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.

NB. No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription received 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—three insertions $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, JANUARY 30, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 21.

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.

LUMBER

SASH,

DOORS, BLINDS &c.

104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,

BALTIMORE.

TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak

LUMBER

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

50,000 WHITE PINE PEACH BOXES.

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.,
TUNIS' MILLS, MD.

January 14, 1882-1yr

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.

GO TO THE NEW

FURNITURE STORE

OF

R. H. T. COUNCELL,

In the STEWART BUILDING, adjoining Masonic Temple,

Where you will find it filled, besides his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions, Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.

UNDERTAKING!

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

House and Sign Painting and Paper Hanging

Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

J. F. Bateman, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, C. F. Eastman, J. R. Jarrell, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. Philip F. Thomas, Thomas K. Robson, Peter Stevens, W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders. Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Councell, Antonio DePasquale.

I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

Miscellaneous.

DARBYS

PROPHYLACTIC

FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.

Impure Air made harmless and purified.

For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.

Contagion destroyed.

For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.

Rheumatism cured.

Soft White Complexions secured by its use.

Ship Fever prevented.

To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.

Catarrh relieved and cured.

Erysipelas cured.

Burns relieved instantly.

Scars prevented.

Dysentery cured.

Wounds healed rapidly.

Scurvy cured.

An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.

I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—WM. F. SAMPSON, Eyrie, Ala.

SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED

A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. FARNSWORTH, Philadelphia.

Diphtheria Prevented.

The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. STOLTZNECK, Greensboro, Ala.

Tetter dried up.

Cholera prevented.

Ulcers purified and healed.

In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.

The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

Scarlet Fever Cured.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and deterger it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.

Darbys Fluid is Recommended by

Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia;
Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.;
Jos. LECONTE, Columbia, Prof., University, S.C.
Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University;
Rev. GEO. F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.

Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.

The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the acrid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating, which relieves the irritation that causes the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease, invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose raises the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be in every family.

In 25c. and $1 Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.

REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.
(DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Useful Receipts FREE on application.)

Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoar Hound for Coughs & Colds

Sines Dandelion Compound

Sines Rheumatic Extract

Sines Pills for the liver

25 cents a bottle all drug stores

THE DAY,

The Baltimore Democratic Paper.

WM. T. CROASDALE, Editor.

One of the Best Evening Papers in America—Published Every Evening Except Sunday.

$3 PER YEAR OR 25 CENTS PER MONTH.

THE WEEKLY EDITION OF THE DAY,

Issued Every Friday Morning,

Is a handsome eight-page paper, filled with News and Choice Reading Matter and containing nearly a whole page of vigorous editorial comments on current events. One of the largest and best weekly papers in the United States. Only one dollar a year.

SAMPLE COPY MAILED FREE.

WARNER C. GREENWOOD,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

RESIDENCE AT THE EASTON DEPOT.

Contracts for all kinds of Carpenter's work, and guarantees to give satisfaction in price and quality of work. Contracts solicited.

jan2,83yr

Veterinary Cosmoline.—Indispensable for horses. A fresh supply of spices and green ginger just received by HAYWARD & BRO.

POETRY.

THE TWO WOOINGS.

In a garden sweet with roses,
Mused a maid one summer day,
Dreaming 'mid the bloom and fragrance
Of the years long passed away.
"In this very garden olden,
I have heard my mother say,
Did my grandsire, proud and stately,
Woo a maiden fair and gay.
Gay and fair, my girlish grand-dame
(I have seen her pictured face),
Pure and sweet as any lily,
With a dainty, old-time grace.
He, so tall and grand and stately,
Powdered hair and quaint attire:
Yet beneath the garb of manhood
Beat a heart of youthful fire.
And he wooed in courtly phrases,
Murmured low on bended knee,
Like a true and loving subject—
Like a royal princess she.
Scarce he dared, with humble fervor,
Press her dainty finger-tips;
Lower bent his head, and lower,
When he raised them to his lips.
Ah, so grand that old-time wooing,
Timid glance and bended knee!"
"Thus" (so ran her gentle musings)
"Must my lover kneel to me."
In the garden as she lingered,
Dreaming dreams as maidens will.

