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 ☞ 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.

Special Notices in Local column, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1880. VOL. XV.--NO. 29.

Lumber Business.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

AT LOW PRICES, FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

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.

PRICFS 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.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

New York Clothing,

AT 178 WEST BALTIMORE STREET.

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 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.

Boys and Children's Clothing.

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.

THE SPRING TRADE.

EXAMINE!

And You Will Buy

OEHM & SON'S

SPRING

Clothing!!!

in preference to all others for

STYLE! DURABILITY! FINISH! CHEAPNESS!

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Departments filled up with new fresh goods, carefully made and of latest designs, which we sell at *reduced prices*, having bought and manufactured our entire spring stock before the recent marked advance in the prices of raw material and skilled labor. *GREAT BARGAINS* in all of our Departments.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Samples and Self-Measurements sent free on application.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.

220 W. PRATT STREET, } Adjoining
55 HANOVER STREET, } Citizen's Bank.

mar10,80—till jan10,81

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.

nov25 6m

TIN, COPPER

AND

Sheet Iron Work

ROOFIKG & SPOUTING.

STOVE MAKING & REPAIRING.

W. A. DABNEY, formerly of Baltimore, and late of Tunis's Mill, informs the public that he has purchased the stock and machinery of Tuthill & Avery in their tin and stove business, and will hereafter carry on the *Tin and Sheet Iron business* at the Hardware store of Mr. D. Avery, on Washington St., Easton, He has added to their stock a large amount of improved machinery, and is prepared to execute all orders promptly, in the best manner, and at prices as low as any house on the Eastern Shore. He solicits orders for tinware, and for repairing stoves, roofing, spouting, and sheet iron repairs for steam engines.

Having had large experience in the city and in this county, he is confident that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work

OH! HO! FOR THE FLATS.

J. T. ROBINSON is still on hand, and has just arrived from Baltimore with an entire new stock of

DRY GOODS.

Calicos from 5 to 8 cts, muslins from 5 to 10 cts, good Kerseys at 30 cts, Cassimeres and Ladies Dress Goods in variety. A large and complete stock of

NOTIONS.

Also a full stock of Groceries, a nice lot of Pearl Hominy, Best N. Y. Buckwheat, Sausage, Breakfast Bacon, Sides, Shoulders, Hams, Cheese, etc., cheaper than the cheap, est. I have just purchased an entire new stock of

Boots and Shoes,

of every style and quality, a larger stock than I have ever had. These goods have all been bought for cash, and I hope the public will give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. I have Men's Boots at $1.90 and upwards, good well made boots. Good Men's Shoes at $1.20. Ladies Shoes at the low price of 75 cents and upwards. Misses and Childrens Shoes at 40 cents and upwards. Don't forget to call and examine. No trouble to show goods. Come one, come all, at the new store of J. T. Robinson, opposite Bayside road, near A. W. Fountain's carriage factory, Easton, Md.

J. COYLE & BROS.,

STEAM

Slate and Marble

MANTEL WORKS,

359 and 361 West Pratt Street,

Near Green Street

BALTIMORE, MD.

nov4,79.1yr

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.

IRON BITTERS, A Great Tonic.

IRON BITTERS, A Sure Appetizer.

IRON BITTERS, A Complete Strengthener.

IRON BITTERS, A Valuable Medicine.

IRON BITTERS, Not to injure the teeth.

IRON BITTERS, Tasteless, Odorless.

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, invigorates the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. To the pale, ladies, and children requiring recuperation, 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.

Lamps and Lamp Fixtures,

Chimneys, &c., &c.

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

J. C. Henry.

Select Poetry.

A Winter Long Ago.

Hark! 'tis the ring of the merry bells!
Over the hills and down through the dells,
With the speed of the hind or bounding deer,
Onward they go with a ringing cheer.
Where the light falls whitest,
Where the stars shine brightest,
Where the frost bites keenest,
Where the snow lies cleanest,
Over the hills and down through dells,
List to the ring of the tinkling bells!

