The Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1874. VOL. 9. NO 48.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT EASTON, MD

P. L. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

Two Dollars cash in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid in advance. Clubs of twenty, Thirty Dollars in advance.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Letters received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

STEAMER HIGHLAND LIGHT,

Capt. E. T. LEONARD,

HAVING been thoroughly overhauled, and refitted with an entirely new Main Saloon, will resume her Night Route on SATURDAY, APRIL 25th, 1874, leaving Pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, on every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 9 o'clock P. M., for Bozman, Double Mills, Oxford, Clore's Point, Cabin Creek and Medford's.

Making close connection with the Maryland & Delaware Railroad at Easton, and with the Baltimore and Delaware Railroad at Cambridge.

Beginning the trip will be extended to Denton, making all the regular landings on the river.

On the return trip, will leave Denton every Monday at 11 o'clock noon, and on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday will leave Medford's at 4, Cambridge 5.30, and Easton at 9 P. M., arriving in Baltimore early the next morning.

Freight taken at lowest rates. apr7

OFFICE SATURDAY, June 6, 1874, the Steamer MASSACHUSETTS, Captain R. N. Hudson, will leave Pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, every SATURDAY at 8 A. M., and every MONDAY and WEDNESDAY at 11 P. M., for St. Michaels, Miles River Ferry, Trimble's, Wye Landing every MONDAY at 8, Miles River Ferry at 9.30, and St. Michaels at 10 A. M. On TUESDAYS leave Wye Landing at 6, Miles River Ferry at 7.30, and St. Michaels at 9 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 4 P. M., on WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS. State rooms and meals extra. Freight taken at lowest rates and carefully handled. 3m

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, June 1st, 1874, Trains will run as follows:

PASSENGER NO. 1. GOING NORTH.

LEAVE		
Easton	6 10	A. M.
Royal Oak	6 20	"
Cordova	6 30	"
Hillsborough	6 45	"
Ridgely	6 55	"
Greensborough	7 10	"
Goldsborough	7 25	"
Henderson	7 35	"
Marydel	7 45	"
Slaughters	7 55	"
Kenton	8 10	"
ARRIVE AT		
Clayton	8 20	"
Wilmington	10 15	"
Philadelphia	11 45	"
Baltimore	1 15	P. M.
New York	4 10	"

FREIGHT NO. 2. GOING NORTH.

LEAVE		
Woodland	10 30	A. M.
Cordova	11 05	"
Hillsborough	11 20	"
Ridgely	11 35	"
Greensborough	11 55	"
Goldsborough	12 15	P. M.
Henderson	12 25	"
Marydel	12 50	"
Slaughters	1 05	"
Kenton	1 25	"
ARRIVE		
Clayton	1 50	"
Wilmington	4 40	"
Philadelphia	6 10	"
Baltimore	8 15	"
New York	10 22	"

FREIGHT NO. 3. GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE		
New York	11 55	P. M.
Baltimore	7 30	A. M.
Philadelphia	8 30	"
Wilmington	10 10	"
Clayton	12 00	M.
Kenton	12 20	P. M.
Slaughters	12 35	"
Marydel	12 50	"
Henderson	1 05	"
Goldsborough	1 15	"
Greensborough	1 30	"
Ridgely	1 50	"
Hillsborough	2 05	"
Cordova	2 20	"
Royal Oak	2 35	"
ARRIVE		
Easton	2 50	"

PASSENGER NO. 4. GOING SOUTH.

LEAVE		
New York	12 25	P. M.
Baltimore	3 45	"
Philadelphia	5 15	"
Wilmington	6 35	"
Clayton	8 25	"
Kenton	8 40	"
Slaughters	8 55	"
Marydel	9 10	"
Henderson	9 20	"
Goldsborough	9 30	"
Greensborough	9 45	"
Ridgely	10 00	"
Hillsborough	10 10	"
Cordova	10 25	"
Woodland	10 35	"
ARRIVE		
Easton	10 50	"

Freight Trains will have Passenger Car attached, and will be subject to delays incident to freight business.

All freights must be at the various stations at least thirty (30) minutes before starting of Trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent. jel

Paragon House,

EASTON, MD.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public that she has rented and fixed up in good style, the Frame Hotel with every convenience and comfort, and now has it open for the reception of permanent and transient boarders. Her long experience in the business is a guarantee that the wants of the traveling public will be fully met. The Table will always be supplied with the best the market affords, and none but attentive waiters employed. Omnibuses will be at the various steamboat landings and depot to convey passengers to this House. Terms reasonable.

nov11-1y Mrs. J. A. HALL.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

One door from The Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will consult their whips, robes, blankets, horses and buggies. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Carriages furnished on the very lowest terms by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for horse business. Travelers promptly met on any part of the country or adjoining counties. Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landings to convey passengers with dispatch.

