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 $8 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 according to regular rates.

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The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1880. VOL. XV.--NO. 27.

Lumber Business.

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Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

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

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

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January 14, 1879-1yr

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Building Materials,

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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.

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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 $13, $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 Pants as we now have in stock We 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.

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.

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We are showing thousands of Suits for Boys' and Children's every day wear (all styles and prices.) Thousands of Boys' and Childrens' 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.

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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 used.

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 sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

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QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FERTILIZER

By the use of these *pure* Chemicals, the farmer can make a better Fertilizer than those usually sold, at three-times the price. The leading farmers in the State as reference. Write for particulars.

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25 S. Sharp Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

HEALTH · STRENGTH · HAPPINESS

IRON BITTERS

IRON BITTERS, A Great Tonic.

IRON BITTERS, A Sure Appetizer.

IRON BITTERS, A Complete Strengthener.

IRON BITTERS, A Valuable Medicine.

IRON BITTERS, Not sold as a Beverage.

IRON BITTERS, For Delicate Females.

Highly recommended to the public for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient TONIC; especially in *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* It enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. To the aged, ladies, and children requiring invigoration, this valuable remedy can not be too highly recommended. *It acts like a charm* on the digestive organs. A teaspoonful before meals will remove all dyspeptic symptoms.

TRY IT.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE BROWN CHEMICAL CO.

BALTIMORE, Md.

FOR SALE BY

STEVENS & HAYWARD, Agents,

EASTON, MD.

DR. DOUGLAS'

HEADACHE AND CATARRH

SPECIFIC.

Cures Nervous Headache Immediately. It Relieves Colds in the Head and Neuralgia at once.

It cures *Weak*, Watery, Inflamed or Ulcerated Sore Eyes in a few days

It is a Certain Cure for Catarrh, no matter how bad the case may be.

PRICE, 25 Cents.

DR. DOUGLAS, Proprietor,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull oppressive Headache, Discharges falling from the Head into the Throat. Hacking or Coughing, Constant Spitting, Loss of Memory, smell and taste. Offensive Breath, Sore Throat, Dizziness with dimness of Vision. The Eyes are Weak, Watery, Inflamed or Ulcerated. Deafness, Ringing of Noises in the Ears, Depression of Spirits, general debility and Nervousness.

Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

And Dealers in Medicine.

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Lamps and Lamp Fixtures,

Chimneys, &c., &c.

I carry a full line of Lamps and Lamp Fixtures. Also a supply of two grades of Coal Oil. J. C. Henry.

Select Poetry.

For the STAR.

LITTLE FEET.

How cheerily the little feet
Keep patt'ring o'er the floor;
From morn to eve, with movements fleet,
They run from door to door.

At times the angels hover near
To soothe their weary state,
Then hushed they lie, like pilgrims fair,
At Heaven's pearly gate.

They break upon my study hour
Unstaid by infants' fear;
And with a nameless, loving power,
They clatter round my chair.

What serious thoughts can stand these charms?
Away they fly—and soon
I hold my pet in gladsome arms,
And romp about the room.

And then again some trouble creeps
Like shadow on my heart;
But through the clouds this sunbeam peeps
And bids the gloom depart.

Returning home from troubled scene,
Perplexed with many cares;
They reach my side with happy scheen
And check the rising tears.

God bless these little noisy feet!
Youthful once more we are,
As near they sound as echoes sweet
From fairy land afar.

The land of our childhood's days,
Receding in the past,
Where mem'ry sheds the only rays
And darkness deepens fast.

Jesus, Thyself an infant played,
Though God Supreme above—
In Mary's humble home delayed,
And guarded by her love!

Oh guide these careless feet aright,
Away from paths of sin;
Conduct them to the Home of Light,
So glorious all within.

"ANON."

Select Story.

THE STAGE DRIVER.

A STORY OF A CALIFORNIAN WHO WON A WORLD-WIDE RENOWN.

