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. Usual of the The 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 or in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

TABLE 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 to the number of times to be inserted, will be marked TF and continued till forbid, out, April 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 29, 1884. VOL. XIX.—NO. 34.

Lumber Business.

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

A FRAGRANT BREATH AND TEETH OF PEARL WHITENESS
Gems of Ruby Redness, and charms to the most homely face that are the envy of all, are the LABOQUE'S LIQUID ODENTINE, the Standard South American Elixir and Fashionable, accomplishes this result every time. 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

PILES. FOR HEMORRHOIDS OR PILES, Ointment. It has been most successfully used for the last forty years. 25 Cents a Box. By Mail or at all Druggists.

J. M. Laroque's Elixir of Calisaya Bark. A Tonic of Superior Excellence, indorsed by the most eminent Physicians. Element to the taste, acceptable to the most delicate stomach, prompt in its effects, bringing almost immediately renewed strength, vigor and cheerfulness; particularly a Ladies' Medicine. $1 a bottle.

CORNS. FOR CORNS AND BUNIONS, BOILS, PAINFUL TUMORS and OLD SORES, as well as Diseases 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 headache, nervousness, hysterics and similar symptoms, Wheeler's No. 98 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. 98 Prescription "C" will give immediate and lasting relief. The price of Wheeler's No. 98 Prescriptions "B" and "C" are $2 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. 98 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. 98 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.

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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. 98 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Aug 21, 83 yr.

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 by mail, 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,	15c ball
Embroidery Silk, all colors, 12 skeins for 20c, 25 skeins for 20c, 100 skeins for 75c or 120 skeins for $1.00.	
Tinsel Cords, all colors, 3c yard or	19c ball
Arrasine, all colors, 5c skein or	20c doz
Silk Chenille, all colors, 5c skein or	30c doz
Filloselle or Floss, all colors, 5c 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 15c, 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 or 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 SIMONS,
jul31-3m Easton, Md.

Medical.

SENSIBLE MEN and women know see into the cause of the many diseases and consequent ills of the body, each has a separate cause for which, and that alone, needs a separate method of treatment in order to effect a cure, and a moment's reflection must convince that any of the quick nostrums so loudly lauded 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 of wealthy find that the enormous charges of practising physicians are a serious burden to them, and also find that they have to themselves prescribe for their ailments, that in fact they have thrown their money away. To overcome these evils we offer Wheeler's No. 98 Cure Remedies to the sick and suffering, the 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 in one and positively cured by the use of Wheeler's No. 98 Rheumatic Remedy. We say boldly this (in the worst cases of rheumatism, 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. 98 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 delicate, beautiful figure, faultless complexion, as well as the sweetest of temperaments 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 minute modesty of feminine nature prevents their making known, and of which the ignorance of the medical profession prevents a cure. Lady Reader, assume and consider, this is 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. 98 Prescriptions are pleasant and palatable to take, contain nothing of an injurious nature, and may be taken by all ages and 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 headache, nervousness, hysterics and similar symptoms, Wheeler's No. 98 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. 98 Prescription "C" will give immediate and lasting relief. The price of Wheeler's No. 98 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.

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THE PROPOSAL.

He.—My darling, you look irresistibly lovely to-night.

She.—Do I? Thanks very much! you are handsome as a Prince, Charley, in your dress suit.

He.—Give the credit to the DIAMOND Shirt, my love, which I wear for the first time to-night; it is that which gives tone to my toilette. Here is its prototype (slipping the Diamond engagement ring on her finger).

She.—May our love be as enduring as the fame of

"The DIAMOND Shirt."

Tableau.

WAMSUTTA MUSLIN 2100 LINEN. MANUFACTURING CO. SHIRT. DANIEL MILLER & CO. THE DIAMOND. Cord Edge.

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 mistfit 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 "Adventurer," 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., 37 No. 48 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 locks and constitution. Last Spring I was about run down with overwork 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."

"Had enough—twenty years of that sort of thing," suggested a bystander. "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 their success they have become the standard of the whole world. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, fullness after eating, every thing to eat disagrees with the sufferer, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Scanty Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that will directly act on the Liver. A dose of these PILLS now is all that is needed. These pills cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with any business or pleasure, producing a healthy appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with any business or pleasure.