Down the leafy walks there sounded
Steps that made her pulses thrill.
And a youth of modern aspect,
With a manner debonnair,
Came with words of careless greeting,
Sought the nearest garden chair,
And he chatted of the weather,
Praised the garden, plucked a rose;
Likened it to her in beauty—
Fairest, sweetest flower that grows.
Not a trace of awe or homage
On his frank and happy face;
Yet the maiden read his purpose
'Neath his mien of careless grace.
"Oh, his heart is true and tender!
Sweet the tale he has to tell!
And" (so ran her happy musing)
"Sure am I he loves me well."
Does he kneel, this modern lover?
Press her dainty finger-tips?
Ah! instead he clasps her closely,
Boldly kissing willing lips;
Eagerly, with eyes love lighted,
Gazes on her blushing face;
Calls her dearest, best and fairest,
Praises every tender grace.
"Stately was my grandsire's wooing,
On that olden summer day!
Yet" (thus ran her guileless musing)
"Sweeter far the modern way."

—Ada E. Rockwell in Century.

HE NEVER SUSPECTED IT.

A letter on the table lies;
I do not recognize the hand,
And yet my heart is throbbing, and
There's joy-light in my yearning eyes.

Is it from mother, old and gray,
Or from the little trusting maid,
Whose heart I won before I strayed
Out to the mountains, leagues away?

Before I break the seal I press
My lips upon the envelope,
And oh! a boundless wealth of hope
Is lavished in that soft caress.

Peace, fluttering heart! Oh! soul, sit still!
Why should my trembling frame recoil?
My letter comes from Bridget Doyle;
It is—it is my laundry bill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A COOL FELLOW.

Rats will fight desperately when death is the only alternative, and he is a wise man who keeps out of the reach of their teeth. The following anecdote shows how a man of "nerve" ought to act when the enemy is at very close range; A printer happened in at a hotel in Sacramento the other day just in time to join a group of men who were waiting to see a terrier kill a rat. The cage was opened and the rat most unexpectedly ran up the printer's leg inside his trousers. He did not scream or clutch, but clenched his hands, stood erect and coolly told those present to be quiet. "Now he is going up my knee: now he is up my thigh; now he has passed to the small of my back; now he rests. Don't strike; don't seize him. Here, take a small stick, tap gently just above the rascal—gently, gently. That's it; drive him down easily—don't provoke him. Now he moves; now he turns; press gently; now he descends; there he goes around my hip; now he turns downward; here he comes by my knee—there, he's out." And so he was, and the terrier forthwith monopolized him.

When Mr. Chase was Secretary of the Treasury, he kept in his house a tiny canary, one of the tamest of its kind, which seemed to have a special liking for the grave statesman. It was allowed to fly about the room freely, and had an invariable habit of calmly waiting beside the Secretary at dinner until Mr. Chase had used his finger bowl; then Master Canary would quietly take possession of it and indulge unchecked in a glorious bath.

A Frenchman is about to be beheaded. Under the guillotine a priest approaches him and says: "My friend, have you any last wish to make? The wish of a dying man is sacred." "Yes," replied the doomed man, "I want to learn English."

Arabi Pasha is not the hot-headed fool some people take him to be. He took a good million from the English treasury while he had his hand in—he had read about Robeson and other American patriots.

A Frenchman studying English declares that, inasmuch as a number of cows are cattle, why a number of cats are not called cowtle is a thing which he can't understand.

Do not suffer from Sick Headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. All druggists sell them.

"Dear me," said a good old lady who was unable to do all the work she wished. "I shall be glad when I get into eternity, so as to have plenty of time for every thing."

Miss Minnie Mears, Baltimore, Md., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters restored to me lost appetite, health and strength."

SELECT STORY.

The Stolen Love Letter.

In the uncertain flickering fire-light pretty Maggie Leslie sat pulling a rose to pieces. Her sister Kate watched her a few moments impatiently, and then said:

"What are you doing, Maggie? Tired of your new lover, eh?"

"What nonsense! I am not tired of my new lover, but I am angry at my old one."

"Very likely. When a girl has discharged a country clergyman with £300 a year for a baronet with £30,000, it is likely she will be angry at the poor lover troubling her memory."

