THE EASTON STAR
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

TERMS.

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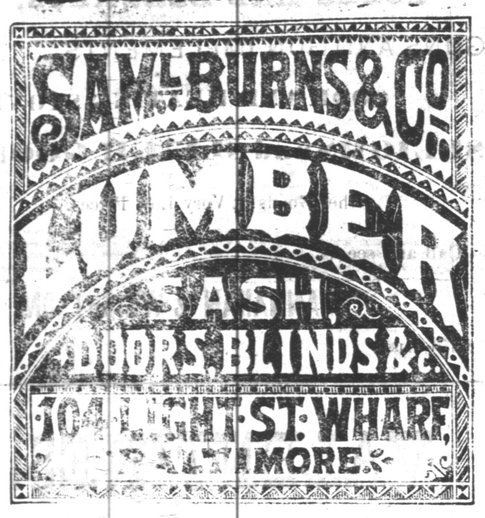
Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1884. VOL. XIX.—NO. 23.

Lumber Business.



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R. H. T. COUNCELL,

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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.

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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.

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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. Eastman, J. K. Jarrell, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., Philip F. Thomas, Thomas K. Robson, Peter Stevens, Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Councell, Antonio DePasquale.

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

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

Medical.

SENSIBLE MEN and women know are this that of the many diseases and derangements 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 of a number of diametrically different diseases must prove failures, 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 also find that after paying 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. 96 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, Lameness of Joints, Sciatica and Neuralgia are relieved at once and positively cured by the use of Wheeler's No. 96 Rheumatic Remedy. We say boldly that in the worst cases of no matter how *long standing*, how *serious* 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. 96 Rheumatic Remedy is only 50 cents, obtainable from druggists or sent free by mail on receipt of price. Stamps taken.

SUFFERING WOMEN, dowed by nature with a pretty face, beautiful figure, faultless complexion, as well as the sweetest of tempers 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, 'tis 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. 96 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, nervousness, hysterics and similar symptoms, *Wheeler's No. 96 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. 96 Prescription "C"* will give immediate and lasting relief. The price of Wheeler's No. 96 Prescriptions "B" and "C" are 50 cents each, obtainable from druggists or sent by mail secure from observation postpaid on receipt of price. Postage stamps taken.

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. 96 Instant Relief and Sure Cure for Catarrh*, a remedy which contains no harmful ingredients, and that is guaranteed to cure every case of acute or chronic catarrh or money refunded. *Wheeler's No. 96 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. 96 Sure Cure for Kidney and Liver Troubles cures all weakness and soreness of kidneys, inflammation of kidneys or liver, price $1.00.

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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 benefitted them not.

HOW TO OBTAIN 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

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Out on the Prairie.

Concerning Something Better than Mrs. Toodles' Wheelbarrow—And the Reasons Why.

When a certain Commissary-General complained to the Duke of Wellington that Sir Thomas Picton had declared he would hang him if the rations for that General's division were not forthcoming at a certain hour, the Duke replied:

"Ah! did he indeed go so far as that? Did he say he'd hang you?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, General Picton is just the man to keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time."

But to get rations or anything else up in time one must know when to lay his hand on them. As Mr. Toodles said about the coffin which he had bought at auction and brought home to his wife:

"If anything *should* happen, my dear, it will be so handy to have in the house."

Being in the great wholesale drug house of William Hart, Elgin, Ill., one day, Mr. G. H. Sherman, the photographer of that place, remarked, concerning PARKER'S TONIC: "I have used it in my family for two years, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best medicine we have ever used. It is handy to have in the house, and we are never without it."

Culled from the mass of reasons why Mr. Sherman was right, be good enough to consider these: First, PARKER'S TONIC is delicious to the palate; second, it invigorates, but *does not promote a love for strong drink*; third, it cures Coughs and Colds by healing the torpid organs into healthy action, and opening the pores of the skin; fourth, it purifies the Blood, thus curing Kidney, Liver and Lung diseases and Rheumatism; fifth—

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DROWNED IN BEER.

Concerning this Popular Beverage Two Men Express their Minds.

"The fact is, sir, and you may stick a pin there, that the people of this country are likely to be drowned in a flood of lager beer," shouted an enthusiastic teetotaler the other day into the ear of your correspondent. "That German drink has struck us hard. It is the second deluge."

"Yes, and the worst of this beer-drinking business is that it gets up kidney troubles, as a heavy wind raises the waves," added a city physician, who had a knowledge of the times and a tendency to metaphor. "The indelight 'schooner' leaves behind it a wake of furred tongues, headaches, torpid livers, nausea, and all that, and lays the foundation of Bright's Disease."

