THE EASTON STAR
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.
TERMS:—Cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid within the Quarter. Two Dollars in advance.
No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the editor, until arrears are paid. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months. Subscriptions out of the county $2 in advance, which includes postage.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Transient advertisements inserted at Seventy-five 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 without the number of times to be inserted, will be inserted and continued until countermanded, and charged according to regular rates.
Special Notices in Local columns, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.
NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1884. VOL. XIX.—NO. 40.

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SASH
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
10 & 12 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
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MINERVA MIXTURE
A SAFE, SURE, SPEEDY CURE.
Pleasant to take. No Interference with Business. From Ten Days to Two Weeks all the Time Required. Write for Circular.
PRICE, 50 CENTS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL.
W. E. THORNTON, Sole Proprietor,
Corner BALTIMORE AND HARRISON STREETS, Baltimore.

TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.
Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,
50,000 WHITE PINE PEACH BOXES.
We have always on hand a full supply of MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE, and HEMLOCK Timber, with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.
Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices
We have also BUILDING HARDWARE and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.
W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,
TUNIS' MILLS, MD.
January 14, 1882-1yr

LUMBER!
--AND--
Building Materials,
Shingles, Laths,
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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.
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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 Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions, Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.
UNDERTAKING!
Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.
House and Sign Painting and Paper Hanging
Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:
J. F. Bateman, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders.
C. F. 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.

[OFFICIAL.]

PUBLIC LOCAL LAWS FOR TALBOT COUNTY.

PASSED BY THE
General Assembly
OF
MARYLAND
AT THE
January Session, 1884.

CHAPTER 411.
AN ACT

Authorizing the county commissioners of Talbot county to enlarge, extend, modify or add to the court house in Talbot county, and to levy a sum of money for the cost thereof.

SECTION 1 Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the county commissioners for Talbot county be and they are hereby authorized and empowered to change, modify, extend or add to the court house building in the said county at Easton, and to levy the amount of cost thereof upon the taxable property of said county, to be made at the regular annual levy or levies for said county in one or mose years as they shall determine.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall be in full force from the day of its passage.

Approved April 8, 1884.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

THOS. H. MOORE,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. WILSON,
Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 121.
AN ACT

To repeal section three of chapter two hundred and eleven of the acts passed at January session, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An act to authorize the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Talbot county to copy the General Index to Land Records in his office, from eighteen hundred and thirty-three to eighteen hundred and sixty-four."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the third section of chapter two hundred and eleven of the acts passed at January session, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An act to authorize the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Talbot county to copy the General Index to Land Records in his office, from eighteen hundred and thirty-three to eighteen hundred and sixty-four," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted so as to read as follows:

SEC. 3. And be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the commissioners of Talbot county be and they are hereby authorized to levy upon the assessable property of said county a sum of money sufficient to pay the expenses of recopying, as authorized by section two of the acts passed at January session, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, chapter two hundred and eleven.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 31, 1884,

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

THOS. H. MOORE,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 326.
AN ACT

To enable the qualified voters of the Fourth or Chapel District of Talbot county to determine, by ballot, whether spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, or a license granted for the same.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the question whether or not any person or persons or any house may be licensed in the fourth or Chapel district of Talbot county, by whom or in which spirituous or fermented liquors may be sold shall be submitted to the voters of said election district on the ninth day of July, in the year eighteen hundred eighty-four, which election shall be held in accordance with the law governing general elections in this State; and that ballots for or against such sale shall have printed or written on them the words "For the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors," or "Against the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors," and the ballots so cast shall be counted by the judges of said election; and that said judges shall make a return of such vote to the judges of the circuit court for Talbot county; and if it shall appear that a majority of the ballots cast are against the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors, then the judges of the said circuit court shall immediately make proclamation of the result of said election.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That if it shall be found by the returns of said judges of election, and proclamation of said judges of the circuit court, that a majority of the votes in said fourth district of Talbot county has been cast against the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors, that then it shall not be lawful for any person to sell spirituous or fermented liquors in said district.

SEC 3. And be it enacted, That if any person or persons shall be guilty of a violation of this act in selling spirituous or fermented liquors he shall, on conviction thereof, be fined not less than fifty nor more than three hundred dollars, and be confined in the House of Correction for not less than three months nor more than six months, at the discretion of the court, for each and every offence.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect immediately after it shall have been determined by a majority of the votes cast in said district whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall not be sold as before provided.

