The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1875. VOL. 10. NO 18.

Fall & Winter Trade

Great Attractions in

DRY GOODS,

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Glass, China, Queensware,

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HAVING remodeled and refurnished my store with a full stock of all the above goods, which I am selling at a small advance, I think I can offer as good inducements to buyers as any house in Easton. The public are invited to call and examine my stock

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oct7 '73 JOS. V. B. WRIGHT.

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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.

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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.

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Easton, May 5, 1874. J. B. BENNETT, General Agent

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WANTED—BEEF CATTLE, CALVES, MUTTON, PORK, HIDES, &c., for which the highest cash price will be paid.

The best of Beef, Veal, and Tongue always for sale at my stall in the Easton market.

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THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

This unrivaled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of MERCURY, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

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A MILD APERIENT AND GENTLE PURGATIVE, recommended for the cure of all derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. By their timely use much sickness is prevented. The test of many years have proven them to be the safest, surest and best of all the pills ever offered to the public.—They purify the blood, remove all corruptions and restore the diseased system to perfect health. As an Antidote to Chills and Fever they have no equal. For Dyspepsia they are a specific. For Sick Headache and Bilious Colic they are a sure cure. For Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, Nervousness, a positive remedy. For Female Irregularities, without a rival. When one does not "feel very well," a single dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and imparts vigor to the system. Sold everywhere. Office, 18 Murray Street, New York.

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The ghastly record of deaths that result from pulmonary affections is frightful. There is no disease that is so insidious in its attacks as consumption. By the neglect of "slight colds" they soon become deep seated and defy remedies which, if applied at the outset, would have averted all danger. Dr. Tutt's Expectorant has proven itself the most valuable Lung Balsam ever discovered. A distinguished clergyman of New York, pronounces it the "greatest blessing of the nineteenth century," and says "no family should be without it." It is pleasant to the taste, and a single dose will often remove the most obstinate cough. Office, 18 Murray Street, New York. dec1-1y

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

Repairing old stoves a specialty.

je23 GEO. W. BECK.

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A FRESH, and cheap lot of Boots and Shoes, just brought from the city, for Ladies and Gentlemen; Lasting Gaiters, Congress, and Pole Boots, Gentlemen's Double, Arctic, and Self-Acting Rubbers, and all the different kinds and sizes.

dec8 JESSE HUGHES.

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A large assortment of Furs comprising Lynx, Marten, Siberian Squirrel, Silver Coney, Raccoon, Sable and the genuine Mink Sable, for sale at

nov24 Mrs. E. T. Graham's.

The Easton Star,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT EASTON, MD.

J. STEARNS, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

To Subscribers residing in The Delivery Area, Cents per week, payable to the Carrier Boy who delivers the paper.

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No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid, if the subscription be taken for a longer time than six months.

All letters should be addressed to the Editor of The Easton Star, and all letters on business should be addressed to the proprietor.

Communications intended for publication will be inserted free of postage when of general interest, if they are signed with the writer's name.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

On and after Saturday, Dec. 26, 1874, the STEAMER CHAMPION will leave Pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, Baltimore, at 7 A. M. every SATURDAY and WEDNESDAY, for Tilghman's Island, Fort Walsh's, Cambridge, Chaneeville, Bucktown, Vienna, Hurlock's, Oxford, Double Mills and Bellevue. Returning on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS, leaving Bellevue at 7 o'clock—and every intermediate landing at 7 o'clock—and every SATURDAY and FRIDAY at same hour, for Baltimore. Freight received at all times at low rates and carefully handled. Passengers will find this the most direct route to Tilghman's Island, Fort Walsh's, Oxford, Bellevue, Hurlock's, Vienna, Bucktown, Chaneeville, Cambridge, Fort Royal, Tilghman's, Bellevue, Oxford, Double Mills and Bellevue. For further information apply at the office, on Light street, Baltimore, or E. B. Dixon, Agent, Easton. dec22

Maryland & Delaware Railroad.