The highest market price paid for corn, hay, oats, fodder and straw.

A DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive at Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

In hiring horses, 12 hours is considered a day, and a half day. Extra hours as extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., ap-11

MALTBY HOUSE,

BALTIMORE, MD.

JOHN MALTBY, - - - - Proprietor

REDUCTION OF FARE.

In consideration of the general decline in prices of all necessaries appertaining to Hotel Keeping, the price of Board was reduced on January 1st, 1870, to

$2.50 Per Day,

and we are determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "MALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city. my4-1y n

FARMERS' and MERCHANTS' LINE

THE SCHOONERS

Oxford and Tred Haven.

The above vessels are now running between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap, if not cheaper, than any one else can do any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. All freight must be paid on delivery of the goods.—Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

LEONARD & BRO.

OFFICE—In same room occupied by R. B. Dixon, on Dover street. feb22

Iron Railing.

JAMES M. TOUCHSTONE, Port Deposite, Md., manufacturer of WROUGHT IRON RAILING, FENCES, AWNINGS, VERANDAS, FINIALS, FRAMES, and all kinds of Ornamental IRON WORK. All work done promptly to order, and in the best manner. Orders solicited. Address as above.

Port Deposite, Md. July 15, 1873-1y

Farmers, Attention!

STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

THE undersigned offers for sale, at city prices, the following brands of standard and reliable fertilizers, delivered at any of the landings in Talbot county.

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO,
RHODES' SUPER PHOSPHATE,
ORCHILLA GUANO,
WHANN'S RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE,
BAUGH'S RAW BONE PHOSPHATE,
BALTIMORE AMMONIATED PHOSPHATE,
MORO PHILLIPS' SUPER PHOSPHATE,
BRADLEY'S STEAMBOAT GUANO,
THE FARMER'S NEW METHOD,
BRADLEY'S PATENT SUPER PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

These are claimed to be the best manures in the market, and the undersigned has unusual facilities for furnishing them. Farmers will find it to their interest to buy through me, as they will save the cost of freight and drayage.

Thomas E. Lloyd, at Trappe, and James Bateson, of St. Michaels, will receive orders for me.

R. B. DIXON.

INSURANCE.

FIRE AND LIFE.

THE undersigned represents the following old and reliable Insurance Companies:

Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Philadelphia, surplus $5,000,000.

Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Montgomery co., Md., assets $700,000.

Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of York, Pa., assets over $1,000,000.

The Royal, of Liverpool, England, capital $10,000,000.

The Ætna of Hartford, Conn, capital over $2,000,000.

Risks taken in these companies at lowest rates, and made binding at once.

R. B. DIXON.

LUMBER.

ON hand and for sale, at my wharf at Easton Point, a full assortment of building materials, such as

House Framing, Weather Boarding, Dressed and Undressed Flooring from North Carolina Shingles—Hearts and Sapt—North Carolina and Georgia Flooring.

—Also—

Hair and Lime by the barrel or bogshead, Window Frames, Sash, Shutters, Doors, House Trimmings and Stair Materials furnished at lowest factory prices.

Any of the above lumber furnished as low as the same article can be obtained elsewhere.

COAL.

THE subscriber has now stored at his Coal and Lumber yard at Easton Point, a large stock of the best quality Anthracite Coal, of Broken, Egg, Stove, and Nut sizes Also, Lykens Valley coal for cooking, and Cumberland coal for grates and smithing.

These coals are offered at the lowest figures. They are warranted clean, and will be sold at 2240 pounds to the ton. Summer is the season to buy winter supplies the cheapest. Persons will please hand in their orders early, so that they may be promptly filled.

Easton, mar28 ly R. B. DIXON.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's RESTAURANT & EATING SALOON.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has fitted up the buildings on Washington street, adjoining the Norris House, in complete order, and has opened a first-class

Restaurant,

where Oysters, Terrapins, Beef and Pork Steaks, Mutton Chops, Coffee, and everything eatable, may be obtained in their season, at all hours, at short notice, and at reasonable prices.

☞ Private rooms for ladies and parties.