This melancholy fact accounts in part for the increasing sales of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER, which at once mitigates these symptoms. Price 25 cents. Ask your physician about it.

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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, Flutterings 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

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

To the Farmers.

THE TALBOT COUNTY PAPER MILLS COMPANY will now contract for WHEAT STRAW, to be delivered at a convenient time hereafter. A little more care in stacking and tickling, will insure so much better keeping as to enable farmers to spare at least half of their straw, the cash for which would nearly pay for their phosphates. Apply to

R. B. DIXON, Treasurer.

jun26tf

POETRY.

EARLY SPRING.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

Once more the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plow'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too.

II.

Opens a door in Heaven;
From skies of glass
A Jacob's-ladder falls
On greening grass,
And o'er the mountain-walls
Young angels pass.

III.

Before them fleets the shower,
And burst the buds,
And shine the level lands,
And flash the floods;
The stars are from their hands
Flung thro' the woods.

IV.

The woods by living airs
How freshly fann'd
Light airs from where the deep,
All down the sand,
Is breathing in his sleep,
Heard by the land!

V.

O follow, leaping blood,
The season's lure!
O heart look down and up,
Serene, secure,
Warm as the crocus-cup,
Like snow-drops, pure!

VI.

Past, future, glimpse and fade
Thro' some slight spell,
Some gleam from yonder vale.
Some far blue fell,
And sympathies, how frail,
In sound and smell.

VII.

Till at thy chuckled note,
Thou twinkling bird,
The fairy fancies range,
And, lightly stirr'd,
Ring little bells of change
From word to word.

VIII.

For now the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new,
And thaws the cold and fills
The flower with dew;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The poets too

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Receipt in Full.

By Margaret Eytinge.

The tins had all been scoured until she could see her face, or grotesque caricatures of her face in each and every one of them, the window-panes polished until they sparkled, or had sparkled—for it was now twilight—in the bright June sunshine, the silver burnished until neither speck nor spot marred its mild lustre, the loaves of bread baked until each crispy crust took on the right shade of tempting brown, and Molly was scrubbing the only unscrubbed corner of the kitchen, when Miss Cameron's deep, harsh, precise voice came to her from the dining-room, "Mary are you not through yet?"

"Almost, ma'am," answered Molly.

"It think it is high time you were quite," declared the voice. "You must make haste. We are going to the lecture this evening, Miss Georgette and I, and as Mr. Malcolm also wishes to go out, we will be obliged to lock up. Therefore, it is necessary that you should leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, ma'am," said Molly meekly, and finished her scrubbing with tears falling thick and fast. Poor little girl! she had tried so hard to please her mistresses, or rather mistress—for Miss Georgette was but a reflection of her elder sister—and her efforts had been met with a grim silence that betokened a begrudged satisfaction, until the last few weeks; that is, in fact, until Mr. Malcolm came there. Malcolm was a sort of step-brother to the Misses Cameron (his father, a widower with two boys, had married their mother, a widow with two girls,) and they inheriting nothing in the way of property from their own father, he generously made them an allowance from the moderate fortune left him by his. Generously and forgivingly—for they had not rendered a tithe of the respect, to say nothing of affection, which was his due, to their indulgent and kind-hearted step-father, choosing to look upon their mother's second marriage as an insult to the memory of the parent whose not-at-all amiable characteristics had been his only legacy to them.

The cottage in which they lived, situated in the prettiest part of Meadville (the furniture therein being their own, the bequest of a maternal grandmother,) belonged to Mr. George; and here he had come in the search of solitude and quiet, for the first time in twelve years or more, to spend a month or so in thinking out and arranging plans for starting a large business in a neighboring city. And, as I have already intimated, things had changed much for the worse with Mollie, the servant-maid, since his arrival. The grim silence had given place to open fault finding, when Mr. Malcolm was not within hearing. The coffee was too strong, the tea too weak, the chickens undone, the steaks burned, the eggs boiled too hard, the rooms badly swept, the shirts poorly ironed; and all these complaints with many more, the elder spinster, confirmed by the younger, gave her to understand originated with the guest.