Approved April 8, 1884.

ROBT. M. McLANE,
Governor.

HENRY LLOYD,
President of the Senate.
J. PEMBROKE THOM,
Speaker of the House of Delegates.

MARYLAND, Sct.:

I, Spencer C. Jones, Clerk of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full and true copy of the act of the General Assembly of Maryland of which it purports to be a copy as taken from the original law, belonging to and deposited in the in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals aforesaid.

(SEAL.) In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk, and affixed the seal of the said Court of Appeals, this 13th day of May, A. D. 1884.

SPENCER C. JONES,
Clerk, Court of Appeals of Maryland.

Public Local Laws.

CHAPTER 428.
AN ACT

To repeal chapter four hundred and sixty seven, acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An act to forbid the sale or barter (as a beverage or drink in contradistinction to a medicine) of cider or medicated bitters producing intoxication, or other intoxicating liquors in Talbot county, where the sale or barter of spirituous or fermented liquors is now unauthorized, and to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors in Talbot county for medicinal purpose," and to re-enact the same with amendments.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall be unlawful for any person to barter or sell any cider or medicated bitters, producing intoxication, or any other intoxicating liquors, within the limits of Talbot county, where now the sale or barter of spirituous or fermented liquors is unauthorized; provided, that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of cider, spirituous, fermented or intoxicating liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business, upon the written, bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician, whose name in full shall be signed thereto, the date and the name of the person for whom the prescription is intended, and every such prescription shall be filed and kept for at least one year by such pharmacist or druggist, and no such prescription shall serve for more than one purchase; no physician shall make or sign any such prescription, unless the same be requisite and necessary, and such liquor required as a medicine; any one violating the provisions of this act shall, on conviction, be fined not less than fifty dollars nor more than three hundred dollars for each and every offense, and be imprisoned in the House of Correction for not less than three months and not more than six months; and provided further, that this act shall not prevent the manufacture of cider from fruit of any kind grown in Talbot county, or the sale of cider made from fruit grown in said county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 8, 1884.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

THOS. H. MOORE,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 94.
AN ACT

To authorize the county commissioners of Talbot county to lease or rent the privilege of building wharves at or upon any of the public landings belonging to said county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the county commissioners of Talbot county be and the same are hereby authorized and empowered to lease or rent the privilege of building wharves at or upon any of the public landings belonging to said county, to any person or persons or any body corporate or politic of this state, under such terms, regulations and limitations as they may deem proper.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the person or persons, body corporate or politic, to whom the said county commissioners may lease or rent the privilege of building wharves as aforesaid, shall have full power and authority to levy, charge and collect from all vessels of every description whatsoever, using said wharves, the same reasonable tolls or wharfage that may now be sanctioned by law or usage in this state, to be collected in the same manner as other small debts are recoverable.

SEC 3. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 27, 1884.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

THOS. H. MOORE,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.

CHAPTER 167.
AN ACT

To repeal chapter one hundred and fifty six of the acts passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An act relating to Justices of the Peace in and for Washington and Talbot counties."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That chapter one hundred and fifty-six of the acts passed at the January session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An act relating to justices of the peace in and for Washington and Talbot counties," be and the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 8, 1884.

WE HEREBY CERTIFY, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1884.

J. M. MILLER,
Secretary of the Senate.
THOS H. MOORE,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
May 27-3t

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	25c lb
Macrama Cord in colors at	35c lb
Macrama Cord, finest quality white,	11c ball
Macrama Cord, finest quality in colors,	11c ball
Embroidery Silk, all colors, 12 skeins for 10c, 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
Filloselle or Floss, all colors, 5c skein or	50c doz
Babon'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 20c	
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. apr1,8yr

Walking and Sulky Cultivators, cheaper than ever. T. C. NICOLS.

PERUVIAN GUANO.
DIRECT IMPORTATIONS.
Having received all the Guano shipped to this country Direct from the Deposits, under new Government Contract, we offer to the trade
PERUVIAN GUANO
of the best quality and in excellent condition. For particulars and prices apply to
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16 & 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW YORK.
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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.

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.

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, Dullness 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.