He has also fitted up a

BOWLING ALLEY, BILLIARD SALOON and BAGATELLE TABLE,

where the lovers of these sports can obtain recreation, and pass away a dull hour.

His BAR will be supplied with the purest and finest LIQUORS, and his PROVISIONS will always be fresh and of the best quality.

The best of order will at all times be preserved, and every effort be made for the comfort and pleasure of his guests.

feb4 T. H. HUBBARD.

WATCHES AND WATCH MAKING.

SMITH STREET, at their shop on Dover street, have the pleasure to announce that they have just received a fresh supply of GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, GOLD CHAINS, BREAST PINS, and SPECTACLES, which they are selling at panic prices.

They also have the pleasure to announce that they have in their employment a first-class WATCH-MAKER from Philadelphia, who does all kinds of fine watch work as well as it can be done in the city.

They invite a call from their friends and customers, promising to give entire satisfaction. feb24

Spring & Summer Fashions.

I. N. ELSTON.

A This shop adjoining the Easton Bank on Washington St., has received the SPRING and SUMMER FASHIONS, and is prepared to CUT AND MAKE COATS, PANTS AND VESTS in the neatest manner, and in the most fashionable styles. A perfect fit is guaranteed in every particular.

From his long experience in the business he feels confident of giving entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage, in style, fit and workmanship.

Prices as low as the same work can be had in any section of the country, and much below city prices.

He respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. mh17 I. N. ELSTON.

BOOTS.

CAPS. HIGGINS' EASTON, MD. HATS.

SHOES.

Auctioneer.

WM. H. BOSTICK offers his services to the public as AUCTIONEER, at from $1.00 to $3.00 per sale or $5.00 per day as may be agreed upon, for real or personal property. Also private sales attended to.

mh17-6m

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

This justly celebrated Medicine is guaranteed to contain no particle of injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.

Simmons's Liver Regulator Medicine

Is eminently a Family Medicine, and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Physicians prescribed it as the safest and best.

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.

Armed with this ANTIDOTE, all climates and changes of water and food may be faced without fear. As a Remedy in MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, NERVOUSNESS, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It is the Best, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Macon, Ga., and Philadelphia.

Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists. decl6-1y

DYSPEPSIN

A CERTAIN CURE FOR Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache & Habitual Costiveness.

WHAT is Life without the enjoyment of health? If you had the wealth of Crœsus, and afflicted with Dyspepsia, or its kindred ills, of course, you could not enjoy life. Dyspepsia is a prevalent disease in the United States, brought about by our habits and irregularities. The Materia Medica has been exhausted to find a remedy, and the skill of the most learned Physicians has failed to effect a cure. Notwithstanding this declaration we unhesitatingly say: "MILLER'S DYSPEPSIN" is a Certain Cure for Dyspepsia and the many complaints incident to dyspepsia. It has been before the public a sufficient length of time to fully test its merits, and in every instance where it has been used according to directions, it has resulted in giving relief and effecting a cure. With each bottle is a Circular describing the symptoms of the disease intended, and for which only we claim it as a specific. ☞ Give it a fair trial, and rest assured you will be benefitted.

PREPARED BY A. J. MILLER, Firm DAVIS & MILLER, Wholesale Druggists, BALTIMORE.

☞ For sale by Druggists, Apothecaries, and Merchants throughout the country. jan6-1y

OH! What a Set of Blowers

THERE ARE WHO ADVERTISE IN THE EASTON PAPERS.

The best blowing I can do is, that I have retained customers that have dealt with me since 1860, when I commenced business at the same old stand, opposite the Court House, where I am still ready to supply them with GOOD WORK, such as they have purchased of me in the past, and all others who want something good in my line of business; nothing that has shoddy about it.

I have just returned from the city with a full supply of BOOTS AND SHOES, and am still receiving such articles as I can recommend to my friends and the public in general.

LADIES' WEAR.—All articles that they need in way of a Gaiter, Slipper, Balmoral, or Shoe of any kind that may desire.

GENTLEMEN.—Boots, Gaiters, Balmoral, &c.

MISSES, BOYS, YOUTHS and CHILDREN'S SHOES of all descriptions on hand, to suit all who may want such articles. Also, a splendid stock of LEATHER of the very best, which will be made up into Boots, Shoes, or Gaiters, to suit all who may want in that line Home Made work. Feeling thankful for being sustained in the past, I still beg the same favor of my friends and the public in general.