On and after Monday, October 19th, 1874, Trains will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH.			GOING NORTH.		
			LEAVE		
7 00	A. M.		New York	11 45	P. M.
7 30	"		Baltimore	7 30	A. M.
10 18	"		Philadelphia	8 30	"
12 05	P. M.		Wilmington	10 10	"
12 15	"		Newark	10 20	P. M.
12 28	"		Elkton	1 00	"
12 38	"		Leaves	1 20	"
12 48	"		Stanton	1 35	"
12 56	"		Delaware City	1 45	"
1 06	"		Marshall	1 50	"
1 16	"		Middletown	2 05	"
1 26	"		Middletown	2 15	"
1 36	"		Middletown	2 40	"
1 46	"		Middletown	2 50	"
1 56	"		Middletown	3 05	"
2 06	"		Middletown	3 20	"
2 16	P. M.		Cordova	3 35	"
2 26	"		Woodland		
2 36	"		ARRIVE	3 50	"
2 46	"		Easton		

Stops marked thus at the various stations at least 5 minutes before starting of Trains, otherwise 10 minutes before each hour.

A. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

Dragon House,

EASTON, MD.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public that she has refurnished and fitted up in good style, the Frame Hotel with every convenience and comfort, and now has it ready for the reception of permanent and transient visitors. Her long experience in the business is a guarantee that the wants of the travelling public will be fully met. The Table will 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.

Mrs. J. A. HALL.

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Next door to The Easton Star Office.

TRAVELLERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodation for 50 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and buggies for hire at all times. Travelers promptly conveyed to any part of the county or adjoining counties. Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landings to convey passengers with dispatch. The highest market price paid for corn, hay, fodder and straw.

DAILY STAGE LINE TO THE RAILROAD. Persons leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner. Time table, 12 hours is considered a day, and one half day for extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Oct. 28, 1873, nov 11

WALTBY HOUSE,

BALTIMORE, MD.

HOGAN, - - - - Proprietor

REDUCTION OF FARE.

In consideration of the general decline in the price of all necessaries appertaining to the business of keeping, the price of Board was reduced on and after January 1st, 1870, to

$2.50 Per Day,

and is determined that nothing shall be left undone in the future to make the "WALTBY" what it has been in the past—second to none in the city. may2-1y

TRADERS' AND MERCHANTS' LINE

BETWEEN THE SCHOONERS

Richard and Tred Haven.

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

LEONARD & BRO.

Offices—In same room occupied by R. B. Dixon, at Dover street.

For Rent.

OFFICES now occupied by Joseph M. Seth, Att'y, corner Harrison and Dover streets, will be for rent for 1875.—The Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shop on Dover st., adjoining, and now occupied by Mr. C. Bragg. For terms apply to Dr. R. B. Dixon, Treas., or

HENRY HOLLYDAY, Secretary.

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BOOTS and SHOES

TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

A SPECIALTY!

The only place in these cities where the celebrated Ladies, Misses and Children's French Shoes can be found. A large assortment always on hand. aug4-1y

Select Poetry.

We take great pleasure in transferring the following beautiful thoughts to the columns of the Star. They appeared recently in the *Baltimore Weekly Sun*, and are from the pen of Walter R. Abell, Esq., one of the editors of the *Sun*. Who is it that will not feel a thrill of joy on perusing them?

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

BY W. R. ABELL.

There is no day in all the by-gone years
More glad in smiles, or dimmed with fewer tears;
And none to which the memory fondly flies
With keener joys and laughing pleasantries—
That drags the selfish man from his worshipped "self,"
The coining miser from his hoarded pelf,
Than that bright day on whose propitious morn
The angels heralded a loving Saviour born.
Back through the years on oft repeated trips
Of pleasure, too, the memory softly slips—
Taking us with it to that happy day
Where many bright and golden hours may
Be spent in joy that knows of no alloy.

Where brightest faces, form and figures fair
Are met of those who hold most truly dear.
Some, it is true, who proudly then
Had upright figures of much younger men,
Now stagger 'neath the heavy load of life—
About retiring from all mortal strife;
Others, whose toddling limbs refused to bear
Their infant bodies but from chair to chair,
Now in full rigor battle with the world,
Once raised aloft again are downward hurled.
Others again—bless, bless their faces kind—
Are seen alone now by the journeying mine,
That hasten back their days in life to find.

We see again the large old fashioned fire,
Blazing and crackling, and with joy or ire
Tossing its sparks up—up, the wide-mouthed flue.
That our then young imaginations knew
As fairy sprites let loose from out the spell
Of wooden shackles—how, we could not tell,
And how upon that eve of Xmas night
We begged that these warm flames and cheerful light
Might be allowed this once to die away,
So when Kris-Kringle, in his crystal sleigh,
Reached our housetop the chimney might be clear
Of all obstruction, heat and smoky air—
And when 'twas out—we slept without a fear.