THE story of Charlie Parkhurst, the noted Californian stage driver, reads more like a romance than it does like a verified tale of real life. San Francisco papers give us very interesting sketches of Charles. He first appeared on the box seat of the stage-coach running from Oakland to San Jose; after that driving from Stockton to Mariposa, and again from San Juan to Santa Cruz. The stout, compact figure of about five feet six, broader across the hips than across the shoulders; the sun browned face, beardless save for a few straggling downy hairs; the bluish gray, and sharp, high-pitched voice; the set but not unpleasant features moved now and then with a rare smile, the deliberate movement which seems to be a fashion of the fraternity, were as familiar to the passengers on these routs as the chuck-holes in summer. How he drifted to California in the first days of the gold-mining fever is not exactly known, for in that time of hurry, bustle and struggle the ordinary unassuming man was very likely to be overlooked. His true name even, in the light of present circumstances, has become a matter of conjecture. The generally-accepted story of the late Chas. Parkhurst, is, however, as follows: He was born, it is stated, in New Hampshire and worked on a farm with his uncle until a quarrel arose between the two, when Charley moved to Providence R. I. There he remained for some time as coachman in the employ of a Mr. Childs. From Providence he went to Georgia, and became a stage driver, continuing in that State and occupation for two years. He used further to state that one Jim Birch, noticing his capabilities as a driver, brought him to California and placed him upon an opposition line to drive from Oakland to San Jose. Whatever question there may be about this story there is none as to his efficiency on the driver's perch, nor as to the unfailing nerve that lay beneath his ordinary exterior. An incident in his early career as stage-driver will illustrate this. Once in winter when the rain was coming down in sheets, as it had been for three days past, and the coach was laboring along through mud almost to the hubs, Parkhurst was hailed by a wayfarer and told that the bridge across the Toulumne River was in a shaky condition, and that it would not be wise to risk driving over it. Parkhurst answered never a word, but gathered up the reins with one hand, he cut the swings and weelers across the haunches with the other, and pursled on.

Soon the swollen stream came in sight. It was washing and roaring like a millrace. The bridge was next seen, and Parkhurst, clearing the rain from his eyes, perceived that in a very short time there would no longer be any bridge, for it was already shaking on its foundation. The solitary passenger begged of Parkhurst not to venture on the cracking structure, but Charley, setting his teeth together, and gathering the reins with a firm grip, sent the long whip-lash curling about the leaders' ears and eyes with so vicious a swing that, giving a wild leap, they plunged forward on to the bridge. The planks trembled under the horses' hoofs and rocked beneath the wheels, but with a final effort, a cheering cry from Parkhurst and a flying lash, the opposite shore was gained in safety; gained only just in time though, for looking back at the turn of the road the further end of the bridge was seen to sway over the stream for a moment and then go tumbling into the waters.

There were other dangers on this Stockton and Mariposa road than those of flood, for highwaymen abounded, and one could never tell where progress might be stopped by a leveled shot-gun, a masked man grabbing the leaders' bridle and giving a hoarse command to throw out the treasure-box. Parkhurst had not long been running when such an interruption occurred. The choice was offered him in the gloaming of a certain evening between receiving the contents of two double-barreled shot-guns and delivering up the contents of a strong chest. Parkhurst looked at the figures disguised with hideous-looking caps and masks made out of legs of drawers pulled down over the face, with two holes cut in them for the eyes and was disposed to parley. The ominous fingering of two triggers and the knowledge that his little gun was inaccessible very nearly decided him, whilst a pistol barrel inserted in the near leader's off ear afforded him convincing proof that for the nonce, discretion would be the better part of valor. The box was dropped, but with it Parkhurst gave the robbers a warning that he would not let matters stop there, and that some time or other the same gentlemen or any of the kind should hear from him in a less pleasant way. After that Parkhurst was not only on his guard, but was always on the lookout for a chance to get even with the road agents. The chance was not long in coming. There was at that time a noted desperado known as Sugar Foot. Going here and there, terrorizing the passengers on a dozen routes, Sugar Foot at last decided to chance his base of operations to the Calaveras road. It is probable that he had heard of Parkhurst's threat, for he associated with himself for the enterprise quite a posse of highwaymen.

The moment of attack was chosen, the choice being influenced by the report of a heavy booty to be obtained, and whilst Parkhurst was one day driving back home from Mariposa to Stockton, Sugar Foot and his band leaped into the road. There was the usual demand, the usual tactics of muzzles pointing at the driver and a rough hand at the leader's head. But there was a change from the usual programme when Parkhurst, drawing a pistol, let fly right and left, and with a pull on the reins and a call to the horses sent them flying through the discomfited robbers. Charlie had aimed at the man who appeared to head the gang, and had the pleasure of seeing him clap his hand to his breast and tumble backward. The shot was fatal to Sugar Foot's predatory excursions, for whilst his companions fled he crawled into a miner's cabin and gave up his sinful ghost. There are other stories told of Parkhurst to show the daring conduct of the man in the face of difficulties and dangers. It is told that once, while driving a fractious four-in-hand from Oakland to San Jose, the team ran away so suddenly as to throw Parkhurst from the box. Still retaining his grasp on the lines he was dragged along until he succeeded in turning the runaways in to the chaparral, where they caught among the bushes and stopped. To show their admiration of the driver's pluck the passengers made up and presented him with a purse of $20. Again, when drivers were scarce he did double duty by driving both ways over the road, keeping on the box night and day, and earning double pay for months. During his career as stage driver he was kicked by a frisky horse in the left eye so violently as to destroy the sight. It was from the loss of this organ that he received the nick-name "One-Eyed Charley," by which he was commonly called. He added to his reputation on the San Juan and Santa Cruz road, where he was known as one of the crack drivers and best whips in California. Altogether he sat on the stage coach seat for fifteen years, and only abandoned his petty throne when the steam horse invaded his province and he saw that Ichabod was written over the balmy days of staging.

