THE EASTON STAR
T. L. ROBSON, Editor.
TERMS.
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The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1881. VOL. XVI.--NO 38

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Building Materials,
Shingles, Laths,
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DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.
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PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.
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THE
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Chilled Plows,
Are the lightest running,
The most easily managed, and
The most satisfactory ever sold.
They run easy, they do good work, they give entire satisfaction to all. Try them and you will use no other.
THOS. C. NICOLS,
Agent for Talbot connty.
mar8,81

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The Oliver Chilled Plow,
With Slip Point or Solid Shear,
PUMPS.
And everything a farmer needs on the farm.
Clover and Timothy Seed.
Give me a call.
N. TUTHILL.

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Cheap at HENRY'S Drag Store.

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A full line, both double and single, at C. HENRY'S Drug Store.

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1881.
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FOR
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MENS' SPRING OVERCOATS
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MEN' SUITS SPECIALLY MADE FOR BUSINESS,
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For Dress 12.00 to 30.00
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Contain the choicest, this season, novelties for dress, school and play suits at marvelously low prices from 4 years up A special invitation is extended to Parents to examine our stock and compare our prices.
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MANUFACTURERS OF
EASTERN SHORE DOMESTIC GUANO,
ENGLISH MIXTURE, ACID PHOSPHATE,
AND DEALERS IN
FERTILIZER CHEMICALS.
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combines all the elements that plants require, and is one of the most concentrated fertilizers manufactured, uniting the stimulating properties of Peruvian Guano, and the fertilizing qualities of Bones, making as permanent an improver as raw bone can make a manure. It is carefully prepared for the drill, is fine and dry, and passes through the orifices with uniform regularity. After an experience of 9 years it has been approved and endorsed and is extensively used by the best Farmers of Talbot county as a superior wheat and corn manure.
THE ENGLISH MIXTURE
is similarly prepared for the drill, and contains the same plant food in a different combination.
PRICES.

Eastern Shore Domestic Guano	$28 per ton
English Mixture	$28 " "
Ground Bones	$30 and $35 " "
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F. H. NICKERSON & CO.,
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$850 Square Grand Piano for only $245.
STYLE 3 Magnificent rosewood case elegantly finished, 3 strings, 7 1-3 Octaves full patent cantante agraffes, our new patent overstrung scale, beautiful carved legs and lyre heavy serpentine and large fancy moulding round case, full iron Frame, French Grand Action, Grand Hammers, in fact every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the Instrument has been added.
☞Our price for this instrument boxed and delivered on board cars at New York, with fine Piano Cover, Stool and Book, only $245.00
This Piano will be sent on trial. Please send reference if you do not send money with order. Cash sent with order will be refunded and freight charges paid by us both ways if Piano is not just as represented in this Advertisement. Thousands in use. Send for catalogue. Every instrument fully Warranted for five years.
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ORGANS Our "Parlor Grand Jubilee Organ," style 35, is the finest and sweetest tone Reed organ ever offered to the musical public. It contains Five Octaves, Five sets of Reeds, four of 2¾ Octaves each, and one of 3 Octaves. Thirteen Stops with Grand Organ—Diapason, Melodia, Viola, Flute, Celeste, Dulcet, Echo, Melodia-Forte, Celestina, Violina, Flute Forte, Tremolo, Grand Organ and Grand-Swell, Knee-Stops. Height, 74 in.; Length, 43 in.; Width, 24 in.; Weight, boxed, 360 lbs. The case is of solid walnut, veneered with choice woods, and is of an entirely new and beautiful design, elaborately carved, with raised panels, music closet, lamp stands, fretwork, &c., all elegantly finished. Possesses all the latest and best improvements, with great power, depth, brilliancy and sympathetic quality of tone. Beautiful solo effects and perfect stop action. Regular retail price $285. Our wholesale net cash price to have it introduced, with stool and book, only $97—as one organ sold sells others. Positively no deviation in price. No payment required until you have fully tested the organ in your own home. We send all Organs on 15 days test trial and pay freight both ways if instrument is not as represented. Fully warranted for 5 years. Other styles—8 stop organ only $65; 9 stops, $85; 14 stops, $115. Over 22,000 sold, and every Organ has given the fullest satisfaction. Illustrated circular mailed free. Factory and Warerooms, 57th St. and 10th Ave.
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GREEN GROCERY STORE
on Dover street.
The citizens of Easton and vicinity are notified that I have opened a green grocery on Dover street, next door to Mr. Myers', where will be kept all kinds of fresh and salt meats, poultry, vegetables, cranberries, prunes, oranges apples, &c., &c. Families supplied to order at all times, day or night. The best of fresh beef sold at moderate prices. A share of the town and country trade solicited. The highest market price paid for butter, eggs, poultry, and other country produce. R. A. BURNS.
jan11,81