JESSE HUGHES. ap14

FARMS WANTED.

IF you wish to sell your farm, send full description, with price and location, to Mancha's Land Agency, Easton.

If no sale is made, it will cost nothing to have the land advertised in his pamphlet.

I make the land business my EXCLUSIVE BUSINESS, and advertise extensively all over the country.

Persons in the county who may wish to buy land, can find a choice of farms by consulting my list

I can be found at the Easton Star office on Tuesdays and Saturdays, except when I am on the road showing land to buyers.

J. F. MANCHA.

Easton, May 5th, 1874.

Stoves and Tinware.

THE EXCELSIOR HOT BLAST COOK STOVE—warranted to give satisfaction in every respect.

Also other STOVES of improved patterns.

A large and well selected stock of

Tin and Sheet Iron Ware.

Persons in need of HARVEST GOODS cannot be better suited in QUALITY and PRICE. Do not fail to call and examine before purchasing.

ROOFING, SPOUTING and REPAIRING done at short notice. All work warranted.

Repairing old stoves a specialty.

jan28 GEO. W. BECK.

TO FARMERS AND MERCHANTS

THE new Schooner ANNIE K. DUKES, Capt. Rd. Gibson, is now running regularly from Oxford to Baltimore, and will carry Grain and other freights with dispatch, and as cheap as by any other boat.

Careful attention paid to the reception and prompt delivery of return freights.

Grain taken from any of the waters of Talbot county.

The patronage of the public is earnestly solicited, and no pains will be spared to give entire satisfaction.

All orders left with the Captain on board or addressed to the subscriber at Oxford, will receive prompt attention.

mh18-tf SAM'L E. HARRISON.

Select Poetry.

WHEN WE ARE GONE.

The trees will wear their stately array,
Robed in their early verdure gray,
In summer's darker beauty flushed,
The birds our song, or sorrowful warble,
Or autumn's gorgeous livery assume,
Then slow away at closing night,
Amid clouds of glorious crimson hue,
The sun leaves twilight on the earth,
Building their nests with anxious care,
The rain will patter on the leaves—
But not for us—we'll not be there.

The rose we planted—sought to train,
Water and tend as all our own;
Will ope its petals just the same,
And bloom as fair when we are gone.
While humming birds with plumage rare
Will poise above each coral cup—
But not for us—we'll not be there.

And stranger forms will love to sit,
Beside the casement opened there;
And strangers' careless feet will flit,
From room to room and stair to stair,
And stranger hands these spots will tend,
Where Nature's choicest gifts blend
But not for us—we'll not be there.

Ah, well! six feet of common earth,
Are all that mortal man may claim,
Though he be some of royal birth,
Though great his wealth and high his name,
Only six feet of earth—and this:
A heritage most princely rare,
A promise of eternal bliss,
For you dear friend,—will you be there?

Select Story.

SELF SACRIFICE.

Dr. Silas Kendal had drawn his chair before a cheerful fire, hoping to enjoy a quiet evening, when the surgery bell rang and the servant announced that he was wanted immediately at Kelsinbourne.

Reluctantly rising, he went to the door, where he found a country lad standing by a saddled horse

"Who is ill at Kelsinbourne?" he asked.

"Mr. John Guilford. He isn't ill—he's dead! Dropped down in a fit about an hour ago."

"John Guilford," repeated the doctor, pulling on his coat; "that is the gentleman at The Cedars. Did his wife send for me?"

"She sent for Dr. Speke, sir, but as he was out, I thought I'd better come on here."

"Quite right."

So saying, he mounted the horse and started down the dark road towards Kelsinbourne, a village three miles distant.

The man being dead, there was little need for haste, as he was only required to give a certificate, and Silas Kendal, remembering his cheerful fire, wished that his confrere, Speke, a young man just beginning practice, had been at home.

The Cedars—a dull, red brick, detached house, standing apart from the village—had for three years been rented by a Mr. Guilford, his wife and one old servant.

John Guilford—a spare man of sixty—with sharp, hard, unprepossessing features—passed most of his time in London, leaving his very young wife, apparently a weak, delicate woman, alone in the gloomy house, which she rarely quitted, and then always veiled.

No one knew much about them; but it was evident the lady's life was unhappy

This latter circumstance gave tongue to the gossips, to whom Dr Kendal wisely paid no heed. Certainly what he had seen of Mr Guilford did not strike him favorably; yet his habitual absence might be caused by other reasons than wilful neglect of his wife, and her solitary existence be referred to other motives than his unkindness.

