THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

TERMS:

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

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square—8 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 columns, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

# The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1881. VOL. XVII.—NO 12

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 MILL.

PINE, HEMLOCK CYPRESS

*AND OAK*

LUMBER

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

LOCUST AND CEDAR POSTS.

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

Timber,

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

Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices

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

W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,

*OAKLAND MILLS.* *EASTON, MD.*

January 14, 1879-1yr

LUMBER!

--AND--

Building Materials,

Shingles, Laths,

Lime, Hair, &c.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

and Mill Work generally

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

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

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

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

Deliveries made on navigable water free of freight.

*Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.*

ROBERT B. DIXON,

*Dover Street, EASTON.*

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisement. Call or address

J. FRANK LEWIS & CO.,

15 Post Office Avenue,

BALTIMORE.

Sept6-4m.

BOARDERS.

MRS. ISABELLA SATTERFIELD, having bought out Mrs. Hall and taken her boarding house, over Messrs. J. W. Cheezum & Co.'s store, is prepared to take boarders by the meal, day, week or month. She solicits a share of the general custom, and promises to fully maintain the high reputation of Mrs. Hall's house. She can accommodate a few more permanent boarders than she has at present, and any number of transient customers. The attention of travelling salesmen is respectfully called to her commodious house and sumptuously supplied table.

Easton, July 5,81tf

Already for Winter.

James T. Robinson has just received ten cases of Boots at all prices.

James T. Robinson has also a large invoice of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, lower than elsewhere.

James T. Robinson has a first-class Woman's Calf Shoe at $1.75. Other Women's shoes as low as 75 cents.

James T. Robinson has a full and complete stock of Boys' and Youths' boots and shoes very cheap. Also Misses' shoes of all descriptions.

James T. Robinson has just received a large invoice of dry goods and notions, cheaper than you ever looked at.

James T. Robinson has a full and complete stock of all kinds of groceries. Prices below the market.

James T. Robinson has just received a fine lot of fish of different kinds. Mackerel by the barrel or half-barrel. Also herring.

James T. Robinson has several fine brands of flour at very reasonable prices. Nice sweet cider always on hand.

James T. Robinson has an uncovered ham that cannot be beat.

New Advertisements.

PULMONA

The Greatest Known Remedy for

COUGHS, THROAT —AND— LUNG TROUBLE.

It requires only a fair trial to convince one of its efficacy. Free from Morphia or any other anodyne. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists and

A. R. METTEE, Prop'r,

122 WEST FAYETTE STREET,

ABOVE PARK STREET.

Send for Circular.

REFERENCES:

Rev. A. E. Gibson, M. D., " W. S. Edwards, D. D., " R. W. Black, " J. A. Price, " D. H. Carroll, " J. J. G. Webster, Rev. W. M. Osborne, " S. A. Wilson, " L. D. Heron, " A. S. Hank, " E. W. Crowl, " W. F. Speake, ALL OF BALTIMORE.

oct11,6m

Sept. 20, 1881.

BOOTS & SHOES, BOOTS & SHOES.

COLLINS & WILSON

Wish to inform their friends and the public generally that they have just returned from the city with the largest stock of Boots and Shoes that they have ever had the pleasure to show. Our goods are bought strictly for cash, and we will offer you goods for less money than you have been paying for them.

Coarse, Medium and Fine

BOOTS.

We keep Hand-Made Boots and Shoes for Men, and Fine Hand-Made Shoes for the ladies.

Groceries.

Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Fish, Lard, Bacon and everything kept in the Grocery Line. Call and see our prices.

COLLINS & WILSON,

Dover Street, Easton.

To Farmers.

The attention of farmers is called to the

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN DRILL

I have sold between one and two hundred of these celebrated drills in the last two years, without a single complaint. They are admitted to be the best in the market. Last year I could not supply the demand for them, because some farmers were late giving their orders. All who want them this season will please give me their orders early, so that there may be no disappointment.

The attention of farmers is also called to the celebrated

Oliver Chilled Plow.

I have sold over five hundred of these plows within the last two years without a complaint. There are none equal to them the farmers say. As I have made arrangements to supply them hereafter at a

REDUCED PRICE,

Those who want will find the present a good time to order.

N. TUTHILL.

Easton, Md., Aug. 9th, 1881.

