THE EASTON STAR.
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 37.

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 AND LATHS KEPT ON HAND. 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* Lumber, 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, 1883-1yr

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 Fresh Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you can find Three Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions, Painted and Stained Chamber Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Brackets, &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 waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a skillful Furniture-Maker.

UNDERTAKING.

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, and 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. Sinclair, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, C. F. Goldsborough, J. R. Stevens, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral, Philip F. Thomas, Thomas K. Robson, Peter Stevens, W. D. Roberts & Son, Builders, M. F. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Councell, Antonio Deshazo.

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, trial 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 [illegible] 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 the press are ornamented with an immense amount of "horse literature." A trotter named after 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 mares [illegible] provided the mares [illegible] 50 cents.

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

Mar20,83

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, Harry Hacker, 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

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

If You Are Going to Paint
USE
Wadsworth, Martinez & Lo gman's
Prepared Paint.

It is ready-mixed, and any one can put it on.

It is the best paint, and will last four times as long as the lead and oil mixed in the usual way.

It is made of Lead and Zinc, consequently it is the

Best Paint on the Market.

It forms a hard, glossy surface, which rain does not affect before drying, which will not

Chalk, Crack or Peel Off.

For sale by J. G. HENRY, Agent.

Compressed Yeast,
For Sweet and Delicious Light Bread

Use Fleschman & Co.'s Compressed Yeast. Retail price 2 cents per cake. It is undoubtedly the cheapest and best yeast ever before the public. It is sold by a number of first-class grocery men throughout the United States, and used by nearly all of the best bakers. It is perfectly healthy and wholesome, being strictly extract of grain.

T. R. SMITH,

Dover Street, Sole Agent for Easton. Any reliable grocery man desiring to sell our yeast, can purchase through Mr. Smith at first cost.

FLESCHMAN & CO.,
39 Broad st., New York.
88 Frederick st., Baltimore, Md.

may5-3m

The Largest
AND
Cheapest Stock of Goods
that have ever been offered on the Eastern Shore,
J. T. ROBINSON
has just received a complete stock, consisting of everything that can be called for, at less prices than they ever have been sold at. Come and see me.

J. T. ROBINSON.

SIBLEY'S SEEDS
OF ALL PLANTS, FOR ALL CROPS, FOR ALL CLIMATES.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO., Seedsmen, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WORMS
For Sale by R. J. TRIPPE.

DARBYS
PROPHYLACTIC
FLUID.
A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallowness, Unclean 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. Diphtheria has been cured with it after [illegible] had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

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

Ringworm Rash made harmless and purified.

Sore Throat 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. SANDFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

Scarlet Fever Cured.

SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED.

Cases of Small Pox in Eastern Va. treated with Darbys Prophylactic 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. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.

Diphtheria Prevented.

The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.

A. STOLLENWERCK,
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 Resident Physician of MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."

[illegible] testify to the superior qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. BUTTON, Prof. Chemistry.

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

INDISPENSABLE in 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, as 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 can say emphatically 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 somewhat doubtful in my mind as to what machine to buy. I finally decided 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

There Was Novelty
IN
The Rocker-Coulter Spring 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.

For the Star.

EVERY MAN HAS A HILL TO CLIMB.

A youth was struggling up a hill,
Persistently his way pursuing,
And only looking back in viewing
The distance made, kept onward still.

The hill was high and very steep,
Spite of the crags he kept on cheery,
Passed others who were sore and weary,
And gave no time to rest or sleep.

Some gaol there was beyond its brow,
On reaching which, his hopes were planted,
O'er obstacles he passed undaunted,
While ev'ry step made hope to grow.

This youth, we may not tell his name,
Saw many who had tried and faltered;
But he kept on with pace unaltered
Until he reached his purposed aim.

Who climbs no hill? Who runs no race?
Who'er there is we have not found him;
Clusters no sympathy around him;
Such dullard seems quite out of place.

All have some hill to climb in view,
When for themselves they try life's mission,
Each wants to better his condition;
Then to yourselves and all be true.

Be just to all; but say I will,
While to each hardship bosom baring,
You'll overcome by manly daring,
And reach the topmost of the hill

You have an aim; who has no aim?
Then heed the youth we have been painting;
He lives in you! if you, not fainting,
Will on the future write your name.

J. A. RIDGAWAY.

THE PRESCRIPTION.

They were parting at the gate—
Man and maid—
Still he tarried, although late,
Longing much to hear his fate,
Yet to ask it half afraid.

