. HOGAN, Prop.

apr8,79yr

Greenwood & Woodall,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

72 *SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE,*

For the sale of Grain, Fruit and Produce. Commission on grain 1 cent per bushel by vessel or steamer. Commission on Peaches or Produce 7 per cent. and no charge for collecting empties. References: Dr. E. M Hardcastle, S. S. Brinsfield. Wm. S. Denny, Joseph H. Harrison. july15,79yr

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CHAS. O. GARRIOTT,

TUNER OF

PIANOS, ORGANS & MELODEONS,

265 North Eden St. (bet. Madison & Gay.)

BALTIMORE.

Pianos tuned, regulated, or repaired. Visits Easton, in May and November. Orders left at the Easton Post Office, or addressed to him at his residence in Baltimore, promptly attended to. nov11,79

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.

FOR ALL KINDS

OF

LUMBER,

Shingles,

Laths, &c.,

GO TO

E. E. JACKSON & CO.,

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.

Miscellaneous.

Dr. TUTT'S

Expectorant!

IN 25CTS. AND $1 BOTTLES.

Its properties are Demulcent, Nutritive Balsamic, Soothing and Healing. Combining all these qualities, it is the most effective LUNG BALSAM ever offered to sufferers from pulmonary diseases.

DR. J. F. HAYWOOD,

of New York, voluntarily indorses it.

—READ WHAT HE SAYS:—

Dr. TUTT: New York, Sept., 19, 1877.
Dear Sir—During this year I visited nine hundred cases of lung diseases. In the lower wards of the city the cases were of a very severe type. It was there my attention was called to Tutt's Expectorant, and I confess my surprise at its wonderful power. During a practice of twenty years, I have never known a medicine to act as promptly, and with such happy effects. It instantly subdued the most violent fits of coughing, and invariably cured the disease in a few days. I cheerfully indorse it as the best lung medicine I ever tried.
J. FRANCIS HAYWOOD, M. D.

A NEWSPAPER PUB. WRITES.

Office, Evening News, Augusta, Ga.
Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—My little son, was attacked with pneumonia last winter, which left him with a violent cough, that lasted till within a month since, for the cure of which I am indebted to your valuable Expectorant. I had tried most every thing recommended, but none did any good until I used your Expectorant, one bottle of which removed the cough entirely. With many thanks, I am yours truly,
JOHN M. WEIGLE

Had terrible NIGHT SWEATS.

Memphis, Feb., 11, 1871.
Dr. TUTT: Sir—I have been suffering for nearly two years with a severe cough. When I commenced taking your Expectorant I was reduced to one hundred and sixteen pounds in weight. I had tried almost everything; had terrible night sweats. I have taken half dozen bottles. The night sweats have left me, the cough has disappeared, and I have gained fifteen pounds in flesh. I recommend it to all my friends.
With great respect, OLIVER RICE.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

Reader, have you caught a cold? Are you unable to raise the phlegm? Have you an irritation in the throat? A sense of oppression on the lungs, with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain now and then in the region of the heart, shoulders and back? If so, our Advice is take at once a dose of Tutt's Expectorant; you will soon be able to raise the phlegm. In an hour repeat the Expectorant, place a hot iron to the feet, take two of Tutt's Pills. You will soon fall into a pleasant sleep and wake up in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely; easy breathing, and the bowels moving in a natural manner. To prevent a return of these symptoms use the Expectorant several days.

Office, 35 Murray Street, N. Y.

TUTT'S PILLS
CURE TORPID LIVER.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE DYSPEPSIA.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE COSTIVENESS.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE FEVER AND AGUE.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE BILIOUS COLIC.
TUTT'S PILLS
GIVE APPETITE.
TUTT'S PILLS
PURIFY THE BLOOD.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE PILES.

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, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

PROCLAMATION.

No More Sick Horses or Cattle.