And how, with a peculiar childish care,
We chose those stockings, free from wear and tear—
Our largest, too—and then along the string
That hemmed the mantle let them lazy swing.
Of how we watched away the early night
Till sleep, with fingers trained to action light,
Sprinkled his sands, and closed our eyelids tight.
Awakening with the buzzing of the town,
We rose to take the unknown treasures down,
And found, with joy, our stockings fairly stuffed—
Those calves before were never so well puffed
Even with flesh. And then, with blast of horn
Announced to all below, we rose to Xmas morr.

Our hurried dressing and more hurried flight
Down the wide stairway; and with faces bright—
Flushed with excitement—we scattered wide
Our "Merry Christmas" then on every side—
Embraced our parents, and in their warm embrace
Felt all the love that sparkled in the face—
And in the whirl of all our present joys—
Our Christmas tree, our dish and display toys—
Saw, too, perhaps a faintly quivering tear
That told the story of one missing there,
With all the fervor that within her burned—
Now loving in a new life richly earned.

Amid our joys, too, have we not a thought—
A proud one, too—that has so kindly brought
To mind the figure of some little one,
Shivering with cold upon that old door-stone,
That framed the entrance to our home of joy—
Taken it in, clothed, fed, and with a toy
Sent forth again with grateful face and heart
Into the world's alas, too selfish mar.
Can we but find a memory such as this,
Where mid the rush of earthly joys and bliss,
We're turned from Pleasure's luring path aside
To aid the poor, the weak or sorely tried,
Then has been doubly blessed our Christmas tide.

Select Story.

NOT LOST.

Let me recount to you a true love story, a story of love pure and undefiled—love as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

For love is all things in one to us. It is hope, and fear, and joy, and despair; it is truth and it is falsehood; it is anything, in short, that you please to call it, and it can represent the brightness of heaven or the blackness of perdition.

"Love is a melting of the soul."

It was late in the afternoon of a dull autumnal day, that a group of young people came chattering down the flight of stone steps leading from the deor of Cathedral Church, in an old Atlantic seaport town. They were members of the choral society attached to the church, and they had evidently been there for rehearsal. Within, the great building yawned black and lonely save in the gallery, where, over the organ, a gas jet spun rays of light in the gloom, and the sound of softly subdued voices broke through the stillness.

The visible occupants were two, a man and a maiden—young, and with the cabalistic word, "lovers," gleaming as did the mysterious handwriting of old on the wall, on their foreheads Robert Field, the organist, was turning over some sheets of manuscript music with an absorbed air; while by his side stood Hester Heathersleigh, her pretty face full of anxious interest as she watched his movements. A little cloud of uneasiness wrinkled her forehead now and then as she saw the rent edge of angry clouds scud by the narrow slit of window going to the east where the grey sea lay frowning stormily.

"Well, Robert!" she said, at last dropping her slim hand on his shoulder, "Well Robert, what is it?"

The musician's dark, serious face, lighted a moment, gloriously; as he turned and took the little gloved hand in his.

"I asked you to stay, Hester, because I wished to play for you some passages from my new piece. I shall submit it to the society at the Music Hall to-morrow evening and I want your opinion in advance."

"My opinion! Why Robert you know beforehand what that will be. It would be nothing but a form asking it."

Robert raised the little hand tenderly to his lips.

"I know that love makes gentle critics of us all," he said, wisely. "But now I want you to forget who is the author of the melody, and to exercise your judgment without stint. Remember, too, that love is the theme; love which wisely or unwisely, hopes all things, believes all things, and endures all things unto the end." And then he turned to the organ.

He played slowly at first. It was a lonely opening, full of strange chords as if a soul was waiting somewhere in shadow. Then, as brightness entered the theme, asserted itself. The wonderful tones climbed higher and higher, expressive of great faith of a fond, mad triumph and bewildering joy. On and on the chords swept; it was as if a living chain of light ran round the world.

When he had finished there was silence for a moment between these two. The lingering echoes rolled back and forth till one by one they, too, escaped into stillness. Then Hester Heatherleigh stooped, and, with quivering and tear-wet eyes, reverently kissed the bowed forehead of her lover.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is so beautiful! I am so proud of you. Who taught you to play like that?"

