The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 9 1877. VOL 12 NO 19.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

Building Materials of all Kinds.

Weatherboarding, Framing,
Shingles, Flooring,
Laths, Bricks,
Lime & Hair, Doors,
Sash, Shutters,
Mouldings &c.

White, Virginia and Carolina Pine.
Fencing, Fence Posts, and Cant Rails.
Lumber Dressed and Undressed.

Farmers and Builders, Look to your Interests.

Everything at Bottom Prices.

LUMBER-YARD AND OFFICE ON WASHINGTON STREET, NEAR THARP'S PEACH HOUSE.

The subscriber informs the public that he has a full line of all kinds of building material and fencing particularized above, which he is offering at city prices. He particularly invites a call from all wanting lumber, satisfied that he can please all as to PRICE and QUALITY.

John A. Arringdale.

Easton, Sept, 26th 1876 1y.

Our Immense Sales

FOR CASH

demonstrate the popularity of selling

First-Class Clothing

AT LOW'EST PRICES.

We hae re ceiıl and are now offering a larger and finer line of

MENS' AND BOY'S GOODS

For Fall and Winter Wear

than eer before. These goods are all Manufactured by ourseles in the latest and most appro ed styles and are fully equal to custom work, at one-half the price.

Our Boys' Department occupies one entire floor, where can be found ts from 2½ years upwards, in leading fabrics and designs.

Goods exchanged or money refunded on all purchases not satisfactory.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

184 West Baltimore Street. Opposite Light Street.

Branch of 487 Broadway, New York.

September 19, 1876.

THE GREAT STOMACH AND BELTS Being the Celebrated ANODYNE AND NERVINE, TONIC BITTERS, GALIPEA BITTER.

It is an unfailing remedy for Nervousness, Depression and Debility, from whatever cause they may result. Those requiring a Soothing or Quieting Draught, with no bad after-effects, will find this BITTER a most excellent and satisfactory preparation. It is at the same time an ANODYNE and a TONIC, and has the most astonishing restorative action on the NERVES and DIGESTIVE ORGANS. It is an unfailing cure for DYSPEPSIA and LIVER COMPLAINT, and will give speedy relief in MIASMATIC FEVERS, FEVER and AGUE, COLIC, &c It is a specific in SICK HEADACHE

To be had of all Druggists. Send for Pamphlet. BELT'S GALIPEA BITTER DEPOT. 13 Camden Street, Baltimore, Md.

oct31 76 6m

BLACKSMITHING AND **Horse Shoeing** BY **PATRICK RYAN,** AT THE OLD STAND ON WEST ST., adjoining the Gas House, **Easton, Md.**

THE subscriber hereby informs his constant patrons and the public generally, that he is "still alive" and with increased facilities for business, is prepared to do all manner of work in his line as heretofore.

BLACKSMITHING in all its branches Carr-work, Wagon-work and Machine work done in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Carts and Wagons of all kinds to order.

HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY. In this branch of business, the feet will be especially looked after, and all diseases, &c, liable to be remedied by good shoeing will receive prompt attention.

His charges will be very reasonable to meet the demands of the times; and returning thanks for the generous patronage in the past, he earnestly solicits a continuance and increase in the future.

oct24-1y PATRICK RYAN.

NEW CROP.—London Layers—Layers and Valencia Rasins, for sale at ERIPPE'S.

THE PERKIN'S & HOUSE—and the Atwoods non-Explosive Lamps—the saftest and best in use, for sale at TRIPPE'S.

S. RADCLIFFE'S GREAT REMEDY—Seven Seals or Golden Wonder for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia &c, for sale by R. J. TRIPPE.

THE PARAGON HOUSE.

JOHN W. COX, PROPRIETOR.

THE public are informed that I have bought out Mrs. Hall, and will take charge of the Paragon House on the 1st of October, 1876.

I have made arrangements to carry on the House as a FIRST-CLASS country Hotel. The table will be supplied with every delicacy our market will afford. Experienced cooks and polite servants have been engaged I shall do my very best to make the hotel a pleasant abode for my guests, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the old friends of the Paragon and as many new ones as I can get.

