THE EASTON STAR
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

TERMS.

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

No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrears are paid. No subscription taken for a shorter period than SIX MONTHS. Subscribers out of the county MUST be prepaid, or give satisfactory payment of postage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square—six lines—one insertion $1 and 25 cents for each succeeding insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked with the number of times to be inserted, will be marked TRANSCONTINUED 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, Science and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1883. VOL. XIX.—NO. 10.

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

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.

Medical.

SENSIBLE MEN and women know or feel that of the many diseases and disarrangements of the body each has a separate cause or origin, and that each needs a different method of treatment in order to effect a cure, and a moment's reflection must convince that any of the quack nostrums foisted upon the public claiming to cure all or a number of dissimilarly different diseases must inevitably fail, even if we do not call them humbugs.

POOR PEOPLE and people of moderate means, and even people well-to-do or wealthy find that the enormous charges of practising physicians are a serious burden to them, and that after paying them themselves poor that no benefit has accrued to them, that in fact they have thrown their money away. To overcome these evils we offer *Wheeler's No. 86 Sure Remedies* to the sick and suffering, *one Remedy* for each disease, without for a moment claiming that one remedy will cure any other disease than the one claimed for it, and as these remedies have stood the test of years without a single failure, we agree to *refund the money* paid in every instance where a cure is not positively effected. The remedies are entirely vegetable, can do no harm, and will positively cure every disease for which they are prescribed.

RHEUMATISM, Gout, Leaneness of Joints, Sciatica and Neuralgia are relieved at once, and positively cured by the use of Wheeler's No. 86 Rheumatic Remedy. We say boldly that in the worst cases of no matter how *long standing*, how *severe* or how *painful*, we can not only give relief but *positively cure* for all time. Failing to do this we will positively refund the money paid for the treatment, and if your sufferings are not positively stopped for all time you have not thrown your money away as you would on any other than these guaranteed remedies. The price of Wheeler's No. 86 Rheumatic Remedy is only 50 cents, obtainable from druggists or sent free by mail on receipt of price. Stamps taken.

SUFFERING WOMEN, endowed by nature with a pretty face, beautiful figure, faultless complexion, as well as the sweetness of temper and faultless mental qualities grows prematurely old, gray and wrinkled, her form loses its perfect contour, the complexion becomes sallow, the brightness leaves the eye, a feeling of languor takes the place of the once buoyant spirits, an irritable nervous fractiousness makes life a burden, things that once were trifles worry her till life becomes unbearable. All this being caused by the physical derangements so common to women, which the innate modesty of feminine nature prevents their making known, and of which the *ignorance* of the medical profession prevents a cure. *Lady Reader, pause and consider*, "is a duty you owe yourself, your family and your God, that you should cure yourself of these troubles and once more feel the glow of perfect health and spirits that nature intended for you. *Wheeler's No. 86 Prescriptions* are pleasant and palatable to take, contain nothing of an injurious nature, and may be taken by all ages at all times and in all conditions *without possibility of ill effects*, and will positively cure any of the peculiar diseases to which females are subject. Failing to produce a perfect cure the proprietors will *refund the money* paid for the treatment. *If you have a sallow complexion*, constant or intermittent headaches, backache, restlessness, loss of appetite, suppression of monthly flow, or irregularities thereof accompanied by headaches, hervousness, hysteria and similar symptoms, *Wheeler's No. 86 Prescription "B"* will positively restore you to health. If you have a sensation of heat and throbbing in the back, frequent fainting spells, Leucorrhea or white discharge, painful or scalding sensation in urinating, reddish or white deposit in urine, hot and dry skin, *Wheeler's No. 86 Prescription "C"* will give immediate and lasting relief. The price of Wheeler's No. 86 Prescriptions "B" and "C" are 50 cents each, obtainable from druggists or sent by mail secure from observation postpaid on receipt of price.

Pamphlets free.