"If I only knew," said he—
"Only knew."
"Let me give advice," said she;
"Make a confidant of me;
I can be of help to you."

"Ah! I know that," answered he,
With a sigh.
"Now I guess it all!" cried she;
"You're in love, I plainly see,
And afraid to tell her—fie!"

"You're a witch to guess so well,"
Answered he.
"I would like to have you tell
How to make a sick heart well;
Kindly now prescribe for me."

"Every heart will cure a heart,"
Low laughed she;
"You must find another heart,
Then your own will lose its smart—
Try this olden remedy."

"Let me have your heart?" he plead;
"Nay!" said she;
"I have none." "No heart!" he said;
"Then I go uncomforted—
Mine a broken heart must be."

"It is yours!" and she laughed low;
"Don't you see?
I prescribed it long ago,
Seeing that you suffered so;
What so blind as men can be?"

"Had I only known before,"
Whispered he.
"What a cure you had in store!"
"You'd have suffered all the more;
Men are foolish things," said she.

Miscellaneous.

Made Insane by Exile.

A RUSSIAN AUTHOR'S HARD FATE—HOW HE WAS SENTENCED.

The New York Volks-Zeitung has information that Nicolai Spasskoff, a Russian refugee who arrived in Vienna recently, reports that Tschernyschewskij, the Russian author who has been for nineteen years an exile, has been insane since the beginning of the year. When Spasskoff saw him he was confined at Wilujsk, in the government of Irkutsk. He was raving mad. Tschernyschewskij was banished for writing the romance, "Schto Djelatj." The ceremony following upon his sentence is thus described by an eye-witness:

It was on May 20, 1864. A large crowd was hurrying to the Kasan place at St. Petersburg, where a scaffold was erected, guarded by a detachment of soldiery. From far away I could see the pillory overtopping the scaffold and the surrounding crowd. From the Kasan steeple the clock struck nine, and at the same time from a small alley leading to the Kasan place a cart issued; it was painted black and accompanied by two gendarmes. The cart made its way through the crowd toward the scaffold. Two men descended from it, one of whom was an officer, the other a civilian, who looked very pale. The officer beckoned the civilian to mount the scaffold. The pale man obeyed. He was received upon the scaffold by two men, who were standing near the pillory; they wore red shirts and red caps, and were the helpers of the hangman. One of them hung a blackboard about the neck of the pale man. In white letters these two words were painted upon the blackboard: "Gosudarstvenny Prestupnik." (State Criminal.) This was, then, the official title of N. G. Tscherayschewskij, the beloved of Russia's youth! The officer took from his pocket a paper and commenced reading the sentence of the court, setting forth that the Honorable Councillor Tscherayschewskij had been condemned to serve fourteen years at hard labor in the mines for having issued and circulated socialistic literature; and that, having served his term, he would be banished for life to Siberia. Having finished with reading, the officer commanded the prisoner to kneel down. Tscherayschewskij bent his knees, and then two thin swords were broken over his head, which was to signify that he was now divested of his title, honors, and citizen's rights for all time to come. At this moment a beautiful bouquet was thrown to the "dishonored" man of letters; a shower of bequets and flowers followed it from all sides. The officer made Tscherayschewskij stand up to the pillory that he might not pick up any of the flowers.

From the scaffold he was hurried directly to Nertschinsk in Siberia, where he was compelled to dig in the mines under a continual torture of blows from the knout, and of mental and physical deprivations. After these seven years of agony he was sent from one prison to another until they drove him crazy.

From Dr. C. C. Clark, Oswego, N. Y.

"* * * I have made sufficient experiments of COLDEN'S LIQUID BEEF TONIC to enable me to say it is by far the best of all the preparations of the kind (food and tonic) that I have ever used. To the sufferer from chronic diseases, or the convalescent, it is invaluable, as it is both nourishment and stimulant. (Remember the name, COLDEN'S—take no other.) Of druggists.

Dr. King's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Is not more dangerous than a consumptive cough. Arnett's Wild Hazel's Honey Horehound and Tar Cough Balsam, sold by druggists.

The Pursuit of Knowledge.

AN ARKANSAS BOY WANTS TO KNOW ALL ABOUT SAMSON AND THE BIBLE.

"Pa," said the Rev. Mr. Mulkistin's son, "Samson was a strong man, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Samson was the strongest man that ever lived."

"Tell me about him."

"It was intended that Samson should be the strongest man, and before he was born—"

The bewildered expression on the child's face arrested the minister in his narration.