My hacks and omnibuses will continue to run to the cars and steomboats as heretofore, for the accommodation of passengers; and L. W. Covey will also continue to run his buses free of all charge to the Paragon. Horses and carriages for hire and passengers sent to any part of the Peninsula.

sep26,76-yr

LANTERNS of the most approved kind for sale at Trippe's.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

Ask the recovered Dyspeptics, Bilious sufferers, victims of Fever and Ague, the mercurial diseased patient how they recovered health, cheerful spirits and good appetite—they will tell you by taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c, &c.

This unrivalled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any 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.

The Symptoms of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done, *Debility, Low Spirits*, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Sometimes many of these symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time great suffering, wretchedness and Death will ensue.

I can recommend as an efficacious remedy for disease of the Liver, Heartburn and Dyspepsia, Simmons Liver Regulator.

LEWIS G. WUNDER, 1625 Master Street, Assistant Postmaster, Philadelphia.

"We have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us." —*Ed. Telegraph and Messenger*, Macon, Ga.

Manufactured only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.

Price, $1. Sold by all Druggists.

Oct10,76-1y

1876. NEW GOODS 1876.

FOR THE **HOLIDAYS,** AT **HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH'S,**

including FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
Fancy Goods, Work Boxes,
Writing Desks, Musical Albums,
Card Receivers, Fancy Bronzes
Ink Stands, &c, &c.
Fancy China and Glassware,
Toilet Sets,
Bouquet Holders,
Fancy Lava Ware,
Fancy Vases, Ornaments,
Smokers Sets,
Plain and Motto Cups, Stucers and Mugs, and hundreds of other varieties which cannot be described We invite all to examine our stock Respectfully,

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

THE NEW SCHOONER

Charles H. Gibson,

CAPT. P WEBB ROSS,

IS now doing all kinds of freighting between the farms and landings on Choptank and Tred Haven rivers and Baltimore, at usual rates

The boat is new, substantially built and safe, and commanded by an experienced sailor.

Freight solicited. Orders left with C. M. Lloyd, at Hambleton, or with the subscriber at Oxford, will be promptly attended to.

EDWARD S. HARRISON.

oct31-6m

Tailoring and Dress Making

MRS. S. J. HUTCHINSON, corner of Washington and Easton, general manufacturer solicits a share of the public patronage. Employs the very best cutters, fitters, and makers.—Work made in the most fashionable style.

Coats, overcoats, pants, vests, &c, for gentlemen and youths; shirts and undergarments; ladies' dresses, cloaks, &c., made promptly to order and in the best manner. Material furnished or not as desired.

She has for sale a full line of Groceries and Notions at her store, which she sells cheap. Give her acall.

dec14-1y

Read Made Clothing.

A FULL line just received. Also Kerseys, cloths, Flannels, Ted tick, Gloves, Gents and Ladies Underwear, Hardware, Quesensware and Groceries as cheap as the cheapest for the CASH.

nov 7 E. T. BENSON.

Papeteries.

LARGE assortment Plain and Fancy Paper and Envelopes very handsomely put up in boxes, just received direct from the factory, and for sale at the very lowest possible prices.

G. W. MINNICK, opposite the bank.

"The White" Sewg Machine.

If you are in want of a first class, light running noiseless Sewing Machine, examine the "White" before you purchase. Prices from $15 to 5 less than any other in the market. For sale by

nov14 JAS H LINTHICUM, Agent.

What Shall I Buy?

LOOK at the list of our goods carefully and you cannot fail to find something that will suit you exactly.

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

HAGERSTOWN ALMANACS Wholesale and Retail. G. W. MINNICK.

Easton Nation Bank of Md.

DECEMBER 5th, 1876.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Stockholders of this Institution, that an election will take place at the Banking House, on Tuesday, the 9th day of January next, between the hours of 11 a m., and 1 o'clock p m, for the purpose of electing Directors to serve for the ensuing year

dec9-5t R THOMAS, Cashier.

LAMPS LAMPS LAMPS

A splendid assortment of Lamps—and at prices that MUST sell them.