"I should dismiss the country clergyman very readily from my memory, if he permitted me. I never thought Archie Fleming could have been so mean;" and Maggie threw the poor tattered remnant of a rose passionately away from her.

"I do not believe Cousin Archie Fleming could do a mean thing, Maggie. You must be mistaken."

"I wish I was. Come closer, Kate, and I will tell you all about it;" and the young girls seated themselves on a low otto man in a confidential attitude.

"Now, Maggie, when and what?"

"The 'when' was two evenings ago. Sir John and I were coming across the moor, just as happy as—as anything, and I thought Archie was in London, when we met him suddenly as we turned into the Hawthorne Path. And what do you think? They rushed into each others arms like—like two Frenchmen. I do believe they kissed each other. It was 'John' and 'Archie,' and hand-shaking, and, 'How are you, old fellow?' and that kind of thing, until I was quite disgusted. Men going on in that way are so ridiculous!

"By-and-by Sir John remembered me, and supposed 'Archie knew his fair parishioner, Miss Leslie,' and Archie bowed in the most distant manner, and said 'he had the honor of being my poor cousin.' Men never can keep anything, and before we had walked a quarter of a mile Sir John had contrived to let Archie know how matters stood between us."

"That was not very pleasant, but of course you were off with the old love before you were on with the new?"

"Not exactly. I had stopped writing to Archie and if he had an ounce of sense he might have guessed the reason."

Kate shook her head and looked grave.

'Now, Kate, don't be aggravating. The case is just this: Sir John and Archie, it seems, are old school friends, and Archie has all sorts of romantic notions about fidelity to his friend, and threatens to tell Sir John how badly I have treated him.'

'Then you have seen Archie?'

'Yes, I sent Dovie Baird to tell him to meet me in the conservatory last night.'

'How imprudent!'

'I had to do it. I wanted to coax Archie to let me off easily, and give me back all my letters. I must have the letters, Kitty. I really must.

'Well?'

'Well, he said some very disagreeable things—truths he called them—and I cried, and looked just as pretty as I could. He insisted I was in love with Sir John's title and money, and not with himself; and when I said that was not true, and that I loved Sir John very dearly, he got in quite a temper. It is my belief that he would rather I married for money than love if I don't marry him. That's the selfishness of men, Kitty. I wouldn't be as mean for anything. And oh, Kitty, he said he would not give me back my letters, and I must have them.'

'I should not worry about a few love letters.'

'Kitty, you don't know all, or you would not say that.'

'Tell me all, then.'

'I have sent Sir John just—the—same—letters, word for word. You know I never was good at composition, and when Clara Joyce was here, I got her to write me some beautiful love letters. She liked doing it, and I thought I might need them. I copied them for Archie, and they were so clever I copied them for Sir John. Now, Kitty, if Archie should show these letters, as he said he would, how both of them would laugh at me! I could not bear it.'

Kate looked very much troubled. 'Indeed, Maggie, you are right,' she answered. 'You must have your letters; and if Archie will not give you them, they must be stolen from him; that is all about it. It would never do to let him hold such a power over your poor little head, and it would be worse after you were married than before it. You are sure that he will not give them up?'

'He said he would never give them to me.'

'Perhaps he has burned them.'

'No, no, he could never bear to do that. Why he idolizes them, Kitty. Just before he went away he told me that they were laid in rose leaves in the drawer of his Indian cabinet.'

'Very good. Grandfather sent that cabinet to the parsonage. I dare say it is exactly like the one in his room. If so, it is likely grandfather's key will open the minister's.'

'Oh, Kate, you durst not do such a thing!'

'I dare, under the circumstances. Of two evils one should choose the least. Anything, almost, is better than giving a rejected lover such a power over you. It would be different if it were me. I would defy him, and take the telling in my own hands.'

I could not do that. Archie might tease me to death first.'

'I know, you dear, foolish little woman. But you shall have your letters, Maggie, so go to bed and sleep soundly on my promise.'

'When?'

'Perhaps to-morrow. Archie dines with the bishop to-morrow. I shall find no better opportunity, I think.'

The next morning proved to be one of those drenching days quite characteristic of an English November. Still about 3 o'clock, Miss Leslie insisted on riding to the village. Her grandfather made some opposition, but soon gave in to 'Kate's set ways,' and her decided declaration, 'that she would be ill without her gallop.'