About the year 1858 he dropped the whip and reins and opened a stage station and saloon on the road between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, at a point about half way between the Aptos Laguna and the first heavy sand-hill as you go toward Watsonville. At this place he furnished the hay and grain for the stage horses on contract, got also fair wages per month for taking care of the teams, etc., and kept his bar and stopping-place beside. He smoked, chewed tobacco, drank moderately, played a social game of cards or dice for the drinks, and was "one of the boys." Parkhurst, however, was never addicted to loose life. Though always cheery and agreeable with those into whose society he was thrown, he was always inclined to be reticent about his affairs. That is, he was social, but never communicative; a pleasant but never a joyful companion. He had no particular friends either on the roads or in the fields, and was not diposed to be what is known as chummy. Especially was he not a love-maker; and petticoats, even when surmounted by a trim bodice and a pretty face were without special attractions. There was, however, at one time an owner of both petticoats and face who seemed to have made a little deeper impression than the rest of her sex. Near the ranch on which Parkhurst first settled lived a widow with an only daughter. Somehow or other they did not prosper, and misfortune at last overtook them in the shape of a Sheriff's sale. Parkhurst bought the place and gave it back to the widow, and though it was said at the time that the good deed was prompted by the daughter's good looks, the report is nullified by the fact that soon after he left the neighborhood and settled near Watsonville. Parkhurst's celibacy was not enforced by poverty, as the neighbors very well knew, for being of a saving disposition he had amassed a comfortable fortune of some thousands of dollars; that is, a comfortable fortune, inasmuch as it was sufficient to insure him a competency. In course of time he rented out his station and went into the cattle-raising business. After raising quite a heard of cattle he sold out of that business, and being a sufferer from sciatic rheumatism he sought a less laborious avocation, and went to raising chickens in the hills back of Aptos In this last occupation he continued for some years, but finally yielded to his rheumatic troubles, sold his ranch to a Portuguese, deposited the proceeds, or a part or them, in the Bank of Watsonville, and retired from active life to live on the interest of his money. Near the Seven-mile House, out of Watsonville, is a little cabin, and there, during the latter years of his life, Parkhurst has resided. He was well known to the townspeople and those on the surrounding farms as a quiet, little elderly gentleman of about sixty years of age, badly afflicted with rheumatism, not given to talking much but apparently contented to live unnoticed and alone. The rheumatism was the natural result of the extreme exposure and hard work to which he had been subjected all his life-time.

The winters' snows in the woods, the years passed with his face turned unflinchingly to the wind and rain, and his general carelessness as to results, played havoc with what must originally have been a constitution of iron. His rheumatism grew from bad to worse, until it resulted in the withering of his members, and he grew almost helpless. Then, as if his ills were not crushing enough, he became afflicted with a cancerous tongue and mouth. This was his death-wound, so to speak, and feeling that this world was slipping from his grasp, he very quietly hired a man to attend to his needs, and telling a friend that he was going to die, directed him what to do with his belongings and waited patiently for a relief to his suffering, which had now become most acute. That relief came on Sunday, Dec. 29th, when Charles Durey Parkhurst, reputed native of New Hampshire, voter of the State of California, aged sixty-seven, departed this life. With his last breath Charles Parkhurst, the daring driver, the fearless fighter of highwaymen, the strong lumberman, passed out of existence, and in his place was found something gentler and more tender. With the death of one who was always more or less a mystery, was born one that shadows the other into utter insignificance. The dead man was being prepared for his last resting-place when the astounding discovery discovery was made by those fulfilling the sad office that the clay beneath their hands was that of a woman! With astonishment at a deception so marvelously carried out comes the sad thought of all she must have suffered. It is useless to waste time in conjectures as to what led the dead to take up the cross of a man's laboring life, but whether from necessity or phantasy the certainty remains that in latter years there must have been many dark hours when poor Chas. Parkhurst longed for a little sympathy which is accorded every woman. The story was at first refused credence, but medical science furnish irrefragible proof of the real state of the case when an examination attested the fact that the dead woman having once been a mother. The keen business sagacity, which had been a distinguishing feature throughout the whole of Parkhurst's life in California, was unwavering up to the end. The money matters of the deceased were found clearly arranged. Certificates of deposits on the Watsonville Bank to a considerable amount were left behind in the charge of Otto Stoesson, and the will, which was only a concise statement of the way in which the money was to be disposed of—chiefly in gifts to those in attendance at the latter days—was shrewdly signed "C. D. Parkhurst." And as C. D. Parkhurst the enigma of stage driving history lies in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery at Watsonville, where the body was deposited on the afternoon of Dec. 30, 1879.