Hanging Lamps Bracket Lamps, Parlor Lamps, Stand Lamps, and Hand Lamps—Lanterns of all kinds, also Perkin's House non-explosive Lamps—and Atwood non-explosive——also the Argand Burners, Centennial Burners, Self-Extinguishing Burners—Tom Thumb Burners—No Chimney Burners and Sun Hinge Burners—also Reflectors, Shades, Chimneys, Wicks and all kind of Lamp goods, for sale at R. J. TRIPPE'S

"THE WORLD FOR 1877."

THE NEW YORK WORLD for 1877. Daily, Semi-Weekly and Weekly, will be found to be the cheapest and best newspaper published in the United States.—It will be printed in an improved form with new type upon the best paper, and no expense or labor will be spared to maintain it in every department at the highest possible standard, and to command it in all respects to the confidence and approval of the best classes in the community without regard to political opinions or religious differences.

It will lay before its readers:

THE NEWS OF THE DAY of all kinds and from all quarters, by mail and by telegraph, carefully condensed and lucidly arranged, special attention being given to all Commercial; Legal, Financial, Social, Criminal and Political Transactions in the City of New York and in the United States.

FULL REPORTS, Reciting and Illustrating all Congressional and Legislative proceedings at Washington and Albany; all Meetings of importance, Religious, Literary, Educational, Scientific and Political; all Social Events, gay and grave and Personal Information of interest to the public.

CORRESPONDENCE, expressly prepared for this journal by a permanent staff of accomplished resident writers at all centres of interest throughout the world.

LITERARY NEWS and REVIEWS, by which our readers will be kept advised of everything worthy of attention in the current Literature of Europe and America.

CRITICISMS of all notable works and notices of all notable events in connection with Music, the Drama, Painting, Sculpture and all other branches of Art.

EDITORIAL ARTICLES upon every subject of present interest or importance

For the principles by which THE WORLD will be governed in its discussion and treatment of all public questions, it will suffice to say that the WORLD, while conservative in politics, desires the conservation only of what is good and wise in our public institutions and our political system: liberal in spirit, it admits no limitations upon the rights of private judgement and the aspirations of Reform, save those which are imposed by prudence, decorum, and a rational respect for vested rights and for the honest opinions of all classes and sects of men. While it has labored for the principles and hails the triumph of the Democratic party as affording us a practical promise of Reform in our public administrations, city, state and national, it will not be blindly devoted to the advancement of any party or any clique It will freely canvass the public conduct, while it will treat with respect the private rights, of Public Men, and it will examine fearlessly into the workings of our national, state and municipal governments.

It will inculcate a steadfast reliance upon the original principles of our political system as the only sound basis of all needed improvements therein, an unfaltering devotion to the Constitution and the Union, a scrupulous fidelity to the spirit as well as the letter of our laws, and a sleepless vigilance in maintaining all the great safeguards of Civil and Religious Liberty It will seek to mitigate and not to aggravate the evils inseparable from Party Government in a Free Country; to promote good and not ill feeling among our fellow-citizens of all creeds and colors, all sections and all sects: and to advance both by precepts and by its example and reign of Reason and of Law over prejudice and passion in all our public action and in the discussion of all public affairs.

It will do justice always, to the best of its ability, to all men and to all classes of men; it will recognize no enemies but the enemies of good morals, public order and the law; it will endeavor, in a word, to make its columns a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well

Nor will it lose sight meanwhile of the great and legitimate demand of the reading public for entertainment. THE WORLD will keep its readers informed of all that is amusing as well as of all that is momentous in the movements of society and will spare neither trouble nor expense to provide them with a varied, animated and accurate picture of the times in which we live.

TERMS—POSTAGE PREPAID.

Daily and Sundays, one year, $8 50; six months, $5; three months, $2 50

Daily without Sundays, one year, $8; six months, $4 25; three months, $2 25 less than three months $1 a month.

THE SEMI WEEKLY WORLD (Tuesdays and Fridays)—TWO DOLLARS a year. To CLUB AGENTS— An extra copy for Club of ten; the Daily for club of twenty-five.