FLY NETS!
FOR
SUMMER.
Linen Lap Dusters
Protect your Horses against Flies.
Protect your Clothes against Dust.
McHALE & RYAN
PREPARED FOR A
Summer Campaign
AGAINST THE
Season's Annoyances.
All goods of this class and kind at lowest prices.
Remember also that we manufacture to order and keep in stock the finest hand-made harness, in both double and single sets, that can be found in Easton.
McHALE & RYAN,
Market Space, Easton, Md.
P. S.—Headquarters for Machine made harness for carriages wagons or carts.
Large line of Trunks at lowest city prices. McHALE & RYAN.

POETRY.

LIFE IS NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

I saw a king, enthroned in regal state,
With all the splendors of his station near;
With kneeling slaves his slightest wish to wait,
And flattering crowds to soothe and please his ear.
Young Beauty's smiles his princely palace graced,
And Music's voice with witching cadence rose;
Luxurious feasts were spread to tempt his taste,
And downy couches woo'd him to repose.
Yet on his brow appeared the cloud of care,
And in his heart were many troublous dreams;
And e'en in that proud scene, which smiled so fair,
I read the truth—"Life is not what it seems."

I saw a peasant in his lowly cot,
With scarce a roof to shield him from the rain;
With faded garb, that spake his needy lot,
And hollow cheek, that told of want and pain.
Scant was the meal his daily task had won,
And hard the couch that bore his weary frame;
Brief the repose he snatched, ere yet the sun
Roused him to toil another day the same;
Sad seemed his fate, yet Peace was in his heart,
And calm contentment brightened all his dreams—
He smiling turned to act his toilsome part.
And I to muse, "Life is not what it seems."

Thus it is o'er the world—wealth's glittering show,
Oft veils a heart where sorrow ceaseless preys,
While scenes that seem the very home of woe,
May prove the spot where Peace serenest shines.
The kindliest soil bears not the sweetest flowers;
They spring and flourish in the rocky glen;
And Joy's bright germ, if found in gilded bowers,
Blooms not so fair as in some humble scene.
Oftimes wild tempests o'er the mount career,
While gentle sunlight in the valley gleams;
And prince's hearts are rent by storms of fear,
While peasants sing, "Life is not what it seems."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFTER THE BALL.

By Mary C. Preston.

"I was tired and bored last night, Laura; I'm getting over my liking for society, and, first thing you know, I'll turn female missionary and leave the boredom of our higly cultivated civilization."

"You find flirtation pall on you then, Nellie? Take my word, you would be trying your arts on the first tawny chief you would meet in your island of savages. You want a few more scalps to dangle at your belt, you little female Nero. Pray, what was wrong last night?"

The young girls were cousins, and the frosty light of a winter day shot in through the plate-glass windows and fell softly upon them as they sat in Laura More's boudoir.

Nellie Lee was a fair, pretty, sparkling girl of 20; her life had known nothing but luxury and fulfilled desire; she had been given freely of the roses of life, and no harsh wind had been allowed to touch her white, girlish brow; her home was in a distant city, but she was spending the winter with her cousin; and in the two months which had passed since her coming she had seemed to find her chief delight in making men's hearts soften under her sunny smile; and, keeping her girlish carelessness, she had often been told, with bitterness in the accusing voice, that she was heartless, and took the hearts that men laid at her feet as amusing playthings.

Laura More was not at all like her young relative. Her eyes were dark and haughty, with a touch of sadness in them, as if from past sorrow; her brow was thoughtful; her red lips, proud and sweet, often took a slight, sad droop, as though her life had known a time when they had quivered with some mighty pain. No flirt, men called her, no heartless, flutterfly trifler, but a noble woman, whose every lover could swear himself her friend.

Nellie's bright face was shadowed by a very pretty frown as she tapped her slippered foot on the fender while replying to her cousin.

"I mean it," she said, cressly. "I'm tired of society—the society of men! I own I used to like it, but now, as you say, it palls upon me. I'm tired of having to smile when I want to yawn, of simply giving a reproachful glance when I want to box some idiot's ears! It is all a bore, Laura. Dead Sea fruit, my cousin. I am weary of insane speeches and stupid compliments and tender hand-clasps."

