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 arrearages are paid. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months. Subscriptions out of the county $2 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be marked TF and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices in Local columns, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1884. VOL. XIX.—NO. 33.

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SASH
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
BALTIMORE.

A CARD TO MOTHERS. USE THE CELEBRATED
BREAST PLASTERS OF THE LATE DR. P. CHATARD, recommended by the most prominent practitioners of medicine in the city. The
SCATTERING PLASTER. For the WEED, and for dispersing and softening all hardness of the breast. The
BACKENING PLASTER. For drying up and dispersing the milk.
PRICE, 25 CTS. per Box.
PREPARED ONLY AT
LAROQUE'S PHARMACY, W. E. THORNTON, Proprietor, Baltimore and Harrison Sts., Baltimore. By all Druggists or by mail.

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, } Builders.
Mrs. J. A. W. Powell,
C. F. Eastman,
J. R. 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 ere 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. Many a lady endowed 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 decribe 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.

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 benefitted 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. 96 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Aug21,83yr

RICE'S! RICE'S! RICE'S!
129 Lexington Street, Baltimore.
Notions, Hosiery and Trimmings.

One of my specialties is to give prompt and careful attention to orders by mail. I receive Postage Stamps in payment; but the best plan, when convenient, is to send Post Office order for payment of bill ordered, and always be sure and send sufficient to pay return charges, when goods are to be sent by mail. My assortment is complete. If you desire you can have a price list by sending your address. Below I mention prices of a few articles. You can order all or part of them.

Macrama Cord in white at	27c lb
Macrama Cord in colors at	35c lb
Macrama Cord, finest quality white,	10c ball
Macrama Cord, finest quality in colors,	13c ball
Embroidery Silk, all colors, 12 skeins for 20c, 25 skeins for 20c, 100 skeins for 75c or 130 skeins for $1.00.	
Tinsel Cords, all colors, 3c yard or	19c ball
Arrasine, all colors, 5c skein or	50c doz
Silk Chenille, all colors, 5c skein or	50c doz
Fillosette or Floss, all colors, 3c skein or	35c doz
Babour's 200 yard Linen Thread at	7½c spool
Ladies Fancy Colored Hose	10c
Germantown Yarn all colors, 2 oz in hand at 12c hank.	
Zephyr Worsted, all colors, at	7c lap
Ribbons of all sizes and colors.	
Embroideries, all widths and prices. If you wish narrow, order 5 yds for 6c, 5 yds for 12c, 4½ yds for 16c, 4½ yds for 23c.	
Laces of all kinds.	
Order Boys' grey ribbed hose, extra length sizes, 7, 7½, 8 and 8½ in., at 8c per pair.	

I have a wholesale department and make a fair reduction to dealers. They can sell all my goods at my prices with fair profit.

JOHN T. RICE,
North side. 129 Lexington st.,
7 doors west of Park. BALTIMORE, MD

☞ Persons ordering goods will please say when they write what paper they saw my advertisement in.

apr1,83yr

The Dover Street Harness Store.

Having taken the third store from Washington street, in the new row of brick stores lately built on Dover street, for a

Saddlery and Harness Shop,

Notice is hereby given that I shall keep on hand, of my own hand make, a full stock of

Double and Single Carriage Harness,

Wagon Harness, Cart Harness, Collars, Bridles, Martingales, Reins, and all odd pieces of harness in demand by farmers.

All orders for any article in my line promptly filled.

None but the very best leather and other material used in the manufacture of my work.

Satisfaction in price, quality and wear guaranteed.

Also a full supply of cheap, city made machine work of all kinds always on hand and for sale at city prices, including blankets, whips and other attachments.

My friends and customers and the public generally are invited to give me a call at my new stand.

W. J. GOLT.

Easton, Jan. 15th, 1884.

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,
jul31 3m Easton, Md.

CUPID IN DIAMONDS.

When cupid wears the DIAMOND shirt,
His conquest's sure of hearts so tender,
For when they see this manly guise,
The ladies always quick surrender.

Surely the ladies are attracted by neatness of dress, which adds so much to the general elegance of one's appearance. What's more vital to a well-dressed man than a perfect-fitting, smooth-setting shirt?