See where the flash of the glittering steel
Follows the track of the coursing heel,
On rivers of glass, in the dancing light,
Where eyes of lovers are sparkling bright;
Where the ice grows strongest,
Where the moon stays longest,
Where the hearts beat lightest,
Where the eyes shine brightest;
There is the track of the coursing heel
Lit by the flash of the burnished steel.

I hear them again, as the years go past,
Blithesome and gay in the winter's blast
The clattering footsteps come and go,
With a swift, light tread on the glist'ning snow
Where the heart is boldest,
Where the love is oldest,
Where the faith is newest,
Where the trust is truest,
They come again, in the wintry blast,
And sing of days—the days that are past.

And the white cottage down under the hill,
The light in the window guiding still;
As I turn me back from the giddy whirl,
To stop and look for a shining curl;
Where the throng is thickest,
Where the heart beats quickest,
Where the love holds strongest,
Where the days seems longest—
Ah! never again, as guide to me,
Will flashing light in that window be

Select Story.

WHAT ABOUT SAM.

—:o:—

It was generally supposed that Sam was "deficient." As to his own family, they were sure of it; at all events, they treated him as if he were so. Not that they were unkind to him; on the contrary, they were all very fond of "poor old Sam;" but it seemed to be taken for granted that whatever he said was not worth noticing, and that almost everything he did was to be made fun of more or less. He was in fact, the family butt, though the shafts were, as a rule, so tipped with good nature as not to hurt his feelings.

Of course there were some patent reasons for all this. To begin with, there was something manifestly peculiar or backward in his mental development. He could never learn like other boys, and all masters had shaken their heads at him. Then there was a heavy comicality in his face and an awkwardness in his gait, together with stunted growth, all of which betokened an abnormal condition of nature, and furnished some excuse to his brothers and sisters for regarding him as an oddity in their midst At the same time it was yet more excusable in Sam himself, and far more accountable, that being thus accustomed from his childhood (and he was now about nineteen) to be treated as if he were little better than a fool, he settled down more to being one. Hardly ever did he attempt to say or do anything in serious earnest, since almost anything he did or said was treated as a sort of joke.

There was one exception to this. Mothers always know best how to deal with the weak in the flock, and Sam's mother laughed at him and never despaired of him. "What is to become of Sam!" his father would say; "he'll never earn his own living," and his mother would quietly answer, "Wait a bit, my dear; there is more in him, perhaps, than we think, but it wants to be drawn out, and I doubt if we are acting wisely in laughing at him as we do." She said "we," good soul, but that was only her discreet way of putting it.

Now Sam had a sister Mary, of whom he was ~~especially fond. Perhaps it was~~ because she was his sister nearest to him in age, but it was more likely because she placed a little more confidence in him than others did; it was much, but it was more than he got of the rest. He would do anything for Mary, and when a certain Mr. St. Leger in the neighborhood took a fancy to her it was amusing to see how Sam resented the engagement. This Mr. St. Ledger had lately came into the neighborhood, no one knew where from; but he had plenty of money and very agreeable manners, and was a general favorite with the Frere family. Sam, however, never liked him from the first, and at length, when he became Mary Frere's accepted suitor, Sam's aversion to him became intense. It must be owned that Mr. St. Leger took no pains to win him over to a more friendly state of mind. He had fallen at once into the habit of making light of the poor fellow, which as we have seen, was the family custom, and when he saw how Sam shrank back from him, he had certainly gone out of the way to poke fun at him. It was an amusement and quite in accordance with the general practice.

The day was fixed for the wedding, and the Sunday had arrived, when in deference to Mary's particular wish, though very much against Mr. St. Leger's inclination, the banns were to be published in church.

The Freres were all in their place, a great square pew in front of the pulpit. The names were read out in due course. Mary was recovering from the electric shock of hearing them; the villagers were interchanging glances, some even cautiously rising a little to peep into the sqare pew, when a voice was heard all over the church saying in the most emphatic way, "I forbid the banns."