Brooms! Brooms!
THOMAS J. WRIGHTSON informs his customers that he has changed his place of business to his residence, on August street, near Mr. Frank Smith's store, and continues to make corn brooms at 10 cents a piece, the customer furnishing the broom corn. Brooms retailed as low as they can be bought elsewhere, and of the very best make. janlly

Consolidated Subscription Agency.
Having perfected arrangements with various publishers, we will hereafter supply
Papers and Magazines
At greatly reduced prices, giving each subscriber the advantage of lowest club rates, postage free. G. W. MINNICK & SON, opposite the Bank.

Seasonable.
Harness of all kinds, Collars, Bridles, Hames, Traces, Singletrees, Rope, Backbands, everything the farmer needs to put him in trim for the coming season. Call and see me. It will profit you. T. C. NICOLS.

TUTT'S PILLS
INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.
THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, Will feel as if he had left undone some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restless sleep, Urine high colored and scanty.
IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They increase the appetite, and cause the body to TAKE ON FLESH, thus the system is nourished. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
(See "TUTT'S HAND-BOOK" of Useful Information and Testimonials with each Pill.)
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. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 39 Murray St., New York.

Direct from the Mills.
Large stock of Paper and Envelopes, Wholesale and Retail, at prices very, very, very low. You will be convinced by calling at the old "Land Mark," opposite the bank.
LG G. W. MINNICK & SON.

Iron Bitters
For sale at J. C. Henry's Drug Store.

Select Poetry.

THE LAST HYMN.

BY MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea.
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowin lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulf entombed.

Very anxious were the people, on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows, should be telling awful tales.
When the sea had spent its, passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done before.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ships could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh! the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet, shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe—
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters lond and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing! "Jesus lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll;"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last."

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee;"
"Leave, oh, leave me not,"—The singer dropped at last into the sea.
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

Select Story.

[From the Ægis and Intelligencer.]

UNCLE JONATHAN AS A JURYMAN.

:o:

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AT COURT.

UNCLE JONATHAN, as you know, is one of our quiet, sober kind of men, who never goes from home, except perhaps to a funeral or a vendue, and not often at that. But strange to say, he was drawn on the jury, and, as honest men were scarce, he thought the Judge had picked him out for that reason to be a juryman. As the time was near at hand, having promised (to ease his mind a little,) to drive him up to Bel Air, I did so. As I called I found him just fixing up. Over all he had his old-time *surtout*, and drawing down his drab broad-brim, with his blue yarn mittens, (after bidding Aunt Kitty good bye,) off we started for the seat of justice, the aforesaid town of Bel Air.

Uncle said he had not been there for a long while—not since old "Log-Cabin" times. After we drove up and looked around a little, says Uncle:

"Well, well-a-day! well, indeed Jonas, is this Bel Air? To be sure. Sure I see it is the identical place. Not much larger, I guess, but more longer, and not much bigger, but more spread out."

"And," says I. "Uncle, not much better, I judge, but a little wiser, as the people say."

"Oh, yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!" shouted the crier of court at the top of his voice.

"Zounds!" says Uncle, "Jonas, what on earth does that fellow mean, halloing so? Has he stock to salt or is he stark crazy?"

"Not at all, Uncle," said I. "It is just the old-time way they have of calling court, and they stick to it, else they may have bad luck, I suppose."