Arriving at the village, she stopped at the parsonage door, and nodded pleasantly to the housekeeper, who opened it. She said she was very wet, and would like to see her cousin, and dry her habit.

The parson was gone to the bishop's, but if Miss Leslie would come in, there was a fire in his parlor, and she could warm her feet, and have a warm cup of tea; and Miss Leslie, after a little more pressing, consented to do so.

She permitted Martha to remove her hat and bring her some tea, and then sent her down to give the groom a glass of mulled ale. 'I shall rest half an hour, Martha, and if Cousin Archie is not back by that time, must go, or else I shall not reach home before dark.'

As soon as the door was shut she glanced around the room. It was a cozy place full of bachelor comforts, and pleasantly littered with books and papers. The Indian cabinet stood in a little recess between the two windows. She quietly selected her grandfather's key and tried the lock. It opened at once, and with an ease that showed its constant use, and the first thing that greeted her was the faint scent of rose leaves.

But the letters were not in the drawers, and she was on the point of closing the cabinet in despair, when she remembered her grandfather had a secret door that slipped away, and hid a closet between the drawers. It was likely Archie had the same. She sought the spring, and it responded to her touch, and there lay the letters, all tied together in one little bundle. There were not more than half a dozen, and Kate, with a smile of relief and satisfaction, put them in her pocket, and locked the cabinet.

She had scarcely done so when she heard some one open the front door with a pass key and come straight up the stairs. In a moment she had decided that it was not Archie's footstep, and that it must be one of his intimate friends. In a moment, also, she had decided that if she did not know him, he should not know her. Whoever it was, he did not at once come to the parlor; he went into an adjoining room, removed his wet coat and boots, and came lounging in with slippers on his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

Kate had just finished arranging her hat and gloves, and was going quietly out of one door when he entered by the other. For a moment they stood and looked blankly at each other; the next, Kate advanced a few steps, and said: 'I am waiting to see the clergyman. Do you know how soon he will return, sir?'

'I think he will be here immediately,' answered the new comer, whose first instinct was to say the thing most likely to detain so beautiful a girl. 'I am sorry to have intruded but I will retire at once, if you desire it.'

'By no means, sir. I shall not remain longer. I expected my brother with Mr. Fleming, but as my groom is with me, there is no need to wait, especially as it is likely to be dark very early.'

'I left Mr. Fleming at the bishop's with three other clergymen. Your brother—'

'O my brother is not a clergyman;' and then suddenly remembering a friend of Archie's who lived at least ten miles away, she said: 'I am Miss Crowther, of Hill Top—perhaps you know Mr. Harry Crowther?'

The young gentleman looked at Kate in utter amazement. In fact he was Mr. Harry Crowther himself, and he was not aware that he had ever had a sister. 'Who was this beautiful girl claiming so pleasant a kinship with him?'

But almost with the announcement, Kate disappeared. He watched her horse brought round, and saw her mount and ride away, and then sat down to smoke in a whirl of curiosity and excitement. 'What a bright face! What frank, charming manners! What a figure! I wish to everything I had a sister—or something else—like that girl. I do wonder who she is?' The next moment he had rung the bell, and pulled the bell rope down.

'Hawks, Mr. Harry. I knew that it was you a ringing, because Mr. Archie never rings in that outrageous way. What be you wanting, sir?'

'I want to know, Martha, who that young lady is that left the house about twenty minutes ago?"

"Well may you ask, which to do shows your good sense. That is Miss Kate Leslie, sir—Mr. Archie's cousin—a very beautiful young lady, sir, and a good one, and proud her grandfather is of her."

"That is all, Martha."

"Very well, sir."

When Archie returned he found Harry Crowther pacing the room in the greatest impatience. "How long you have been!" he exclaimed; "and there has been the most beautiful girl waiting for you; and by everything! she says she is my sister; and, still funnier, she did not know that I was her brother."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"Just what I say."

"Oh, this is too bad! I must ask Martha about it. She ought not to permit strangers to come into my rooms."

"Stop, Archie. I have asked Martha. Her name was Miss Kate Leslie."