WAMSUTTA 2100 LINEN.
Manufactured with Clarks
REINFORCED
DANIEL MILLER & Co.
THE DIAMOND SHIRT
BALTIMORE
O.N.T. 6 Cord Spool Cotton

If your dealer does not keep it, send his address to Daniel Miller & Co., sole manufacturers, Baltimore, Md.

ACME HALL,
The Palace Clothing Establishment of Baltimore,

Opens its doors to the public on April 5th, and extends to all lovers of Fine Clothing a special invitation to look over its Goods. Our object is to supply gentlemen with such Spring and Summer Clothing they have hitherto been unable to procure except from Merchant Tailors, at exorbitant prices. We obviate all delays and chances of misfits that so frequently follow ordered goods, and we guarantee our Garments fully equal, and even superior, to most measured work, at considerably lower figures.

The most fastidious cannot fail to be pleased with the Men's and Boys' Garments shown at

ACME HALL,
"The Mirror of Fashion,"
209 W. BALTIMORE ST.
Strictly One Price.

Beaten by Wind and Rain.
Sailors on the Sea and Laborers on the Land—Help for the Larboard Watch.

"There is no telling the force of the wind; and the height and rush of the sea was simply appalling. When Cornish, the boatswain, and myself came down from aloft, after furling the main-royal, we were wet through and half dead from the hard toil and the exposure."

So said the mate of the "Grosvenor," when relating the incidents of an Atlantic cyclone, after nearly all the crew had mutinied and left the ship in boats to escape punishment.

Mechanics who labor upon lofty buildings; carpenters, masons, painters and bricklayers may be called a kind of shore sailors, and that their numbers are not more largely decimated by accident and disease is a marvel. Mr. Jabez Rogers, tuck pointer, house painter, etc., of No. 608 Madison street, Chicago, over a pipe and autumn fire, said to your correspondent:

"No, I am only a young man yet—thirty-five, that's all; but the kind of work I do tells on a fellow's looks and constitution. Last Spring I was about run down with over-work and exposure. I had to give up doing any work myself, and just made out to oversee my men in a sort of half-and-half way. I thought I was played out for good and all. I was racked with a cough stupified with a cold, and torn and disabled with Rheumatism. Do? I took PARKER'S TONIC and it cured me. Those three words tell the story—it cured me."

To all persons subject to risk from exposure, PARKER'S TONIC will commend itself. It purifies the Blood, incites the torpid Liver to a healthy activity, and opens the pores of the skin. This is the season of out-door perils to health. Keep the Tonic near you. Prices, 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Hiscox & Co., Chemists, New York.

RATHER TOO LONG.
After Twenty Years on the Wrong Side of Life a Virginian Turns the Tables.

"How long did you say?"

"Twenty years, I said. Up to the time I mentioned I had suffered from diseased liver for twenty years," said Mr. S. T. Hancock, of Richmond, Va., half sadly, as though thinking of that dilapidated section of his life. "At times I almost wished it had pleased Providence to omit the liver from the human anatomy."

"Bad enough—twenty years of that sort of thing," responded a listener. "What was the upshot of it?"

"The upshot was that some time ago I went down to Scott's drug store in this city and bought one of BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTERS, applied it and was relieved in a few hours, and am now as sound as though my liver were made of India-rubber."

Benson's—unlike the old-fashioned kind of plasters—act promptly. Look for the word CAPCINE, which is cut in the genuine. Price 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.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"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 cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 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.

POETRY.

THE OLD VILLAGE DEPOT.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

There stands the old station house out in the rain,
A stone's throw away from my door,
With its wind-beaten wall and its weather-racked pane,
And its rickety, rat-haunted floor;
Its sashes are seamed and its lintels are gashed
With the jack-knives of twenty long years,
And the eaves where the wings of the swallow once flashed
Are touched by the kinship of tears.

Old house! it looms up like a ghost in the gale,
And gibbers and groans in the blast,
And speaks with a weird and weariless wail,
Of the dim, irrepealable past;
On the old dingy platform that girdles it round,
The wealth of the prairies once poured;
And daily the carriage of commerc came down
With the wares of the merchant abroad.