"A sad condition for the belle of last night to own to this morning, Nellie," Laura replied with a slow smile, "I am fully convinced that something has happened at which you are put out. Did Egbert Lorne flirt with some other pretty girl, and do you object to being treated as you treat others?"

Nellie gave her fair head an impatient toss.

"Egbert Lorne may fling his perfections in the East River, and I would not care," she said.

"Did Elmer Gray fail to lay his homage at so fair a shrine, cousin?"

"Elmer Gray made a perfect fool of himself as usual," was the ungracious reply.

"Was it Vane Brandon who fell short then? Did he not ask a rosebud from your bouquet, which he could weep over in your absence, dear? It was too bad of him."

"Really Laura, one would think you had been listening," Nellie said, with a mocking little ripple of laughter, "you use his own words, and I gave him a lovely bud. I wish now that I hadn't, but I was angry at that time, you see."

"You showed your temper in an unusual way," Laura laughed. "If your anger always so good-natured?"

But Nellie's pout was a decided thing now, and her slim foot was beating a tattooo on the fender which would not have disgraced a South Sea Islander.

"I was's angry at Vane Brandon," she said, trailing an amount of scorn over the the name. "I could'nt become angry at him—he's too stupid. It was at—well I might as well tell you, at Jack."

"Has Jack been rude, Nellie?" Laura questioned in a perfectly indifferent voice, although her cousin's pretty face was slowly crimsoning.

"Jack" was Laura's half-brother, not at all related to Nellie, and very much in love with her; consequently, Nellie had sometimes made this world a paradise, sometimes a—the other place—for Jack. While Laura, seeing it all, would alternately smile and sigh, hardly knowing what to foresee.

"Bude!" Nellie school, indignantly. "should think so. Why he never so much as saw me the whole night. And I had promised him a dance, and he never came to claim it! He was so fascinated by that red-haired Miss Foster that he made quite a fool of himself. But I don't care—much!"

"Miss Foster is a very lovely girl, and her hair is a rich auburn," Laura said, with a quiet smile. "I do not see why Jack should not be civil to her—in fact, be devoted to her. Jack has always admired Nina Foster."

"Well, let him admire her," Nellie said, fretfully, "but I'm sure of just one thing, Cousin Laura—if Jack ever asks me to dance with him again I shall not forget his rudeness of last night." "Then, after a short silence: "I think of going home in a few days, Laura."

Laura's dark eyes opened surprisedly.

"I do," exclaimed Nellie, her pretty eyes filling with tears. "I don't want to stay any longer. I'm tired of the nonsense of my so-called admirers. I think Jack ought to be ashamed of himself—and I shall go home on Saturday."

"Dear," Laura said, bending forward to lay her white hand on the pretty one in Nellie's lap, "I think I quite understand you; you are angry at Jack, and he may deserve it, but you should not make us all suffer for his misdoings. Nellie, do you act toward him as a woman should act towards the man she loves?"

"I don't love him," Nellie cried angrily, and then she put up both jeweled hands and began to sob. "I don't—not the least bit in the world," she cried, with much unneccessary force, but Laura drew her chair nearer her cousin, took the fair head to her bosom, and smoothed it a moment silently. When she spoke her sweet voice was very low and a trifle sad.

"I, having loved, can recognize the sweet, fair opening of love," she said, gently. "We are so careless of a heart which lies at our hand, Nellie, that we torture it, play with it, wound it sometimes sorely, because it is our own. I know, Nellie. No woman wants to own that she loves, not even when the one who is dear as her life to her pleads for her affection. We would be free all our lives, were we to have our way; free, to win love which we do not care for; to laugh at heartache and love power; to keep men at our feet, and look down on them from the height of our own indifference. But when the master comes, we rebel against his power, Nellie. We do not want to kneel to him, noble though he may be; we tremble at his touch, his smile, but that we tremble chafes us; and we deny him our smiles, while we turn to others to try for the old forgetful calm—which will not come back to us. Nellie! I read your heart, because when it was too late I learned to read my own; and I would tell you, from my own bitter memories, that when love would fain answer love a woman's sole chance for happiness lies in her own hand for a single hour; that hour gone by, she either stands among the loving, happy women who are blest by a man's best love, or she looks drearily at her harvest, which is but regretful sorrow."

Nellie's tears had ceased to flow; she lifted her head and laid an impulsive kiss upon the lips of her cousin.