We strolled in at the very time Judge Alright told the Clerk to call the jury. The first name called was "Franklin Bunting," ('Squire Bunting, as you know, who lives at Glenvale, just about a squirrel's jump from the heart of the town;) "Jonathan Jones," (Uncle Jonathan, everybody knows Uncle Jonathan.) "Here! here I am!" "Thomas H. Hardy." "Peter P. Pippin." "Solomon O. Brag," and a lot of others—all on the jury.

Judge Alright then told the Clerk to swear the jury, and they would proceed to try the case before them. The Clerk told the jury to look at the prisoner at the bar, and just to try him without partiality or favor, according to law, fact and justice.

With this, Simon Barrister, the State's lawyer, got up in a very stately manner, and bowing to the Judge, said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is a bad state of things. We are about to try a very desperate case—the State against a so-called Doctor Boneset, as he calls himself, who took it into his head to be a kind of a doctor. He seemed to have taught himself what little he does know. After practicing a while and sending about his celebrated home-made pills, (which I will speak of by-and-by,) he was called to see and old lady, who was very sick with the fever. She was mighty bad—fairly burning up. This so called doctor just read, that morning, (while in a great hurry to be off,) how to cure the fevers As soon as he saw how very bad she was, he asked the old man if he had a sorrel horse. 'Yes, yes,' he had, 'but what of that?' 'Well,' says the doctor, 'it is the very thing—sorrel horse tea never fails in bad cases like this. You must get some—you must dispatch him! Bad enough, it is true, but far worse for your wife to die. It is just so, for I have read it, and it is as true as preaching.'

"With this the old man, hanging down his head, said: 'Bad, bad enough! Lack-a-day. This is what I call bad luck, indeed—double trouble—worse for the better and more of it.'

"Gentlemen of the jury, place yourselves in this old man's place, and I tell you all you would hang down your heads, too. Well, the old man went out and had the old sorrel killed, and soon the tea was made—*sorrel horse tea*; and I seriously tell you, although she drank plenty of it the old woman grew worse and worse, and soon she died. That she did. And this, gentlemen, is the case.

"Gentlemen, this said Doctor Boneset is accused of a great crime—of a double crime. It is manslaughter and worse than that. He made a serious mistake. He was grossly ignorant—took one thing for another in reading, and killed that old man's horse, and, I may say, his said wife, too!

"I have heard of *sheep sorrel* and *horse sorrel* as an herb, but who ever heard in all their born days of *sorrel-horse tea* as a medicine? You never did. He got the cart before the horse. It was gross ignorance, and you know, Gentlemen of the Jury, ignorance of the law is no excuse, and far worse it is in medicine. One is a simple mistake—the other a killing mistake."

At this the 'Squire, (as he sat somewhat uneasy on the jury,) said rather loudly to Uncle, near by: "It was a mighty bad mistake, indeed"

"Yes, exactly so," replied Uncle, "and I know what I would have done with that fellow right on the spot—that I would, sure."

"Silence—silence," roared the bailiff.

Well after this Barney Bluster, getting up, said he had a few words to say for his unfortunate client, after a witness or so was examined.

Clerk.—"Call up Giles Gosling."

Gosling appears. "Tell us, Gosling, what you know about the case. Tell the jury, did you know the old man, Squire Luckey, or rather Squire Unlucky, I might say?"

"Exactly so."

"Did you know his sorrel horse?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, how old was he?"

"Just about the age of my gray mare, Lilac, and she is old enough to vote—exactly so."

"Well, tell us, was he killed by the doctor's orders?"

"No, he was dispatched—he ordered him dispatched—exactly so."

"That's enough, step down, Mr. Gosling."

"Well, madame, tell us did you know this old sick woman, Mrs. Luckey?"

"As well as I know myself, and better, too."

"Were you there when that herb tea was given her?"

"It was no herb tea at all—not a bit of it; worse than that. I told that spectacle doctor the tea was too strong—so it was. I told him so. I took his celebrated cure-all pills once, and only once. I found out they be nothing in the world but black pepper grains varnished, put up whole in boxes. They would only make you sneeze and that's all, and I just told him so."