The Church Road.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger reading "General Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Naw," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars and two dollars extra for a seat; fast time and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but to exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace car. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad guage," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles.—Stops at all flag stations and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking cars on the train. Train orders are rather vague though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I didn't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on the road. It's run right up to rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of a go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders, he'd run that train to suit himself or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, runs nowhere and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road, when the conductor shouts 'all aboard,' you can hear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stopover checks given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good-whole-souled conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Westinghouse air brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday.

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this county. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too, directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the division superintendents down east discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ah," said the brakeman, "she's a daise, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballasts, single track all the way and not a side track from the round house to the terminus. Takes heaps of water to run it though; double tanks at every station and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two pauses. But it runs through a lovely country; and these river roads always; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain-head of the river begins. Yes, sir. I'll take the river road every time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for a—whole run and a music concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionsville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

We have before us the London Quarterly and the Westminster Reviews for January, reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay St., N. Y.

In the former we have reviews of three very interesting biographies. That of Lord Bolingbroke, who was distinguished alike for his brilliant talents and his intemperance, is to a great extent a political history of England during the fourteen years that preceded the death of Queen Anne. The review of the recently published life of Bishop Wilberforce gives a delightful sketch of the man, with many anecdotes. Scarcely any Englishman has enjoyed a larger share of personal celebrity. Most readers, however, will perhaps turn to the paper on Prince Metternich, whose recently published Memoirs are attracting great attention. Those who may not have success to the work will have much satisfaction in reading this paper, which aims to exhibit the character and policy of that illustrious statesman.

Other articles are "The Progress of Taste;" "The Successors of Alexander and Greek Civilization in the East," which estimates the effects of the conquests of Alexander and Greek Civilization in the East," which estimates the effects of the conquests of Alexander on the whole Oriental world; and "The Romance of Modern Travel," which calls to mind many old friends among sportsmen and wanderers in distant lands, and introduces us to some new ones.

We have little space left for the Westminster Review. Besides an article on "The Relation of Silver to Gold as Coin," advocating a bimetallic currency, there are articles on "Colonial Aid in War Time," "Early Greek Thought," "The Grand Dukes of Tuscany," "Social Philosophy," "Russia and Russian Reformers," and "Contemporary Literature," forming a valuable number of this well-known Review.

The periodicals reprinted by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay St., N. Y., are as follows: The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster, and British Quarterly Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine. Price, $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the Publishers.

The announcement that the alliance between Peru and Bolivia has been broken off virtually puts an end to the war against Chili, in which, after her first reverses, Chili has been uniformly victorious. The brunt of the war has been borne by Peru, whose iron-clad has been captured by the Chilians, whose towns have been blockaded or bombarded, and whose revenue from the lucrative guano trade has been entirely cut off. The result puts Chili in the foremost rank of South American republics, as she has always been the most progressive.

The Cincinnati Southern railroad is regularly opened for freight and passenger traffic between Cincinnati and Chattanooga, Tenn. Cincinnati is indulging in large expectation in regards to the benefits to be derived from this new feeder, in the construction of which it has invested about $30,000,000.

New York contractors have signed a contract to complete the Big Sandy railroad by January 18, 1881. This will give the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad an all-rail connection between Richmond, Va., and Louisville and Cincinnati.

The Interest in the New Bible.

[From a paper by Dr. Holland in Scribner for March we take these paragraphs:]

We recently attended a parlor meeting of the American revisers, at the house of Hon. William E. Dodge, in this city, during which we became aware of what seemed to us the ignorance of these revisers touching the tremendous public interest that gathers around the work they have done, and are to do. It seemed to us that they did not understand the feeling of the public upon the matter at all; that they did not appreciate the interest with which the result of the work is regarded, nor the perfect confidence with which that result is awaited. It is the modesty that naturally attends true scholarship, we presume, which leads them to suppose that their work will be severely criticised—that it will disappoint many by its changes, and injury others by its few and trivial alterations. And it may as well be stated just here that they are not to present the English world with a new version. It is simply to be the old version revised, freed from its errors, and possessing in every way the advantages of all the study and discovery of the two hundred and seventy years that have passed since 1610—the date of the issue of "King James's Bible." The old form of language, which has itself become sacred to the eyes, ears and heart of Bible-loving people, is to be preserved.