A surprise was on every face, but it quickly gave way to a sense of the ludicrous as Sam was seen standing up in the middle of the pew, looking the clergyman steadily in the face, as much as to say, "There, now; get over that if you can?" The clergyman was so amused that he had to rush on with the service to prevent an unseemly display, while Sam's kindred in the square pew were in every attitude of restrained amusement. And there he stood, unabashed and defiant, until his father plucked him by the arm and made him sit down. But none of them for one moment thought it was anything more than a very unaccountable freak of "poor old Sam's."

No sooner was the service over than he was assailed on all sides for an explanation. Twonly were serious about it—his father and Mary. "What is the meaning of all this, sir," said his father, sternly; "what could have possessed you to make yourself so ridiculous?"

"He has got a wife already," replied Sam, doggedly.

"Who has?" was the general exclamation.

"St. Leger."

"Who told you so?"

"Tom Tyler." Tom Tyler was the village letter-carrier.

There was a shout of laughter at this piece of information.

"When did Tom Tyler tell you this?"

"Yesterday. He brought a letter for Mrs. St. Leger."

Another shout of laughter greeted this; but Mary looked very grave, while her father said that, of course, the letter was for St. Leger's mother, of whom he had more than once spoken. So Sam was sharply rebuked for listening to Tom Tyler's idle tales, and ordered to hold his tongue. "You'll have St. Leger try his whip across your shoulders, if you don't mind," cried the eldest brother, and they all laughed again; but Sam was very unlike himself, and did not join in the laugh, but maintained a grave composure they had never noticed in him before.

Nor was it a laughing matter somwhere else. The news of the morning's interruption flew apace, with various additions and amendments. Thus improved upon they reached the ears of Mr. St. Leger, who lived but a few miles off, and they created a profound sensation, so much so that instead of spending the afternoon with the Freres, as expected, he took himself off, and was never seen by them again. It was discovered that Tom Tyler's version had been correct, after all. Good riddance for Mary Frere; but a heart trifled with and wronged can never recover itself.

For a time Sam was almost reverently treated at home. They felt the force of his simple explanation, why he had chosen such a singular way of uttering his suspicions, that it was "because they would only have laughed at him if he had told them," and were a little ashamed of themselves. But the old habit revived after awhile, as old habits, both family and personal, so easily do, and Sam's brains were held as cheap as ever, except by Mary, who was drawn to him more than ever, and by his mother, who never ceased to ponder in her heart, as only mothers do, the meaning of that display of firm intelligence and almost fierce affection.

"I'll tell you what it means," said her brother to Mrs. Frere, one day, when she was talking to him about it—he was a lawyer in London, old John Quicksett, of Gray's Inn, who could see a thing as shrewdly as most people—"it means this, that Sam has got a heart and head, but his head is more out of the way than usual, and can only be got at through his heart, like an old-fashioned bedroom that can only be reached by going through another. Look here, sister, I like amazingly that story of the banns—it's grand. Not that there was anything clever in in what he did—just the reverse, it might have been a most stupid mistake; but this is what takes my fancy so, the firmness of purpose, a far higher quality of mind than mere cleverness, that could make the poor fellow face anything he did for the sake of the sister that he loved. There must be something in one who could run the gauntlet like that, when his heart was once fairly unlocked, and I think I have the key."

"I always thought so," cried Mrs. Frere greatly delighted.

"Well, let me try. I'll run away with Sam, and make a lawyer of him. What do you say?"

The grinning was epidemic around the table after it was known that Sam was to be a lawyer. His brothers and sisters could hardly look at first without smiling, it did seem so droll, so absurdly contrary to every notion they entertained of him. Had he sat before them in full naval costume as admiral of the channel fleet, it would hardly have struck them as more unlooked-for and preposterous. Uncle John's presence saved Sam from collective bantering, though the old lawyer was too wise to make any fuss about the matter; but when Sam was alone with his brothers and sisters he had a hard time of it, though all were, as usual, in perfect good humor.