"Silence! Silence!"

Says Uncle to the Squire, who sat next to him:

"I wonder why they don't bring up that witness they have just called. She might tell all about it." But the Squire said he guessed it was no witness at all, but only a kind of way the crier had of clearing his throat."

The witnesses all being called, Baron Bluster, (or Barney, as he is often called,) rose up in a stately manner, and bowing to the Court and Jury, said:

"Gentlemen, my client has been charged—grossly charged, with various crimes and misdemeanors; and it seems to me impossible to prove them. My client did not kill the old man's horse, *seriatam*, nor order him killed; not at all. He ordered him dispatched, *in extremis*. It was a mistake—all around; and, gentlemen, besides, it has been proven he was very old, and you know it is sometimes a favor to get rid of an old horse, and it seems clear that the old lady died a natural death from fevers.

"In law, as you know, Gentlemen of the Jury, we always look at the genuine meaning and try to find the real intention of the thing. This is law from Moses down. And here you all see the real intention of Dr. Boneset, (learned or unlearned.) It was good. It was to cure the poor sick woman. If he possibly made a mistake, it was an innocent mistake, and who of us does not make mistakes sometimes? And surely this is a knowing, forgiving jury—one that would punish big offenses, but look over trifles like these."

As the case was about drawing to a close, Judge Alright charged the jury that they must (as there was no case in the books exactly like it) decide this according to law and justice.

With this the Jury quietly retired, but they soon returned again, Squire Bunting, Uncle Jonathan and all.

"Silence!"

"Gentlemen," said the Clerk, "what say you? Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty"—all say guilty.

"Guilty of what?"

"Guilty of a great crime and a misdemeanor. Guilty in having the old man, Zadoc Luckey's sorrel horse killed; and a misdemeanor in giving the wrong medicine to his said wife, Mrs. Luckey, until she died."

"Yes," said Uncle Jonathan, right out before the Court and all, rising to his feet, "I would have given him his own medicine all night long, and if he had not taken it, I would have dispatched him surely, just as he did the old sorrel horse."

"Silence!" JONAS JONES.

Miscellaneous.

Ye Olden Days.

Thirty years ago Michigan people were a frank and truthful set. Strangers could come here and trade horses with their eyes shut, and breach of promise cases were unknown. Folks meant what they said, and when they gave their word stuck to it.

Exactly thirty years ago this month a widower from New York State appeared in Lansing on business. That same business carried him over to DeWitt, eight miles away. While en route he stopped at a log farm house to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years, and after some general talk, the woman queried:

"Am I right in thinking you a widower?"

"Yes."

"Did you come out here to find a wife?"

"Partly."

"Did anybody tell you of our Susie?"

"No."

"Well, we've got as bouncing a girl of 22 as you ever set eyes on. She's good looking, healthy and good tempered, and I think she'll like your looks."

"Where is she?"

"Over in the woods, here, chopping down a coon-tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?"

"No. If you'll keep an eye on my horse I'll find her."

"Well, there's nothing stuck up or affected about Susie. She'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her, don't be afraid to say so."

The stranger heard the sound of her axe and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good-looking girl, swinging the axe like a man, and in two minutes he had decided to say:

"Susie, I'm a widower from New York State; I'm 39 years, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go back home with me?"

She leaned on the axe and looked at him for half a minute, and then replied:

"Can't say for certain. Just wait till I git these coons off my mind."

She sent the tree crashing to the earth, and with his help killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking.

"I'm your'n!" was the reply; "and by the time you get back from De Witt I'll have these pelts off and tacked up and be ready for the preacher!"

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.—[Detroit Free Press.

How Durango welcomed its First Baby.

From the Durango (Col.) Record.