'Twas here where our brothers went off to the wars,
We blessed them and bade them adieu;
And we welcomed them here,'nearth a banner of stars,
When the terrible conflict was through;
And here where the barefooted boys are at play
The war trumpets thundered of yore—
And here came the coffins, in ghastly array,
Of the dear old soldier dead to our door.

'Twas here the young bride, in her beauty and bloom,
To her cheek felt the parting kiss pressed;
And here beat with rapture the heart of the groom,
As he cradled her form on her breast;
And here in this squalor the mendicant crept,
To shelter himself from the blast,
In the merciless midnight, and dreamed as he slept
Of the happier days of the past.

And here came the message, more fleet than the dove,
O'er the wandering, wavering wire,
That filled us with grief, or that thrilled us with love,
As we peacefully sat round the fire;
Ah, the old station house! it will soon tumble down,
Its timbers are crumbling away,
But its record is writ on the heart of the town,
And its glory abideth for aye.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WEDDED TO ART.

An old-fashioned farm house, large and hospitable looking; lowing cattle and bleating sheep; undulating hills, clad in autumnal verdure; in front, across the winding road, an orchard wealthy in russet and golden fruit; in the rear, a brook that goes gleaming past the capacious barn, from whose windows peep golden sheaves, and under whose eaves cling the swallows' nests. Such were the features of a pleasant rural scene to be enjoyed by the wayfarer along a certain road in the autumn.

The door of the farm house opened, and with a laugh and bound Lelia Carter, a maiden of about sixteen, came racing out, with a shepherd dog leaping and bounding by her side. Very charming indeed she looked, with her lovely face and sparkling eyes half hidden beneath the wide straw hat, as she ran gayly along the roadside or in the fields, now stopping to caress some half-grown lamb, now wild with delight as a stray rabbit bounded from covert and proceeded rapidly to leave out of sight the fat shepherd dog.

"Here, Sport, fetch it!" she cried, as she tossed a stick over a clump of thick undergrowth.

On the other side of the clump, hidden from view, sat a young man, busily sketching. The stick fell full upon his easel, and striking his pencil, knocked it from his fingers.

"Hang it!" he growled, "who threw that?" looking up just as Lelia and Sport came racing into sight.

Lelia stopped short as she saw the stranger, but Sport, nothing abashed, ran on, picked up the stick, upset the easel in doing so, and with a quick bound escaping the full force of the kick aimed at him, came wagging back to his mistress.

"Haven't you anything better to do, miss, than running over the country spoiling a fellow's work?" queried the vexed stranger, as he picked up the easel and brushed off the dirt adhering to the canvas.

He was a handsome, dark looking young man of about twenty-two. As he glanced at Lelia again, and obtained a full view of her for the first time, his expression softened into one of admiration. She was stooping over Sport tenderly, but fire was in her eyes as she looked toward the young man.

"How dare you kick my dog?" she demanded.

He was about to answer more civilly than before, when a sudden idea entered his head, and he began to sketch rapidly.

"That is all he is good for, I dare say—to be kicked," he answered carelessly at length.

"You don't know anything about it. He's the best dog in the world, and you're a brute for kicking him!" said fearless sixteen.

He sketched away as though his life depended on his work.

"Oh, well," he replied after another pause, "I didn't hurt him much, after all. He was too quick for me."

"You meant to, though, and it was just as mean as though you had."

"Well, you see, I was angry because he upset my work."

"I don't care," said Lelia, "he was only trying to please me, wasn't you Sport?"

He looked at her again, then at the canvas, then added a few more strokes.

"Really, I don't see how he can be blamed for that." And he glanced admiringly at her.

Either the look or the words (she wasn't used to compliments) mortified her somewhat.

"Besides, I'll make amends," he added, "How would you like to have a picture of Sport?"

She came forward and saw not only Sport, but herself bending over him. He drew out his sketch-book in the meantime, and hastily sketching Sport on a leaf, tore it off and handed it to her with a bow.

"Isn't it lovely!" she exclaimed, "how could you do it so soon? What are you going to do with this large picture?"