CATARRH. It is needless to describe the symptoms of this nauseous disease that is sapping the life and strength of only too many of the fairest and best of both sexes, old and young, suffering alike from the poisonous dripping in the throat, the poisonous nasal discharges, the fetid breath and general weakness, debility and languor, aside from the acute sufferings of this disease, which if not checked can only end in *loss of palate, hoarseness, weakened sight, loss of memory, deafness and premature death* if not checked before it is too late. Labor, study and research in America, Europe and Eastern lands have resulted in *Wheeler's No. 86 Instant Relief and Sure Cure for Catarrh*, a remedy which contains no foreign ingredients, and that is guaranteed to cure every case of acute or chronic catarrh or money refunded. *Wheeler's No. 86 Instant Relief and Sure Cure for Catarrh* will cure every case of catarrh, hay fever or asthma, price $1.00 per package, from druggists or sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

Wheeler's No. 86 Sure Cure for Kidney and Liver Troubles cures all weakness and soreness of kidneys, inflammation of kidneys or liver, price $1.00.

Wheeler's Vegetable Pills are the only remedy that cure constipation, giving natural action of the bowels without physicing, purging, griping or pain. Price 25 cents, of druggists or by mail.

Wheeler's Nervine Tonic for mental depression, loss of manhood, languor, weakness or over taxation of the brain is invaluable, price 25 cents.

WE GUARANTEE Cures in every case or will refund money paid. We place our price for these remedies at less than one-twentieth of the price asked by others for remedies upon which you take all the chances, and we *specially invite* the patronage of the many persons who have tried other remedies without effect or depleted their purses by paying doctor bills that benefited them not.

HOW TO OBTAIN these remedies. Go to your druggist and ask for them. If they have not got them, write at once to the proprietors, enclosing the price in money or stamps, and they will be sent you at once by mail, postpaid. Correspondence solicited. Address plainly

L. WHEELER & CO.,
No. 86 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Aug21,83yr

DRY GOODS
FOR FALL OF 1883.
HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
OF BALTIMORE,

Invite the attention of persons wanting DRY GOODS to their splendid WHOLESALE and RETAIL STOCK, much the largest and most varied, to be found in Baltimore.

Their assortment includes every class goods, from the most fashionable to low priced, "BUT NO COMMON GOODS that may look cheap, but would be dear at any price."

It has been their aim throughout a business career of over FIFTY YEARS to sell only goods that will give satisfaction and prove of full value for the price paid. This policy steadily pursued, has built up their large trade, and given them the confidence of the public to the fullest extent. Being LARGE IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN GOODS, and in a position to purchase ALL DOMESTIC FABRICS DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS, to the best advantage, we are enabled to give our customers the benefit of our position, in low prices.

Samples will be sent to parties desiring to buy from us, on receiving definite instructions in regard to the class of goods wanted, about the price, color preferred, &c.

The price IN PLAIN FIGURES, marked on each piece of goods, from which there is no abatement.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS,
199, 201, 203 Baltimore Street.
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WELLS DUG,
Wells Cleaned, New Pumps Put In, Old Pumps Repaired,

And all kinds of Pump Work done in the best manner and at low rates, by

MARTIN OZMON,
Easton, Md.

jul31 3m

DOVER STREET
Provision Depot

J. FRANK BROWN, successor to Thomas R. Smith, Dover street, informs the people of Easton that the following goods may at all times be found at his provision store:—Family Groceries of all kinds, Flour, Meal, Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Salt Fish, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Cheese, Canned Goods, Vegetables, Fruit,

Fresh Meats of all Kinds,

and Feed, for horses, hogs and chickens. His motto is, "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and he invites a call from all wanting goods in his line. sep25tf

Lustral Spirits will remove grease or any stains from fabrics of the finest texture or most delicate hues, silk, satin, kid gloves, etc., without the slightest injury. Try it. For sale by Hayward & Bro.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

The Depressed, Dyspeptic, Constipated, Costive or Bilious, Sensitive, Nervous, Hypochondriac, Jaundiced, Imperfect Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with laxness; the body is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy; with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I send testimonials to Georgia, Cuba, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Twists and Twinges.

"My brethren," shouted Dr. Talmage one bright autumnal Sunday, "here is a lesson from the corn-field. God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall be parted. Every rheumatic pain is but a thrust of the husking-peg, and every neuralgic twinge is only a twist of the husker."

Possibly; but nobody wants to be husked, for all that, and nature teaches us to resist the process. Therefore, we accept with gratitude whatever helps us to suppress those very twists and twinges.