At first Sam had, of course, to go through the usual drudgery of a lawyer's office, in which, if it be possible for any one to shine, he certainly did not. His blunders were awful, and provoked the wrath or ridicule, as the case might be, of his fellow clerks, who were all well seasoned and somewhat ancient men. But his uncle never found fault with him. The most he said when some frantic bungle was brought to his notice, was, "Sam, do this over again; you know you can do it a great deal better than that." And, sure enough, it was done better the second time. In short, his uncle began with, and, in spite of every discouragement, persevered in the plan of trusting him. And by degrees he found that the more he trusted him the better he did, and the more he treated him as if there were something in him the more he got out of him Had Sam nothing in him to begin with, the plan could not have answered; but this was just what his uncle believed, namely, that there was something in him, but that it had been systematically laughed down, and sat upon from superficial considerations, and that it could only be brought out by a total change of external influence and treatment. And now his powers began to show themselves and to expand, just as a shrub that has been stunted and blackened from want of room and uncongenial soil begins to throw out vigorous shoots when transplanted to ground that suits it, and where it has space to grow.

"Sam," said Mr. Quicksett, on day, "we shall all of us be away the whole afternoon, and must leave you in charge of the office. If that fellow Choker should come, mind you're not to let him see anything."

As the fates would have it, Choker did come. Perhaps Mr. Quicksett knew he was coming. Possibly Mr. Choker, who was a sharp and not very scrupulous professional opponent of his, had made himself aware of the unprotected state of the office in Gray's Inn, and he brought with him a man that looked every inch a prize fighter.

"Is Mr. Quicksett in? No. Well, it's of no consequence. I merely called to see as a matter of form one or two documents in Smith vs. Jones."

"Then I must trouble you to call again, when Mr. Quicksett is in."

"Quite right, young man," said Choker, approvingly; "that's the right way to say in ordinary cases; but you see this is not an ordinary case. We've got an order of the court to inspect these documents."

"Where is it?" said Sam, bluntly.

"You've got it with you, haven't you?" said Choker, carelessly turning to his companion. The young athlete fumbled in his pockets, and declared, with great apparent vexation, that he must have forgotten to bring it.

"It don't believe you've got it to bring," said Sam.

"We'll have no nonsense, sir," cried Choker, in passion; "at your peril refuse to show us what we want to see," and the two men advanced on Sam in a threatening way. But, little as he was, he never budged an inch. "I tell you what it is," he said, with all the coolness imaginable, "if you two don't leave this office this minute, I'll send for a constable."

There was no need to attempt that difficult operation. They were only trying it on, and, with an affectation or injured innocence. Mr. Choker and his satellite withdrew.

On another occasion, after Sam had been some months in the office his uncle came out of his room, one day, and bade him go down at once to the judge's chambers and look after some case that was to come off there. It is a thing that requires you to have your wits about you to do that, for you come face to face with a shrewd judge, who cannot tolerate a fool. The old clerks in Mr. Quicksett's office appeared paralyzed with astonishment at such an order; and one of them ventured, when partially recovered to suggest a mistake on Mr. Quicksett's part. "It's rather a difficult case, sir, if you remember," he urged.

"All right, Mustay," was the cheery reply; "I know what I am about. The best way to learn to swim is to be pitched neck-and heels into deep water."

The suspense was great among the ancients while Sam was away; but he came back in due time, and reported that the case had come on before the judge, and that his lordship had an order in their client's favor. "Did he ask you any questions?" inquired Mustay. "Oh, yes! and I answered them," said Sam; but he did not mention, for he did not know it, nor will it be mentioned in the memoir of the learned judge when it comes out, that accustomed as his lordship was to ready answers, it had actually crossed his mind for a moment that the funny little lawyer's clerk would make a capital witness—he was so ready, and said neither more nor less than was wanted.

Whether a good witness would always make a good lawyer we need not decide; but it is certain that, in course of time, Sam made a very good one indeed. His was one of those not uncommon cases where supposed "deficiency" is superficial only and where a far more grave deficiency is to be found in those who, by constantly laughing at it, run the risk of making it real and life long incapacity. Sam's relatives never laughed at him again after the first visit he paid them, though they often laughed with him, for his drollery was inexhaustible. He never married, but his sister Mary kept house for him, and was perhaps a great deal happier than she would have been anywhere else.