THE CINCINNATI

WEEKLY TIMES

has for more than forty years maintained its position as the leading paper of the West. It ranks above all others in circulation, influence, and in the esteem of its readers, because it is just the kind of paper the people want.

*The Weekly Times* covers the whole ground of a first class family journal. It is larger and better than any high-priced weekly offered the public; its reading matter covers a greater scope, is more entertaining and instructive, and yet it costs

BUT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Our agents everywhere say it is the easiest paper in the field to canvass for, and readers of one year are so pleased that they are sure to renew their subscriptions. *Eight pages—Fifty-six columns for one dollar a year*, and the most liberal terms to club agents.

Specimen copies free. Send for one before subscribing for any paper. Address Weekly Times, 230 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

THE DAILY TIMES-STAR,

*Eight pages, forty-eight columns.* Only six dollars a year, $3 for six months, $1.50 for three months. Has the largest circulation of any paper in Cincinnati. Is the best advertising medium and the best paper for readers who would know of the world's doings as promptly as the news can be imparted. Address Times-Star, Cincinnati, O.

ALREADY

FOR

WARM WEATHER.

ICE-COLD

Soda Water.

VICHY & DEEP ROCK

ON DRAUGHT AT

Trippe's Drug Store.

J. C. HENBY, Easton, Md.

SOLE PROPRIETOR OF

Hensley's Celebrated Worm Destroying SYRUP,

Warranted an infallible Remedy in all cases of Worms Price 25 cents per bottle, at

J. C. HENBY'S

may4 Drug Store

Taylor's Ague Mixture,

For sale at Trippe's.

Iron Bitters

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

New Advertisements.

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1882.

This first of 800 will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining, as always, for all, big and little, mean, and gracious, contented and unhappy, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. THE SUN'S light for mankind and womankind of every sort; but its genial warmth is for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.

THE SUN of 1882 was a newspaper of a new kind. It discussed many of the forms, and a multitude of the superfluous words and phrases of affectient journalism. It undertook to report in a fresh, succinct, unconventional way all the news of the world, omitting no event of human interest, and commenting upon affairs with the fearlessness of absolute independence. The success of this experiment was the success of THE SUN. It effected a permanent change in the style of American newspapers. Every important journal already existing has been modified and bettered by the force of THE SUN'S example.

THE SUN of 1882 will be the same outspoken, truth-telling, and interesting newspaper.

By a liberal use of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before.

We shall print all the news, putting it into readable shape, and measuring its importance, not by the traditional yardstick, but by its real interest to the people. Distance from Printing House Square is not the first consideration with THE SUN. Whenever anything happens worth reporting we get the particulars, whether it happens in Brooklyn or in Bokhara.

In politics we have decided opinions; and are accustomed to express them in language that can be understood. We say what we think about men and events. That habit is the only secret of THE SUN'S political course.

THE WEEKLY SUN gathers into eight pages the best matter of the seven daily issues. An Agricultural Department of unequaled merit, full market reports, and a liberal proportion of literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence complete THE WEEKLY SUN, and make it the best newspaper for the farmer's household that was ever printed.

Who does not know and read and like THE SUNDAY SUN, each number of which is a Golconda of interesting literature, with the best poetry of the day, prose every line worth reading, news humor—matter enough to fill a good-sized book, and infinitely more varied and entertaining than any book, big or little?

If our idea of what a newspaper should be pleases you, send for THE SUN.

Our terms as follows:

For the daily SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents per month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address I. W. ENGLAND,

Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.

nov15-6t

PATENTS.

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

NOTICE!

Steamer POPE CATLIN,

Will leave Baltimore every Wednesday and Saturday at 7 A. M. for Tilghman's Island, Grace's Wharf, Sherwoodsville, Oxford and Trappe Landing.

Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Returning will leave Trappe (on Mondays and Thursdays) at 7 A. M., Oxford 9 A. M., Grace's 10 A. M., and Sherwoodsville at 10.30 A. M., Tilghman's Island 11 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 5.30 P. M.

FARE, 75 CENTS.

A. L. FOOTE, Agt.,

Pier 11½ Light St. Wharf.

oct11-3mos

NEW ENTERPRISE.

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

THE BEST AND THE STANDARD.

If you intend to "GET THE BEST," get

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED

See above picture in Webster, page 1264, giving the name of each sail,—showing the value of DEFINITIONS BY ILLUSTRATIONS.