THE WEEKLY WORLD (Wednesdays)—ONE DOLLAR a year. To CLUB AGENTS—An extra copy for club of ten; the Semi Weekly for club of twenty; the Daily for club of fifty

Specimen number sent on application

Terms—Cash, invariably in advance

All communications should be addressed to THE WORLD, Cor Park Row and Beekman street, New York.

THE SYMPATHETIC MAN.

A mother and babe were among the passengers at the Central depot yesterday. She had the child carefully wrapped up, and this fact, perhaps, attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story overcoat and a rusty satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked:

"Cold weather for such little people, isn't it?"

She faintly nodded

"Does he seem to feel it much?" continued the man

She shook her head.

"Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seeming greatly interested

"He was up to a few minutes ago," she snapped out. "but I'm afraid he's smelled so much whiskey that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!"

The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterward seen buying cloves and cinnamon.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We should be honorable, even to our enemies

That Republican Senator or Representative who shall call on his party leaders to stop in their career of fraud and to halt in their attempt to inaugurate by the aid of bayonets a President not elected, will rightly interpret the will of the people, and warn desperate men of the danger in store for them if they persist in defying it.

THE TYPE-SETTER'S SONG.

The type-setter stands before his case,
The lamps burn low and the night is deep;
And over the staggering chimney-stack
Darkness and shadows creep,
And the city is lost in sleep.

The type-setter stands there, gaunt and gray,
With dim old eyes and a weary brain,
And he sings a cadence, solemn and low,
To the beat of the bitter rain
On rattling skylight and pane.

Tremble the rafters, roof and floors,
As he fingers the types (in his desolate way),
And he hears the music faintly borne
From the Orpheus over the way
As rend'ring some old-time lay.

The old man sings, and tremble the floors
With the bellowing engine down below,
And the crash of the whistling axle-bars
And the thunders that from them grow,
Echoing to and fro.

As he fingers the types (in his desolate way),
He sets them up with a "cap side-head;"
And a marge of black encircles his work—
The name of a man just dead:
A soul in the battle sped.

Lower and lower the lamp-lights burn,
And grow the shadows dusky and gray;
And the storm is hushed, and the music's swell
At the Orpheus over the way,
And finished the old-time lay.

And the type-setter wipes his dim old eyes;
The types no more with his fingers move,
And he smiles that, while setting the name below
The angels, in tender love,
Were setting it up above.

"SOMETHING."

ONE OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S STORIES.

"I want to be something," said the eldest of five brothers. "I want to do something in the world. I don't care how humble my position may be in society, if I only effect some good, for that will really be something. I'll make bricks, for they are quite indispensable things, and then I shall truly have done something."

"But that something will not be enough!" quoth the second brother. "What you intend doing is just as much as nothing at all. It is journeymen's work, and can be done by a machine. No, I would rather be a bricklayer, at once, for that is something real, and that's what I will be. That brings rank; as a bricklayer, one belongs to a guild, and is a citizen, and has one's own flag and one's own house of call. Yes, and if it all goes well, I will keep journeymen. I shall become a master bricklayer and my wife shall become a master's wife—that is what I call something."

"That's nothing at all!" said the third. "That is beyond the pale of the guild, and there are many of those in a town that stand far above the mere master artisan. You may be an honest man; but as a 'master' you will after all only belong to those who are ranked among common men. I know something better than that. I will be an architect, and will thus enter into the territory of art and speculation. I shall be reckoned among those who stand high in point of intellect. I shall certainly have to serve up from the pickaxe, so to speak; so I must begin as a carpenter's apprentice, and must go about as an assistant in a cab, though I am accustomed to wear a silk hat I shall have to fetch beer and spirits for the common journeymen, and they will call me 'thou,' for that is insulting! But I shall imagine to myself that the whole thing is only acting, and a kind of masquerade. To-morrow—that is to say, when I have served my time—I shall go my own way, and the others will be nothing to me. I shall go to the academy, and get instruction in drawing, and shall be called an architect. That's something! I may get to be called 'sir,' and even 'worshipful sir,' or even get a handle at the front or at the back of my name, and shall go on building and building, just as those before me have built. That will always be a thing to remember, and that is what I call something!"