"Tell me, Laura," she whispered to her, softly.

"Not unless you love my brother," Laura answered. "My story would warn one who truly loves, yet hesitates before her happiness; on careless ears it would fall too lightly."

Nellie's pretty face was crimson as she made her confession.

"I—I think I—would, if he was not so unkind to me," she said. Laura kissed her.

"You are scarcely kind to him, dear," she said, with a faint smile; what was it last night, Nellie?"

"I suppose it wasn't quite the thing to do, but I gave a pretty flower to Vane Brandon, which I had refused to Jack; and I think I told somebody, where Jack could hear, that he and I were sort of cousins, and that I would like a dozen more just like him," owned Nellie?"

"Yes," said Laura, bitterly, "and you loved him best all the time. It was so with me, Nellie," I had cold careless words for the man who was all the world to me. I would turn from him to the most frivolous among my acquaintances and treat him with the most utter indifference. A favor he would ask I would grant to another in his very presence after having denied it to him. I was foolish enough to think that by seeming indifferent I might become so, and as my heart turned more strongly toward him my manner became more cold and haughty, and the end was that—we parted. He has gone from my life, and the world he has left is a dreary one. Nellie, be more tender to your own heart, more merciful to your own life than I have been to mine."

"If—if Jack loved me," Nellie commenced, but just then Jack appeared in the doorway, his handsome face full of genial light.

"Laura," he said, "I have left an old friend in the parlor. He can give us but a few moments, and I know you'll be glad to see him again."

Nellie was sitting very erect, but her cheeks were burning. As Laura left her seat she asked who their guest was.

"Arthur Vaughn," Jack answered, and Nellie's quick eye noted the hot wave of color that burned in her cousin's cheek, as, with a few low words, she left the room, and, forgetting her anger against Jack—who yet lingered—she asked eagerly:

"Was this Mr. Vaughn a lover of Laura's, Jack?"

"Yes," Jack replied, sinking into the chair Laura had vacated. "And she treated him like—well, about as I have been treated by the woman I love."

"Has Miss Foster treated you badly?" the girl questioned serenely.

"My complaint is against you," Jack retorted. "What have you to say for yourself? Do you think that fool of a Brandon so much more worthy of—"

But a little hand stole shyly into his, and the faintest of faint whispers reached him:

"I'm awfully sorry, Jack!" and instantly Jack was very much interested, and his interest communicated itself to his companion; and everything—quarrels, flowers, neglected dances, Laura—was forgotten, until, in the midst of a very tender speech on Jack's part, Laura entered the room on the arm of a tall, fair man, whom Nellie had never seen—Laura, with a new joy glorifying her face and shining in her dark eyes.

The stranger held out his hand, and Jack, not exactly knowing why he should, took it, to his own.

"I'm the happiest man in the world, Jack," he said, his voice full of tender emotion to Jack's companion. "Laura is to be my wife."

"Then there's two of us," Jack said, laughing. "This lady—Miss Lee, Mr. Vaughn—has promised to be mine."

Charging Orders.

Frederic the Great, whose brilliant victories elevated Prussia from an inferior to a superior position among European nations, was noted for the strictness of his military discipline. He trained his army to move like a machine. His soldiers were disciplined so to obey orders that they had no will of their own.

The discipline which the great Frederic stamped upon the Prussian army remains to-day, in all the clearness of the original impression. Not long ago a little event took place at Powdewik, a military station near Berlin, which shows what is the German soldier's idea of obeying orders.

The officer in command one morning posted a veteran in front of his own residence, with orders to pace up and down a certain distance, and on no account to lower his gun from the "carry." The officer, a pompous, self-important man, was expecting visitors that day, and he wished to impress them with his military style. Calling the soldier before him, he gave his orders.

"You are to pass the distance assigned, with your gun at the 'carry.' Do you understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"On no account are you to deviate from your walk, or remove your weapon from its position. You understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"You will observe strict silence. On no account are you to speak with any one on your beat. You understand?"

"Yes, commander."

"Very well; go, and obey."

An hour after, the officer's guests were ushered into his presence. They entered, each with a broad grin on his countenance.

"My friend," asked one of them of the host, "what is this procession in front of your house?"

"Procession! Procession! There is no procession!" blurted out the host, growing red in the face.

"But look for yourself."