The pictures in Webster under the 12 words, Beef, Bodice, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Rapier, Ships, (pages 1264 and 1218) Steam engine, Timbers, define 543 words and terms.

New Edition of WEBSTER, has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 New Words and Meanings, Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

WEBSTER'S is the Dictionary used in Govern't Printing Office. 1881. Every State purchase of Dictionaries for Schools has been Webster's. Books in the Public Schools of the U. S. are mainly based on Webster. Sale of Webster's is over 20 times the sale of any other series of Dict's. THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND have been put in the public schools of the U. S. Each new edition has become more and more The Standard. Recommended by State Supt's Schools in 36 States, and 50 College Pres'ts. IS IT NOT THE STANDARD?

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

ORGANS.

Of the very best make. For Sale and For Rent at specially low rates. We will do more for our customers than will be done by any city dealer or agent. G. W. MINNICK & SON.

J. H. T. Hubbard, Dover street,

has added to his store a Tobacco room, for the purpose of making first-class Tobacco, Segars, Cigarettes and Snuff a specialty.

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.

A LARGE and well selected stock of Imported and American Toilet Soaps at very low prices at Henry's Drug Store.

Medical.

ST JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,*

*Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,*

*Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,

*Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.*

Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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, Nausea, 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, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

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, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 39 Murray St., N. Y.

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, 35 Murray St., New York.

(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

Mr. Ewing's and Miss Mellier's

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

For Young Ladies and Misses,

DOVER STREET, EASTON, MD.,

Will open Monday, September 12th, 1881. Special attention paid to French, Instrumental Music and Vocalization. A. S. Mayer, Professor of Latin and English Literature. For terms apply to either of the Principals. Pupils admitted and classified at any time.

REFERENCES—Dr. I. L. Adkins, H. S. Best, Esq., Rev. Robert Wilson, Dr. E. R. Trippe, Rev. E. P. Aldred, Mrs. N. Tuthill, Rev. E. L. Brady, E. O. Dawson, Esq., G. E. Haddaway, Esq., Capt. C. R. Leonard, R. J. Trippe, Esq.

aug9-3mos

Cough Syrups---

Jayne's, Ayer's, Bull's, Sellers', Wistar's, Mason's, German Syrup—for sale at J. C. HENRY'S Drug Store.

TRY PETTIT'S American Cough Syrup, a most excellent remedy for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by J. C. Henry, Druggist.

Trippe's Syrup of Blackberry Root—

Unequalled for the cure of Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Summer Complaint. Especially good in cases of children, and so pleasant to the taste they all like it. Price, 25 cents. Prepared and sold by R. J. TRIPPE.

## Select Poetry.

### The Changed Cross.

BY MRS. F. J. BROWN.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and love the better part,
Felt wearied with conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I would endure.

And thus no longer trusting in His might,
Who say, "we walk by faith and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose, "My cross I cannot bear."

For heavier its weight must surely be
Than those of others which I daily see!
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I would not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around!
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my wearied spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels in silvery wings beamed everywhere,
And angel music thrilled the balmy air.

Then one more fair than all the rest to see—
One to whom all others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And "Follow Me," he said, "I am the way."

And speaking thus, He led me far above,
And then beneath a canopy of love;
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold—
A little one with jewels set in gold;
"Ah! this," methought, "I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewells fair were they to see
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

"This may not be," I cried and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around it sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering I gazed, and still wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But ah! that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around;
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross no crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart,
He knew its sorrows, bid its cares depart;
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then I turned with lightened eyes and willing feet;
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And thus in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on the rest,
And as I bent my burden to sustain,
I recognized my old cross again.

But oh! how different did it seem to me,
Now I had learned it preciousness to see;
No longer could I unbelieving say,
"Perhaps another is a better way."

Ah! no; henceforth my own desire shall be
That he who knows shall chose for me;
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust best, because He knows the end.

## Select Story.

### NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"AN old bachelor?" said Honora Maywood.

"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her best room, with her head tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and a hair broom in her hand, wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl. "And he's willing to pay my price cash down, every Sunday night. Never attempted to beat me down a penny, if you'll believe it my dear."

"Why should he?" said Honora.

"Most people do, my dear, said Mrs. Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow woman like me, who has her living to earn, is mostly fair game for everybody. But he never objected to my terms. A real gentleman, my dear—every inch of him. But he's a little particular, I'm afraid."