"I have some hopes of winning a prize with it next spring. Five minutes ago I felt like giving it up, now I feel rather confident of it. That was the reason I spoke to you as I did at first. I was afraid you would go away, so I made you angry.

"I was angry, and I called you a brute, too, didn't I? Well, I don't care, you had no right to kick poor sport," and she pouted prettily, whereat he laughed and humbly begged Sport's pardon.

"Isn't your name Miss Carter?" he inquired abruptly.

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Did you ever hear of a fellow by the name of Ivan Kirke?"

"Why, yes, of course I have. That is old Kirke's son, the one that was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and didn't want to be a farmer, and went away five or six years ago."

He bit his lips and smiled.

"I am that 'lazy, good-for-nothing fellow'," he said, "or at least I was. I hope I have improved since then, though I don't want to be a farmer even now."

"I—I didn't know—I am sorry—I didn't mean—"

"Oh, never mind. I dare say I was lazy and good-for-nothing on a farm. They didn't understand me, and I don't blame them; I didn't understand myself. Your father was about the only one that sympathized with my fancies. By the way, I should like to see him if he is at home."

"He is at home. Come along, and Sport and I will show you the way."

Ivan Kirke was a born artist. As a farmer's lad, living in the midst of nature's beauties, his love for them had been fostered, and developed into a passion that made him the vexation of his good, prosaic father. It became certain that he would make the worst of bad farmers.

At the age of sixteen, therefore, owing greatly to Mr. Carter's advice, he had been sent away to school. There he picked up the rudiments of art from a fellow student, and in spare moments applied them with such skill and originality as to gain the attention of a wealthy gentleman, who eventually became his patron.

It must be confessed that he was singularly fortunate. Up to the present little of the bitter hardships ordinarily attendant on an artist's formative period had fallen to his lot. With the advantage of a wealty patron, passionate love of beauty, and intelligent skill, he had made rapid advancement. He had made during that time a few visits home, but, although but a mile distant from the Carter farm, he had not seen Lelia since she was a little freckle-faced girl.

He was now at home for a month or more. A prize had been offered to young artists, and he had resolved to compete. It was for this purpose that he was at work upon the beautiful landscape scene in the neighborhood of Lelia's home, when interrupted by her and Sport. He was quick to appreciate her fresh beauty, and as she bent over Sport, with her arms around his neck, and her indignant glance directed at him, he promptly saw what an addition the scene would be to his picture.

During the next few weeks Lelia saw much of the young painter. She visited him daily at his work in the field, and watched the progress of the picture, in which she had nearly as great an interest as he himself, as her own pretty face formed an important feature. A less innocent girl or one more acquainted with the world, might have objected to the publicity thereby given her. Lelia did not. She felt very proud of it, and grateful to the artist for the compliment.

After their unconventional first meeting it did not take long for them to become the best of friends. Ivan told her of his life in London, his successes and hopes, the men and women with whom he mingled, the customs of society and many other things which Lelia only knew as she knew of fairyland—through books.

The more he saw of her the more he admired her, and he drew favorable comparisons between her and certain bedecked and powdered ball-room visions he had seen. Owing to the difference in their ages, he felt little more hesitation in expressing his admiration than if she had been a little child prattling on his knee.

True love runs smooth and rapid till it becomes beyond control, whatever it does afterward. So it was with Lelia. She loved with her whole soul, and did not even suspect it. Consequently, when Ivan, with his picture nearly completed, bade her farewell and returned to London, it was like a rude awakening, a cruel shock that seemed to stun her at first. Life became a weary waiting for what she dared not hope. She seemed to have gone at a step from girlhood to womanhood; and instead of playing with Sport and her other pets, she either busied herself about household matters or sat and dreamed of the past.

With the coming spring she regained much of her old spirit, and her laugh echoed among the hills again, not so loud and carelessly as formerly, but still merry and sparkling. It was one afternoon in June as, wandering along the roadside, she met Ivan's little brother Johnny.

"Ivan's coming home to-morrow," said Johnny, with startling suddenness.

"So soon?" exclaimed Lelia, and her heart began to flutter painfully.