The commander rushed to the window. There was the soldier, as stiff and erect as his own weapon, with eyes stolidly staring right ahead, marching solemnly up and down his beat, while following him was a mob of young street loafers, armed with old brooms, sticks, pitchforks and other improvised weapons. Seeing that the soldier was, apparently, oblivious to all around him, one bold scamp had affixed to the sentinel's coat-tail a string, at whose end dangled a rusty tin can. And this unique procession had been going on for half an hour, to the intense delight of the populace in the street and the edification of the guests when they arrived. Out rushed the irate officer. The mob, seeing him, dispersed, and he began to vent his anger on the sentinel.

"Idiot! Blockhead! Senseless! Why did you not strike them down, disperse them?"

"The commander forgets. I had orders not to remove my gun from position."

"True. I am a fool! But you might have ordered them off."

"The commander, pardon me, forgets again. I had orders not to speak."

"It is true. But—"

"There is no but. You ordered. I obeyed. What more can be said?"

Indeed, nothing could be said. The officer swallowed his wrath as best he could. It would be altogether unmilitary to punish a soldier for obeying orders.

Our New Minister's Wife's Bonnet.

Well, Sophronia Ann, I'm glad you've come. A great many things has happened since you was here in house-cleanin' time.

You know then I hadn't been near the Methodist Church for nigh on to a month; an' all Clarence Center was a-laughin' an' a-makin' fun of our new minister's wife. How dreadful they did talk 'bout that blue velvet bonnet of her'n!

At last the women in the Church couldn't stand it no longer; so they went to Miss Brown an' they told her that people thought she were "a-injurin' and a-keepin' back the Lord's work, by a-wearin' sich a wicked, worldly bonnet."

An' then says Miss Brown;

"Ladies, I 'should like a new bonnet very very much. The blue velvet was my weddin' hat, nearly two years ago. Since then my husband has been so poorly paid he has not been able to buy me anything new. So I have been obliged to wear this hat summer and winter."

Now, Sister Pipkin she had an old black silk apron, jest as good as new, an' she said if the others would take hold an' help, she would have a sewin' bee, an' make Miss Brown a decent bonnet.

I didn't care nothin' 'bout the bonnet, but seein' Miss Pipkin was a-goin' to the pains of a-gettin' up a supper I tho't I'd go and help 'em.

Well, if I do say it, we made one of the purtiest bonnets you ever laid your eyes on. There was none of them highfalutin' things about that bonnet. An' we sent it to her that very night.

Now in meetin' next Sunday mornin', they all looked at Miss Brown's seat to see how the new bonnet looked on her head, but she wasn't there.

After the prayer was over who should they see but Miss Brown a-comin' up the aisle, a-holdin' her head higher than a kite.

An' do you suppose she had on our new bonnet? No, indeed! But she did have one of them new black felt hats that come down over a person's eyes, an' are all covered with black hen's feathers. It looked a great sight wuss than her old one.

An' the meanest of all was, next mornin', when old Byer, the wash-woman, came to do Miss Pipkin's washin' she had on that very same black silk bonnet that we had took sich pains to make for Miss Brown.

A True Story.

Several merchant travelers were having an "experience meeting," the subject being their adventures on the road. Various were the stories, and finally a St. Louis man remarked:

"Well, boys, I had a little experience that beats them all. I was up on Lake Michigan, coming to Chicago, by steamer, when a whooping old storm came up and raised the dickens generally. We were close to shore, and the engines were doing what they could, when, all at once the boiler heads blew out and left us at the mercy of the winds and waves. The vessel began to plunge in toward the rocks, and everything was confusion." The captain was called, and when he got on deck and saw the danger we were in, he was the maddest man you ever saw, because the first officer hadn't called him earlier. He tore around the deck, getting hotter every minute and cursing everybody and everything, and the danger got no better fast. Finally the captain reached a white heat and every man on board felt that his time had come, when, by a miracle, we were saved."

"A miracle! What was it? What was it?" cried the crowd of eager listeners.

"It was a miracle, boys, a perfect miracle! We just turned the hose on the fiery captain, and raised steam enough to set the engines going and carry the vessel out to sea safely, away from the deadly rocks of the wave-washed shore."

"Box me up and send me home, groaned the man from Chicago, and nobody else spoke."