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.

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 (12 lines) one insertion $1; and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements not sent to the Office marked for the number of times to be inserted, will be charged 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, Tales and General News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 35.

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,

When 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 kindly 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. Sperry, 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, Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Counsell, Antonio DePaccorable, Builders.

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.

HANNIBAL,

No. 2191.

I would call the attention of the breeders of fine horses to the STANDARD-BRED horse HANNIBAL, No. 2191, will four years old, 2.30, by Woodford Mambrino, 2.21¾. Dam, Lady McKenny; also the dam of Nil Desperandum, 2.24¾.

For size, speed and disposition Hannibal is the equal of any horse, and the best that ever stood in Maryland.

"What's his Number?" We are now just entering upon the season of the year when cross-roads, blacksmith shops, village barrooms and other places are ornamented with an immense amount of "horse literature." A great many of them will be announced as "standard bred trotters," and frequent reference will be made to the Trotting Register to prove it. The "pedigrees" will contain an overwhelming array of distinguished horses, and never think of stopping short of the Godolphin Arabian. All that is needed to prick the bubble is simply to ask the owner "What's his number?"—[Wallace Monthly, Vol. IX.

I am authorized by Mr. T. W. Martin, the owner of Hannibal, to give two hundred dollars in premiums to the best three colts to be shown August, 1885. To the best three years old, in harness, $100; to the best two years old, $50; and to the best yearling, $50. To those having his colts I would say, please have them in readiness, as I will see that the money is forthcoming. Hannibal will make the season of 1883 on the same terms as last year.

TERMS.

Will make the season in Talbot county at $30 to insure. Owners parting with mares will forfeit insurance money. Mares from a distance, or out of the county, will be charged $30 the season, with the privilege of return next year free, in case of failure, provided the horse is in my possession. Groom fee, 50 cents.

JOHN K. GAULE,
Trappe, Talbot county, Md.

feb20,83

The Thoroughbred Stallion

GARRICK,

Sired by Lexington, out of the imported English race mare Inverness, will make the season at my farm near Tunis' Mills.

Garrick is a bay horse, 8 years old, formerly owned by Mr. P. Lorillard, and was very successful on the turf, having beaten Parole, Bushwhacker, Rhadamanthus, Idalia and other celebrities.

Mares can be sent to Garrick at the low price of $10 the season. 50 cents to groom.

ROBERT HOUGH.

mar30

SEASON OF 1883.

THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION

PERALTO.

DESCRIPTION.

Dark Brown horse, foaled 1877, height 16¼ hands, weight 1200 pounds.

PEDIGREE.

Sired by Pierson, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian; dam Fashion by Hiatoga Chief.

TERMS.

$25 the season (March 20 to June 20); mares missing can be bred back free of charge the following spring. Fifty cents to groom for each mare.

ROBERT HOUGH,
Tunis Mills, Talbot County, Md.
FRISBY HOLLAND, Groom
mar6-2m

The Trotting Stallion

North America,

4 years old, dark bay, 16 hands high, registered in Bruce's American Trotting Register, possesses courage, spirit, speed, power, action and endurance, and will make the season of 1883 in Talbot county.

For pedigree and terms see the book in the hands of the groom, George Jones.

JAMES M. COWGILL.

mar27tf

Season 1883.

THE STANDARD-BRED STALLION

WELCOME,

Registered in Vol. II, page 440, Wallace's Stock Register.

By Aberdeen, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Welcome's dam Grecian Bend by Jupiter Abdallah; he by Jupiter, and he by Long Island Blackhawk.

Aberdeen, the sire of Welcome, with very limited opportunities in the stud, has SIX representatives in the 2.30 list, with records from 2.15½ to 2.28. He now stands in Kentucky at $150 a season.

Welcome, though never trained, is quite a trotter, easily showing a 2.40 gait. He is a blood bay, 15½ hands, and weighs 1000 pounds.

TERMS:

He will make the season of 1883, commencing on the 20th of March and ending on the 20th of June, at $25 the season. Groom fee 50 cents.

CLARENCE LEVERING,
Easton, Talbot county, Md.

mar13-2m

SIBLEY'S SEEDS

OF ALL PLANTS, FOR ALL CROPS, FOR ALL CLIMATES.