"What a hard man to please he must be!" Molly said to herself many times. "And yet he has one of the handsomest and kindest faces I ever saw; and he spoke right pleasantly to me the first day he came, and even offered me his hand (how Miss Cameron did frown!) but I pretended not to see it, for I knew it was not my place to shake hands with him. It is strange that he should have become so fractious. He was so good and merry and kind when I was a little girl. I've heard father say often he'd rather shoe a horse for him than for any one else in the village." And then she would fall to thinking how grand he used to look to her childish eyes when he came riding up on his bay mare to the smithy where she spent half her time watching her father at the forge. And how he always brought her a gay picture book, a pretty ribbon, a box of candies, or a bright new silver piece—one Christmas it was a gold one—and claimed a kiss (good gracious! how her cheeks flushed at the remembrance!), for, payment when he rode away again. How happy, how very happy, she had been then, with that dear father and dear old Aunt Nanny!—so happy that she had scarcely ever felt the loss of her mother who had died in giving her birth. But when Molly was fifteen, her father, so strong and ruddy that it seemed impossible that pain or sickness could ever come near him, fell sick, and after lingering, sorely crippled, for nearly two years, died, leaving nothing to his darling. Yes, there was one alternative—to become Mrs. Jake Willow, and mistress of the forge again, but Jake was a rough, vulgar fellow, and Molly, inheriting the delicate tastes and ways of her mother, (who had been a shy, pretty young governess before she married the handsome young blacksmith) shrank from the loud voice and rude laughter of her would-be husband. And so, in preference to accepting Jake's offer, she became—and heaven knows this was hard enough thing to do—maid-of-all-work in the cottage of the Misses Cameron. Poor little Molly! prettier than many a princess, with lovely black-fringed gray eyes, and hair of the very darkest brown—hair that would curl in spite of her, to Miss Cameron's great displeasure. "If I had such untidy hair," that lady would often declare, glancing approvingly into the mirror at the flat dyed bands that made a triangle of her high, narrow forehead, "I would shave my head," and "we would certainly shave our heads," would echo Miss Georgette.

The kitchen door finished, the rugs, shaken and returned to their places, the bread put away in the big stone jar in the cupboard, Molly sought her own room (which, truth to tell, was no room at all, but a corner of the garret rudely partitioned off, with only a small skylight and air—there were rooms, empty, unused rooms in the attic, but "they were much too good for a servant," Miss Cameron said; and "very much too good for a servant," agreed her sister, "to make ready for a flirting"). Molly looked around as she tied her straw hat over her rebellious tresses, and again the tears filled her eyes. It had not been a happy place of rest to her, but it had been a place of rest, and a shelter, and she had been glad to have it, fearing to leave it lest worse luck lay beyond.

And she would not have been compelled to leave it had it not been for the unfortunate mirror and the unceasing complaints of that old bachelor. Old bachelor! Why he couldn't be so very old after all, for he was only one and twenty (and she was then between five and six) when he gave her the ribbons, books and silver pieces, and she gave him the kisses.

But the sound of closing shutters broke in on her reverie and reminded her that her departure was waited for, and taking her bundle in her hand, she ran quickly and lightly down stairs where the maiden ladies sat erect and stern, their bonnets already on in readiness for the lecture.

"I'm going now," said Molly, standing in the doorway, her sweet pathetic face with its pleading gray eyes and quivering lips in no way touching what her mistresses were pleased to call their hearts. "Good-bye ma'am. Good-bye, Miss Georgette."

But the only reply she got was: "Remember that you are still indebted to us eight and twenty dollars. If, however, you should prefer to purchase a mirror yourself in place of the one you broke, we will consent to receive it, provided it is as good in very way as that left us by our grandmother. And in that case we will agree to refund the eight dollars, your last month's wages, which we have retained for the first instalment of your debt; which is really more than could have been expected of us," murmured Miss Georgette.

"For such gross carelessness," Miss Cameron went on.

"Indeed, ma'am," interrupted Molly, her cheeks flaming and her eyes sparkling, "as I have told you, I never touched it. I wasn't even near it. I was sweeping the other side of the parlor when it fell, and the cord it hung by was all moth eaten and had parted just in the middle, as he showed you at the time."

—"should be punished," continued Miss Cameron, not paying the slightest attention to the girl. "And one word more. Please to remember that we have your signature to an acknowledgment that you consider yourself responsible for the breakage."

"You frightened me so that I scarcely knew what I was signing," said Molly, "but as I have promised, I will pay you for it; it shall never be said that my father's daughter broke her word. I'd give you the few dollars I have saved if I had not got to keep them for my own support till I get another place. Poor Aunt Nancy can only give me shelter, for as you know, she has depended almost entirely on me for food and clothes ever since my father died."

"Yes, and a very ridiculous thing for both of you," snapped Miss Cameron, with a cold snap. "She might better sell the hut she lives in for kindling-wood, and go to the prison-house, and you might much better save your wages to pay for the things you break. For break you will to the end of your life. I never saw a person with such fly-away hair as yours that was not vain, careless and frivolous. You may go."

"Yes, indeed, you may go," added Miss Georgette.