From his pleasant home, Greenmont, near Sing Sing, N.Y., M. Alfred Baer, a French gentleman, writes:

"I have suffered almost intolerable torments from rheumatism for many years. Of the numerous remedies which I tried, none benefited me. But PARKER'S TONIC gave me great satisfaction. I certify with pleasure that it restored my health. You are welcome to publish this and use my name."

Messrs. HISCOX & Co. call especial attention to the fact that his preparation, which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles resembling in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC contain the genuine medicine if the *fac simile* signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

HIS OPINION.

In Clear Sentences an Authority adds his own to the Popular Judgment.

191 West Tenth Street,
NEW YORK, Aug. 11, 1880.

MESSRS. SEABURY & JOHNSON:

I am slow to pin my faith to any new curative agent. BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS Plaster has won my good opinion. I find it an exceptionally cleanly plaster to use *rapid in its action*. Many tests of its qualities in my own family and among my patients, have convinced me that there is no other single article so valuable for popular use, none so helpful in cases of lame back, Local Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Congestion of the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs and Lumbago.

You may feel free to use my name.

Very truly yours,
H. H. KANE, M. D.,
Physician-in-Chief of the De-Quincy Home.

Price of the CAPCINE 25 cents.
Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of Food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HON. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleansed me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. N. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

Sold everywhere. Office, 39 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

To the Farmers.

THE EASTON COUNTY PAPER MILL COMPANY will now contract for WHEAT STRAW, to be delivered at a convenient time hereafter. A little more than an average stacking will insure to most better keeping, to enable farmers to spare at least half of their straw, the sum for which would nearly pay for their phosphates. Apply to

R. B. DIXON,
Treasurer.

jun29tf

J. H. T. Hubbard, Dover street,

has added to his store a Tobacco room, for the purpose of making best sweet Tobacco, Segars, Cigarettes and Snuff especially

Veterinary Counsel.—Indispensable for horses. A fresh supply of spices and green ginger just received by

HAYWARD & BRO.

POETRY.

OLD LETTERS.

With rosy ribbon's faded ghost to bind them,
Long forgotten amid things we all forget,
In a chest of ancient mahogany I find them,
Faintly scented from old crumbled mignonette.
And as now I slowly read them, solemn-hearted,
I imagine, with a vague, phantasmal dread,
That among their yellowed pages I have parted
The inviolable sacraments of the dead!
Here are words that shine with sunny expectation,
Of returning over sea to friends and home:
"When at last this gaudy Carnival's chation
Discontinues, we shall tear ourselves from Rome."
Like a brook the merry language ripples brightly;
Well she loved, that happy sister, what life gave.
Let me think how many years it is that nightly
Stars have glimmered on her lonely Roman grave!
Here is wrighting that I almost held as holy;
He was such a light of learning, Brother Ned!
Equal gentleman to lofty or to lowly,
With his candid saxon eyes and golden head!
Father chided him too sternly, always crying
At his boyish college love for cards and wines!
Ah, how often I have dreamed I saw him dying
Far away away among those Oregonian mines!
Here are leaves where still the soul of summer lingers:
"Come to-morrow eve; the country is so dull."
Oh, the perfume of those cottage-door syringas,
And the twilight of the meadow's languid lull!
Oh, the fire-flies with their dizzy glitters woven
Through the boskage of the copses dark and damp!
Oh, the rapture while she gently played Beethoven
In the parlor where the moth was at the lamp!
It is lately as last August that I met her
At the crowded Newport ball, where I had stayed.
One a widower of sixty-two and better,
One a dowager with feathers and brocade.
Was it fancy that sometimes looked severely
At her pretty daughter's partner in the waltz?
Could it happen that a meagre income yearly
Was conspicuous among his youthful faults?
Dear mementoes of these disannulled affections,
Like the rays from planets that no longer glow,
With your tidings that are ghostly resurrections,
It were wiser to have burned you long ago!
Yet, alas! what wasting flame's intenser flashes,
With the reddest greed destruction can endow,
Could have made you the irrevocable ashes
That annihilating time has made you now!

SELECT STORY.

The Doctor's Prescription.

"You ought to get married, Layton, and the sooner the better. A young vicar who is a bachelor is almost as awkwardly placed as a young doctor. Marriage, sir, marriage, that's your plan."