Alighting at The Cedars, and fastening his horse to a staple placed for the purpose, the doctor knocked

The old servant, nearly deaf, and partially blind, admitted him, and led the way at once to the dim room where the corpse lay.

It was lighted by a shaded lamp, near which sat a lady in dark attire. A thick lace shawl was cast over her head, which was bowed upon her hands; while to Dr. Kendal's surprise, it was plain, by the ghastly outline under the sheet on the bed, the last offices to the dead had been performed.

On the servant mumbling out his name, the lady rose quickly, turning her face, encircled by the falling shawl, towards him.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a low, hurried tone; "I sent for Dr. Speke."

"Dr. Speke was absent, madam," rejoined Dr Kendal, "and your messenger took upon himself to summon me. But, if I can be of no service I will withdraw; Dr. Speke will no doubt soon arrive."

The lady hesitated, looked furtively at him, then said, "It is of no consequence—not the slightest; medical aid is useless Still, I thought it right to send for aid."

"I understand Mr Guilford died suddenly in a fit an hour ago. I presume you require a certificate to that effect, madam?"

"Yes."

Dr. Kendal, uncovering the lamp, approached the bed. The lady also drew nearer. There were no evidences of regret on her wan, placid face.

Drawing back the covering, the doctor leaned over the dead man, while by his side stood the companion dropped in her shawl, seeming like the personification of Night or Death itself. Dr. Kendal shuddered as he gazed at the distorted features, thearring calmly "I entreat you to be calm, madam; death was the result of no fit. Your husband has been poisoned."

"Poisoned!"

She clasped her hands spasmodically as they rose to her bosom, and the words came forth with a gasp.

"Indeed, it is true; I can give no certificate. This is a matter that must be investigated. Did you ever suspect Mr. Guilford of having an intention upon his own life? Or has he any enemy? I ask this advisedly."

There was a pause. Then, abruptly falling on her knees, stretching her arms towards him, the lady exclaimed: "Mercy—oh, mercy, Dr. Kendal! Let me entreat you in charity, do not make it known!"

"Not make it known?" The doctor recoiled, as he gazed upon the figure at his feet, adding "Unhappy woman! is it you who poisoned him?"

"No," she answered, rising slowly; "it was not. He died by his own hand. I might have stayed him but did not." She looked intently at him, as if to read his thoughts; then said, "You are not young; you have a kind face. I will trust you Judge who is guilty."

Dreading the responsibility of such confidence, Dr. Kendal would have refused; but, with imploring looks, she entreated.

"In pity hear me You have discovered the truth; but do not condemn me without cause. My life is in your hands."

Leaving the bedside, she approached a table in the centre of the room, her face partly averted from the light, and proceeded in measured tones. "Six years ago, the wife of that man—"

"Yourself?" suggested Dr. Kendal; as, hardly knowing how to avoid confronting her, he leaned on the back of a chair.

She made an impatient gesture with her hands, and proceeded.

"Six years ago, I was one of the happiest of girls. People called me beautiful. I know I had many admirers, and had not a care. I was my poor father's idol and my family's spoilt darling."

She stopped to struggle with her emotions. In a few seconds, recovering herself, she continued:

"I was not eighteen when my father, now dead, fell into difficulties which threatened ruin and disgrace. His chief creditor was John Guilford, who pressed him to the uttermost for a settlement. Ruin was impending, when a means of escape was offered. John Guilford promised to cancel the debt on receiving me as his wife. My father refused the sacrifice; but I, having overheard the conversation, frankly tendered the hand where I could not give my heart John Guilford, hard and obdurate, accepted me."

Mrs. Guilford paused. The doctor cast his gaze upon the ground; he could not bring himself to look in her face. Finding he neither spoke nor gave her a sympathetic recognition, she went on

"In vain my family expostulated John Guilford was as ill-favored in face as in mind, and over thirty years my senior. I was firm—I married him—and my father was saved."

"A brave deed, but an unhappy one," said the listener, touched.

"Most unhappy," proceeded the other; "for soon my husband grew weary of the wife he had bought—tired of her who plainly told him she had no love to give; and her misery commenced My lips"—she clasped her hands in shame before her face—"cannot repeat, even in self-extenuation, how he insulted and degraded me; how, by perpetual cruelties, he strove to break my heart; how, enraged at any interference of my family, he brought me to this gloomy house, a prisoner—watched, spied upon by the crone you saw, the only servant he would allow me."