"Yes, and he's been married, too."

Lelia looked at the child in dumb, white astonishment.

"I heard ma telling Mrs. Grove this morning," continued Johnny. "She didn't say married, she said wedded—but it means the same, don't it?"

"Yes, dear, it means the same."

She turned with quivering lips and heaving bosom and walked rapidly away, past the wild roses that seemed to look after, grieved and surprised at her neglect—past all the bright things of nature, that appeared but a dreary mockery—and fell upon a mossy bank with a deep, heart-breaking sob. This was the end then—the end to her first love and all the visions it had created! Somehow she never questioned whether it could be a mistake—whether ten-year-old Johnny was a trustworthy messenger of such news? What right had she to expect anything different? What could be more natural than for him to marry?

If Lelia, when she had turned from the road had looked far ahead, she would have perceived, just rounding the bend, a form whose manly stride she would have recognized at a glance. It was Ivan, and he quickened his already rapid pace as he caught a glimpse of her as she passed in among the trees.

Her eyes were still moist, but she had passed the first convulsive sobbing when she heard his step, and before she could flee he stood before her.

"Lelia," he exclaimed, as he came forward with a glad smile, "I thought I saw my little forest maid turning into the wood. What! you must have been crying."

Lelia made one heroic effort for self-control. Whatever might happen, Ivan should never know of her hopeless love. Gulping down the rising sob, and rapidly winking two or three times, she answered—

"I haven't!"

It was her first fib, and she went on to elaborate with astonishing readiness. "I have been sneezing, oh, so hard!! Just see, my feet are wet," and she pointed to two tiny shoes slightly damp. "But I am very glad to see you, Ivan. I thought you wasn't coming till to-morrow."

"I thought I would give you a surprise. Have you heard the news?"

"Yes, Johnny just told me. I—I suppose you are too happy to live, aren't you?"

Her words were uttered pleasantly, but her hands were clenched until the marks of the nails were imprinted in the flesh.

"No, Lelia. The fact is, I don't feel nearly as happy as I expected I should," and he poked the grass musingly with his cane.

"Not happy!" and Lelia looked at him in amazement. "Then you—"

"Then I don't deserve my good fortune—I know it. I'm as whimsical as a child. When I left here last fall I could think of nothing else. I was a blind fool; and as the time passed and the momentous day drew nearer and nearer, I found that—that my happiness depended upon something entirely different.

Lelia's cheek became livid. With quick intuition she divined his meaning. He had married another while loving her, and had already repented. But what right had he to tell her of this? What right had he to speak to her in that tender tone now that he was married?

"Lelia, I have come back to tell you that I love you; that I have loved you, though—"

With flashing eyes she drew back the hand he had taken.

"That will do, sir. I will not hear another word!"

He looked in amazement at her sudden anger and scorn. He would have spoken further, but just then Johnny came racing through the woods and flung his arms round Ivan's neck with wild exclamations of delight.

"Oh, Ivan, did you bring your wife?" was his eager inquiry.

"What do you mean, Johnny? What nonsense is this?" he asked.

"Oh, I know all about it; so does Lelia. You can't fool us—can he Lelia? I heard ma telling about it yesterday."

A gleam shot into Ivan's eyes.

"What was it mother said, Johnny?"

"She told Mrs. Grove that now you'd won the prize you'd be more than ever wedded to Miss Somebody."

"And you told Lelia, did you?"

"Yes."

"Johnny do you see that squirrel there? I will give you half a crown if you'll catch him."

As Johnny darted away Ivan turned to Lelia, and there was a deep earnestness in his voice as he spoke.

"Did you believe it, Lelia?"

"Yes. I—I didn't know. Johnny said—"

"Never mind Johnny. 'Wedded to his art' is one of mother's expressions in describing me. Oh, Lelia, art is beautiful and grand, but it is a poor thing to love. May I not have a better?"

Six months later, in the ivy covered little country church, his question was answered to his entire satisfaction.

A War Adventure of Wade Hampton.