"Very good advice, doctor, I have no doubt," answered John Layton, vicar of Stoke Minin, in the Lincoln marshes, "but then you know the old saying 'Marry in haste, repent at leisure.'"

"Then don't marry in haste," returned the doctor, beating his boot with his riding-whip as he sat sidewise upon his cob. "Take your time over it. 'Pon my word, that woman would drive me mad. What made you come here to lodge?"

"They told me that Mrs. Dredge was such a clean woman," said the young vicar, looking back into the garden rather dolefully, as he stood just outside the gate, talking to the doctor, who was going his round.

And certainly the prospect was not pleasant, for Mrs. Dredge, a very industrious widow by the way, was having what she called "a good clean;" and as it was a fine day, the whole of the parlor furniture had been moved out into the garden, where chairs were piled up as if engaged in acrobatic tricks, the table was straddling over the flower-bed, the carpet lay on the tiny grassplot, the shred hearthrug hung over the fence, and there came from within a lively sound of scrubbing and the washing of water in a pail.

"Why, what are you doing now this is going on?"

"Oh, I am obliged to make shift in the bedroom till it is done," remarked the vicar, dolefully.

"Ah! I shall have to find you a wife."

"Better find me a new vicarage."

"Oh! I don't see much chance of that," said the doctor. "We are too poor over here. Why don't you come and have a walk? Freshen you up."

"Well, I think I will," said the vicar. "Wait till I get my hat.

He ran in for his soft felt hat, and came back to find the doctor dismounted, and tying his cob's reins in a knot, so that they could not trail.

"Tck, Jacob!" he cried as the vicar joined him, and the cob went steadily on in front, while its master walked with the young clergyman behind.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I must get you a wife. Let me see."

"Don't you think my income ought to preclude all matrimonial ideas?" said John Layton, smiling.

"Pooh! nonsense! what's enough for one is enough for two," cried the doctor. "Come, sir, none of your celibate ideas. How am I to live if people don't marry, and have children to be vaccinated and have the measles and scarlatina, and rashes, and all that sort of thing? Look here, marry a woman with money. What do you say to Miss Johnson, at Copley farm? She has been to church regularly ever since you came. There's a stripper. Dark hair, dark eyes, good points—but she's so plump you can't talk of points. Warranted sound."

"Are you talking of a lady or a horse, doctor?"

"Lady, sir, lady. Then there's Miss Wardman; slim, genteel, hundred a year in the three per cents. Her nose is rather red, certainly, but matrimony may take that away. What are you shaking your head about? She isn't fifty."

"Won't do, doctor, won't do."

"Oh, bless us and save us!" said the plump hearty little doctor, with mock surprise. "He's particular and dainty, is he? Well, what do you say to Dolly Betts, the shopkeeper's daughter? Twenty, nice pink and white, good teeth, vaccinated her myself, had measles, croup, scarlet fever, chicken pox and thrush. Regularly salted, you see, and the old man will leave her a round sum when he can't stick to it any longer."

"Try again," said the vicar, laughing, while they trudged sturdily on, with deep stepping every now and then to browse, and being left a good hundred yards behind; but the genial doctor paid no heed, and at the end of a few minutes the cob came trotting after him, went on to front, and kept there till he saw something else toothsome.

"Try again, oh! Why, you are particular. What do you say to Lady Laura Peighton, at the Towers?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, then, Sir John Taunton's daughter Bridget? Ah! there's a girl for you. See her trot to hounds! Why, she leads the field, sir and stops at nothing."

"Ah, now you are talking sense, doctor," said John Layton, mockingly; "that's just the woman to share a poor clergyman's house and visit his sick. "She'll darn his stockings, and and sew his buttons, and help him to spread out his little income so that there might be enough and to spare for charity. A woman who would help him with her counsel and advice when trouble came upon him. Would your galloping Bridget Taunton do that?

"No I'll be blessed if she would, my lad. She drives me mad with her horsey slang and groom-like ways."

"Then we'll leave her out of the question," said the vicar, laughingly humoring the doctor in his prescribing fit.

"That's the sort of a woman you want then, eh—one of that button-sewing, stocking-darning sort?"

"Yes."

"Full of sympathy and all that sort of thing?"

"Of course."

"Saving and ministering and gentle."

"Yes."