A proud satisfied smile curved Robert Field's lips as he listened.—"My love for you, which is so great, so all absorbing, that my music seems to be but a poor expression of it."

Then lifting her head he gazed for a moment with wistful tenderness into the rose-pink beauty of her small, sweet face.

"You think it is a triumph then, dear? Ah, Hester, are you sure you speak for the music itself, or only out of a tender mercy born of your love for me?"

An indignant light brightened the pretty violet eyes out of the drowsy languor of youth's enchanting dreams.

"Tender mercy for you," she repeated Then her voice changed.

"Ah, Robert! if my love can make you write like that now, then your future life shall be full of inspiration, for I shall love you more and more forever."

She wound her arm about his neck, and with tender, maiden sweetness, kissed his forehead, and kissed his wavy hair, and kissed the thin, pale hand which lay on the organ keys. And then a stillness crept about them, a stillness more fraught with eloquent joy than any measure of golden speech could have been.

While they thus stoop hand in hand talking, the curtain behind them, partitioning off the long gallery, parted and a dark face peered through. It was a man's face, handsome but cruel, in that purple gloom of gathering shadow. It was no friendly face either, with its many changes of hate and jealous anger and furious despair seemed, while the lovers talked, to be playing a dark and stormy accompaniment to the idle of their love.

A sudden angry burst of wind at the narrow window roused them to a sense of night and the nearing storm.

"Oh, the rain!" cried Hester, with a pale face. "How thoughtless of us to stay, and you have that long, desolate walk over the cliffs in the dark."

"Never mind," answered Robert. "There are such light and warmth within me that I shall not heed a passing touch of wind and water. I will see you to your door first, and then good night."

"My cousin Conrad promised to come for me," Hester answered. "I wonder what detains him. It is too bad for me to take you all this way out of your own route."

"I like it better so," the young man said gravely. "I do not like your cousin Conrad, and I am not willing to trust you to his care." "Oh, my darling" he went on earnestly, "if my music but brings me fame and fortune I can then make you all my own, and there will be no more good nights, no more partings in the storm for us."

They passed down the stairs and out into the street together, unconscious of the shadow closing upon them, nearer and blacker. At the door of Hester's house they parted with a lingering good bye.

"My precious music," cried Robert, buttoning his coat closer about him. "No harm must come to that. It represents fame and fortune and love and honor for thee and me, my darling."

Hester lifted a small wet face to peer into the gloom.

"I wish you would stay," she said. "And oh, Robert, be careful of the cliff—the path is so lonely and dangerous I shall come early to rehearsal to-morrow for the sake of knowing that your are safe."

"Do!" he answered. "I shall bring you glad tidings. Success is too near for me to miss it now. Good night, good night my sweetheart!" and so speaking he passed from her into the shadow of his waiting doom.

After that night of storm the day dawned clear and cool. At St. Paul's the choral society, just then in the first flush—of enthusiasm over a new oratorio, gathered early. One—two—three! the great bells chimed the hours and the singers waited impatiently for their leader. Something had detained him most likely; he would soon come! The hour struck four and he had not come, and Hester Heatherslegh, with a heart heavy as lead in her bosom, fell on her knees in an agony of prayer. "Oh, my God!" she cried, reckless of who might hear her. "He is dead,—my Robert is dead! He has been lost in the cruel storm!"

Some one pitying, touched her arm. It was her cousin, Conrad Chateris; he was looking down at her with a pale face—a face paler far than that which he spied upon her yesterday from behind the gallery curtain; her piteous cry had touched even his stony heart

"Hush!" he whispered, "here is news from him—from Robert; come here and hear what it is."

A note had been brought by a swift riding messenger, and a shudder ran round the waiting circle of listners when its contents were made known. It was signed by a leading physician of the city and stated that Robert Field had been picked up that morning at the foot of the cliff and taken home for dead. He was now, at the date of writing, lying in an insensible condition, and it was impossible to tell what the extent of his injuries were, or if there were any hopes of his ultimate recovery.

A horror-stricked silence followed the reading of the note, broken at last by a low sobbing cry from Hester Heatherslegh's white lips.

"I must go to him—oh, I must go to him! Who will take me? You! You!" and she caught Conrad Chateris by the arm.

"I! I go with you to see him?" he cried. "What do you take me for?" Then noting her astonished look he made a faint attempt for composure, but his hands shook like withered leaves.