The introduction of the *ENGLISH CONDITION POWDERS* in our American market, exempt from duty, freight, &c., has proved to the thousands who are daily using them that they have been a long felt want.

For the past half century they have grown in public favor and gener l use in all quarters of the globe and their name and fame is world wide.

There is not an ailment known in Veterinary practice of the Horse, Cow, Sheep or Hog, but yields to their miraculous influence.

Their rare balsamic properties are conveyed to every part of the brute creation and immediate relief is given.

They heal Internal Ulcerations, banish all derangements, and give the stomach proper tone.

No Stock owner need despair a cure whilst this NEVER FAILING remedy can be obtained, and the reputation they bear from all quarters of the globe is fully borne out by the success they have attained—corroborated by testimonials of the people of all classes and countries.

They have cured thousands of cases conceded incurable.

The many ailments of each class of animals and their various forms are too extended to discuss; but we guarantee in each case a ten fold remuneration for the small investment that places them within the reach of the most humble who have to rely on their stock for support.

The majority are more directly interested in Horses and to them we say, one trial will convince you that they work wonders, and no matter how doubtful the case is you will invariably be benefitted and your animals made and kept healthy by their use.

English Condition Powders are a certain and speedy remedy, no matter what the disease is or how complicated. They are not a temporary, but have invariably proved to be a radical cure.

They restore health and produce flesh, milk and butter. They aid digestion and assimilation, and thoroughly renovate the system and will be found invaluable and remunerative to every stock owner.

They are not like the usual horse and cattle powders that act as opium or stimulating drink act on man and when once used must always be used. They act as manure acts on soil, and can be used in any weather or season with profitable results.

☞ The following TESTIMONIALS speak of their merits:

Baltimore, June 17th, 1879.

We have been handling your English Condition Powders for some time past and find that their merits as compared with similar compounds, meet a want seldom (if at all) found in goods of a similar class. With Patrons of Husbandry they are growing into favor rapidly. (Signed)
H O. DEVRIES, Ag't Md. State Grange.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 11, 1879.

I used one pound box of your English Condition Powders on a mare that was so poor and weak she had to be raised when she lay down. She is now in perfect health and good flesh and I credit it all to the powders.
GEO. R. HEBBEL, Pa. Av. & Clifton st.
And thousands of other.
1 lb box 25 cents, 3 lb box 50 cents, 6 lb box 99 cents.

One trial will convince the most skeptical of their predominance over all others.

To Consumers—They are just one-third the cost of all Reliable Powders, and are as far superior in quality as in quantity.

Manufactured by the English Manufacturing Company, 9 South Holliday Street, Baltimore, Md., Sole Manufacturers for the United States.

We want an AGENT in every county.
dec9,79yr

H. MYERS,

JEWELLER, &C.,

Dover St., Easton, Md.

BEGS to announce that he has received another invoice of the celebrated Waltham Watches, all sizes and grades. These watches are now used on the principal railroads in England in preference to any other make, being more reliable time keepers. They are the most popular watch in the market. Two years guaranty with each watch. Patronize home-made watches, they are both better and cheaper than foreign make. may21,78

Select Poetry.

SELLING THE FARM.

BY BETH DAY.

The following poem, after the style of Will Carlton's farm ballads, is one of the best pieces of the kind that has yet been written:

Well, why don't you say it, husband? I know
what you want to say;
You want to talk about selling the farm, for the
mortgage we cannot pay.
I know that we cannot pay it, I have thought of
it o'er and o'er;
For the wheat has failed on the corner lot, where
wheat never failed before.
And everything here's gone backward since
Willie went off to sea,
To pay the mortgage and save the farm, the
homestead, for you and me.
I know it was best to give it, it was right that
the debts be paid,
The debts that our thoughtless Willie, in the
hours of his weakness, made:
And Will would have paid it fairly, you know it
as well as I,
If the ship had not gone down that night when
no other ship was nigh.
But, somehow, I didn't quit hoping, and ever
I've tried to pray—
(But I know if our Will was alive on earth, he'd
surely be here to-day).
I thought that the merciful father would some-
how care for the lad,
Because he was trying to better the past, and
because he was all we had.
But now I am well nigh hopeless, since hope for
my boy has fled,
For selling the farm means giving him up, and
knowing for sure he's dead.
Oh! Thomas, how can we leave it, the home we
have always known?
We won it away from the forest, and made it so
much our own.
First day we kept house together was the day
that you brought me here;
And no other place in the wide, wide world will
ever be half so dear.
Of course, you remember it, Thomas—I need not
ask you, I know,
For this is the month, and this the day—it was
twenty-six years ago.
And don't you remember it, Thomas, the winter
the barn was made?
How we were so proud and happy, for all our
debts were paid—
The crops were good that summer, and every-
thing worked like a charm,
And we felt so rich and contented to think we
had paid for the farm.
And now to think we must leave it, when here
I was hoping to die.
It seems as if it was breaking my heart, but the
fount of my tears is dry.
There's a man up there in the village that's
wanting to buy, say,
Well, Thomas, he'll have to have it, but why
does he come to-day?
But there, it is wrong to grieve you, for you
have enough to bear,
And in all our petty troubles you always have
borne your share;
I am but a sorry helpmeet since I have so child-
ish grown.
There, there, go on to the village, let me have it
out alone.
Poor Thomas, he's growing feeble, he steps so
weary and slow,
There is not much in his looks to-day like twen-
ty-six years ago.
But I know that his heart is youthful as it was
when we first were wed,
Willie, our boy that's dead.
Oh, Willie, my baby Willie, I never shall see
him more;
I never shall hear his footsteps as he comes
through the open door;
"How are you, dear little mother?" were always
the words he'd say;
It seems as if I would give the world to hear it
again to-day.
I knew when my boy was coming, be it ever so
early or late,
He was always a whistling 'Home, Sweet Home,'
as he opened the garden gate.
And many and many a moment, since the night
that the ship went down,
Have I started up at a whistle like his, out there
on the road from town;
And in many a night of sorrow, in the silence,
early and late,
Have I held my breath at a footstep, that seem-
ed to pause at the gate.
I hope that he can't see us, wherever his soul
may be;
It would grieve him to know the trouble, that's
come to father and me.
Out there is the tree he planted, the day he was
twelve years old;
The sunlight is glinting through it, and turning
its leaves to gold;
And often when I was lonely, and no one near
at hand,
I have talked to it, hours together—as if it could
understand.
And sometimes I used to fancy, whenever I
spoke of my boy,
It was waving its leaves together, like clapping
its hands for joy.
It may be the man that will own it, that's com-
ing to buy to-day,
Will be chopping it down, or digging it up, and
burning it out of the way.
And there are the pansies yonder, and the roses
he helped to tend—
Why, every bush on the dear old place is as dear
as a tried old friend.
And now we must go and leave them—but there!
they have come from town;
I haven't had time to smooth my hair, or even
to change my gown.
I can see them both quite plainly, although it is
getting late.
And the stranger's a whistling "Home, Sweet
Home," as he comes up from the gate.
I'll go out into the kitchen now, for I don't want
to look on his face,
What right has he to be whistling that, unless
he has bought the place.
Why, can that be Thomas coming? he usually
steps so slow;
There's something come into his footsteps like
twenty-six years ago.
There's something that sounds like gladness
and the man that he used to be
Before our Willie went out from home to die on
the stormy sea.
What, Thomas! Why are you smiling, and hold-
ing my hands so tight?
And why don't you tell me quickly—must we go
from the farm to-night?
What's that? "You bring me tidings, and tid-
ing of wonderful joy;"
It cannot be very joyous, unless it is news of my
boy.
O, Thomas! You cannot mean it? Here, let me
look in your face,
Now, tell me again it is Willie that's wanting to
buy the place.