We are the largest farmers, largest seed growers and largest seed dealers anywhere; hence have greatest facilities for producing Best Seeds. All our Seeds are tested, and only the best sent out. Our annual Catalogue and Price-List mailed FREE to all applicants.

GREATEST SEED STORE IN THE WORLD TO YOUR OWN NOOK. It includes all the desirable new and standard varieties of Flower, Vegetable Field and Tree Seeds, and Plants. Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List mailed FREE to all applicants.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. Seedsmen
Rochester, N. Y. and Chicago, Ill.

WORMS

In the human body EXPELLED by using CLARKE'S VERMIFUGE WORM SYRUP! A pleasant remedy. It is sure and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.

For Sale by E. J. TRIPPE.

Blanks.—The finest assortment and the finest illustrating oil in the market. For sale by Hayward & Bro., sole agents for Talbot co.

DARBYS

PROPHYLACTIC

FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallowness, 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.

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. FARRINGTON, Philadelphia.

Scarlet Fever Cured.

Diphtheria Prevented.

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

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. SANFORD, Eyrie, 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."

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and deodorant 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.

THE WALTER A. WOOD

IMPROVED

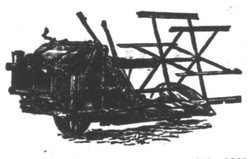
Twine Self Binding Harvester

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL

Twine-Binder Put Upon the Market,

AND

Acknowledged the Best in the Country.



This Self-Binder first perfected in 1880, and proved by three successful harvests to meet the utmost desires of farmers, enabling them without trouble to harvest their wheat crop independently of labor combinations, is again offered to the farmers of Talbot and adjacent counties with the confident assurance that it will give them entire satisfaction. Of the numerous Walter A. Wood Twine-Binders sold in Talbot county in 1882 and warranted, *not one single machine was returned.*

One of the machines has been put up and may be seen at the Carriage Factory of Wm. Mason & Sons, near the Easton Market House, and farmers are invited to call and inspect it.

TESTIMONIALS.

We append a few certificates of Talbot farmers who bought and used the Walter A. Wood Twine Self-Binding Harvester in 1882.

TRAPPE, MD., April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe—Gents: The Walter A. Wood Self-Binder I purchased of you last season works to my entire satisfaction cutting about 100 acres without breaking or getting out of order. It is so simple that any person that can drive a team can operate it. It is as light draft as any machine I know, and binds three sizes of sheaves, all uniform and tight.

SAMUEL J. GRIFFIN.

LANDING NECK, Talbot co., April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe—Sirs: The Walter A. Wood Self-Binder I purchased of you last season gave me perfect satisfaction. I cut my crop with very little labor to myself or my team. I witnessed the trial at Col. F. C. Goldsborough's of several of the leading machines sold here and am satisfied that my machine is the peer of any machine I have yet seen work, and I would cheerfully recommend the Wood to any person that may need a Binder, believing as I do that it is the lightest and most desirable machine on the market, and the easiest operated, the driver having complete control of the binder.

CHARLES UNDERWOOD.

EASTON, April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe—Gents: Desiring to purchase a Self-Binding Machine last year, it was sometime before I could decide what machine to buy. I finally settled on the Wood, and I am free to say I have never regretted my choice. The machine worked to my satisfaction, runs light, ties tight, and binds a uniform sheaf.

ABNER MORTON.

EASTON, April, 1883.

Messrs. Roe & Roe, Agts.—Sirs: The Walter A. Wood Self-Binder purchased of you last season gave me perfect satisfaction. I cut 117 acres in seven days, using at no time more than 3 horses, and they all small, weighing about 800 pounds each.

JAMES A. ROE, JR.

FOR SALE BY

A K ROE, Easton.
E. T. ROE, Chapel.
WM. T. H. SEYMOUR, Trappe.

apr21-2m

The Latest Novelty

The Sackett Pulverizing Plow,

now on exhibition; claimed to be one of the most valuable labor-saving implements ever offered.

CALL AND SEE IT.

Due notice will be given of a public trial in a few days on a lot near town. See my New Ground Plows and learn prices. "Advance" Chilled Plows give unbounded satisfaction. Small plows in large variety. Agricultural Implements in full supply.

THOS. C. NICOLS.

POETRY.