"My cousin Kate. Now what could have brought her here this wet day?" He thought immediately of his interview with Maggie, and of her anxiety about her letters. "Poor little girl," he said, mentally; "I must not punish her any longer. I will take her letters to her to-morrow."

So the next afternoon he put on his hat and coat, and went to the cabinet for them. Of course they were not there. For one moment he was confounded; the next, his mind had instinctively divined the hand that had robbed him. He was very angry with his cousin Kate. He knew at once it was altogether her doing. If Maggie had even dared to try, she would have screamed in the attempt, and betrayed herself.

It was with a very stern face that he entered the parlor where Kate was sitting, and he would not see the hand she held out to him. When they were alone, she asked at once: 'Why won't you shake hands, Archie?'

'How can you expect me, Kate, to take the hand—'

"That robbed me.' Say it if you wish."

'I was going to say it. Why did you do it?'

'Because you were torturing little Maggie, and I will not have her worried about a few letters. They were hers, not yours.'

'I think they were mine.'

'That shows a man's honesty in love matters. The letters were sent to you under a supposition that you were to fill a certain relationship to Maggie. You were found incompetent for that position, and the favors relating to it ought to have been returned. A dismissed ambassador might just as well keep the insignia of his office.'

'Sit down, Kate, and don't put yourself in a passion. Have I ever done an unkind thing to either Maggie or you since we were children together?'

'No, Archie, you have not.'

'Do you really think I would?'

'You said you would tell Sir John things about Maggie, and that would be unkind. Maggie loves Sir John very much.'

'It would never hurt Maggie. As your pastor, and as your cousin, let me say I think you have behaved in a very improper manner.'

'Archie!'

'Very improper, indeed. You ought to have come to me. I would have given you the poor, dear, little letters; and as for telling Sir John anything to open his eyes, I like him far too well. The only way to be happy in love is to be blind.'

'You think that is very satirical, I dare say.'

'No, I do not. I am awaiting for your apology, Kate. You know you ought to make one.'

Kate sat, with burning cheeks, tapping the floor with her foot, and Archie stood calmly watching her. At last she said: 'You are right, Archie.' Then, putting her hand in her pocket: 'Here are the letters; do what you like with them. I trust you.'

He took them tenderly, and threw them into the fire, and mournfully watched them turn to gray ashes. Kate's eyes were full of painful tears.

'Archie,' she said, 'forgive me. I acted very impulsively and very imprudently. I am ashamed of myself. There is something else I must tell you about this miserable affair. I saw a gentleman in your parlor, and I gave myself a false name to him.'

'Oh, Kate, see how one fault will lead to another. If you had been doing right you would not have been ashamed to confess you were Kate Leslie. Do you know the lady whose name you borrowed?'

'No, I knew nothing about such a person.'

'Then I will go with you, and you must make an apology to the family.'

'Must I do this?'

'You must. It is the least you can do.'

'Very well, Archie, I will do it.'

But this part of the punishment was long delayed. The next morning Kate was very ill, and a severe attack of rheumatic fever confined her for weeks to her room. Then the fatigue and excitement consequent on Maggie's marriage threw her back into the inertia of invalidism, and the adventure was almost forgotten in its painful results.

As the warm weather came on she improved, and began to go into society again. One day there was a lawn party at the bishop's and she promised to meet Archie there. She was sitting resting under a great oak, when she saw him coming toward her. A gentleman was with him, whom she recognized at a glance; she had introduced herself once to him as Miss Crewther. What was Archie going to do to her? She felt almost like crying; but she stood bravely up as they advanced, and in her white muslin dress, with roses at her waist and throat, she made a very lovely picture.

'Good afternoon, Cousin Kate.'

'Cousin Archie, good afternoon.'

'Kate, this is my friend, Harry Crowther.'

She blushed violently, but did not lose her self possession. 'I have met Mr. Crowther before, once when I was on a little private masquerade, and assumed the charcter of his sister. I hope I am forgiven.'

'If I had a sister, she would have been honored by the assumption. Since the momentary favor I have never ceased to regret my want.'

They sat long under the pleasant shade, and in the evening rode slowly home together under the July moon. Before they parted both had acknowledged to their hearts an interest that might be a dearer tie than even that of brother and sister.