"Before he was born?" asked the boy.

"Yes; before—that is, before he was found in a hollow stump—"

"Just like little sister."

"Yes; just before he was found, an angel appeared and foretold of his strength, saying that no razor must touch his head."

"Was the angel afraid that the razor would cut him?"

"No; the angel meant that his strength lay in his hair, and that his hair must not be cut off."

"If I let my hair grow long, can I lift more than I can now."

"I don't know about that."

"Are women stronger than men?"

"No."

"Bet they've got longer hair."

"Yes; they have longer hair."

"A woman couldn't whip you, could she?"

"No; not easily."

"Was Samson a Democrat?"

"I don't know."

"But why don't you know? I'd know if I was as old as you. How many men was it that Samson killed?"

"One thousand."

"He was bad, wasn't he?"

"No."

"But when a man kills anybody he's bad."

"The Lord was with Samson."

"But the Lord says you mustn't kill anybody. Did Samson go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"He is the strongest angel there, ain't he?"

"You are getting foolish again."

"But I want to know. Will you know Samson when you go to heaven?"

"I suppose so."

"But you won't fool around him, will you? If he wuster hit you he'd break your wings, wouldn't he?"

"Go to your mother. The next time you attempt to question me about the Bible I shall whip you."

The Ague.

"Speaking of chills," said the gentleman from Arkansas, borrowing a match from the train boy, "I had one at home once that was away up in G. Stopped a train, that chill did."

They crowded around to hear the particulars.

"You, see, they turned me out of the town and run me off the turnpike, so I took to the railroad, and I shook it up so the through express had to wait until I got over it."

"Right smart of a chill, that," assented a gentleman from Louisiana. "Had 'em myself; but I only delayed a train a little while."

The gentleman from Arkansas eyed him, but declined to ask any questions.

"Tell us!" shouted the chorus.

"Well," said the gentleman from Louisiana, with a glance at the gentleman from Arkansas, "they ran up to where I was shaking and found they couldn't get past."

"What did they do?"

"All hands turned out and tunneled right through it," replied the Louisiana man, "and in the spring the icicles hung down from the roof of that chill so thick and so strong that they had to blast them out before they could transact any bus—!"

But the Arkansas man was climbing over the tender toward the cab, and even the chorus lost interest in the rest of the details.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

At the battle of Groveton, Stonewall Jackson tried an experiment which nearly frightened a Federal division out of their boots. Bars of railroad iron were cut up into footlengths and fired from some of his heaviest guns and the noise these missiles made as they went sailing through the air was a sort of cross between the shriek of a woman and the bray of a mule. The Federals listened in wonder at the first few which banged through the tree-tops and presently one of the pieces fell just in front of a Pennsylvania regiment. A captain stepped forward to inspect it, and after turning it over he rushed to his Colonel with the news:

"Colonel, them infernal rebs are firing railroad iron at us!"

"No!"

"They are, for a fact!"

"Captain, advance your company to that ridge and deploy, and the minute you find Jackson is getting ready to fire freight cars at us send me word. I don't propose to have my regiment mashed into the ground when it can just as well be decently exterminated in the regular way!"

Lovers' Strategy.

The matrimonial aspirations of Lee Hale and Katie Morgan were opposed by her parents at Chattanooga, Tenn. She was kept so close a prisoner that all plans of elopement failed, as she was not allowed to go beyond the veranda of the house. At length Hale made up a party of friends, including a minister, and approached the house near enough to signal Kitie to come out. The obliging clergyman had prepared the marriage ceremony for this occasion to a few words, and it was supposed that these could be spoken before any interruption occurred. The girl was caught on the veranda by a big brother, and in escaping from him fell down the steps, bruising herself considerably, but the ceremony was successfully performed, amid the cheers of a multitude.

Social Precedence in Boston.

All this affectation of aristocracy here in America reminds one of a distinguished Boston Judge and his wife, who enjoyed by right the entree of the very innermost set of America's "Athens." The Judge's wife always claimed precedence for her family over her husband's because, collaterally remote ancestor made shoes for horses, her remote ancestor made shoes for men. To be descended from a blacksmith, she rightly argued, was less aristocratic than to be descended from a shoemaker.

How Lilian Got Her Seal-Skin Sacque.