TIME AND THE MAIDEN.

A little girl rock'd in a fairy boat,
By the waves of the river of life afloat,
And her golden tresses and laughter gay
Floated back on the breeze as she sped away;
And she gaily cried to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray;
And bear me away from this blossoming wood
To the beautiful island of maidenhood."

The maiden's isle has been reached and passed,
Still oh and beyond is her fond gaze cast,
As she cries again to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For my lover is waiting by yonder shore,
With a gilded bark and a golden oar;
Love sits at the helm to cheer and guide,
And he waiteth for me, his chosen bride."

Oh, love, what a beautiful freight hast thou!
The bark is laden from stem to prow,
And the mother gazes with loving pride
On her mate, and the dear ones who throng her side;
Yet still she cries to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For Wealth, and Fame, and Honor await
My loved ones when they shall reach man's estate."

And now the river is deep and wide,
And branches flow from its either side,
And the children to man and womanhood grown,
Are launching forth in boats of their own.
And the mother cries, with a sudden fear,
"Oh, tarry, gray boatman, yet longer here;
Why hurry on with such speed, I pray?
You are bearing my loved ones all away."

Again she rocks in a boat alone,
And her heart keeps time to the waves' low moan,
As she feebly cries, to the boatman gray,
"Ply faster your tardy oars, I pray,
For the dear ones have gone from my loving care,
They have drifted out on the sea so fair,
And I long to be with them and part no more,
On the tireless waves of the golden shore."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SOUNDING BRASS.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity," which is love, "I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

It was Sergeant White who repeated the words thoughtfully to himself, nearly two hundred years ago, while his gaze was rivetted upon the glowing rim and cavernous hollow of a ponderous brazen object.

Matters had come to a crisis in the spring of 1703. The family had "gone a-sugaring" in Mr. Hoyt's "plantation" of maples, and the Sergeant and Mary had been left to watch the great kettle of sap as it seethed and boiled over the coals. The text which heads our story was one from which the Rev. John Williams had preached on the preceding Sunday, and the sermon had been the subject of conversation that day.

"I fear me much that thou art but as that kettle, Judah," was the remark of Goodwife Hoyt as she moved away after another bucket of sap—"mere sounding brass and a tinkling cow-bell."

Roguish Sally Hoyt, the younger sister of modest Mary, could not forbear a saucy fling at the lovers.

"Yea, Judah, art thou like the kettle," she said striking it a rap with the paddle with which she was stirring its contents. But the kettle full to the brim of syrup, failed to respond with its usual resonant ring. "Hearest thou, Sergeant? It is no more 'sounding brass,' the reason thereof being that it is so filled with fire and sweetness that it can hold no more. The same being a token, brethren, as our godly pastor would say, that the heart of our beloved brother Sergeant Wright is so filled with that charity which is love, that he hath lost his proper and natural brazen-facedness, and can no more convey the knowledge of his condition to the lady of his choice than can this kettle utter the clamor which is natural unto it."

"Go thy ways for a saucy hussy," exclaimed Mary, with sudden consciousness, and with a mocking laugh the merry girl was gone. But the fat was in the fire, and when Goodwife Hoyt returned with more sap, she found the syrup there too, and the Sergeant kissing the unresisting Mary behind a neighboring maple. For which wanton proceeding the good woman, since she could not banish him from her family, sent away her daughter to dwell with a distant relative, saying ere she went:

"I do prophesy that this silly affection will presently fail; so long as I have a tongue in my mouth I will speak against it, for the knowledge that I have of Sergeant Wright tendeth not to edifying."

The Sergeant did not reply verbally; but when Mary in her exile opened her Bible to the chapter containing the text which had led to a declaration, she was attracted to another which bore marginal notes in a well-known hand and which seemed to answer for him:

"Charity," which is love, "never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."

Time passed on, and one winter's night the French and Indians burst upon the little town of Deerfield, and carried it away captive. The last sight that Sergeant caught through the open kitchen door was of the great brass kettle which he and Mr. Hoyt had the night before filled with wort or new beer, standing by the side of Mary's ironing board; then the blazing timbers fell over both with a deafening crash and he was marched away with pinioned arms.