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Fullness of the eye sometimes denotes language, and again it denotes that the owner called some one a liar and a horse-thief.

One never realizes just how much a pair of skates can benefit a tailor till one puts them on for the first time.

Some men are so awful slow that the only time they get ahead is when they buy a cabbage.

A bad stovepipe is like a bad man. Too much crook of elbow and too much smoke.

A new book, like a fresh lobster, doesn't benefit a man much until it is red digested.

In India a lac of rupees is wealth In this country a lack of dollars is poverty.

☞ A rich actor may be looked upon as a fixed star.

An heiress—The woman who goes up in a balloon.

Singular—to see a garden walk.

Select Story.

THE WHITE MARE.

IN the fall of 1868 I thought it might be profitable to start a trading post in Yellowstone Valley. Learning from the Blackfeet that the Sioux were camped on the South side of the river, I determined to ride over and see what arrangements I could make with them. I crossed the Belt Mountains and riding down the valley was soon at their camp, I on the north side of the river, and they on the south. I sat on my horse and hailed the camp. No answer. I could see plenty of Indians walking about, and again I hailed. No answer. I shouted myself hoarse and the only notice taken of me was by an old buck, who walked to the river bank looked at me, made an insulting gesture, and slowly walked off. I went there to trade, and having got angry at the treatment, though I well knew I ought to leave the valley at once, I, like a fool, resolved to cross the stream the and brave the danger. So I forded and into the camp. I spoke to no one, no one spoke to me. The sullen braves turned their banks on me as I rode up the street. The young girls looked curiously at me. Riding slowly along I cooled rapidly. I saw that I was not wanted, and I at last fully realized that I was in danger. I did not dare to ride to the south, out of the camp, nor did I have courage enough to attempt to recross the river.

"Before me stood a great tent made of buffalo skins. It was the largest I had ever seen. I halted, dismounted, and stood at my horse's head. No one noticed me. Indians went past me, apparently not seeing me. At last a young woman came and stood before me. Looking right into my eyes she said: 'What do you want? I looked her coldly in the face and mad no reply. Smiling, she asked: 'What brings you here?" Steadily I gazed in her eyes and was voiceless. She left me and disappeared into the great lodge. Soon an Indian warrior in full point, with bow and strung arrow in his hands, came to me. Speaking Blackfoot, he said: "Why are you in this camp?"—To him I replied: "I wish to trade with you." More men came. They took my horse, and seizing hold of my arm they led me into the great lodge. Here I was seated and a council was held. I sat and listened to them talk of what it was best to do with so presumptuous a white man. Some were in favor of trading. The large majority of the Indians were in favor of torturing me. It was soon decided that I should be tortured: and they sat and discussed the various methods. After a two days' talk it was decided to burn me. I was in a strange condition mentally. I would listen to a plan of torture as though it was some other man they were taking about, and I would comment to myself on that plan as giving the chap but little chance for his life. But when the dusky brave, who talked Blackfoot, told me that I was to die by fire the next day, I understood perfectly that I was the man they had been talking about, and I replied: 'I know it.' Clustering around me they asked if I had understood all the talk. 'Yes, I had.' 'Then why not answer the maiden when she spoke to you?' 'I came not to talk with squaws; but to trade with men.' No use; I could do nothing by soft talk, and having played my hand, finally resigned myself to my fate.