The doctor averted his face. The narrative touched him.

"But my solitude was nothing compared to the horror of his visits. I was a slave, not a wife. No task-master was ever more brutal. I prayed for death—it would not come." Hiding her face, she wept passionately.

"Poor thing!" murmured the doctor. And the wretched widow continued:

"Three days ago, Mr. Guilford arrived from London There he passed for a temperate man—here he gave way to the most degrading intemperance. He came down earlier than he intended, he said, because he was ill and wanted attention I nursed him; but he would not permit me to administer the medicine he brought with him There were two bottles, one of which was labelled "poison." He hinted I *might* make a mistake in the draught. Two hours after drinking deeply, he arose from his bed to get his draught. I told him it was not time. Lifting his hand, he struck me. He reeled to the mantel-piece, and took up the phial."

She pointed to the spot alluded to, and resumed.

"I would have arrested his hand—for he had taken the wrong bottle. He turned upon me with a curse. Recoiling, I stood as stone. All the misery, the bitter insults, I had suffered, occurred to me. I still felt the pain of the recent blow, and remained motionless. I saw him fill the glass—after declaring he would sleep well for this night, at least—raise it to his lips, and drink off the fatal draught, which laid him where he is."

She could say no more, save, "I am at your mercy—save me!"

"Unfortunate woman!" exclaimed the kind hearted doctor. "Never was man in such a terrible position! What am I to do?"

The door was thrown open; a man of dark visage appeared on the threshold.

"Your duty, Dr. Kendal!" he said authoritatively. "John Guilford is the victim of foul play, and there"—pointing to the wife—"is his destroyer!"

The miserable woman fell to the floor in a swoon.

An inquest was held at which the unhappy woman had to appear. None knew her well; but those who knew her best were amazed at seeing how much she had changed and altered in the few weeks She was sad and calm, and told the same story recounted to Dr. Kendal, avowing she had hoped, in sending for Dr. Speke, he being a young practitioner, that he would have given the certificate without discovering the cause of death. She was asked if she had no witnesses to confirm her statement, and replied in the negative.

"Had not her sister been with her at the time?"

"No; she had called at The Cedars that day, having come to say good-bye, as she was leaving England; but finding Mr. Guilford at home, and offended at his insults, she had quitted the place at once"

"Where had she gone?"

"To France, where she was a governess."

Her own testimony pointed to her as the guilty party, and she was committed for trial.

Dr. Kendal was the only one who visited her. He was much affected by her story. He procured her counsel, which she refused, but she persistently refused to tell him her family and address.

The trial came on. The chief witness against the prisoner was the old servant, who spoke with hesitancy and vindictiveness—accounted for, perhaps, by the fact of her having a long interview with John Guilford's nephew, the counsel for the prisoner, in the interval. The last moment arrived The jury returned to their places; the foreman had uttered the fatal word "Guilty," with a recommendation to mercy. The prisoner rose to receive her sentence, when a shrill voice rang through the court, and a female figure, her hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, rushed forward to the dock, and extended her arms to the prisoner, who bent down to her. Then a striking likeness was revealed—only the last comer was prettier, fairer, younger, more delicate.

"Laura, why are you here?"

"To save you, my darling!" answered the girl, passionately clasping the other's hands

Then she continued: "Gentlemen, this is my sister; all she has stated is true—*she* is innocent! If any one is guilty it is I—for I was John Guilford's wife!"

She had scarcely ended when she slid in a swoon upon the floor.

Carried to the judge's room, her sister was allowed to attend her; and while there the prisoner owned that she had spoken falsely.

"I am Laura's sister, and not Mrs Guilford," she said. "As I stated, when speaking of myself in the third person, I had arrived to take farewell of her before leaving for France, when I found her husband at The Cedars. I was preparing to quit the house at the very moment my poor darling rushed into the room, telling me what Mr. Guilford had done, and that he was dead. She was in such a state of terror, that I dreaded her manner would bring suspicion on herself were she seen; therefore, aware she was not much known, I persuaded her to take my place, and leave me, who was calmer, in hers. She obeyed; but apparently stayed near to see the result. Had she not, I would have gladly accepted death to have saved one who had suffered six years' barbarous cruelty, such as no mind can conceive, for the sake of others"

"Brave, generous heart!" remarked Dr Kendal, removing his finger from the little wrist. "She will suffer no more in this world, poor child—her spirit has flown to a better!"