"I suppose most old bachelors are," said Miss Maywood, smiling.

"Yes, my dear—yes!" nodded Mrs. Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think."

"And if he is?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Pennypacker, making a dab with her broom handle at a stray mothkiller which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtains; "nothing, except that one don't quite know where to have him. Hedrinks only English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie crust made of the best Alderney butter, instead of lard, as is good enough for other people; and he must have ventilators to all the windows and an open grate, instead of the base burning stove; and—I hope you'll not be offended, my dear—but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes a piano?" said the little music teacher, reddening, in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he: 'I hope Mrs. Pennypacker, that there is no piano in the house. A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its ever-lasting tum, tum!' These were his words, my dear. So I courtesys, and says I: 'You'll not be troubled with one here, sir.' And so, my dear, I'll be grateful if you won't mind doing your practicin' until he's out for his daily walk—from 1 to 3, just as regularly as a clock."

Miss Maywood looked piteously up in the old landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said, earnestly. "I haven't forgotten how much I am indebted to you both in actual money and kindness, which money can never repay."

And her soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick, and you've got a little behindhand, and it's quite natural you should be a little low-spirited now and then. But you mustn't get discouraged. Things will look up after a while. And you're quite welcome to stay on here, until you're able to settle up your little account."

Honora Maywood sighed as she remembered how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many "capable music teachers, willing to give lessons at moderate prices," nowadays, and how was any one to know how sorely she needed the money?

And, as the time crept on, and no pupils came, Honora began seriously to ask herself whether she should go out in some menial capacity, or stay genteels at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am!"

Honora started from her reverie as the washerwoman's stumpy little girl banged herself, like a human battering ram, up against the door, with a preposterously large basket on her arm.

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I—I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother today."

"Mother didn't say nothin' 'bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her arm, and sniffing herself well nigh off her feet. "I was to leave the clothes, with her 'umble duty, and 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp and muggy on Monday and Tuesday as starch wouldn't stick, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time."

"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora with a little sigh, as she marveled at this unexpected access of courtesy on the part of her Milesian laundress

But when Sally had stumped off down stairs, her flapping slippers beating a sort of tattoo as she went, and as Miss May wood took off the fringed towel that covered the basket of clothes, she gave a little start.

"Shirts," said Honora, "and socks, and turnover collars No. 16, and great big pocket handkerchiefs like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and—goodness me, what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvery has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles in grave consideration.

"I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood; "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certain—if I had either one or the other, I should thank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes, if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvery can't send before night, and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor young fellow's clothes, whoever he may be. A half starved theological student, perhaps training for the Polynesian Islands; or perhaps a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk, under the dazzling skylight of some dry goods palace. At all events, he's worse off than I am, for he can't mend his own clothes, and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tapes and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself; "but, I dare say, he'll be thankful; and if one gets a chance to do a little good in this world, one ought not to grudge one's time and trouble."

And as Honora stitched away, she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept a position which had offered itself of assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be almost unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays nor holidays, and a ladies' committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to 'sit' upon her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," said Honora. "But, dear me! starving is a serious business, when one comes to consider it face to face.

Sally Mulvery came back puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.

"Mother says she's sent the wrong basket," said she breathlessly.

"I thought it very probable, Sally, said Miss Maywood.

"And mother's compliments," added Sally; "and she can't undertake your things no longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause she does a cash business, and there ain't nothing been paid on your account since last June."

Honora felt herself turning scarlet.

"I am very sorry, Sally," said she. "Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can."

Sally flounced out of the room, red and indignant, like an overcharged thunder cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her head on her hands, burst into tears.

"Pretty girl that—very pretty," said Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady.

"Do you mean—"

"I mean the young lady boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure—big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Didn't some one tell me she was a music teacher?"

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and, poor little dear, she has but a hard time of it."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Broderick. "Want fools women are not to have a regular profession! If I had a daughter, I'd bring her up a self supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room, in the midst whereof stood a girl with flapping slippers, a portentous mob cap and a bonnet which had been originally manufactured for a woman twice her size.

"Who are, you?" demanded Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I'm Sally—the washerwoman's Sally!" was the response.

"And what do you want here?" said Mr. Broderick.

"Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally, chattering off her lesson like a parrot. "And, please, sir, her 'umble duty, and she 'opes they'll suit, but it was muggy, Monday and Tuesday, and starch wouldn't stick; and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better next time, sir—please, sir."