A middle-aged man approached Gen. Wade Hampton the other day and asked his influence in pressing a claim before the military committee of the Senate. The stranger then said:

"General, I am glad to see you again. You do not recognize me, but you personally made a prisoner of me during the war."

Comparing notes, Gen. Hampton found out that it was a fact, and he then recalled the circumstance.

He was reconnoitreing one night and missed his way. Around him burned more camp fires than he had left behind him. Entering a house he discovered that he had strayed into the enemy's lines. A few soldiers were seated at a table, and abruptly addressing them, as if a superior officer of their own army, he asked who they were and what they were doing there. One man spoke up and replied:

"We belong to the Eighth New York regiment, and General Warren sent us to get milk."

Hampton felt that all his nerve and address would be required to extricate himself from this dangerous position.

He reached for his pistol, held it along his thigh, and, on leaving the house, commanded the man who had spoken to him to follow. He did so.

Hampton mounted his horse and called the man to him. Bending down to the Federal soldier's ear, he whispered:

"I have a pistol aimed at you head, and will shoot you if an alarm is made."

The surprised soldier whispered: "Don't shoot, I surrender."

Hampton then bade him move on just ahead of his horse, and so brought him to the Confederate camp.

It was this man who, after more than twenty years, met his captor and asked a favor of him, as a Senator, that he was more than willing to grant. It was a strange and romantic coincidence in the returning cycles of time.

The Physician's Bill.

A physician, just about the close of the war presented a bill to a well-known Arkansas judge for attendance on a negro.

"What, eighteen hundred dollars!" exclaimed the jurist, looking over the bill. "Isn't that extremely high?"

"No. Not when you take into consideration the price of medicine."

"All right, doctor," and the judge began to count out Confederate money.

"I can't take that."

"Why, my dear sir, you charge war prices and should accept war money."

"Judge, it is no account, and I will not have it."

"Well, then, take the negro. That strikes me as being fair."

"Can't take the negro, judge, for he's free; but I tell you what I will do. I see that you have several mules out there. I'll take one of them."

"Oh, no, I can't let you have one of the mules just now, but wait a few days, and if the President issues a proclamation freeing the mules, come around and I'll let you have one."

"Mine is a high calling," says the mason on Washington's monument.

"I run on tick, and my time is a good deal to me," says the clock.

"A Chinese adage—"Love 'oo little, love Oolong."

THE MILWAUKEE BAD BOY.

The Boy Has Got a Job Keeping his Pa out of Politics.

"Get out of here now, pretty lively," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in rubbing his hands and trying to be pleasant. "A boy that will loaf around here and eat things, and kick when I ask him to help me sort over potatoes, can't stay in my store. Git!" and the groceryman picked up a link of sausage and looked mad.

"O' go hate yourself," said the boy as he drew a knife and cut a slice off the groceryman's weapon, and began eating it, as unconcerned as possible. "When you want work done, say so and I will help you, but when you say 'let's go and have some fun' sprouting potatoes or carrying in coal, that is too thin. When you say that, you are a gay deceiver, and you are guilty of false pretenses. But quit lying and call it by its right name, work, and you catch Hennery, but not with funny chaff. But I have got all the work I want on my hands now. I have been appointed pa's guardian, by ma, and I am straining every nerve to keep pa out of politics."

"Good gracious," said the groceryman in alarm, "I am sorry for your pa, if he has got his head set on going into politics. I was in politics one year myself, and it has taken me five years to get out and pay my debts, and now every ward politican owes me for groceries. You see, they came to me and wanted me to run for supervisor. They said I was just the man they wanted, a man with a large head, one who was a business man, and who would not kick at the expenditure of a few dollars when he could make a barrel of money. They said if I was on the board of supervisors I could be placed on a committee that handled the funds, and I could make the purchases of groceries and provisions for all the county institutions, the poor house, house of correctson, insane asylum, hospitals, and everything, and I could buy them at my own store at my own price, and in two years I could be rich as any man in town. Well, I never had a proposition strike me so favorably, and I went in head over appetite. For a month I went around our ward night and day, spending money, and the politicians came to the store and traded when I was out, and had it charged, and when the caucus was held I only got one vote for supervisor, and I voted that myself. Well, the politicians tried to explain to me, but I bought a revolver, and they kept away. Do you know, the next day after the caucus I didn't have twenty dollars worth of groceries in the store, and the clerk was dying of lonesomeness? Whatever your pa does, don't let him go into polititics, for he will bring up in an inebriate asylum, sure."