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, five years, and have tried ten different kinds of medicine, but yours is the only one that have done me any good. They have cleansed my system, given me a healthy appetite, and I feel like a new man. W. H. DAVIS, Palmyra, O."

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

Gray Whiskers or Hair changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously, and leaves the hair free from grease. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 39 Murray St., New York.

TUTT'S CHEMICAL CATARRH CURE.

POETRY.

DON'T SLAM THE GATE.

Now, Harry, pray, don't laugh at me,
But when you go so late
I wish you would be careful, dear,
To shut the gate.

For Bessie listens every night
And so does family Kate
To tell me next day what o'clock
They heard you slam the gate.

'Twas nearly ten last night, you know,
And now 'tis very late—
(We've talked about so many things,)
O, do not slam the gate!

For all the neighbors hearing it
Will say my future fate
We've been discussing; so I beg
You will not slam the gate.

For though it all is very true,
I wish that they would wait,
To canvass our affairs—until—
Well—pray don't slam the gate.

At least not now—but by and by,
When in "our home" I wait
Your coming, I should always like
To hear you slam the gate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Curse of Gower.

By Clyde Raymond.

"Accursed be Gower Hall, and may old Naomi's curse rest upon it until a gypsy bride shall reign over it as its honored mistress."

Thus spoke an old, bent and weather-beat gypsy woman, shaking her bony hand at the stately pile of gray stone with its massive chimneys and its ancient looking turrets which might have been taken from some feudal work of Europe in the middle ages and sat down amid the oaks and evergreens where we find it in one of the most beautiful spots of the new world.

This bitter curse of the old gypsy was uttered in the face of a fair, blue-eyed young man of haughty bearing, who knew himself to be included in it, and who had turned to leave her but was now glancing back, with unbelief and scorn in every lineament of his handsome face.

That was full fifty years ago, yet as Clifton Gower stood looking up at the lonely, deserted old hall, the whole scene came vividly to his mind as he had heard it described a thousand times.

He was a true Gower, with his straight, rounded, supple figure, his proud bearing, his flashing, dark blue eyes and his fair, haughty, smiling face.

He was the grandson of that Geoffrey Gower, upon whom the gypsy's curse had fallen, but he was unlike him and all the other men of that name in that he was truer, kinder-hearted and nobler natured than they; and people who knew him well felt that in some way he would cause the curse of his house to die out and be forgotten.

A beautiful, dark-eyed Spanish gypsy [illegible] loved Geoffry Gower so well that she had abandoned her tribe and her poor old mother to cross the ocean with him and settle down in the grand seclusion of Gower Hall, where, for two years, she believed herself his honored and lawful wife.

Then he met and loved a fairer woman of his own rank, and the gypsey wife was heartlessly informed that she was no wife at all and sent forth alone from Gower Hall, so that another might reign there in her place.

Then the old gypsy woman, who had followed her daughter to America, had pronounced her dire curse upon Gower Hall, and it was known that from that hour the misfortune of the family began.

Geoffrey Gower's fair, aristocratic bride lived but five years, and their eldest son, the pride and joy of his heart, survived her but a month.

He was left in bitter loneliness with the younger boy, who was but a sickly child, yet who, contrary to all expectations, had grown up to a splendid manhood and married in his turn.

The last bride of Gower Hall, Clifton's own mother, had lived but a few years, her young husband having been accidentally killed soon after their marriage, and Geoffrey Gower was once more left at the old hall, lonely and old, and almost friendless, with his little grandson, Clifton, to take care of.

After a year or two of this life, he who had so coldly discarded his young gypsy bride and laughingly sneered at the gypsy mother's curse, he who had seen wife and children perish in the bloom of their youth and beauty and his old ancestral home grown dark and gloomy under the shadow of the curse, at last died of a broken heart.

Then the little heir was sent away in the care of paid guardians, and Gower Hall was left to the rooks and owls that made night hideous in the lonesome woods around it.

"How strangely old Naomi's words have been fulfilled," mused Clifton Gower, looking upward at the moss-grown turrets, "the curse has actually fallen upon every one of our family till I alone am left to bear the fated name. If I should ever marry," and a shudder ran through his strong, young frame as he thought of the two young brides in their early graves. "No, no, I must never think of that. I will live my life alone and let the curse end with me, unless" and a pleasant, amused smile lit up his handsome face, "unless I can manage to find a gypsy bride."