The sister droped on her knees, exclaiming, "she is safe—she has found freedom at last!"

A LIVELY NEGRO WEDDING

MISS LETICIA QUINNEY MARRIES MR. A. H. STEPHENS.

The Church and its Decorations—How the Assemblage Amused Themselves—Lecture on Matrimony—A Grateful Bride.

SAVANNAH, Ga., July 7, 1874.—Making my way leisurely through Forsyth place the other afternoon, I was accosted by one of the most prominent business men of the Bay.

"You have come South," said he, "in search of the picturesque, and I have something here that I think will aid you."

Fumbling around through his pockets, he presently drew forth a card, written in a fair hand, of which the following is an exact transcript:

Compliments.
Miss Leticia Quinney,
and
Mr. Alexander H. Stephens.
West Broad street. At 9 o'clock.

I ventured to inquire the nature of the document.

"Did you ever attend a negro wedding in Georgia?" asked my friend.

I confessed that I had not.

"Well," said he, with a smile in which there was something like triumph, "that is a card of invitation. You might take advantage of it."

"But," said I, "what would people think?"

"People be hanged! I am going—That girl Leticia is the daughter of one of my old family servants. She's been running after my wife every day for a week to find out whether I am going to her wedding. She'd be awfully cut up if I didn't go. Say the word, and I'll call around at 8 and pick you up"

GOING TO THE WEDDING.

Promptly at 8 I stepped into my friend's carriage, and we rode to the church in the south western portion of the city, where the ceremony was to take place. We drew up before a modest but substantially-built modern structure, near which was gathered a crowd of ragged urchins both white and black, as if anticipating something unusual. The inside was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and in front of the pulpit a flowery arch had been reared.

We arrived some time before the bridal party, but quite a large audience had already assembled Instead of laughing and talking, the congregation amused itself by singing hymns. This continued until the bride and bridegroom entered the door. As soon as one song was successfully disposed of, some ambitious brother would launch another upon the air, everybody joining in and carrying it to the very highest point of vigorous and harmonious intonation.

THE MELODIES.

These hymns are peculiar combinations of melody and nonsense. When we entered the audience was singing the last stanza of a very popular song, as follows:

Oh, sisters, ain't you happy,
An' don't you want to go
For to leave dis wor' of sorrow
An' sin down here below?

This ended, there was a short pause. Then a quivering voice raised the song beginning:

Do you see Satan on yo' track?
A shiver is de jaw Jerusalem;
King David cried in de cool of de morning—
De mornin' of de jaw Jerusalem.

And so on—it would be impossible to describe the fervor with which these songs were sung by the singers. Another hymn runs as follows:

O, little children, you better stay home,
O, little children, you better stay home,
O, little children, you better stay home,
Dere's room enough for you.

Dere's a long white robe on a golden crown,
Dere's a long white robe on a golden crown,
Dere's a long white robe on a golden crown,
Dere's room enough for you.

The chorus of this singular hymn runs:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,
Dere's room enough for you.

This Andante lacks very much the sweetness, but the movement is very good. Perhaps you have the curious sing, Dr. Kendal? It is not the slow, plaintive hymn I ever heard.

Finally, in the midst of the sing, a rustle was heard at the door, and the preacher, a very large and very black negro, who had been sitting in the pulpit with his eyes closed, stood up at the desk and raised his hands. This was the signal for silence, and in the hush that followed the bridal party swept up the aisle. The bride was an exceedingly comely negro girl, and tastefully dressed. I learned afterward that the finishing touches to her toilet had been made by her old mistress The groom was also a fine specimen of his race.

There was some awkwardness displayed by the two attendants of the bride, but they were quickly set right by the preacher, who appeared to be on his dignity.

"De ladies will please take dar places on de lef," said he, in a very uncompromising tone, "De gemmen will stan' on de right"

In executing this evolution one of the attendants of the groom trod on the foot of an old colored brother, who acknowledged the compliment by an "Ugh!" so sepulchral and apparently so gratuitous, that the congregation was first startled and then convulsed.

"Let dar be silence!" said the preacher. "Ef dar is any scoffers in high places, dey will now have an opportunity to retire."

Here the preacher paused, pulled out an immense red handkerchief and proceeded with much apparent unction to mop his face The scoffers in high places refused to retire, but it was evident from the silence that fell upon the congregation that they had concluded to scoff no more. The preacher accepted the compromise, and, with the bridal party still standing and looking very uncomfortable, he lauched into a lecture on matrimony. Much of this lecture was humorously incoherent, but the following will give a fair idea of the substance. As far as it goes it is literal:

HOW DE MARRIAGE HAPPENS.