And the poor child went out into the street, homeless and almost friendless, with her fair young face, and a pain in her young heart. But she had only turned into the long lane that led to old Nancy's cottage, when some one came quickly to her side and said, in a kindly tone, "Molly—poor little Molly!" and there was Mr. Malcolm. And Mollie, in her grief, thinking only of him as the friend of her childhood, who had known her as the darling of the kindest of fathers, flung her bundle down and burst into a passonate flood of tears.

"They were hard on me, your sisters, Mr. Malcolm," she sobbed, "very hard on me. I did my best for them. I worked—and I am not very strong though I am a blacksmith's daughter—from morning till night, and yet I could not please them. And it was not my fault about the mirror. It was not—it was not—it was not. Though Miss Cameron insists that I stopped sweeping to look at my curly hair—I can't help its curling; I did everything to make it straight; I tied it back so tight over and over again that my back ached awful—and knocked it with the broom. She was a little better before you came and complained so much about the tea, the coffee, and your shirts, and everything—"

"I complain!" exclaimed her listener, breaking in upon her rather confused narrations of her wrongs. "Why, I never complained of anything. How could I? There was nothing to be complained of."

"She said you did. But I beg pardon, sir"—suddenly remembering the difference between the candy-and-kisses time and the present. "She is your sister, and—and my troubles are nothing to you."

"She is my sister an extremely long step off," he replied, gravely; "and your troubles are a great deal to me; and, furthermore, I think I see a way—a pleasant way—out of them. Let me walk with you to your Aunt Nancy's and there, with her to advise us, we'll talk matters over."

"Oh, it is such a poor place, Mr. Malcolm! Miss Cameron called it a hut and said it was only fit for kindling wood."

"I've been in much poorer places, Molly," said he, and picking up her bundle, he walked by her side to the old woman's cottage.

Two weeks passed by. A poor drudge from the work-house, whose chief (in fact, whose sole recommendation was "no wages," had taken Molly's place in the Misses Cameron's kitchen. Mr. Malcolm had gone away on business directly after her coming, and on the evening appointed for his return the two sisters, attired in dresses of dull gray, surelieved by a single touch of color, sat (everything in the house being in heart chilling, dreadful stony order) one at each parlor window, awaiting his coming.

"He must be coming now; I think I hear wheels," said the elder, in her usual precise tones.

"Wheels," repeated her sister.

And wheels they were, but not the wheels of a carriage, but those of a truck, on which lay a long wooden box, stopped before the cottage door.

"A mirror for Miss Cameron," the driver called out as he jumped down.

"A mirror!" repeated the spinster, unable to restrain a gesture of surprise. And "A mirror!" said Miss Georgette, with another gesture of surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; from Willard's New York. Where is it to be taken?"

"First, you will unpack it out here," commanded the elder lady, recovering her self possession.

"I can't have the house littered up with splinters and shavings."

So the box was unpacked at the road side and the mirror taken from it proved to be better in every respect than that it had been sent to replace.

"I've brought some wire to hang it with," said the man, as he carried it into the house; "so there will be no danger from moths this time."

"Moths!" said Miss Cameron, glaring at him. And "Moths!" echoed her sister, also glaring. And then both continued to glare, as though called upon to superintend a piece of work highly repugnant to their feelings, until the mirror was hung and driver was again on his truck.

"Of course George sent it," said Miss Cameron, when the man had driven away. But Mary Brown must pay for the other one all the same. Our having this makes no difference in regard to the agreement we have with her."

"No difference in regard to the agreement with her," assented Miss Georgette—when who should walk in, in a gray silk walking dress, a bunch of crimson flowers at her throat and another in her belt, and the most coquettish gray hat, adorned with more crimson flowers, but Molly herself?

"Good evening," she said, smilingly, "I've called for a receipt in full.

"A receipt in full! And for what, pray? Have you brought the money?" asked her whilom mistress. And "Have you brought the money?" echoed her other whilom mistress.

"No, I have not brought you the money," answered Molly, "but I have sent you a mirror that more than answers all your requirements.

"You!" from both sisters at once. And again, for the second time in one short hour, they were guilty of being surprised, and letting their surprise be seen.

"Yes, I have the bill with me. A receipt in full, if you please."

Miss Cameron arose, walked in a stately manner—Molly following—to her desk in the dining-room, seated herself, took pen, ink and paper, and began, "Received from Mary B——" when—

"Stop a moment," said Molly, "my name is no longer Mary Brown."

"And what may it be?" inquired Miss Cameron, regarding her with a most lofty contempt.

"I'll answer that question," answered Mr. Malcolm, suddenly appearing, and passing his arm around the slender gray silk waist, thereby crushing the roses in her belt, "Mrs. George Malcolm."