"Sort of nineteenth century angel in petticoats?"

"Yes."

"Ah, now I see what you want," said the doctor, with a droll twinkle in his eyes. "We'll soon put that right. There she is! Hi! Fanny!"

The vicar started with astonishment as the doctor threw open the gate of what seemed to be a pretty cottage farm, and held it while Jacob cantered through and began to enjoy himself among the grass. But what at once took the vicar's attention was the sight of a tall young lady in a light grass-cloth dress and soft gray hat, rising from a camp-stool with a sketching-board in her hand, the spot where she had been sitting being beneath some pollard willows beside a large pond, and she stood for a moment hesitating before advancing to meet them.

As she came nearer the vicar could see that she had long, loosely arranged, fair hair, a very sweet expression of countenance, that she was graceful and lady-like, that she was apparently about two or three and twenty, and perfectly calm and self-possessed.

"How are you, my darling?" said the doctor, kissing her affectionately. "Don't sit out there in the sun. Here, I've brought you a visitor—the Rev. John Layton. I want him to talk to you and see if he can't do you some good."

"Oh, uncle, why?" cried the girl, looking her astonishment, after returning the vicar's salute.

"Oh, I'm serious, my dear, and it's for your good. She's just out of that wicked London, Layton—come down to stay with my sister here. I want her ways mended."

"Why, uncle, what have I been doing?" she said, laughing so merrily that, as the young vicar gazed in her sweet ingenuous face, with its brightening eyes and pleasant dimples, he wished she would laugh again.

"What have you been doing miss?" Why, getting along with that wicked artistic lot. Parson, she uses the most terrible slang, and utters bad words. My wall paper didn't please her, and she called it a dado, and actually said my picture that I bought at Manor House sale was hot and foxy."

"Oh, hush, uncle!"

"No, miss, I won't hush. Then she says chiaroscuro, a nasty foreign word, and all sorts of other things. You must lecture her, Layton, you must indeed. There, stop and have a chat with her. I told my sister I'd bring you over, and there'll be a bit of dinner in about an hour's time. I'll ride over and see Mother Baker and old Tim Rogers. Back in time."

"Then this was all planned," said the vicar quickly.

"To be sure it was, my dear boy. I saw you were out of sorts, and you were grumbling, last time I saw you, about wanting society, so I thought I'd arrange this. There, ta-ta for the present:"

"This is like a surprise, Miss Brown," said the vicar.

"My name is Anderson—Frances Anderson," said the pleasant, bright little vision that had, as it were, suddenly made its appearance in the vicar's rustic world. "I have not been very well, and uncle said I must come down for a change, so I am staying with Aunt Frances. Will you come in? Ah, here she is."

A pleasant, comely little widow body, wonderfully like the doctor refined down, came toddling out of the cottage just then, and the vicar recognized her as a lady who had once been over to the church.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Layton," she said warmly. "I don't come over to you often, for you see I belong to Mr. Morris' parish, though your church is nearer. Will you come in and sit down?"

"If you will allow me," said the vicar, "I should like to stay in the open air. Everything is so beautiful at this time of year, and perhaps Miss Anderson will go on with her drawing. I take great interest in art."

"Do you? Then I will go on at once," said the girl eagerly. "When uncle comes back I'll see about a little fruit."

The vicar had felt angry at first, not liking to be made the victim of what was rather like a practical joke; but before he had been ten minutes in Fanny Anderson's company all that was forgotten, and he was delighted with her sweetness and utter absence of modern society young-ladyism. He was, in fact, chatting freely with a highly cultivated girl, ardently in love with the art she practiced.

How the time passed under those shady willows neither of them knew, for the vicar had proved himself to be no mean artist, and they were in the midst of a discussion on perspective when they were startled by the doctor's voice.

"Been two hours, instead of one. Very sorry, but Mother Baker really ill now. Fanny, my dear, get your aunt to make up a basket of odds and ends, and go and see the poor old soul."

"Oh, yes, uncle, I will," said Fanny, and the vicar felt a suspicious twinge as to whether or this was got up; but no, it was perfectly natural, and, to his great satisfaction, there was nothing at the pleasant dinner that followed. The doctor was quiet and gentlemanly, and never once approached a hastering tone; so that when the hour for parting came the vicar felt that he had passed one of the pleasantest days of his life.