Excited His Curiosity.

"Deadwood," said the stranger, putting down his half-eaten slice of lemon pie and taking a long pull at the milk, "I went there when the first rush was made for the hills. Rather a rough crowd the first lot, you bet; more wholesome now. When I got there I was dead broke—didn't have a dollar, didn't have a revolver, which a man 'll often need out there worse 'n a meal's vittles. I was prob'ly the only man in the hills who didn't carry a firearm, an' I was some lonesome, I tell you. The only weapon I had—I'm a blacksmith—was a rasp, a heavy file, you know 'bout eighteen inches long, which I carried down my back, the handle in easy reach just below my coat collar. Understand? Like the Arkansaw man carries his bowie knife. I'm not exactly a temperate man. I just don't drink 'an don't meddle with any other man's drinkin'—that's all. One day—*I* hedn't been in Deadwood more'n a week—I was sitt in' in a s'loon—only place a man kin set to see any society—when a fellar come in, a reg'lar hustles, with his can full and a quart over. Hed a revolver on each side of his belt an' looked vicious. Nothin' mean about him, though. Askt me to drink. 'Not any, thank you,' sez I.—'Not drink with me! Me! Bill Feathergill! When I ask a tenderfoot to drink I expect him to prance right up an' no monkeyin'! You h-e-a-r me!

"Well, when his hand went down for revolver, I whipped out my old file quicke'n fire 'd scorch a feather an' swiped him one right acrost the face. When he fell I thought I'd killed him, an' the s'loon fillin' up with bummers I sorter skinned out, not knowin' what might happen. Purty soon a chap a red shirt came up to me. Sez he, 'Are you the man as karved Bill Feathergill? 'Cos, ef so be as you are, ef you don't want ev'ry man in the hills to climb you, don't you try to hide yourself—the boys is askin' fur you now.'

"It struck me that my friend had the idee, so I waltzed back and went up and down before that s'loon for nigh three hours: I'd found out Bill wasn't dead an' was bad medicine, but it wouldn't do to let down. Purty soon I see my man aheadin' for me. His face had been patched up till it looked like the closing out display of a retail dry goods store.—There was so little countenance exposed that I couldn't guess what he was a-aimin' at, so I brought my hand back of my collar an' grabbed my file.

"Hold on there, hold on," sez he, "gimme y'r hand, I'm friendly, I've got nothing agin you, not a thing, but—you'll pardon my curiosity—what sort of a d—d weepon was that stranger?

We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for, though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

One who is contented with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.

An electric log for sailing vessels is among the late practical applications of electricity.

The only blood and gore in Maine is Col. Blood and Ban-gor.

A Colored Ordination of 1866.

A sketch from my notes taken at the colored ordination at Springfield in 1866.

The sermon was from "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature." Some of the points were not bad. "Did God intend man to die?" Sartinly not, but the pizen snake bit the apple fust. Bein' aginst Natur' is the reason people hate to die so bad. Now baptism is a dyin' to sin by water, and Methodists and Presbyterians hate it like they were cats. You see it's agin their natur', like t'other dyin' is.

Another of our doctrines is, "Once in grace always in grace." Once truly a Christian, you can't get out, though you may hurt your head runnin' agin God's bucklum [buckler] by tryin'. Sposein' you take a new barrel an' hoop it up tight; but before you drive down the hoops you put in another barrel, just fit t'other, bulge and all. Now drive your hoops, and t'other don't even shake, it fits so good. Now, how is you goin' to get the little barrel out? The big barrel is finished, and we don't allow no hoop started. Little barrel is squirmin' to get out. I tell you it has to burst the big barrel to do it! You is got in a big barrel, and its hoops is out of the reach of man in glory. That is Christ. It's a tighter fit than some of you thought, and less chance to get whiskey and stolen chickens and your neighbor's daughter in at the bung-hole than you calculated on. You are thar; and you have to burst Christ to get out. You were in the horridible [horrible] pit and miry clay; but your feet are on the Rock of Ages, and just enough of clay yet on your hoops to make you stick where you are.