"And so you will, my brave young sir," croaked a thin, cracked voice behind him.

Clifton wheeled quickly round and beheld an old, bent woman, who looked as if she might be old Naomi herself, for surely the weight of a hundred years must have bowed that miserable, aged form.

"So you will, my fair young gentleman," she repeated impressively. "And when that happens the curse of old Naomi will pass forever from Gower Hall."

Clifton laced to render at the weird, old prophetess; then he gave a low laugh, incredulous, but not scornful, as Geoffrey Gower's had been on that fateful morning, fifty years ago.

"My good woman," he answered, pleasantly, "don't dash hope in my heart that will only be doomed to disappointment. Where shall I find a gypsy maiden fitted to preside over the splendors of my ancestral home? And yet," he added, with a regretful glance up at the lonesome towers, "what a grand old place it might become."

"It is written," she answered, solemnly, "a gypsy bride shall be yours and the curse of Gower shall be ended."

Again he laughed, but he raised his hat courteously as the stone old woman hobbled out of sight into the woods beyond.

A beautiful girl of nineteen stood upon the deck of one of those magnificent steamers that ply the Mississippi between New Orleans and the northern cities.

She was leaning over the railing, absorbed in thought, and seemingly unconscious of the admiring glances cast upon her by the proud, fair-faced young fellow, who stood not far away.

How charming she looked, with her dark, Spanish beauty, soft Andalusian eyes, and languid grace.

Clifton Gower hovered near her, powerless to resist the fascination of her presence. At last he approached her and broke the spell of silence into which she had drifted.

"This is our last night on the river," he said, in a low tone, full of intense feeling. "We must part to-morrow. Does the thought cause you a less regret?"

"Yes," she answered, musingly, "I was just thinking the same thing. And it has been so pleasant—so pleasant."

"If it could only——"

He was going to say: "If it could only last forever," but he checked himself as the old gypsy's curse came vividly into his mind.

He loved this dark, Spanish beauty, but how should he dare to tell his love, to seek to win here, and to bring upon her innocent head the evil destiny that followed all who joined the fortunes of his family.

He turned away, resolved to say no more. But the girl placed her small, graceful hand upon his arm, and smiled upon him out of those wondrous, liquid eyes.

"Let us promenade a little," she said, half sadly. "It will be for the last time, and to-morrow you will go your way and forget you ever met me."

"Forget you!" he exclaimed, reproachfully. "Ah, Senorita Barnica, you know that can never be."

He took the little hand resting on his arm, and looked down wistfully upon the dark, lovely face. Ah, how bitterly he resented the fate which must ever separate him from this beautiful woman whom he loved so well.

"Juanita," he said, after they had paced up and down the deck two or three times in perfect silence. "I love you. You must know that I do, and yet I must deny myself the sweet privilege of asking your love in return—of ever trying to win you for my wife."

She did not answer, though he was sure the charming face so carefully turned from him would have told him what he most wished to know, for the little hand trembled perceptibly in his.

"Because," continued Clifton, "the name of Gower has been cursed for half a century, and no bride who takes it can escape its fatal influence. I dare not—would not ask any woman to accept such a terrible destiny. This may sound like childish superstition to you, senorita," he added, "but I know it to be true; alas! too true."

She turned her proud, sweet face toward him as he ceased speaking, and he did not know whether he was most happy or most miserable when he saw the light of love that was in her splendid eyes for him.

"What matter," [illegible] said, softly. "What matter whether a woman gladly accept or the sake of the man she loves? I was thinking that, did you know what ignoble blood runs in my veins, you—proud as you are—would never ask me to bear your name."

"Juanita," he exclaimed, "do not wrong me by such a thought. You are good, beautiful and the daughter of a Spanish gentleman. What more could even my pride demand?"

"And yet," she replied, "not very far back in my ancestry, there is gypsy blood. Yes," a little bitterly, as she saw him start and tremble, "low, vulgar, gypsy blood. Ah, did I not say your pride would shrink from that?"

"Never mind that," he said hoarsely. "But go on, Juanita. Tell me all."