A week passed—a fortnight—and the doctor did not come near, so at last the Rev. John Layton found his way across to the little farm to be warmly greeted, but still in a way that never once touched upon his unexpressibles. Mrs. Baker was not in his parish, but he heard of her ailments and how many times Fanny had been over to see the poor old lady, what she had said, and how grateful she was for a book being read to her for an hour or two, and so on.

The vicar's next visit was at the end of a week, and that day there was a new sketching done.

Next day old Doctor Brown called upon the vicar and stopped chatting for an hour, but he never once mentioned Fanny Anderson's name. He, however, invited the vicar to come and spend an evening with him; and they played chess, and went down the garden for the doctor was fond of his patch, as he called it—a very extensive garden, by the way. But to the vicar's disappointment no mention was made of Fanny's name.

Then came more visits to the farm; then one pleasant golden afternoon the doctor and vicar dined there, and everything seemed peaceful and sweet.

Then time ran on again till Fanny had been down for fully four months, and one soft, sunny autumn noon when, according to his now frequent custom, the vicar had walked over to the little farm, he found her by the gate with a letter in her hand, which had just been left by a man who had been over to the town.

The grass of the home close was as soft as velvet, and the vicar's footsteps were unheard, so that he was close to Fanny Anderson before she looked up; and he saw that her cheeks were wet with tears.

A sudden pang, such as he had never before felt, shot through his breast at the sight of her pained face, and he stepped forward and caught her hand in his.

"You are in trouble," he said. "You have heard bad news."

"I ought not to call it trouble," she replied, coloring slightly. "I ought not, perhaps, to call it bad news; but I have been so happy down here," she said, with a plaintive look in her eyes, as she gazed round the place with its verdant fields and changing woods. "Everything has been so calm and peaceful, and I have been so well, Mr. Layton, that I quite dread poor old smoky London with its dingy streets."

"Yes," said the vicar, in a low voice, "you are much changed since you came. Do you leave us soon?"

"My aunt with whom I live in town says she shall expect me to-morrow night, and I fear I have been very ungrateful to her in staying away so long."

There was a minute's silence then, during which both seemed to be gazing wistfully at the willows by the little mere.

"Will you try and finish the sketch?" he said, at last.

"Yes," she replied, sadly; and, going in, she returned with her folio, which he took from her mechanically and placed beneath his arm as they walked slowly and in silence toward the pool, and then round to the farther side beneath the old pollard willow trees.

He had never spoken words of love to her, serious or light. Her intercourse with him had been that of one of the sweetest and most ingenuous of her sex, but now it had come upon them suddenly that this was the last day of the sweet communion they had enjoyed, and all the future seemed to be a blank.

John Layton was very silent as they walked on gazing straight before them, till, looking round, he saw that Fanny was walking with her hands clasped together, and that her tears were falling fast.

"Don't—don't," he cried, passionately, for the sight of her grief unmanned him, "I cannot bear to see you like this."

She looked up at him wistfully, and the folio fell to the ground. Not another word was spoken then, but he caught her hands in his and stood gazing almost wildly in her soft wistful eyes. Then she snatched them away and covered her face, sobbing now aloud.

"Fanny," he said, laying his hand upon her arm, "this has come like a surprise, I ought not, perhaps, to speak, but I am carried out of my ordinary way of thinking by—by this shock. I am so poor—merely a country parson—but I love you better than I can tell."

"Oh, hush!" she said, between her sobs."

"I ought not to have spoken—I ought not to have sent you away thinking of my folly, but the words would out. I ought to have had more self-command, but this news seemed to tell me how necessary you had become to my existence. It has been so sweet a time, and now—forgive me—it must end."

"Must end," she said softly, repeating his words.

"I have been cruel to you to speak as I have. It was my want of self-control. Fanny God bless you! Good-bye. I cannot stay."

He had turned to go, but a faint cry arrested him, and, as he saw the blank, despairing face and anguished eyes of her whom he was about to leave, his heart leaped within him, and the next moment Fanny Anderson was sobbing upon his breast.

It was a very solitary place fortunately, but they came to their senses after Fanny had softly owned that it would break her heart to leave that pleasant, simple Eden now. Perhaps if the Adam had been transferred to town she might have altered her opinion, but he was not going to be transferred to town, and so they went on, and got among the willow trees, talking of their future, when they both started guiltily as a voice behind them said:

"Ah, here you are then, eh?"