Have you been to Bethlehem lately? That name means the House of Bread. That's another of our doctrines, that God is able to keep what you have committed to him, and that he don't even keep a shabby old mule in his stable that he don't feed. Go to Bethlehem. It's been a good place to get at ever since the Baby laid there. Now, you ain't got nothin' to do with the white folks' puzzlements, like Origin of Evil. Why did God let Adam sin? I dun no. That's God business. I'm mighty glad I ain't doin' his business, 'cause overseein' one of his small 'tater patches is too much for this child.

Why do you sin? That's your business, and you better settle that account, or the sheriff will levy on your crop. The Lord of glory offers you the cash down blood to pay with; and if you put it off you'll get where a Georgia summer day will look mightily cold. We don't meddle with other folks. Baptists come from Christ and his disciples. Where did other folks come from? I don't know and the wust of it is they don't nuther. I'm told there ain't but two places to come from.

'Now, Brother Thomas Peake, do you wish to be ordained?'

'Yes sir.'

'Stand there and let me question you. If I ordain you Baptist minister, will you preach the Gospel in season and out.'

'Yes sir.'

'Now, if a sister come to you and say, "My husband, he's got the rheumatics, and he don't want to get cold, and I want you to take a hand-bason of water an' sprinkle on him, and baptize him that way, Brother Peake, tell me, will you do it?'

'Yes sir.'

'Well, that's wrong. Don't you do it.'

'Why not?'

'Cause it ain't Baptist.'

'Well, then, I won't.'

'If they tell you that Christ took infants in his arms and prayed, and that Eli let Samuel give to the Lord, and they want you to baptize the babies by water, will you do it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Now don't you never let me catch you at it. That's Presbyterian.'

'Well, I won't do that neither.'

'Was Adam first man or Paul first?'

'Paul war.'

'That's wrong; provided you hold your Bible right side up.'

'Was Moses or Joshua first.'

'I never read that. I can't read good; but *I* go to Miss Mary to learn every night.'

'Was Isaiah or Joshua first?'

'I don't know.'

'I don't nuther; but *I* ax you.'

'How old was the world when Christ come?'

'Three thousand years.'

'Well, it looks like it was. And now Bro. Peake, how old was Christ?'

'Thirty-three years.'

"How long was he in the grave?'

'Forty days.'

'No, it was three days.'

'Yes sir.'

'How many saw him rise?'

'Six hundred thousand.'

'No, only five hundred, an' that's a plenty; for you can't prove by that many that saw him that George Washington ain't livin' yet.'

'No sir.'

Then came the ordination, and the deep fervor and earnestness had prevented even a smile from our party of whites during examination. H. W. C.

The question of American silk culture is again attracting attention. Our 213 silk factories produced in 1876 silk goods to the value of $27,000,000. The same year the total consumption was $47,785,549, so that less than half of the demand was supplied by imports from abroad. During that year our mills consumed 1,000,000 pounds of raw silk, but the total number of pounds raised in America—that is to say, in Mexico, Brazil and California—was only 16,000, while the product of the world reached 56,000,000 pounds. There is now serious talk of an effort to establish silk culture in the United States, where, since the first abortive attempt forty years ago, it has been wholly neglected. The plan proposed contemplates the organization of a company to distribute mulberry trees, eggs and apparatus, and the collection of the cocoons for reeling, the reeled silk itself, and the sale of the product at wholesale to the manufacturers; care being taken of course to select only those sections of the country where the conditions of climate are favorable. It is probable that it would not only prove profitable in itself, but materially stimulate silk manufacture in America and eventually make us entirely independent of the factories of Europe.

The young lady who was blamed for allowing her glove to be discovered in a young man's pocket stated that she had no hand in it.

The kind wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house will not drive him to a saloon to get one.

It is an old saying, but a very pretty one, that a blush is like a pretty girl, for it becomes a woman.

It is remarkable how many old bachelors have become hard of hearing since the 1st of January.

Although the skull of Mozart cannot be found, his airs are in a good state of preservation.

New York girls are very bold; they frequently take a "bus" right on Broadway.