We say that it seemed to us that the revisers at this meeting failed to appreciate the popular confidence which which the result of their work is awaited. We believe, from the feeling everywhere around us, that the result of this revision will be received with unquestioning confidence. The public understand that the revision will be the work of the best scholarship of two countries, selected and exercised upon a broad and catholic basis, and arriving at a result that is essentially unanimous. It is believed that these men know all there is known upon the subject which engages their attention, and the new revision will be received, in our opinion, without a question. Indeed, whether there is any divine living, outside of this circle of men, who can publicly undertake to criticise their work without danger to his own reputation.

Of course, there will be great curiosity to see what kind of work the revised version will make of accepted doctrines and various sects. It is quite possible that certain proof texts that have been used to uphold precious old dogmas, or instate and support sects, will be riddled; but we have no idea that the essential facts and doctrines recorded in the book will be changed. Indeed, we already have this assurance from the revisers themselves. Love to God and men will remain the beginning and end of religion, and obedience to law will be the whole of morality. The record of the life and death of Christ will be changed in no essential particular, and he will still remain, what he has always been, the central figure and the informing and inspiring force of the religion called by his name. If the men who have called themselves by other names get a tumble, who cares? But the great, undeniable fact that Bible-reading Christians, of all names, are waiting for the new revision with such interest that there is not one of them between the Atlantic and Pgcific Oceans who will not purchase one at the first opportunity, is full of grateful significance, alike honorable to themselves and to the self-sacrificing workers who have sustained, without money and without price, the long and arduous task of preparing a perfect Bible in the English language.

Sheep for Men of Small Means.

Perhaps there is no department of husbandry that offers as many inducements to men of small means as the raising of sheep, whether the object be to produce wool or mutton. A flock of young ewes if profitably cared for, will ordinarily double every year. If the stock is poor at the start, it may be brought up to a high degree of excellence in three or four years old, but sheep begin to pay when they have reached the second summer from their birth. To raise horses, mules or cattle, one must have considerable capital, or he must wait several years before he has a sufficient number of animals to give him any support. If one can obtain fifty sheep, however, he may in three or four years have a flock that will produce a good income. To start a grain farm requires still larger capital. Lands must be bought, fences built, buildings erected, plows, harrows, seeders and reapers purchased, and seed obtained. At least one first-class team must also be bought. To procure all these things requires more capital than most young men possess. To compete with others in raising corn and small grain it is necessary to own somewhat costly machinery, and to have good lands on which to raise the crops.

Sheep may be raised on poor land—that is, on land that is not adapted to raising corn and grain. There are thousands of acres of land in this and adjoining States that are well adapted to raising sheep which is too hilly to plow to good advantage. There are large tracts of this land on which one could pasture sheep for years without being molested. Most speculators would like to have sheep kept on land of this sort, as it would be improved by their presence. They would prevent the growth of weeds and bushes, and would return to the soil mere than an equivalent for what they consume.

Another Real Romance.

Many years ago there was a young fellow named Bigelow sent by his father to Yale College. The father was very rich, and the youngster lived in grand style at the University. Suddenly the old gentleman broke, and had to withdraw his son from college. The boy, however, felt the necessity of an education; and determined to have one anyhow. He therefore, went to work and learned a trade as machinist. While he was at his work his old associates cut him, and refused to have anything to do with him. The young ladies with whom he had been a great favorite failed to recognize him when they met him. One day when going from his work he met a wealthy young lady who had been his friend. He had his tin dinner bucket over his arm, and supposed she would cut him as all the rest had done. She smiled pleasantly, addressed him as "Tom," and insisted that he should call and see her as he had always done. She said, "There is no change in you as far as I am concerned. The years rolled on. The young work boy became immensely rich, and is now the Mayor of a New England city, with an income of $100,000 a year, and owner of a factory in which 1,500 men and women are employed. The young girl grew to womanhood and married. Her husband borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Bigelow, and died before he had paid it, leaving his family with but little property. Mr. Bigelow sent her, with his condolence, a receipted note for her husband's indebtedness; and now the son of Bigelow, the millionaire, is going to marry the daughter of the one woman who was faithful and true to the young work boy at college.

Ministers of the interior—Cooks.

The Grant boom is booming.