"But I don't care at all for that something," said the fourth. "I won't sail in the wake of others and be the copyist I will be a genius; and will stand up greater than all the rest of you together. I shall be the creator of a new style, and will give the plan of a building suitable to the climate and material of the country, for the nationality of the people, for the development of the age—and an additional story for my own genius."

"But supposing the climate and the material are bad," said the fifth, "that would be a disastrous circumstance, for these two exert a great influence! Nationality, moreover, may expand itself until it becomes affectation, and the development of the century may run wild with your work, as youth often runs wild I quite realise the fact that none of you will be anything real, however much you may believe in yourselves. But, do what you like, I will not resemble you; I shall keep on the outside of things, and criticise whatever you produce. To every work there is attached something that is not right—something that has gone wrong; and I will ferret that out and find fault with it: and that will be doing something."

And he kept his word; and everybody said concerning his fifth brother, "There is certainly something in him: he has a good head; but he does nothing." And by that very means they thought something of him.

Now, you see this is only a little story, but it will never end so long as the world lasts. But what became of the five brothers? Why, this is nothing and not something. Listen, it is a capital story

The eldest brother, he who manufactured brick, soon became aware of the fact that every brick, however small it might be, produced for him a little coin, though this coin was only copper; and many copper pennies laid one upon the other can be changed into a shining dollar; wherever one knocks with such a dollar in one's hand, whether at the baker's or the butcher's, or the tailor's—wherever it may be, the door flies open, and the visitor is welcomed, and gets what he wants. You see that is what comes of bricks. Some of those belonging to the eldest brother certainly crumbled away, or broke in two, but there was a use even for these.

On the high rampart, the wall that kept out the sea, Margaret, a poor woman, wished to build herself a little house. All the faulty bricks were given to her, and a few perfect ones into the bargain, for the oldest brother was a good-natured man, though he certainly did not achieve anything beyond the manufacture of bricks. The poor woman put together the house for herself. It was little and narrow, and the single window was quite crooked. The door was too low and the thatched roof might have shown better workmanship. But after all, it was a shelter; and from the little house you could look far across the sea, whose waves broke vainly against the protecting rampart on which it is built. The salt billows spurted their spray over the whole house, which was still standing which he who had given the bricks for its erection had long been dead and buried.

The second brother knew better how to build a wall, for he had served an apprenticeship to it. When he had served his time and passed his examination, he packed his knapsack and sang the journeyman's song.

While I am young I'll wander, from place to place I'll roam,
And everywhere build houses, until I come back home!
And youth will give me courage, and my true love won't forget;
Hurrah then for a workman's life! I'll be a master yet!

And he carried his idea into effect. When he had come home and become a master he built one house after another in the town. He built a whole street; and when the street was finished and became an ornament to the place, the houses built a house for him in return, that was to be his own. But how can houses build a house? If you ask them they will not answer you, but people will understand what is meant by the expression, and say, "Certainly, it was the street that built the houses for him." It was little, and the floor was covered with clay; but when he danced with his bride upon the clay floor, it seemed to become polished oak; and from every stone in the wall sprung forth a flower, and the room was gay, as if with costliest paper-hanger's work. It was a pretty house, and in it lived a happy pair. The flag of the guild fluttering before the house, and the journeymen and apprentices shouted hurrah! Yes, he certainly was something! And at last he died; and that was something, too.

Now came the architect, the third brother, who had been at first a carpenter's apprentice, had worn a cap, and served as an errand boy, but had afterword gone to the academy, and risen to become an architect, and to be called "honored sir." Yes, if the houses of the street had built a house for the brother who had become a bricklayer, the street now received its name from the architect, and the handsomest house in it became his property. That was something, and he was something; and he had a long title before and after his name. His children were called genteel children, and when he died his widow was "a widow of rank," and that is something!—and his name always remained at the corner of the street, and lived on in the mouth of every one as the street's name—and that was something!