The horrors of that captivity are too well known to need repetition. Through them all Sergeant Wright, by his manly heroism and patient endurance, his care for Sally, and filial devotion to Mrs. Hoyt, at last so won her unwilling heart, that she was constrained to admit that the old prejudicial knowledge which she had of him had vanished away.

The efforts put forth by the French to induce the captives to remain in Canada are notorious. A young French officer having fallen in love with Sallie Hoyt, a Jesuit priest endeavored to persuade her to the marriage. After a sermon from the texts Deuteronomy xxi, 10-13: "When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire that thou wouldst have her to thine wife, then she . . . shall remain in thine house, and thou shalt be her husband, and she shall be thy wife," and 1 Timothy v, 14: "I will, therefore, that the younger women marry," etc., he addressed her personally before the congregation. Sally, remembering how her random shaft had in time past stirred up Sergeant White to an expression of his feelings, and having in mind a bashful lover, a certain shock-headed Ebenezer Nims, more generally known as the "Nim's boy," for whom she had an inexplicable good will and who had been "captivated with her," as the ancient chronicle stated with more truth than it knew, answered adroitly that she had no ill will toward marriage as a state, but that she preferred to wed with one of her own people, and requested that "inquisition should be made" whether there were not one willing to become her husband among the captives. A cold shudder ran down Sergeant Wright's spinal column. Who could the child mean but him? Had she misinterpreted his brotherly care and affection? And yet she knew of his love for her sister. It was with a great sigh of relief that he saw "the Nims boy" suddenly start from his seat, a timid, shrinking boy no longer, but transformed on the instant by the girl's challenge to as brave a knight as ever tilted in tourney for lady's love, and running the gauntlet of the eyes of friend and foe, placed himself at her side.

The wily Jesuit was caught in his own toils; he acknowledged it by marrying them upon the spot, and adding by way of benediction to the usual Latin formula—"Mulier hominis confusio est."

When the younger sister marries before the elder it is the custom, in some parts of the country, to bring on the brass kettle and make the slighted one dance in it. Neither sister nor kettle were present on this occasion, but the time was not far distant when both would be found again. The captives were to be returned. Sergeant Wright had believed all along, in spite of the mountains of difficulty in the way, that this would be; and yet he said to himself on that homeward march, "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity," which is love, "it profiteth me nothing." And in the joy of their first meeting, the only words Mary Hoyt could utter were: "Charity suffereth long—beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity never faileth."

On their wedding day, they visited the site of the old homestead. There, in the hollow that had been the cellar, lay the old brass kettle, and in it a flat-iron that had fallen off Mary's ironing-board. The wort with which the kettle had been filled had prevented it from entirely melting, and since she could not dance in it at her sister's wedding, she was lifted in it now by her husband and danced in it at her own.—[Galaxy.

Bill Arp on Nature and Superstitions.

There are some curious things about Indian corn, and one is where do the red ears and the speckled ears come from when you don't plant any but white corn; and another is, why don't we find an ear with an odd number of rows on it? You can find a four-leaf clover, but I have never found the odd row on an ear of corn yet. It is always fourteen, or sixteen, or twenty, or some even number, and I would like to understand what corn knows about mathematics, and what objection nature has to odd numbers. But nature is full of mysteries. I was looking at some honey-comb the other day, and wondered how it could be made so true and uniform and perfect even under a microscope, and yet be all made in the dark. And I would like to know how the lightning-bug kindles the fire so suddenly, and I've noticed that there is not only light in it to show him how to travel, but there is power in it that pushes him forward and always upward. He rises as he lights, which is a good emblem. When a man sets himself up as a preacher, or a teacher, or a statesman, and undertakes to throw light around upon the people, he ought to so live by precept and example that he would rise higher and higher as he luminated. And right before me in front of the piazza are two vines climbing a cane—one a madeira and the other a jessamine—and they cross each other at every round climbing in opposite directions, and I have tried to make 'em reverse, but they won't. You may tie one with a string, but it will squirm and twist out of it and go according to its nature. This weather is good for some things. I never saw as fine a prospect for turnips and sweet potatoes, and then the flowers keep on blooming, and I don't have to water 'em every day like I did last summer. But these dog-days are very unpopular, for they say that fresh meat won't keep, and milk turns sour, and children have boils, grown folks have headaches, and mosquitoes sing around and snakes perambulate. They say that dog-days begin when the dog-star rises with the sun and lasts about a month, and the ancients who worshipped the stars believed that when the dog-star and the sun got so close together they went to fussing and the malignant influence of their quarrels was felt all over the universe. This superstition has been handed down to us from the generations who have gone before, and it shows how long a superstition will hang on to our nature. It is like seeing the new moon over the left shoulder, or through the brush of a tree, or like beginning a journey, or to make a new garment on Friday. It is astonishing how we let these senseless superstitions take hold of us, even when we don't believe in them at all. I staid over night once with a man of more than ordinary sense—a strong-minded, well-balanced man—and when I asked him why the carpenter who built his new house didn't ceil up that hole overhead, he said he would't let him, for it was bad luck to finish a house, and that plank was left off on purpose; and when that man forgot anything and went back after it he always made a cross-mark on the ground and spat in it before he turned round. There is a clever old woman living near us who makes lye soap for my wife and she makes it by the moon, and declares most solemnly she can't make good soap any other way. And Green Foster told me that if a man had a big lot of children and wanted his hog meat to make a heap of gravy he must kill his pork in the dark of the moon, for then it would shrink and juice away; but if he wanted it to swell up and make a big show he must kill it while the moon was on the increase. I'm sorry I didn't know that when I was raising my flock, for they were powerful fond of gravy, and it was a trouble sometimes to get enough for 'em without a great sacrifice of meat.—[Atlanta Constitution.