"Why do you wish to go to him?" he questioned sagely. "He would not know you—and it is no place for you! Let me take you home."

She snatched up her shawl and bound it with trembling fingers about her shoulders "I tell you I shall go to him," she answered. "I was to have been his wife, and, living or dead, my place is now by his side. You can come with me if you like! And she fled down the steps.

It seemed an age to her, that short time she was on the road leading to the lonely house of Robert Field's widowed mother; and when at last, by dint of prayers and and tears, she was suffered to approach his bedside, she looked down on a very different Robert Field from the one with whom she had parted in high hope the night before.

The bruises were chiefly about the head, the physician said gravely, and even if he recovered it was doubtful if his mind would ever be sound again. Hester heard him, and with a great sob fell on her knees by the bedside. Where now were the brilliant aspirations, the tender hopes, the gay courage and stout hearted faith of one short day gone by? Lost! Lost! Success so near to him and yet to fail—Triumph so nearly won, and yet to pass by on the other side.

"Robert, O my Robert! Look up!—Speak to me, or I too, shall die!"

Ah! but love remained. Love unchanged and unfaltering. There then was left the blessing of a love which believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things to the end.

The drawn white face on the pillow did not change at Hester's cry, but under the half closed lids the dull eyes gleamed feebly and the slender hand outside on the coverlet groped helplessly. Hester took his hand in hers and then, quick as lightning, by some strange subtile instinct rather than by any demonstration of his, she felt that the poor stricken senses were trying to break through the darkness that enveloped them and make their unknown wants understood.

"Robert, Robert! what is it? she cried; what is it that you want to make us understand?"

The helpless moving of his lips, the helpless groping of his fingers, were then enough to make one weep. Hester bent her ear to his mouth.

"What is it, dear? Tell me, what is it you want?"

The stiffened lips strove with a terrible effort to move, and this time one word was feebly articulated.

"Music!"

"Music! He calls for music. Do you not hear? Where is it? Who knows about it? Is it lost?" she questioned eagerly.

Again the terrible attempt at speech The dull eyes opened wide, the feeble fingers clenched themselves on Hester's hand, and, with a last mad effort of expiring desperate strength, he raised himself and shrieked:

"My music! My music! Find it!—Save it!" And then he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

"You have killed him," said the physician angrily, and at these words Hester, with a moan, dropped insensible.

Not dead. But when, after weeks and months of painful illness, he faced the world again, he looked like a shadow out of the past. But bent with age, with scarred forehead and whitened locks, the wreck of his body was not the greatest evil that had befallen him; for of the brilliant genius of other days no vestige was left. Saddest of all, the miserable ghost haunted him, and in the ruined chambers of his darkened intellect he was forever groping, trying to gather up the mystic chords of tuneful thought which no longer vibrated to his magic touch. The lost manuscript music had never been recovered and though his feeble mind failed to take in the greatness of his loss, the shadow of something beautiful which was to have been, but, somehow, failed to be, lay on him, and gave his face a wistful look, which was sadder far in its mute endurance than any wail of speech could have been.

Music was to him now something akin to the sound of "sweet bells jingled, out of tune and harsh."

One day in early spring he went to the church for the first time, leaning on Hester's arm. The old familiar look of the place struck him forcibly and roused his dormant wits. He sat down to the organ and glided his hands over the keys; a few jangling discordant cords followed wandering and disconnected; then his face changed, and, with a terrible cry, he flung his head down on his arms

"Oh, Hester? Tell me what it is I have lost! Something I almost reach—it is in my mind, something beautiful which I almost grasp, and then it eludes me and fades away. I have lost it now. Hester! Hester! take me home!"

She kissed him and soothed him with womanly words, and when he was composed she led him away

Soon after that they were married In vain Hester's friends threatened and opposed her. She was quietly determined

"He loved me when friends and fortune smiled on him," she answered them.—"He would have given me every great gift which the world was ready to bestow upon him for love of his beautiful genius and shall I desert him? Perhaps—oh, perhaps some time God may restore to him his lost mind. Tears filled her lovely, soft, pathetic eyes. "If I dared to hope it—oh, if I might hope for it how willingly I would give my life to have it so."

The day before her wedding she received a visit from Conrad Charteris.