Now came the genius of the family, the fourth brother who wanted to invent something new and original, and an additional story on top of it for himself. But the top story tumbled down and he came tumbling down with it, and broke his neck. Nevertheless he had a splendid funeral with guild flags and music; poems in the papers and flowers strewn on the paving-stones in the streets; and three funeral orations were held over him, each one longer than the last, which would have rejoiced him greatly, for he always liked it when people talked about him; and a monument also was erected over his grave. It was only one story high, but still it was something.

Now he was dead, like the other three brothers, but the last, the one who was a critic outlived them all; and that was quite right, for by this means he got the last word and it was of great importance to him to have the last word. The people always said he had a good head of his own. At last his hour came and he died, and came to the gates of Paradise. There souls always enter two and two, and he came up with another soul that wanted to get into Paradise too, but who should this be but old Dame Margaret, from the housenpon the sea-wall?

"I suppose this is done for the sake of contrast, that I and this wretched soul should arrive here at exactly the same time," said the critic. "Pray, who are you, my good woman?" he asked. "Do you want to get in here, too?"

And the old woman courtesied as well as she could; she thought it must be St. Peter himself talking to her.

"I am a poor old woman of a very humble family," she replied. "I'm old Margaret that lived in the house on the sea-wall!"

"Well, and what have you done? what have you accomplished down there?"

"I have really accomplished nothing at all in the world; nothing that I can plead to have the doors here opened to me. It would be a real mercy to allow me to slip in through the gate."

"In what manner did you leave the world?" asked he, just for the sake of saying something; for it was wearisome work standing there and saying nothing.

"Why, I really don't know how I felt. I was sick and miserable during my last year, and could not well bear creeping out of bed, and going out suddenly into the frost and cold. It was a hard winter, but I have got out of it all now. For a few days the weather was quite calm, but very cold, as your honor must very well know. The sea was covered with ice as far as one could look. All the people from the town walked out upon the ice, and I think they said there was a dance there, and skating. There was beautiful music and a great feast there, too; the sound came into my poor little room where I lay ill. And it was toward the evening; the moon had risen beautifully, but it was not yet in its full splendor; I looked from my bed out over the wide sea, and far off, just where the sea and sky join, a strange, white cloud came up. I lay looking at the cloud, and I saw a little black spot in the middle of it, that grew larger and larger; and then I knew what it meant, for I am old and experienced, though the token is not often seen. I knew it, and a shuddering came upon me. Twice in my life have I seen the same thing; and I knew there would be an awful tempest and a spring flood, which would overwhelm the poor people who were now drinking, dancing and rejoicing—young and old, the whole city had issued forth; who was to warn them, if no one saw what was coming yonder, or knew, as I did, what it meant? I was dreadfully alarmed, and I felt more lively than I had done for a long time. I crept out of bed and got to the window but could not crawl further, I was so exhausted. But I managed to open the window! I saw the people outside running and jumping about on the ice; I could see the beautiful flags that waved in the wind. I heard the boys shouting "hurrah!" and servant men and maids singing. There were all kinds of merriment going on. But the white cloud with the black spot! I cried out as loud as I could, but no one heard me; I was too far from the people Soon the storm would burst and the ice would break, and all who were upon it would be lost without remedy. They could not hear me, and I could not come out to them. Oh! if I could only bring them ashore! Then kind heaven inspired me with the thought of setting fire to my bed, and rather to let the house burn down than that all those people perish so miserably. I succeeded in lighting up a beacon for them. The red flames blazed up on high, and I escaped out of the door, but fell down exhausted on the threshold and could get no far her. The flames rushed out toward me, flickering through the window, and rose high above the roof All the people on the ice yonder beheld it, and ran as fast as they could, to give aid to the poor old woman who, they thought, was being burned to death. Not one remained behind. I heard them coming, but I also became aware of a rushing sound in the air; I heard a rumbling like the sound of heavy artillery; the spring-flood was lifting the covering of ice which presently cracked and burst into a thousand fragments But the people succeeded in reaching the sea wall—I saved them all! But I fancy I could not bear the cold and fright, and so I came up here to the gates of Paradise. I am told they are open to poor creatures like me—and now I have no house let down upon the rampart; not that I think this will give me admission here."