"I noticed that the girl, who first spoken to me in front of the lodge was watching me. She would quickly glance at me and then drop her eyes on the buckskin shirt she was embroidering with Crow hair. Several times I noticed this, and once I replied with a smile. She quickly came to my side, apparently to refold some buffalo robes, and in a whisper, said: 'You are to die to-morrow. To-night, I will have the best horse in the camp saddled and standing on the out side of the lodge. I will have the tent cut from the outside. You jump through, mount, and ride for your life. You may escape. You will burn if you stay.' Then with a smile, 'The mare is mine. She is the fastest animal in the valley of the Yellowstone. I give her to you.' She left me and quickly resumed her work. As she wove the hair of many Crow scalplocks into the shirt, I sat looking thankfully at her. She never looked at me again. As I saw a chance for my life my heart beat so loudly that I thought it would be heard. I calmed my face and waited. I ate fairly of supper. I smoked a pipe. All were very kind and attentive to me. Night was passing away and still the Indians lingered, looking at the man they were to burn on the morrow. I leaned back against the tent to rest myself, when I felt a hand gently pushing me forward. Sitting whistling, I felt the point of a knife come through and strike my neck. I did not flinch; I could feel the blood trickle down my back. I could feel the knife carefully drawn down until it reached the ground. Still whistling, I waited, my heart thumping, my blood on fire—waited a minute to give whoever cut the rope time to escape. Then, grasping my heart and nerves for an instant, I gathered myself and turned backward through the opening. Instantly jumping to my feet, I vaulted into the saddle that was on the back of a white horse that stood there, and, in the midst of yells, of rifle shots, and of a pack of howling dogs, we rushed out of the camp. It seemed to me as though a thousand horsemen were in pursuit of me instantly. We galloped up the river to a bend I had seen. Dashing in we forded it under a fire that made the water boil around us, and were out of water and on the level land to the north of the river before any of the Sioux were halfway across. Striking the trail to the Bozeman Pass, I took it, and, knowing it, pushed boldly on; and, though hotly pursued, my horse outlasted theirs, and I escaped. I never drew rein until I dismounted to the west of the Pass. With any other horse I should have been recaptured and burned. I have not got the girl. The love I have for her the mare has instead. I returned to my post and made no trade in the Yellowstone that year.

"Again. Last winter the snow was on the ground in January, and for three days I had been hunting or running antelope. The sun was very bright, and my eyes hurt me. I saw specks floating about.—Little chains with small links were constantly before me My eyes burned smartly when I returned to the agency. Daily while hunting I had seen the low black clouds in the north that indicate the formation or marshalling of the winds of the frozen north. Daily the south wind swept them beyond the northern horizon, but the next morning found them looming up portentously in the northern sky. On my return to the agency I found a runner had just got in from Belly river, in British America, with important news for me. It was necessary that I should go up at once. I started the next morning. My eyes hurt dreadfully.

"I always go to the Belly river, when the snow is on the ground, by the way of the Sweet grass Hills, and there I camp one night. One side of the hills is always bare of snow, and there is a spring of good water on the northern side of the centre hill. A strong south wind was blowing when I started, but by noon I saw the clouds to the north suddenly rise up. It was the mustering of the north winds was completed, and they were eager for the assault on the soft south wind. On came the black cloud. The south wind still blew fiercely but it could not stay the assault from the Arctic region. I had reached my camping ground and stood looking far off to the north, seeing the landmarks disappear one by one as the head of the 'blizzard' reached them and shrouded them in its icy breath. A calm; then, with a mighty rush and a loud noise, the head of the 'blizzard' swept past me. The air was filled with particles of ice that cut through almost horizontally, and seemed as if they would never fall. Colder, ever colder grew the wind and denser the air as the ice particles thickened. I sought shelter in the rocks. Buckling the clothing on the mare, I turned her loose, knowing that she would not leave me. Then I lay down on my blankets, and, wrapping my beaver cloak around me, I tried to sleep. I began thinking, and could not sleep. The buffalo had not come South that winter, and the wolves were gaunt and hungry. I had had a pack of them at my heels all day, and now they cropped up in my thoughts.