A boy was sent for a doctor, his mother being ill, when looking down the street he saw a great crowd. Then came a struggle between duty and curiosity, but he finally started for the crowd, saying: "The old lady's pretty badly off, but I know she wouldn't want me to miss that fight."

Ezekiel Gray, Baltimore, says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for loss of appetite and lung disease and have been benefited."

A High Up Mason.

THE MAN WITH THE 228 DOWERS.

A middle-aged lady, with a black alpaca dress, worn shiny at the elbows, and a cheap shawl, and a cheap bonnet, and her hands puckered up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out, went into the office of a prominent Mason a few mornings since, and took a chair. She wiped her nose and the perspiration from her face on a blue-checked apron, and when the Mason looked at her, with an interested, brotherly look, as though she was in trouble, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?"

He blushed, told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land. She hesitated a moment, fingered the corner of her apron, and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the whole two hundred and thirty-three degrees of Masonry?"

The man laughed and told her there were only thirty-three degrees, and that he had only taken thirty-two. The other degree could only be taken by a very few who were recommended by the Grand Lodge, and they had to go to New York to get the thirty-third degree.

The lady studied a minute, unpinned the safety-pin that held her shawl together, and put it in her mouth, took a long breath, and said:

"Where does my husband get the other two hundred degrees then?"

The prominent Mason said he guessed her husband never got two hundred degrees, unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to set up with a corpse three nights a week?" she asked, her eyes flashing fire. "And do they keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to set up with the other three nights?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that few Masons died, and only occasionally was one sick enough to call for Masonic assistance.

"But why do you ask these questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason.

The woman picked the fringe of her shawl, hung her head down, and said:

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people every night since. He has come home twice with the wrong pair of drawers on, and when I asked him how it was, he said it was a secret he could not reveal under the penalty of being shot from a cannon. All he would say was that he took a degree. I have kept a little track of it, and I figure that he has taken two hundred and thirty-three degrees, including the grand Sky Fugle degrees, which he took the night he came home with his lip cut, and his ear hanging by a piece of skin."

"O, madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fugle degree in Masonry. Your husband has deceived you."

"That's what I think," said she, as a baleful light appeared in her eye. "He said he was taking the Sky Fugle degree, and fell through the sky-light. I had him sewed up and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken about a hundred and fifty degrees, I told him I should think that he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for the winter, but he said when a man once got started on the degrees he had to take them all, or he didn't amount to anything. Sometimes a brother Mason comes homes with him along in the morning, and they talk about a 'full flush,' and about their 'pat hands,' and 'raising 'em on.' One night when he was asleep I heard him whisper: 'I raise you ten dollars,' and when I asked him what it meant he said they had been raising a purse for a poor widow. Another time he raised up in bed, after he had been asleep, and shouted, 'I stand pat,' and when I asked him what he meant he said he was ruined if I told it. He said he had spoken the pass-word, but if the brethren heard it they would put him out of the way. Mister, is 'I stand pat' your pass-word?"