"But, papa—"

"Not another word," said the person thus addressed, a tall, handsome man, in whose deep brown hair a tinge of gray was just beginning to show. "You know, my child," he continued, "that nothing could give me more pain than refusing any wish of yours, and that I am never so happy and free from care as when some act of mine has made your life brighter. But this request I cannot grant. A seal-skin sacque with fur trimmings! By my halidom you jest bravely—" and turning hastily away, Dunstan Perkins stepped to the side-board and took a drink. For an instant Lilian stood in the conservatory looking steadily down at the heavy velvet carpet in which her shapely feet sunk deeply, but presently the spirit of desolate loneliness seemed to leave her, and going into an adjoining room she began eating pie.

In a few moments her father came into the apartment. "Perhaps I was rather harsh with you, Lilian," he began. But the girl interrupted him. "Don't speak of it again, dear papa," she said, "because I know that you really have no money to spare. While I was mending your overcoat last evening, I saw that note from 'Daisy,' and I would not—"

"You saw that note?" asks Mr. Peekins, in hoarse, agonized tones.

"Yes, papa, but you know I never—"

"How much will a sealskin sacque cost?"

"Three hundred dollars," and as the girl spoke these words a baleful light shot from her eyes.

"You can have the money to-morrow," he said, and went slowly out of the room.

"I thought my darling papa would weaken," said the girl, and, lifting the fork slowly to her lips, the last of the pie was gone.

The Iowa Law.

A correspondent describes how the former Maine law worked in Iowa:

"But there was no law against giving the stuff away: and it was given away at libitum. In those days many a little comedy was hourly enacted in the country stores. Enter a customer, when the following colloquy would ensue:

Customer—How much coffee for a dollar?

Merchant—Five pounds.

C.—Give me five pounds.

[A package is handed him.]

M.—Take something?

C.—Don't care if I do.

M.—What shall it be?

C.—Whisky cocktail.

[The beverage is handed to him, and he imbibes.]

C.—Come to think of it, I don't want that coffee to-day. What's the difference—what profit on that five pounds.

M.—Two cents a pound, sir, is my profit on that coffee, or ten cents for the five pounds.

C.—Here's your ten cents. Good-day.

So the customer paid the ten cents forfeit on the coffee transaction; which was perfectly fair and square, and was so held in law, for the dram was a pure gratuity on the part of the country merchant, who could not be prosecuted for selling the whisky. And so this farce was played as long as the law lasted. You could not buy a cigar, a yard of muslin or a pound of nails without being invited to "take something;" and yet the sign, "No liquor sold here," was prominently displayed. No, it was not sold, but given away (over the left). The consequence was that everybody got drunk. Even the most respectable citizen took something for the fun of the thing, and the lock-up was full every night.

Starting a Young Man.

It is related of a wealthy Philadelphian who has been dead these many years, that a young man came to him one day and asked for help to start in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Occasionally."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year he again presented himself.

"Do you smoke?" asked the great man.

"Yes, now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man went away and cut loose from the habit, and after worrying through another seven months once more faced the great philanthropist.

"Do you chew?"

"Yes."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

But the young man never called again. When some one asked why he didn't make one more effort, he replied:

"Didn't I know what he was driving at? He would have told me that as I had stopped chewing, drinking and smoking, I must have saved enough money to start myself, and he'd been about right."

Fairly Beaten.

Goethe was one evening interrupted while absorbed in literary work by a caller from America. When the caller was asked by a servant if he had any special business, he replied, "Only to see the poet."

Goethe was vexed at the interruption, and showed it plainly. Coming hastily into the room without a word of greeting, he seated himself abruptly on a stool, as if saying, "If you only talk to see me, look at me."

The visitor's impudence was sublime. He proved himself master of the occasion. In perfect silence, like Goethe's, he rose, took a lamp from the table, and walked slowly around the poet, looking at him from every point of view.

Goethe was conquered by this coolness. He burst into a hearty laugh, and began to converse in his pleasant style. The visitor proved to be an agreeable companion, and Goethe was amused at his impudence.

"Father," began a young Detroiter the other evening. "were you in the war?"

"Yes, my son."

"Was it awfull?"

"Yes."

"Lots of dead and wounded men?"

"Yes."

"Did you kill many?"

"Well, I shouldn't like to answer that question."

"Are you very modest, pa?"

"I hope I am too modest to brag."

"That was what Mr. Smith meant, then, when he was telling the men down at the drug-store that you hadn't any use record to brag of."

"He did, eh? Smith is a liar!"

"That's what I thought, and I told the men that you could run fast enough to catch you on horseback, and, say, they knew that a horse can catch a man with a stiff knee."

NOTED MEN!

DR. JOHN F. HANCOCK, late President of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, says:

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