It was the doctor, and a quiet smile full of drollery stole over his face as he said:

"I found a letter at home from auntie saying you are to go back at once, and I went to tell Layton, but I found he had come here, and—is it all right?"

No one answered.

"You'll come back again, won't you, my darling?" said the doctor.

"Oh, uncle!" she sobbed, and the tears overflowed once more, as she flung her arms round his neck, kissed him, and then fled toward the cottage.

"Ah!" said the doctor, "I've never said a word since I brought you over that day. I thought I'd let matters take their own course.

"The best and truest," said the vicar, holding out his hand.

"And not the poorest either, for I always look upon her as my child, and some day perhaps—. Well, there, John Layton, I'm very, very glad."

(The sequel to this tale is follows.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Repentant Sinner.

"At a recent revival in one of the Boston churches a number of repentant sinners had given their experience, and before each one the minister in charge had announced, with a flourish of trumpets that "Mr. so-and-so, a reformed drunkard, would now relate his experience." In this way, a "reformed gambler," a "reformed jockey," a "reformed organ-grinder," and various other "reformed" agents of Satan had told how they were trying to be good. Finally "Jim" Lade, a noted sport from the town, arose and made his way to the pray-room. It was characteristic of Lade that even when he was the fullest of the cup that cheers and likewise inebriates, he was to all outward appearances the most sober and decorous individual in existence. This added to a certain out of cost which he affected, scarred all suspicion from the mind of the minister.

"Do you wish to give your experience?" he asked, as Lade shook him cordially by the hand.

"Yes," said Lade, coughing to disguise his hiccoughs, "that's what I'm here for."

"How shall I announce you, my dear brother?" patting him encouragingly on the back. "Oh, just say I'm—well, I'm a—. Oh, say I'm—he—a reformed minister."

He was not allowed to proclaim the glad tidings.

A Dilemma.

Here is a pretty point for the hair-splitters to solve:

Protagorus engaged to teach Euathlus the art of pleading for a large reward, one-half to be paid at once, the other half when the latter should have gained his first cause in court. After a short time Protagorus sued Euathlus for the unpaid moiety, enforcing his claim by the following dilemma:

"If the case is decided in my favor, the sum will be due to me according to the finding of the court. If it is decided in your favor the sum will be due to me according to the contract. But it must be decided either in my favor or yours. Whether I gain or lose the cause I shall be entitled to the reward."

Euathlus thus answered:

"If I gain the cause, nothing will be due you according to the decision of the court. If I lose it nothing will be due you according to our contract. But I shall either gain or lose it. In neither case shall I pay you the reward.

A Millionaire's Ambition.

From the Galveston News.

A Galveston millionaire was asked by a delegation of his friends if he would not allow his name to be used in connection with the United States senatorship. He replied that he had never meddled with politics before, but just now he had made up his mind to apply for a position other than the senatorship. "Ah! I suppose you want to go on the Supreme Bench?" The heavy property-owner shook his head. "Perhaps Arthur is going to give you a place in his cabinet?" "No. You haven't guessed it yet." "Foreign mission?" "Gentlemen, I'll be candid with you. For years I've been trying to get the city authorities to have the slop barrel at my back gate emptied once a month, and have failed. I am determined to have that slop barrel emptied so I have applied to the City Council for the position of driver of a scavenger cart."

No Money for Lawyers in Georgia

Talbotton, Ga., New Era.

The practice of the law is beginning to dwindle into nothingness in the South. It is a profession that presents to the young man very meagre inducements. In a county like Talbot, for instance, a prominent gentleman and citizen told us not long since that he thought the whole law practice of this county was worth scarcely more than $5,000 per annum in cash. We agree with him and can readily see that it grows less and less every year. It looks very much as if a prophecy made by Colonel Branford at our last March term would come to pass. He said the time would come when lawyers would have to stop at the jail, as they could not pay hotel bills.

Glad to See Him.

A young man in a far Western town met a lady on the street who was from the same Eastern town he was, but who had never treated him very cordially at home. She was glad to see him, and rushed at him with:

"How do you do? I am aw