Miss Una C. Pearson, infant daughter of John and Ella Pearson, bears her honors gracefully of being the first child born in Durango. The happy event occurred on Monday, January 31, 1881. We have noticed an unusual number of people going in the direction of the young lady's domicile for a few days past—frontiersmen, who probably had not seen an infant for twenty years; old miners who would part with their last nugget for a glimpse of the fragile bit of humanity; prominent business men, teamster, doctors, lawyers and women all wended their way to see the new arrival. One old miner from Silverton presented the little curiosity with a bag of gold dust. McFaddon & Son gave a deed for a town lot on Second street; Mr. Luttrell followed suit with a corner lot on the boulevard; Mr. Creek sent over four tons of coal; Newman, Chestnut and Stevens made the little one's heart glad with a dozen bottles of soothing syrup, and John Taylor, Jr., followed with a soft hair-brush, while Griffin & Carpenter sent in a rubber ring and a box of safety pins. Mr. and Mrs. Diamond gave the baby their little cross dog Prince to play with when she gets old enough. Robertson & Rowley, as soon as they heard the news, went to work making a baby carriage. Ed. Schiffer wanted to give away his baby steam engine, but it makes such a big racket that it would keep the little one awake; so, instead, he presented a receipt for a post-office box. The *Record* put her name down for a year's subscription to the daily and weekly gratis. Finch, of the Nose Paint, thought his goods were too strong, so he bought a powder box as his offering, for face paint. Dr. Cowan, of the Windsor, gave a box of toothpicks; that's about as much as a batchelor knows about babies. Baldwin, the shoemaker, tried to take her measure for a pair of shoes, but his lasts were all too small. Justices Flaget and Craig and Ex-Justice De Mattes, of Leadville, made a call in a body, and took depositions that she really was the first born. Mr. Eldridge, of Leadville, presented a quilt. Meyers, another old batchelor, of Meyers & West brought up a pony with a side saddle for the young lady to take a horseback ride. Other and various things too numerous to mention were offered at the shrine of the first born, and, take it all in all, no other baby ever received such a rousing welcome as this one in the glorious climate of Durango.

[Springfield, (Mass.) Daily Union.]

His Answer.

They tell it on one of our citizens who was ambling toward his place of business, that he was approached by a lady acquaintance of the family, who said: "Mr. ——, I hear you are suffering from rheumatism, is it so?" "Rumor 'tis m'm" said our citizen of few words, as he proceeded on his way. Over in Chicopee our neighbors and friends have been having quite a time with rheumatism; but according to reports received by our representative the flurry is over, as the sure antidote has been used and thus commented upon: Mr. C. N. Manchester, Cutler street, says relative to his experience: I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and esteem it the best remedy for rheumatism I have ever tried. It acts like magic, and I cannot even estimate its value, when I pronounce it the greatest rheumatic remedy of the age.

Mrs. Garfield speaks French and German fluently, and is said to be the first President's wife able to talk with foreign diplomats in the court language of Europe. Her husband is also accomplished in German and French.

Manners and Customs of Infants.

The American Social Science Association has entered upon an investigation of infants. The Secretary of the infant department has sent a circular to every mother in the United States, in which are propounded a series of questions which the mother is expected to answer. When a sufficient quantity of infantile facts are thus ascertained, it is expected that the Social Science Association will hold a meeting to discuss them, and will afterward frame a Theory of Infants which in originality and importance will at least equal Mr. Pickwick's celebrated Theory of Tittlebats. The following is the most important paragraph in the Secretary's circular:

"At what age did the baby exhibit consciousness, and in what manner? Smile? Recognize its mother? Notice its hand? Follow a light with its eyes? Hold up its head? Sit alone on the floor? Creep? Stand by a chair? Stand alone? Walk alone? Hold a plaything when put in its hand? Reach out and take a plaything? Appear to be right or left handed? Notice pain, as the prick of a pin? Show a like or dislike to taste? Appear sensible to sound? Notice the light of a window or turn toward it? Fear the heat from stove or grate? Speak, and what did it say?"

Any parent of the very smallest amount of experience will recognize that there questions were drawn up by a social science person densely ignorant of infants. There is not an intelligent and cultivated mother who will fail to characterize them as "fiddle-sticks." Their absurdity can be easily shown, and a careful investigator who has recently made a personal study of all the leading babies of this city has found that only a very small proportion of the questions admit of an intelligent answer.