"Bruderin and frens: When two young people say to dyselves dat dey have 'rived at dat disposition whar dey can bar wid one anuder's failins an' inequities, dey mos' always take a notion for to marry. An' when a man muster up spunk enough fer ter go an' buy de license, an' de 'oman hand her head an' say she willing' to stan' up anl let de man claim her in de eyes of Hebben and de general public, den de marriage happens."

Here an old brother remarked, "Dat's so!" and the remark seemed to encourage the speaker.

"Why does de man lub de 'oman? Caze she pooty. Why does de 'oman lub de man? Caze he strong. Why does de man an' de 'oman bote lub one anu'der? Cazz de Scripters has prophesied it frum de foundation, But dey don' always marry right along like you tink dey orter. De gals is mighty sly. Dey am like de tarrapin. De nigger go long troo de swamp, an' he say to hisself dat he feel mighty hungry. Bimby he see tarrapin on de log in de sun wid he eyes shet. Den de nigger mouth began fer ter water, an' he hanker after dat tarrapin.

"Cooter," he say, "I lub you."

Tarrapin no say nuttin.

Nigger say, "Cooter, you look mighty fat."

Tarrapin open he eye.

"Nigger slide up little closer an' say, 'Cooter, you make good 'soup,' an' den he reach out he han' fer ter fetch him in. But de tarrapin he slide into de water, an' de nigger he stay bongry.

"De cooter's like de gals. Dey let de boys get mighty close, an' den dey git away. But here, my frens, is a man an' a 'oman what say dey am tired ob fooling' roun', an' dey has come up here dis evenin' fer ter be united in de holy banns ob wedlock. Dey hab dat true lub dat casts out fear. Dey am not ashamed ob deyselves"

THE CEREMONY.

Here there was a pause, and some confusion was occasioned by the discovery that a candle had been dripping upon the dress of one of the bridesmaids. The preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and when quiet was restored, the preacher remarked in very severe tone:

"De couple will please step forward and jine dar right hans."

Then he again paused, smote his brow with his red pocket-hankerchief, and proceeded:

"Ef dar is any pusson widin soun' ob my voice dat knows, or tinks he knows, or hab reason to bleebe dat dar is any objection why dese man an' 'oman should not be joined together at dis time an' place, let him rise up an' make it known, or 'fever arter hold his peace, so help him God."

There was no objection and the ceremony was performed in the regular orthodox style.

My mercantile friend desired me to go to his house where the bride and her friends were to have some cake and wine provided for the occasion by her old mistress. I was told afterward that when Leticia returned and found that those who formerly owned her had been thoughtful enough to fix up an elegant collation in the kitchen, she fell into a fit of crying that astonished her guests, and then capped the climax of hysterics by hugging and kissing all the members of the family she could lay hands on. Here's luck to Leticia.

BISMARCK'S DAUGHTER.

Faithful Love for a Young Lieutenant—Rejecting the Highest Offers in the Land—A Knot that Puzzles the Prince.

In a number of the "Boersen Courier" of Berlin, an incident is related of Prince Bismarck's domestic life which is uncommonly interesting. Most people who read the newspapers have heard of the great Chancellor's daughter. The young lady, though not beautiful, is amiable and accomplished, and accustomed to the homage of the high society in which she moves. With her father she has been a great favorite ever since she grew up. When in Berlin he has been wont to spend with her whatever leisure moments he could snatch from his laborious occupations, and in the country his idle hours have been usually passed in her society. The Prince observed with concern that his daughter repelled all proposals of marriage made to her. Though wooed by the most eligible suitors, among the heirs of the richest families, members of the most ancient nobility, gentlemen filling the highest official positions, even a prince, the young lady declined them all.

After brooding for a long time over the possible reasons of his daughter's conduct, the Chancellor, believing at last that he had fathomed the secret of her severity, opened his heart to her on this subject. He told her he felt sure that she never have become profoundly attached to some person inferior to herself in position and wealth. He then begged her to mention the name of the man to whom she had given her heart, so that her father, with his strength and powerful influence, might be able to change the conditions which might seem to render her love an ineligible match. With downcast eyes the young lady confessed that she did cherish such an affection as her father suspected, an affection that was returned, but that her lover was a double lieutenant