"Finally I slept. When I awoke it was dark. Holding up my naked hand I felt the icy sweat of the 'blizzard' strike sharply against it. The roar of the wind still continued. I could not go to sleep again, and I lay waiting for dawn. I waited, it seemed to me, for hours, when I suddenly felt my mare paw my breast. I spoke kindly to her, saying she had made a mistake. Soon she pawed me again, and I arose to find that all was dark; that I could not see the white mare. Alarmed, I struck a match under my cloak and looked down to see the blaze. I saw nothing, but the match burned my fingers.—With a desolating despondency I realized the fact that the glare of the snow encountered for the past few days had made me snow blind; that I was fifty miles from the nearest house and unable to see; that a furious snow storm was raging.

"Stupid, almost wild with horror, I thought I could hear the snuffing of the wolves and the soft patter of their feet below the wild shriek of the Arctic winds. I was simply benumbed with terror. With my eyesight in full power, I should have thought the situation dangerous. As it was, I considered it hopeless. The mare recalled me to myself by rubbing her cold muzzle against my face. She saw that something was wrong with me but what she could not comprehend. I resolved to saddle her, to feed her, and, after she ate, to mount and let her take her own course. So I fed her the remaining measure of barley and waited for her to eat. Then I saddled up, and without bridling mounted, and wrapping my cloak around me, sat steadily in the saddle, awaiting the [illegible] She stood trembling until I told her to go. Then I felt her turn until the ice drops struck obliquely on my right side and back, and she rapidly walked off. Not a motion or movement did she make to discompose my seat. Wrapped in my cloak, with hood drawn over my face, warm and encouraged with hope, I patiently sat on the horse. I could now hear the snarling of the wolves, and my only fear was that they, rendered desperate by hunger, might attack the mare. I dismissed the thought; would not think of it. If they did attack us we were lost; if they did not I thought we were safe. All day the 'blizzard' raged and tore icily around and on us. The mare walked rapidly or cantered slowly on. It seemed to me that we had been traveling for days, for weeks even, when the mare stopped and neighed loudly. Reaching forward I felt the rough stockade. Dismounting I felt the hinges of the gate. Loudly I called. Then I took my rifle from the saddle, and rapidly I handled cartridges into it. At last a sleepy voice from the inside called out: "Who is there?" I answered: 'Burr—and I am dead snow-blind. Come to me.' They came, and I was saved—saved for the second time by the white mare. Do you wonder that I, not having the Sioux maiden, love her mare?"

I sat by the bright fire with my feet high on a stool, and did not answer—simply sat and smoked, and thought of the girl, and the mare.

In Philadelphia, last week, a man entered the office of the Guarantee Trust & Safe Deposit Company and while the attention of the clerk was diverted stole fourteen $1,000 bonds which were held by the trust company as collateral. The stolen bonds are six per cent. gold mortgage coupon bonds of the Crane Iron Company. Notice has been given that they have been stolen, and they will be of no use to any person except the owner.

At the last meeting of the New Castle county Trustees of the Poor, the superintendent of the Almshouse reported that 241 persons were under his charge. Plans for the new department for the insane were submitted and discussed. The cost of the proposed building would be about $5,000.

Hydrophobia has made its appearance in the vicinity of Christiana. Besides several dogs, a horse belonging to Joseph T. Brown, and a cow of Mr. Lofland's show unmistakable symptoms of the disease.

The Pennsylvania railroad last Monday took charge of the Pennsylvania & Delaware Railroad, which was bought by Mr. Dell Nobitt, Jr., some six months ago. It runs to Delaware City.

What is the difference between freight and cargo? A horse-car conductor says the passengers make the freight, and the horses make the cargo

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"That's a frustrate idea," said the anxious father, when he shrewdly advised how to prevent the anticipated elopement of his daughter."

An individual who called his first daughter Kate, when his wife surprised him with another girl, promptly christened it Duplicate.

It is believed that Jacob was the first Indian agent, for the Bible represents him as saying: "Lo, I have served thee many years."

Sugar has gone up in France because the beet crop has failed. It will never fail here while the harvest of tramps is so large.