"It shall not be!" he cried out vehemently. "Do you realise what you are doing? Why, you had far better die at once, for Robert Field is but little better than an idiot."

"And if he were an idiot," returned Hester, bravely hiding her face, hurt at the brutal words, "even then I would marry him. I love him, and if not even a vestige of his glorious intellect remained I would be Robert Field's wife, and a proud one, too!"

"And, by God, I believe you would," answered Conrad, looking with a fond, mad longing into the small, pale face, lifted so undaunntedly to his dark gaze.

"Hester you will drive me mad. I would to heaven that Robert Field was dead. Why did he not die that night last winter" and he struck his hand furiously on the table in a blind frenzy of despair.

"God knows it was from no lack of purpose if you that he did not die," retorted Hester spiritually.

"She spoke at random, but Conrad turned away with a white face. The idle words accurately hit him hard. They sat close and silently seated in their temporary retreat, and wondering—deeply about it he left her and did not seek her again.

They were married quietly, and after that in the tender security of his modest home, under the fond and cherishing care of his wife health and strength came slowly back to the shattered frame of poor Robert Field.

Slowly, too, out of darkness he began to wrench one, one by one, the secrets to his prisoned mind. Old melodies began to shape themselves under his touch discordant and fragmentary at first trials but gradually assuming symmetry and power.

"Not quite a week!" he would sigh wistfully. "Some good *genii* will unlock my prison door and set me free"

In the child that was born to them, a beautiful boy who sang sweet music in every tone of his childish voice, his pride was great. He talked of him, and dreamed of him, predicting a future of which Bertrand was to be the perfect flower, the very golden rose of joy So the years passed and sweet Hester Field's face grew heavenly beautiful to see, with its tired look of patient waiting. God only knows how her heart failed her now at times; or with what fierce power she wrestled with growing doubts and prayed for strength to help her bear this cross whose shadow fell even darker and deeper on her young life.

Had her love, then been a sacrifice in vain?

But one day the answer came.

Returning one afternoon from a long walk, Robert Field stepped in the hall, spellbound by the triumphant strains of some new and beautiful melody floating through the rooms. His wore face flashed with the old light of inspired thought; his eyes dilated; his whole form shook with a mysterious emotion.

"What is it? what is it?" he asked of his wife, who came to meet him.

"Bertrand's music!" answered the proud mother, Hester. "He has been engaged with it for a long time. He meant it to be a surprise for you."

Robert Field threw up his arms with a joyful cry.

"It is mine!—mine! My lost music! the music I played for you in that long-forgotten day! Hark, Hester! do you not recognize it now? Oh, to think it has slept so long and now comes back to me so fresh and fair. This is what I have missed out of my life? This is my treasure which was lost to me after many years—brought back by a little child! Our child, Hester! Oh, thank God for that!"

Rushing into the parlor, he swept Bertrand from the stool, and seating himself at the organ, with one powerful sweep of his hands over the keys, he summoned his God given genius from the tomb of his youth and bade it stand resurrectionized in a new life before him. Oh! not a chord dropped out of the splendid work Soothingly, exultantly the tones leaped forth, and their name was called Wonderful" On! on! Up and up!

At last from sheer exhaustion, the musician dropped to the floor, and lying at Hester's feet, he wept, tears which were no shame to him.

"It is the very same!" he cried. "Bertrand has written it out note for note, a counterpart of my own work Is it not an awful thing to think of? My own work and yet his! Who but God can explain it? And oh, Hester! the darkness is all gone now Let me thank God for that!

Then, wrapping his arms about her, Robert Field kissed his wife's pale face and her tender mouth, her wavy hair, and her slim, pale, faithful hands.

"My wife, my wife. Oh, what if your loved had failed, Hester. If, in those terrible first years of my misfortune, your true heart had been one whit less true, then I should have been lying in my grave to-day, a broken and forgotten man"

So fame and success in later days of his life came, not unwelcomely, to Robert Field. The world welcomed his piece with none less acclaim for his long delay, and for the strange story that accompanied it. One truth only, concerning that fatal night Robert withheld—known alone to his faithful wife But Conrad Charteris had long ago disappeared from the town, and was seen no more among them. So he and Hester buried the secret in their hearts, contented that it should be so—for God is His own avenger.

They had been taught a wonderful lesson, too, by One who, after having lived on earth, knew what the full fruition of earthly life must be, and who gave, ere he passed away from among men, the crowning blessing of His wisdom in a last, new commandment—

Love ye one another.