Then the gates of heaven were opened, and the angel led the old woman in. She left a straw behind her, a straw that had been in her bed when he set it on fire to save the lives of many; and this straw had been changed into the purest gold—into gold that grew and grew and spread into beautiful leaves and flowers.

"Look, this is what the poor woman brought," said the angel to the critic. "What dost thou bring? I know that thou hast accomplished nothing—thou hast not made so much as a single brick Ah, if thou couldst only return, and effect at least so much as that! Probably the brick when thou hast made it, will not be worth much; but, if it were made with good will, it would at least be something. But thou canst not go back, and I can do nothing for thee!"

Then the poor soul, the old woman who had lived on the dike, put in a petition for him She said: "His brother gave me the bricks and the pieces out of which I built my house, and that was a great deal for a poor woman like me. Could not all those bricks and pieces be counted as a single brick in his favor? It was an act of mercy. He wants it now; and is not this the very fountain of mercy?"

Then the angel said: "Thy brother, whom thou hast regarded as the least among you all, he whose honest industry seemed to thee as the most humble, hath given thee this heavenly gift. Thou shalt not be turned away. It shall be vouchsafed to thee to stand here without the gate, and to reflect, and repent of thy life down yonder; but thou shalt not be admitted until thou hast in real earnest accomplished something."

"I could have said that in better words!" thought the critic but he did not find fault aloud; and for him, after all, that was "something."

"As my wife at the window one beautiful day, stood watching a man with a monkey, a cart came along with a broth of a boy, who was driving a stout little donkey. To my wife then I spoke, by way of a joke, 'There's a relation of yours in that carriage.' To which he replied, when the donkey she spied, 'Ah, yes! a relation by marriage.'"

GRANT's first move after leaving the chair will be toward Cuba. He wants to see the place where Tweed took out his hairpins and wept when he remembered Zion.

HONEST ELECTIONS AND HONEST MEN.

Rev. Dr. Bacon, writing to the New York TRIBUNE, thus formulates the new issue which he sees in politics:

As things now are, the great question with all thoughtful patriots will soon be, How shall we have honest elections? It will be seen that other momentous questions, such as, How to reform our civil service; how to take away from members of Congress their usurped and corrupt patronage; how to deal with the gambler who hazard millions upon every great election, turning it into a game of rivalry in fraud—are subordinate and auxiliary to this: how to guard the ballot box; how to have honest elections; how to recover our self government as States and as a nation.

"Honest elections" are exceedingly desirable—so are honest men: We are likely to have either, however, while men who are presumed to be honest themselves stand silently by, when dishonesty is busy in harvesting its winnings. One of the most fruitful sources of dishonesty in elections is the wretched morals of politicians. The code of that eminent Pennsylvania statesman, John Covode, who shed tears while portraying the outrageous frauds of the Democrats, but dried his eyes as he remarked, "But, damn 'em, we beat 'em at their own game," seems to find favor with both parties.

John Sherman, a Senator of the United States, and a man of fair reputation, has just given a character to the Louisiana Returning Board, and says their decision is entitled to as much respect as the judgement of the Supreme Court of the United States. He knew better, of course, but party necessity drives him to such a defense of a Board notoriously corrupt heretofore, condemned even by Republicans, and now under such suspicion that nobody is expected to accept its conclusions except for this 'character' that Sherman, Garfield and others have been swift to give it. It is so hopelessly bankrupt in reputation that its unindorsed paper was understood to be good for nothing and the President went out of his way to find indorsers for it in advance of its decision, but when it was well understood what that decision was to be

In South Carolina, Republicans resist the judgement of the Supreme Court, because they pretend to believe it is erroneous. In Louisiana, they insist that the decision of a Returning Board shall be respected, because it is the judgement of a competent, tribunal. If the Republicans are right in Louisiana, then the Democrats are right in South Carolina.