For a few weeks Harry Crowther was constantly coming with Archie to call on the Leslies either for one pretext or another. Then he began to come by himself, and then to come without any pretext at all. It had been long evident to Archie that Harry and Kate loved each other very dearly, and at last the dim eyes of the grandfather began to perceive how matters stood.

"Kittie," he said, one night, after waiting patiently through a 'good-night' that lasted an hour and a-half—'Kittie, why does Harry Crowther come here so often?'

'Because we do not believe in writing, grandfather. Love letters once nearly cost me my life;' and leaning fondly on her grandfather's neck, Kittie told him the fault of which she had been guilty, and the pain and shame it had caused her.

'Never pays, Kittie, to do evil that good may come; the price is too high.'

'You forgive me, grandfather?'

'Yes, Kittie, with all my heart.'

'Harry has forgiven me, too. You see after taking his name in jest, it is right to make the *amende honorable* by taking it in earnest. So grandfather, if you will let me, I am going to be Mrs. Crowther instead of Miss Crowther. May Harry ask you to-morrow?'

'Yes, he may ask me. He has asked you I suppose?'

'Oh, yes.'

'And we are to have a wedding, and no love letters. I never heard of such a thing.'

'A wedding, and no love letters, grandfather. Love letters are slow, and old-fashioned, and very dangerous. We have adopted visits and telegrams in their place.'

A violent politician in New York had his portrait painted, and refused to pay for it. The artist, not being inclined to keep the article on hand, added a pair of asses ears and exposed it for sale at his window. The family bought it for twice its value.

"Do you think that souls separated here are united hereafter?" asked a pale emaciated pietist of his friend. "I hope not," was the chilling reply. "It cost me a pretty good figure to get a divorce, and when I invested that money I invested it for time and eternity."

George Miser, Baltimore, Md., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best remedy I have found for indigestion."

EMINENT DR. J. J. CALDWELL, BALTIMORE, MD., states: "I have used COLLEN'S LIQUID BEEF TONIC largely in Debility, Febrile and Nervous Diseases, and I have found it one of *the most reliable of nutrient tonics in use or to be found in pharmacy*" (*Take no other.*) Of Druggists.

The Flesh Speedily Reunites

When obstinate sores are cleansed with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP. Of Druggist.

HILLS HAIR AND WHISKERS DYE, black or brown, 50 cents.

Medical.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. Hearing of your Brown's Iron Bitters, I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called *the king of medicines.*

JOHN K. ALLENDER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

SPECIAL

To the Readers of "THE STAR."

The undersigned, who has been identified with the Hardware and Implement business since its first institution on this Peninsula, begs to announce to the community the fact that he has leased and removed into the large store room lately occupied by Avery & Co. in the same business, and second door south of the room he has just vacated.

In announcing change of location I take occasion to state that my stock is in the very best condition and is very full and complete. The Farmer, Housekeeper, Blacksmith, Wheelwright, Carpenter, Builder, Carriage Maker, in fact all trades and occupations can be promptly supplied and on the most liberal conditions.

I solicit a continuance of public patronage and will spare no pains to make the same mutually agreeable and profitable.

Very Respectfully,

THOS. C. NICOLS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

I have just returned from the City with a full line of

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

FOR

MEN, YOUTHS,

BOYS & CHILDREN!

GENTS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

Large Size Pants

Always on hand.

I have just added to my stock a full line of

HATS,

TRUNKS.

VALISES & SATCHELS

Which will be sold at the Lowest Prices.

MOSES HERZ,

WASHINGTON STREET.

You Can Get Lamps of all designs and styles, from the little Night Lamp to the handsome Chandelier, and at prices that will please you, at R. J. Trippe's.

GERMAN AND MUSIC.

PROF. ROSENSWEIG, late of Heubsin, Germany, will give lessons in the German language as spoken. Terms, $15.00 for each Class-Course. Single pupils at home, $20.00. Also in Vocal and Instrumental Music, Piano, Pipe and Cabinet Organ, and Violin. Terms, 50 cents each lesson. Apply at Mrs. Roberts' Boarding House. nov14-3m

To Smokers.—Imported Key West and Domestic Cigars. All the popular brands of cigarettes, at Hayward & Brother's.