OUR STATE DEBT.—A table is printed in the New York Financial Chronicle, showing with very close approximations to truth, that the total of the State debt is $38,970,517, of which there is held abroad $92,924,000; total bonds in default (including Louisiana and Virginia, whose interest has been partly paid,) $164,732,000, of which there is held abroad $54,194,000. Mississippi is looked upon as the originator of State repudiation in the United States, and her bonds issued in 1829, and 1839, and repudiated since 1842, are a standing blot upon the fair name of the State. A part of those bonds were actually sold at 112, and the money received by the State. Indiana made a compromise with her bondholders in 1846, giving them State stock for one-half of their bonds and overdue coupons, and Wabash and Erie canal stock for the balance, and about $7,500,000, the Legislature declaring at that time that it would never make provision for the payment of bonds not surrendered for exchange in that way, and thus making the surrender almost compulsory. The canal has proved worthless, and the creditors claim the full payment for their shares from the State. In the rules of honor which govern business transactions among individuals they seem to be entitled to it. On a few of the old bonds not surrendered Mr. W. Garrett, of Baltimore, recently recovered a judgment for their full amount on an action against the canal trustees. Minnesota stands next to Mississippi, as she has "State railroad bonds" to the amount of $2,275,000 outstanding since 1850, and still refuses to recognize them. The moral obligation of the State is undoubted, and this view is sustained by officers of the State, and by Judge Dillion, of the United States Circuit Court as an obiter dictum, in one of his opinions. Missouri, a State rich in resources, most unfortunately for her good name of State honor, fell into the mistake of refusing to pay gold on her bonds, although the bonds read on their face as follows: "Which the State hereby engages to pay in gold or silver at the ——— bank in the city of New York." All the other States in debate have been continuously from compromising upon one of these two: 1st the fact that the time and question is a political one, and a proposal made in good faith by one party is likely to be overthrown on a change of administration. A few of the states are really unable at this time to shoulder their whole debt, including indorsements, without ruinous taxation, and a just compromise with their creditors is necessary. In the table of State debts as given in the Chronicle few stand much better than Maryland whose total debt is given at $10,740,000, in 5 and 6 per cents, of which $5,700,000 is held abroad—though it makes no note of the large amount held in the sinking fund of the State, or the returns from certain of the investments for which debt was contracted.

Too Much Land.

The inordinate desire to become immensely rich has taken hold of a great many of the present day and age of the world. It seems almost impossible for them to supply the wants of their conscience.

We very seldom hear a person say he has enough; he wants no more. But, on the other hand, it is a continuous cry for more; and not a few people become insane, because they failed to gain what their conscience desired. This evil has taken hold of a great many farmers, and led them to ruin. In their eagerness to possess large tracts of land, they have been made poverty-stricken and destitute. Some men seem positively insane on this question of possessing land, and their ambition has become so strong that they actually sacrificed all this world's enjoyment, for the purpose of being the owner of a large tract of land. When this eagerness once takes hold of them, they become restless and uncomfortable—they cannot obtain wealth as fast as they desire—and consequently, a great many of them are led to ruin. A great many of the short-sighted ones purchase a large amount of land, and have but very little to pay down. They go in debt probably fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, and in a few years fail, thereby losing what they had in the first place. This ambition also creates a great deal of dishonesty. When a man gets so far into debt that he sees there is no other chance but fail he very frequently resorts to intriguery, to retain his position as long as possible. But the men of forethought and the more astute traders do not do this. They deprive themselves and their families of the pleasures of life, to lay up land—for what? No better illustration can be given of this than that of the man who refused his better half enough money to buy a calico dress "In order," as he said "to lay up money to buy that hundred and sixty acres adjoining us on the west." What pleasure do you suppose this woman could see in this life. For after toiling for lo, this many years, and saving everything for old age, and now when the old age is last coming on and their wealth is abundant, the old man, that grasping wretch, has deprived her of the privilege of enjoying it in all its fullness. She must feel like exclaiming with the poet:

"Man wants a great deal here below,
But what I do not know."

Another great evil is: farmers are in the habit of neglecting their business at home, They enter into some speculation, hire Tom, Dick and Harry to attend to their home affairs, and the consequence is, they do not get more than half the attention they need—They plant over a large scope of ground and only half