"Who mended 'em?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk eyes had already caught sight of the dainty needlework upon his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally. "And mother says it's easy to see as the new gent is a bachelor on account of the holes in his heels and toes, and strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell you who mended 'em," said Mrs. Pennypacker, "for I see her at it, the pretty dear—Miss Maywood! And says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker; but,' says she, 'they need mending—and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more it does, sir, Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick; "she's right—no more it does. And she's a regular scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! 'Euclid's Geometry' could not produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the toe of that stocking! It's like a piece of Gobelin tapestry. That's the way I like to see things done!"

And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and had thanked her with equal formality for the good offices she had unwittingly rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen, where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alderney butter instead of lard.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pennypacker; "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor."

"He won't be a bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring as she laid her cheek on the good landlady's cushioned shoulder.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pennypacker.

"He has asked me to marry him," said Honora, "after only two week's acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me; and—and—"

"Well?"

"I almost think I love him!" whispered Miss Maywood.

And so the problem of Honora's solitary life was solved, all through the magic influence of "Needle and Thread."

[Chillicothe, (O.), Ross County Register.]

### A Lady in the Matter.

That "woman's wit is often superior to man's wisdom," was convincingly proved in a circumstance that occurred in this city recently. It appears that Mr. Ludwig Schwarzler, a widely known Grocer on Station Road, suffered with a very painful rheumatic headache to such a degree, that he was obliged to seek the aid of a physician. All medicines he used were of no avail. This induced Mrs. Schwarzler to buy St. Jacobs Oil. She procured a bottle for her husband. With the second application he found relief. The pain left him, and he is as well as ever again. A remedy acting as promptly as this certainly deserves universal patronage.

### A School Incident.

Recently a teacher in School No. —, had occasion to use some sugar. She asked the boys in her department who would go for it. Immediately a dozen or more volunteered their services, and the question was asked:

"Where do you want to get it?"

"Down to Smith's," was the reply.

Hereupon Master Fox exclaimed: "You can't get it there, he's busted."

"What, bursted as you sometimes burst paper bags?"

"Oh, no, he's gone up."

The teacher here understood the case and didn't send to Smith's.

He was a young country fellow, a little awkward and bashful, but of sterling worth and character. She was a Cincinnati belle, and had sense enough to appreciate his worth despite his awkwardness and bashfulness, and was his fiancee. On a gloomy Sunday evening last Winter they were standing in front of the window in the parlor of her home on East Walnut Hills watching the snowflakes rapidly falling outside. He was not up in society small talk, and being hard up for something to say, remarked as he watched the snow falling: "This will be hard on the old man's sheep." "Never mind, dear," slipping her arm around him, "I will take care of one of them."

An exchange tells of a new and horrible variety of donation party. A large can was provided, into which the farmers of the congregation should pour their offerings of milk. Each man came provided with a jug of water, sagely thinking that his particular jugful would pass unnoticed among the outpourings of milky abundance from all the rest. But when the can was turned out there was nothing but water in it. The poor pastor who was the victim of this liberality will probably provide a big glass vessel before the next donation party.

[Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel.]

### Will Wonders Ever Cease?

Mr. John G. Fiedderman, the well-known Merchant Tailor, in Union Block, writes: "I was a sufferer sor many years with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and found no relief until I tried St. Jacobs Oil. After using two bottles I was entirely cured."

A chicken lived; a chicken died;
His drumsticks and his wings were fried,
His feathers by a dealer dryed,
And, very shortly after, dyed.
Soul he had none. Admitting that,
How comes it? There upon her hat
His plumes—a mortal chicken's—rise
A glorious bird of paradise.

When he returned to his seat in the theatre, and said he had just stepped out to see some one, she gravely responded. "It must have been the Evil One;" and when the young man asked "if she saw the cloven foot," she turned up her pretty nose and said: "No, I smell the clove in breath."

Physicians says that it is not healthy to sleep in the day-time. This opinion is backed up by all the flies in the community and they put a stop to day-sleeping whenever they can.

"The doctors said my wife had consumption. Tried Lindsey's Blood Searcher, and she has better health than ever." G. H. Hubbard, Hampden, Ohio.

Judge not from appearances, lest you err in your judgment.

White specks on the nails are lies.