Babies "exhibit consciousness" as soon as they are born. Their consciousness of hunger is contemporary with their appearance in a world flowing with milk and bottles, and a consciousness of their ability to howl is simultaneously developed. It is just possible that the first question of the series is misprinted, and the Social Science Association wishes to know at what age babies exhibit conscientiousness. We may confidently answer "at no age whatever," for there is no created being so utterly devoid of conscience as the human baby.

Next, the American mother is requested to tell at what age her infant recognized its mother. Obviously at the first moment of hunger—that is to say, promptly after its birth. Who ever knew a recent and hungry infant to recognize its father or its maiden aunt, or any other unsatisfactory person? Its mother, however, it recognizes instantly and instinctively.—Does the Secretary of the Social Science Association imagine that a new infant must be formally introduced to its mother and place her on its list of visiting acquaintances before it will feel at liberty to recognize her?

When does an infant "notice its hand?" Well, as a rule, not until it is old enough to play cards. The average Western infant, who at 5 years of age plays a strong game of "draw," of course notices and studies its hand, but the New England infant in most cases never holds a hand until it is out of its infancy. When does an infant "sit alone on the floor?" This depends on a variety of things. In families where there is a pet cat the infant is usually occupied, when sitting on the floor, in mauling the unhappy cat. If there is no dog, then the nurse sits on the floor with the infant. In fact, no infant that is fairly entitled to the name ever sits on the floor alone, and in asking the question the Secretary once more shows an unfamiliarity with the manners and customs of infants which is quite characteristic of a social science reformer.

We now come to the question, "At what age does an infant hold a plaything when put in its hand?" It never holds a plaything in its hand. The plaything, whether it be a ball or a kitten or a watch, is instantly crammed into the infantile mouth and held there until it is dragged out again by the nurse or mother. A person who does not know this fact, and who really supposes that babies hold things in their hands, had better apply for admission to a nursery and study infants for two or three years before attempting to write about them.

Still more absurd is the question, "At what age does an infant notice pain, as the prick of a pin?" The Secretary has obviously heard of pins, and perhaps uses them to fasten his collar, and he rashly jumps to the conclusion that pin-pricks are the earlier source of infantile woe.—Did the miserable man never hear of colic? If not, let him be told that the first pain of which an infant complains is colic. A state of colic is the normal condition of infantile life. At times the pervasive pin undoubtedly does abrade the infant's tender surface, but to speak of pin-pricks and ignore colic as the prominent cause of infant dissatisfaction is to show an utter incapacity to estimate the comparative importance of facts.

When do infants "show a like or dislike to taste?" This is an easy one, and admits of an answer. The first sign of "dislike in taste" shown by an infant is when it is required to swallow paregoric. This usually takes place on the third night of its existence, for by that time its parents naturally desire to have a little sleep. Somewhat later, most babies show a dislike of the maternal hand when applied as a corrective of excessive and prolonged howling, and this same "dislike in taste" never seems to wholly pass away.

Infants "fear the heat from stove or grate" as soon as they have satisfied themselves by personal experiment with their fingers that fire is unpleasantly warm.—The age when they acquire this experience is very uncertain. In most cases it is acquired in consequence of the carelessness of the nurse in leaving the infant alone in the neighborhood of the stove or grate. Had the question been, "At what age does a nurse go down stairs to see her cousin and let the baby crawl into the fire?" it would have been intelligible, though it would hardly have admitted of a satisfactory answer.

The entire series of questions is well adapted to sadden the thoughtful patriot. If by these questions the social science persons expected to obtain data for their theory of babies, what sort of a theory will they frame?

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has made a contract to sing twenty nights in Paris, and receive $12,000.

A French Engineer proposes the construction of a railway viaduct across the English Channel.

Over twenty-five thousand tourists have visited the Yosemity Valley since its discovery in 1855.

New York lights 402 miles of street, two and a half miles of piers and sixty-one acres of parks.

Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, has given away $9,000,000 in his life, and has $3,000,000 left.

The famous destructive earthquake which occurred at Lisbon was in the year 1472.

Carried off the palm—the shot that deprived the soldier of a hand.

It costs over $20,000 a year for the repairs at St. Peter's, Rome.