"Well, pa has got it bad, but he is too numerous. He has been yearning for two years for a political campaign to open. I don't suppose there is a citizen who enjoys politics as much as pa. He stays out nights till the last place is closed, and is the first man on deck in the morning. He has drank with more candidates, more different times, than anybody, and when he is so full that he can't drink he takes cigars, and brings it home. His guests have been smoking up old election cigars ever since the Hancock campaign, and some of them are awful. But this time they are going to run pa for alderman, and he has opened the campaign with a cork screw. Pa thinks that the position of alderman is greater than governor, because aldermen wear a badge, and have influence. He wants to please everybody, and he has promised to put ninety-seven men on the police force, has promised forty-four men the position of bridge tender, and there is only one bridge in his ward. He promises the saloon keepers to reduce the price of licenses, and allow them to keep open all night, and he has promised the prohibition temperance people to raise saloon licenses to a thousand dollars and close every saloon in town. The result is going to be if pa is not elected he will kill himself, and if he is elected the people will kill him, so somebody has got to save pa."

"You can't do it as long as the fever is on," said the groceryman. "You have got to watch him, and when he meets with defeat or reverses in politics, then fire some sense into him. But as long as he is red hot in a campaign, nothing will stop him. I have seen a politician who was full of enthusiasm and beer, fall into the river and drown, and the police pulled him out and then rolled him on a barrel, and pretty soon he came to and the first thing he said was, 'Rah for Tilden. Set 'em up again!' You would have thought that man would quit politics, and try and lead a different life, but the next day he was going whooping around, electioneering in the saloons and on street corners, with a cork life preserver strapped around him. He is alive yet, and is an alderman. When a man gets into politics it takes possession of him, and wherever he is, he is getting in his work for his party. There was a ward politician that I knew once that used to make a specialty of laboring with the working men. One day he was on top of a building that was being erected, arguing with a brick layer, when his foot slipped and he fell off. As he was going down he passed a hod carrier going up with a load of mortar. You would think that man would forget politics as he was falling, and say his prayers, or pick out a soft place to strike on the side walk but he didn't. As he passed the hod carrier he yelled to him, 'Don't forget the caucus to-night in your ward and get out all the boys.' He struck in a bed of soft mortar, which saved his life, and as they took a hoe and pulled him to the surface he scraped the mortar out of his eyes, and as a doctor came up to set his bones he asked the doctor if he had made up his mind how to vote this year. No, sir, there is no room in a politician for anything except politics. I was never so annoyed in my life as I was once in church when they put a politician in my pew, and when we got up to sing and opened the hymn book, the politician had a republican ticket under his thumb, and I had to read it all through. Dear me, if you can get your pa out of politics, do it, if you have to scare the life out of him."

"Let ma and me alone for that, said the boy. "We are experimenting with phosphorous, and some night when the campaign is fairly opened, and pa comes home late at night acting crooked, he will see the hand-writing on the wall of a dark room, and the skeletons and snakes and animals and things that will visit him will break him up. If every politician had a good little boy to look after him he might be saved or killed, which would be better than lingering in politics to be cut down like a flower after he had gone through his property and lost his health," and the boy went out to learn how to draw a skeleton on the wall with phosphorous, and the groceryman sat and thought of his own experience as a politican.

She Wasn't a Bit Embarrassed.

A little girl up town went out to walk with her aunt and Mr. Brown who was playing the devoted to the aunt. When she came back she rushed up to her mother and exclaimed:

"Oh mamma, what do you think? I dropped my petticoat while I was walking with Mr. Brown and auntie."

"Good heavens, child, weren't you terrible embarassed?

"No, mamma."

"What did you do?"

"I just looked at it and said to Mr. Brown, 'Why Mr. Brown, you lost you handkercher,' and, mamma, you ought to seen him blush, and so did auntie."

If you desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold your tongue.