Then she told him the story of a gypsy ancestress who had been wooed and won in her girlhood by a fair, proud Englishman.

He had brought her to America, where he owned a splendid home, and where, for a time, she was supremely happy.

But she was soon deserted for another, and sent forth, a disgraced wanderer, into the world.

Attracted by her beauty and misfortune, a Spanish gentleman of good birth loved and married her, and Juanita herself was one of their descendants.

"Her name?" asked Clifton, breathlessly. "What was that gypsy girl's name, Juanita?"

"Mercedes," replied the girl, looking at his excited face in surprise.

"And her mother's name—can you tell me that?"

"Yes," said the senorita, reflectively, "I have often heard it. I think it was Naomi."

"Oh, my darling," cried Clifton, bending down in the starlight and pressing a passionate kiss upon the sweet, red lips. "Surely heaven has brought our lives together to answer the prayer of my heart. It was old Naomi herself who cursed Gower Hall so terribly, and the curse was never to be lifted until a gypsy bride should come to reign there as its honored mistress. You will be my gypsy wife, my darling, and together we will make the old hall bright and beautiful once more."

And to-day they dwell there, happy as any two people can be in this world.

Old Naomi was hunted up by them and taken tender care of during the brief remainder of her life, and with her latest breath, she blessed Juanita's lovely dark-eyed boy, her own descendant, who had come to be the heir of Gower Hall.

He Required Security.

In a suit before a Detroit justice, the other day, the defendant desired to prove that his financial standing was solid, and when his witness had taken the stand and testified that the defendant enjoyed the reputation of promptly paying his debts, the opposing counsel asked:

"Mr. Blank, you say you consider Mr. White perfectly good?"

"Yes, sir."

"If he owed you $50 would you expect to receive it when due?"

"Yes, sir."

"If he should ask you for the loan of $25 you'd hand it right out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Mr. White, ask the witness for a loan of $25."

"Mr. Blank, loan me the sum named," said the defendant, reaching out his hand.

Blank grew red and pale by turns, fitched around like a boy on a carpet tack, and finally replied:

"What I meant to say was that I'd lend you $25 on a first mortgage on about $2,000 worth of real estate! Make out your papers, Mr. White, and I'll be there with the money when you come around."

"LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE."

THE ANNOYANCE OF LIVING IN WHAT IS THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

President Arthur Comparing It to a Jailer Who Lives Under the Roof of His Court House.

President Arthur does not like any of the plans that have been proposed for a new Executive Mansion. He objects to the scheme to erect one on Columbian Heights outside the city limits, because it would compel people who desire to see the President after office hours to go to the expense of a carriage, and would be inconvenient in other respects. He thinks the President of the United States should be accessible at all times. The President does like the plan which was proposed by Senator Morrill and adopted by the Senate last year, to build a duplicate of the present White House a few yards south of it, and connect the two buildings with a corridor, because that would still retain the disagreeable feature of residing in your office. For the same reason the President objects to the enlargement of the present building. It has been proposed to raise it and build another story below, and it has been proposed to add another story to the top for the private use of the President's family, but he argues against all these plans that the President, as well as his sovereigns, requires a change of scene and a change of atmosphere. No man can rest so well within the wall in which he works as he can outside of them, and no man can work as well where he does his resting. He compares his present situation to that of a lawyer who lives in his office or a Judge who lives under the roof of his Court House.

It would be thought very queer if the Secretary of State or the Postmaster-General were to be required to live in their offices, and the President thinks it is quite as unreasonable to ask him and his successors to do so. Until the war the White House was purely a residence, with two rooms devoted to the Private Secretary and his assistants, and a third to the President for his Cabinet meetings and the reception of Congressmen and other callers. When Andrew Johnson was at odds with the Secretary of War and other members of his Cabinet, he called around him from the Executive Departments a force of clerks which has since remained there, and has been growing larger as the business of the Government has increased.

The President nowadays receives as many letters in a week as Thomas Jefferson or Andrew Jackson did in a year, and the clerks are necessary to him. Their work will grow larger instead of less, and they will continue to crowd the official work of the White House more and more into the private portion until the President will have to be a bachelor like Mr. Tilden in order to live there at all.