The pen fell from Miss Cameron's hand, and for the first time in her life that estimable woman went into hysterics, whither her equally estimable sister immediately followed her.

And Molly taking her leave at that moment never received any receipt, in full, or otherwise, after all.

A Remarkable Quotation.

Ex-Governor Butler's farewell gift of a Bible to Massachusetts reminds a writer in the Washington Post of the time when Mr. Bell, on becoming Governor of Texas, began his inaugural address with:

"Fellow Citizens—In the chaste and beautiful language of Job, 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York'."

The result of this remarkable pronunciamento was that the Governor was overwhelmed with gifts of Bibles from every State and foreign lands; Bibles in English, French, Latin, Russian and Hindu; illustrated, illuminated, polyglot and hieroglyphic; bound in paper, leather and in velvet; sent by mail, by express, by freight, and by special messenger.

Another result was that from Galveston to the Pan Handle almost every man, woman and child got a Bible and a copy of Shakespere and "read up," until Richard III and Job became the best known and most talked-about men in the State.

Doctors Distractions.

If he does not come immediately when sent for, he takes things too easy. If he sends in his bill, "he is in a terrible hurry for his money." If he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill, if he don't it is unjustifiable negligence. If he orders the same medicine, it does no good; if he changes the prescription, he is in league with the druggist. If he uses any of the popular medicines of the day, it is to cater to the whims and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he don't use them it is from professional selfishness. If he is in the habit of having frequent consultations, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to them, on the ground that he knows his own business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors. If he gets pay for one-half his services he deserves to be canonized. Who wouldn't be an M. D.?

Mr. Jasper Yewel, Tilghman's Island, Md., says: "I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia. Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me."

A Quiet Game of Poker.

If the residents of Texas, particularly the sleek and glossy members of the legislature, who have broken away from the convivialities of other States and found a refuge here, knew anything about the technalities of the game of draw poker, there would be more encouragement to elucidate the principles—if it has any. But in the present halcyon state of affairs we feel that we grope, and that the great public, particularly the said legislators, will also grope and wonder what on earth we are writing about.

There is a delightful uncertainty about draw-poker, as illusory as it is expensive. One judge in the east has decided that it is a game of chance. Another judge in the west didn't know which it was until, after an hour's sitting, in which he transferred all of his right, title, interest and dower to a chinchilla overcoat, and anticipated two months' salary, he crawled back on to the bench and handed down a decision to the effect that draw-poker, as manipulated west of the Mississippi, was a game of science.

Then one of the players stepped up and informed his honor that there was a little amount back yet, and, if it was all the same to his honor, he would take his gold-bowed spectacles for loose change and call the thing square.

The judge hand them down also, remarking, by the way, that he was willing to do anything in the cause of science.

Mr. Job Pollyfox wandered out to Nebraska in 1878, and, having located in a county seat, proceeded to supply a long felt want. He started a newspaper. It was of radical politics and conservative revenue. The material, all new, was purchased from a Chicago house and heavily blanketed with mortgages to keep it warm during the winter. In the spring Mr. Pollyfox had intended to graft it with choice cuttings from the court house ring and the county printing.

But Mr. Pollyfox never proceeded that far.

He looked on the poker game when it was red, and forthwith it proceeded to stir him aright.

Very soon after the opponent of Mr. Pollyfox commenced to feed him with face cards and nine spots; the latter also commenced to notice that his small change as well as various bills of denominations ranging from $1 to $5, rapidly took up a direct line of march across the table and sought the more congenial society of his opponent, Mr. Expeters. This heartless action of his collateral seemed to touch Mr. Pollyfox to the quick, and while the size of his roll gradually diminished, that of Mr. Expeters increased voluminously. At last Mr. Job Pollyfox became what is technically known as "broke" or "strapped," and the excitement of the game appeared to have died out.

"I'm in a box," exclaimed Mr. Pollyfox, at last, as the agile Expeters whipped in the last run of Mr. Pollyfox's shad in the shape of a quarter, with which, as a forlorn hope, he had called a hand. "You have put me in the nine hole, and my reserve fund is exhausted."

"How about the printing office?" inquired the demure Expeters.

"True," replied Mr. Pollyfox, "I forgot that. Here, I will give you my hand press for a stack of chips."

The deal was consummated, and Mr. Pollyfox immediately opened a jack-pot on two Queens and lost his chips. The quarter-medium Gordon job press followed its companion and then the imposing stone and a font of four line display type went the way of all printing material on a king full. Expeters having at the same deal burdened himself with four deuces. The shooting-stick and lye-brush kept close company