The Mason told her it was not. That the words she had spoken was an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he added that he didn't believe her husband was a Mason at all, but that he had been lying to her all these years.

She sighed and said, "That's what I thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pocket. He said they used them at the lodge to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue chip rejects a candidate. If you will look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be much obliged to you. He says he has taken all the two hundred and thirty-three degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Knights of Pythias. I want to get out an injunction to prevent him from joining anything else until we get some underclothes for winter. I'll tell you what I will do: the next time he says anything about Sky Fugle degrees I will take a washboard and make him think that there is one degree in Masonry that he has skipped, and now good-bye. You have comforted me greatly, and I will lay awake to-night till my husband comes from the lodge with his 'pat hand,' and I will make him think he has forgot his 'ante.'"

The lady went out to a grocery to buy some bar soap, and the prominent Mason resumed his business with a feeling that we are not truly good, and there is cheating going on all around.—[Peck's Sun.

Gave it Up.

The custom of appointing young lawyers to defend pauper criminals, says the San Antonia, Tex., Herald, received a back seat the other day in our District Court. His Honor, Judge Noonan, had appointed two young lawyers to defend an old and experienced horse thief. After inspecting his counsel for some time in silence, the prisoner rose in his place and addressed the bench:

"Air them to defend me?"

"Yes, sir," said his Honor.

"Both of 'em?" inquired the prisoner.

"Both of them," responded the Judge.

"Then I plead guilty," and the poor devil took his seat and sighed heavily.

A voice from the "Waste Paper Basket" of Punch.—Cynical and waggish friend to editor—"I suppose you often get good things sent you?"

Editor (incautiously)—"Occasionally."

Cynical wag—"Ah! but they never appear." [Chuckles.]

Editor—"So disappointed contributors always tell me."

An old Irish soldier who prided himself on his bravery, said he had fought at the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied: "Be jabers, those that didn't run are there yit!"

Officer A. F. Mears, of the Baltimore police force, says Brown's Iron Bitters cured him of dyspepsia and loss of appetite.

Know

That BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Will insure a hearty appetite and increased digestion.

Cures general debility, and gives a new lease of life.

Dispels nervous depression and low spirits.

Restores an exhausted nursing mother to full strength and gives abundant sustenance for her child.

Strengthens the muscles and nerves, enriches the blood.

Overcomes weakness, wakefulness, and lack of energy

Keeps off all chills, fevers, and other malarial poison.

Will infuse with new life the weakest invalid.

37 Walker St., Baltimore, Dec. 18th.—For six years I have been a great sufferer from Blood Disease, Dyspepsia, and Consumption, and became so debilitated that I could not retain anything on my stomach, in fact, life had almost become a burden. Finally, when hope had almost left me, my husband seeing BROWN'S IRON BITTERS advertised in the paper, induced me to give it a trial. I am now taking the third bottle and have not felt so well in six years as I do at the present time.
MRS. L. F. GRIFFIN.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS will have a better tonic effect upon any one who needs "bracing up," than any medicine made.

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 invigorates the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A List 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 relaxes 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

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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 well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, promotes appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sirs*: For ten years I have been a sufferer from 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.

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In Talbot county; commencing on the 20th of March and ending on the 20th of June, at

$30.00 TO INSURE.

Parting with a mare forfeits the insurance money.

Whalebone Prince was sired by J. H. Powers' Whalebone, he by Old Whalebone, a celebrated trotter.

Whalebone Prince's dam was the fast trotting mare Flora, from Titusville, Pa., as fine a mare as was ever brought from the North.

Whalebone Prince is four years old, a handsome sorrel, 16½ hands high, weighs 1165 pounds, gentle to harness, and is a fast trotter for an untrained colt.

He will trot the coming October any horse that travels in 2885 in Talbot county, 10, 15 or 20 miles for a purse of $100, $150 or $200.

I have a mare colt of his, one year old, two years old next July, 14½ hands high, as handsome a colt as there is in Talbot county.

Groom's fee, 50 cents; to Jake Howard, groom.

WM. GOULDTHORPE.

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