The entire portion of the White House that the President is now able to reserve to his family consists of six room, a dining room and five chambers. The President's family cannot go to dinner without passing through that portion of the house which is always visited by the public. Even though the President has made one by means of a screen at the west end of the corridor. There is no sewing room, no music room, no smoking room, and there are no parlors, except those in the official portion of the Mansion. If the President wants to visit with a party of ladies he is compelled to see them either in the official parlor, where he is liable to be interrupted by curiosity hunters, or give them seats in the hall. Mrs. McElroy has no place to receive her friends, no place to do her sewing, except in her chamber or in the public parlors, and the President's daughter has to take her music lessons in a bedroom or go out of the house to do so. There is not even a place for her nurse to sleep.

When the President wants to enjoy a cigar with a friend he must either go to his bedroom or sit in one of the official apartments. He generally avoids either and goes down into the hall leading to the conservatory, where he has a few comfortable chairs and the marble table upon which Andrew Jackson used to play "old sledge." The smoke from tobacco is said to be beneficial to plants, and keeps the bugs off; so it is making a virtue of necessity.

When President Arthur came into the White House there was only one bath room in the whole building, and the guests who happened to be visiting there had to go to a bath house or carry their bath tubs around with them. He has had two more baths put in. When he came there there were no sleeping rooms for the servants, and for several months he spent the nights solitary and alone in the house, except for the presence of the night watchman in the vestibule below.

No ornaments of any sort, no books or fancy articles can be left in the public parlors, because the tourists carry them off. There are some great bronze shields and china pieces, to be sure, but they weigh a hundred pounds or so, and the relic friends would have to bring a wagon to get them away. There is not a "portable article" in the whole house, except in the chambers and in the kitchen. Everything has to be kept under lock and keys or not kept at all.

The President has partitioned off a part of a hallway to make a dressing room for himself; but it is the only one in the house. When he wants to entertain friends he has to send them to a hotel or turn his family out of their chambers. When Mrs. Hayes was mistress of the White House she used to have a good many visitors, and they often had to sleep three in a bed. President Grant does not encourage that style of the Ohio plan.

The President says that the Government should purchase the square of ground across Lafayette Park from the White House, where Mr. Corcoran now resides, and erect thereon a modern residence to be called the Executive Mansion. Then he would have his successors live in privacy, and do their private entertaining. The official business and the public entertainments would still be conducted in the White House, including the State dinners and official receptions, because it is admirably adapted to such purposes. Then the President could live in other men's city, and be able to protect himself from the invasion of tourists.

Mr. Corcoran owns three-fourths of this block. The other fourth is occupied by an old yellow brick mansion known as the Stockton House, in which Mr. Henry Adams of Boston, and Charles Francis Adams, and an editor of some note, now resides. Mr. Adams and Mr. John Hay have purchased the property, and on the corner of Sixteenth Street, opposite St. John's Church, they propose to erect handsome and expensive residences together. Mr. Richardson, of Boston, is their architect, and he is planning something new and novel that will gratify their tastes, and be a credit to their pocketbooks.

A SERENADE.

Scene—Mr. Wh-t-l-w B-ch's residence. Mr. Wh-t-l-w B-ch at his window. In the street—a New York editor (Mr. Wh-t-l-w B-ch), a Philadelphia editor (Mr. Chas. Emory Smith), a New Jersey politician (Mr. W-l-m W-h-r). They strum their mandolins.

B-ch sings:

O gallant knight with plumes so white
O angels of song and the Half Breeds night,
The Half Breeds yell and the Half Breeds cry,
"What is to come, why won't he come out?
Why won't he come out and run, oh, fly?"

All sing:

Oh, his cheek is brass and his face is pine,
And never was seen a knight so fine,
The Half Breeds yell and the Half Breeds cry,
"What is to come, why won't he come out?
Why won't he come out and run, oh, fly?"

All sing:

Throw down the sun, fix the moon in place
And lie to the voice of a million of men,
From Georgia to Maine they are crying for
Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine,
And the Stalwarts they tremble and Logan's in pain.

All chorus:

Oh, his cheek is brass, &c.

Ph-lps sings:

Oh, Logan's in pain, and the boom's on the wane,
And grumpy old Edmunds inclined to raise Cain,
And Arthur's in fright, and will faint at the sight
Of the People's Own Jumbo, the white-crested knight.