Oregon furnishes another illustration.—The Governor of that State has given one Democrat, who is admitted to be in a minority on the count of the votes 'actually cast," a certificate of election But it is apparent beforehand that the Republicans will pay no attention to such a certificate, although the Governor is, by law, the official to issue certificates to the electors. But the same republicans will insist that Governor Kellogg's certificate of the choice of eight electors in Louisiana, confessed to have lacked five thousand of a majority of the votes "actually cast," is conclusive upon Congress and the people. What is good law in Louisiana ought to be good law in Oregon, and there is just the same reason for going behind the certificates in one State as in the other.

Four years ago, the vote of Louisiana was not counted for either candidate, yet there was just as much law, precedent and reason for counting it then for Grant as there is now for counting it for Hayes. The necessities of the case are, however, different.—Then it was not decisive of the results—now it may be, hence the difference in the Republican views respecting it.

SAVING MANURE

Probably but few farmers exist who have not read articles in the papers advising them to keep their stable manure under cover in a celler under the stalls, or under a shed, but in both places dung is liable to become too dry, and the straw among it will not decompose as rapidly as it will when exposed to rains; or if much horse dung be mixed with it, or if it be all horse dung, it will "fire fang," and will be greatly injured. A celler under the stable walls, into which all the manure and urine of the stock is received, is a good thing, but it would be a great deal better if the manure could be thoroughly wet once a month from a pump adjoining or near the celler. The same can be said of manure under a shed when piled in deep; it must be kept moist, or it had better be kept in the open barn-yard. Indeed, I am of his opinion that when a barn-yard is made concave, with no drain to it, manure can be kept in it from fall to spring without any loss. Some farmers think that much of the virtues of manure in open yards pass down into the soil, and are lost; but such is not the case, as it will be found on removing it in the spring that the soil under it has not become colored by its juices but two or three inches deep, Now I claim that if an abundance of litter be used upon the surface of the manure to retain moisture and to prevent evaporation, all that a farmer makes can be as well preserved in this open barn-yard as under cover; and I would prefer to have my manure spread over the yard occasionally, and cover it with straw, than to have it thrown in heaps by the stable door, and through windows back of the stalls, and so remain all winter, with much of its virtues washed away and lost.—*Cecil Democrat.*

A drunken man in St. Louis, rather than live longer in that city, filled his mouth with gunpowder and in the effort to commit suicide, thrust the end of a red-hot wire into it. He was not killed but the back of his head went over to where ladies wear bustles, and his upper lip was made to resemble a piece of tough tripe chewed by dogs.

A Springfield woman who had a son in Brooklyn dreamed, on the night of the disaster, that he was burned in a theatre. On reading the news of the fire she was convinced that the dream was prophetic, and telegraphed for information, learning in reply that the son had not been to the theatre.

A devout negro woman prayed in the Milwaukee meeting that she might escape the fires of future punishment; and in the midst of her petition she backed against a red hot stove, and was burned.

THE editor of the Chicago *Times* was walking along with his ears up above his sealskin hat when a boy said, "Mister, you're going to lose one of your shingles."

WITH your wild duck, which is in season, and which should be roasted quickly, you will serve sliced lemon, grape jelly, water cresses and green pease.

ANN ELIZA says she will lecture and talk to the people till she has abolished polygamy. Then she will do more than Congress can do.

A DANBURY man complains because the new style of car seats is so slippery that a man's foot slide off the back.

If a man gets right hard up he can go to some town that has poor sidewalks and fall down and break his leg and get $1,900 for it.

Unpardonable Absense—Getting home on a cold foggy night, and finding that your fire has "gone out."

The loss of the ship Circassien off the Long Island coast Dec. 30th: by which thirty lives were lost, adds another to the fearful disaster of '76.

General Sherman seems to be a very busy and important factor in Washington politics.

A Very Bad Judge—The man who tries his friends.

A Hint for the Eastern Conference—What Ottomans were made for. To be sat upon.

The Material for the Artic Medal—Frozen Silver.

Among the bull-dozed citizens of Louisiana is a Mr. Berry. He is a black Berry.

No mortal can be esteemed happy till the end of life.