All sing:

Oh, his cheek is brass, &c.

B—d sings:

He has a friend indeed in Wh-t-l-w B—d,
And the Tribune will follow if only he's led;
James has a great head, and what'er he has said,
Is imprinted on our skulls in big double lead.

All sing:

Oh, his cheek, &c.

Sn-th sings:

Oh, the People's Jim is a fellow of vim,
And it's dangerous sport to try fooling with him;
He's sharp and he's spry, and wonderful sly,
And it's no sort of use to throw dust in his eye.

All sing:

Oh, his cheek, &c.

Ph-lps sings:

He'll raise a hullabaloo from Hull to Port
If he gets but a chance to show what he can do;
The world'll be agog at his terrible jog,
And he'll throw his broad shield o'er Columbia's bog.

B—p.—But something white through yonder window breaks;
It is the plume of our Augustan James.

All sing:

Blaine, Blaine! The people cry for him.
Blaine, Blaine! They groan and sigh for him.
Blaine, Blaine! They gladly would die for him.
(Bla.) Blaine, Blaine! There are plenty will lie for him.

Bl-ne (at the window.)—Welcome good Whitelaw! Thanks, my William Walter. How now, my trusty Sm-th! How doth the Press?

Sm-th.—Well, sir, I thank you; and still booming you.
But ask us up; we'd have your private ear.
(They go up stairs and kneel solemnly at Bl-ne's feet.)

B—n.—Sir, we are come to ask you solemnly
To be a candidate. An' you will run,
The fierce ructations of earth-shaking Neptune
Ne'er made things hum so as your boom shall do.

All.—Say but the word, great chief, and on your head
We'll place the laurel of the nomination,
Or make the party sweat for't. Prithee, speak,
Oh, lord and leader of the Half breed host!

(They rise.)

Bl-ne.—Where's Wood Pulp Miller?

B—n.—With us every trip.
Part of our secret and confederate
To our most deepest purpose. Keep it dark;
He would avoid suspicion. When the time
For service comes you'll find, belike, that he
Has slated you the New York delegation.

Bl-ne.—'Tis well! He ever was a trusty
Ever for Blaine, grows every day still Blainier.

Pa-ty.—So do New Jersey, Iowa and Kansas,
And Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska,
And every other State within our Union.

Bl-ne.—I thank them, but, fair sirs, it cannot be.
I'm not a candidate.

All.—You must shall be.

Bl-ne.—I'm not a candidate, but I will run.

All sing:

What lots of fun; he's going to run,
And we'll wager our lives that he'll capture bun.

Giving the Young Man a Hint.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Young Spoonogle never knows when to leave when he calls on a young lady; he likes the sound of his voice so well that he talks on and on, while the poor girl grows light-headed with the tax on her strength, and wishes the mantel-piece of Elijah would fall on the tiresome caller.

There is a young lady on Lafayette avenue who made up her mind to give Spoonogle a lesson. So last Sunday night, when he called she was very polite up to 11 o'clock. Then, having had a four volume history of Spoonogle's life, with an extended account of his influence in politics and business, she began to get dizzy and have a ringing in her ears. At that moment her young brother rushed into the room and said hurriedly,

"Pa wants the morning papers, sis!"

"Look in the vestibule, Willie," she answered gently. "I think I heard the boy leaving them some hours ago."

Spoonogle never took the hint, but drawled on about the roller skating rink, and what a figure he cut on skates. The next interruption was from the head of the house, who entered briskly, rubbing his hands.

"Good morning, good morning," he said cheerily. "Ha! Spoonogle, you're out early. Well, early bird, etc. It's going to be a fine day from present appearances."

Spoonogle was dazed, but he concluded the old man had been drinking, and sat back with a "come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as yours truly" air that was decided and convincing.

A half hour passed, and then the mother hurried in.

"Dear me, I'm late," she said, as she entered. "I smelled the coffee an hour ago and knew breakfast was waiting, but—oh! good morning, Mr. Spoonogle."

Then the sweet youth took the hint and drawing himself together he got out into the hall and opened the front door just as the hired girl rang a bell and the small boy yelled "Breakfast" over the bannister.

Meeting at your one day, Rochester, with mock politeness,