THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, AT EASTON, MD.

T. K. 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 option of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. The paper will be taken off a ticket dated four months.

☞ Books received will be promptly noticed under editorial head.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square—6 lines—one insertion, $1; and $1 for each subsequent insertion.

☞ Advertisements sent to the office not marked by the year or for six months, will be published till forbid.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked with the number of times to be inserted, will be published if, and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

☞ Special Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

To Travelers.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Saturday, April 7th, 1877, the Steamer HIGHLAND LIGHT, Capt. Jas. T. Lowe, will leave Dorchester Street Wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 5 o'clock, touching at Tilghman's Island, Bellevue, Oxford, Bozman, Cambridge, Church Creek, Taylor's Island, Hoopers Island, Fishing Creek and Hurlock. Returning, will leave Cambridge every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 o'clock M., touching at the intermediate landings. On the return trip, will leave Hurlock at 6 A. M., Fishing Creek at 7 A. M., Hoopers Island at 8 A. M., Taylor's Island at 9 A. M., Church Creek at 10 A. M., Cambridge at 11 A. M., Bozman at 12 M., Oxford at 1 P. M., Bellevue at 2 P. M., Tilghman's Island at 3 P. M., and Baltimore at 7 A. M. the following morning. Freight received on the wharf at Baltimore at any time before 5 P. M. on days of sailing. Freight for Baltimore must be at the various landings at least one hour before the time of the departure of the boat. Freight for Tilghman's Island and points on the Choptank River must be at the wharf at Baltimore before 5 P. M. on days of sailing. Passage, $1. Freight taken at the lowest rates. Shippers should be at the wharf with their freight early in the morning. Freight will be received and stored free of charge on the wharf at Baltimore, when the boat is not expected to leave for one or more days. Steamer will leave Baltimore for Tilghman's Island every Saturday at 4 P. M. Freight for Baltimore must be at the wharf early in the morning. Freight for Tilghman's Island and points on the Choptank River must be at the wharf at Baltimore before 5 P. M. on days of sailing.

THE PARAGON HOUSE.

JOHN W. COX, PROPRIETOR.

THE public are informed that I have bought out Mrs. Hull, 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.

Hacks and omnibuses will continue to run to the cars and steamboats as heretofore for the accommodation of passengers; Horses and carriages for hire and passengers sent to any part of the Peninsula.

sep26,76-y.

Maryland & Delaware RAILROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, March 12th, 1877, Trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH.		
Leave			Leave		
Easton	4 30	A. M.	New York	8 45	P. M.
Trappe	4 45	"	Baltimore	7 00	A. M.
Unionville	4 55	"	Philadelphia	9 15	"
Bloomingdale	5 10	"	Wilmington	9 35	"
Ellis	5 25	"	Clayton	11 15	"
Cambridge Jct.	5 45	"	Smyrna	11 32	"
Hillsboro	6 00	"	Blackbirds	11 50	"
Underwood	6 10	"	Marydel	12 00	P. M.
Hayes	6 25	"	Henderson	12 15	"
Daughiers	6 40	"	Goldsborough	12 30	"
Easton	6 55	"	Greensborough	12 40	"
Leave			Ridgely	1 05	"
Easton	7 10	"	Hillsborough	1 20	"
Bloomingdale	7 55	"	Cordova	1 35	"
Philadelphia	11 05	"	Woodland	1 45	"
Baltimore	11 35	"	Arrive at		
New York	2 05	P. M.	Easton	2 00	"

Freight must be at the various stations at least half an hour before starting of Trains, or it will lay over twenty-four hours. Freight trains will have passenger car attached and will be subject to take incident to freight business.

J. L. CALDWELL, Superintendent.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, PROPRIETOR.

Corner door to The Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodation for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and buggies for hire at all times. Travelers promptly 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

Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner. A hiring horses, 12 hours is considered a day, and a half day. For extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Easton, Md., ser23

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE!

Phœnix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn, $2,200,000
Franklin Ins. Co. of Phil'a, 3,300,000
Royal Canadian Ins. Co. of Montreal, 6,000,000
Ocean Ins. Co. of Bangor, Me., 325,000
Commercial Mutual Ins. Co. of New York, 1,000,000
Niagara Ins. Co. of New York, 1,250,000

Special advantages offered for Insurance on country property, for one year or a term of years.

EDWARD H ROE, AGENT,
Easton, Md.

Risks taken on the best terms and made binding from the payment of the money.

E. H. ROE,
Register's Office, Easton Md

The Singer Sewing Machine.

The Best Machine Made.

More of them sold than All others put together.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

THE price of the New Family Singer Sewing Machine, which sold for $60, has been reduced to $30. The price of all other styles reduced in the same proportion. Every machine warranted as represented, and to give satisfaction. The quality at the new prices will be the same as at the old.

☞ They are only sold by authorized agents. The subscriber as agent for Talbot county, will deliver machines in any part of the county. This is the time for ladies to secure a first-class Sewing Machine for $30.

All orders addressed to me at Royal Oak will be promptly attended to.

N. S. LEONARD,
Agent for Talbot county.

Royal Oak, May 22, 1877-3m

Wood for Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given given that the subscriber has opened a WOOD YARD at EASTON DEPOT. Wood of all kinds for sale anywhere in town. Orders left at Mr. Jack Griffith, at Thompson & Bro.'s store, promptly attended to. Residence on Railroad Avenue, beyond the Depot.

LEWIS O. WARNER.

Notice to Farmers.

WANTED—BEEF CATTLE, CALVES, SHEEP, MUTTON, PORK, HIDES, &c., for which the highest cash price will be paid. Also, the best of Beef, Pork and Tongues always for sale at my stall in the Eastern market.

WM. J. SHEHAN

Easton, Sept. 1st 1877

The Easton Star.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1877. VOL. XII.—NO. 44.

ISAAC L. STEINEM

Ready-Made Clothing

I desire to call the attention of the Public to the large and elegant stock of Clothing suitable for spring and summer wear now on exhibition at my store on Dover street. For Cash you can purchase goods of me at the following prices:

A Good Business suit for $5

A Good Business suit for $6

A Good Business suit for $8

A Good Business suit for $10

Best Middlesex Blue Flannel suit for $12.50.

I invite special attention to the Blue Flannel suit at $12.50. It is well made of the best material and guaranteed equal to any $15.00 suit sold in Easton. Having had an experience of twenty years in the Ready-Made Clothing business, a large portion of the time with one of the largest houses in the country, I flatter myself that the knowledge thus gained is of great advantage in the purchase and sale of goods, and affords me facilities not possessed by those who have been in the business but a few years. I do my own work, without an assistant and give my customers the benefit of the sum required to support a clerk.

☞ Call and examine my stock and if my prices are not 10 per cent. lower than elsewhere, I will not ask you to buy.

ISAAC L. STEINEM.

may8-3m

A NEW ENTERPRISE!

The Easton Steam Laundry!

Encourage and Foster Home Industry!

GEORGE COSLAR

most respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has fitted up at a heavy expense a first-class

STEAM LAUNDRY IN Dover Street, Easton,

in the premises formerly occupied by S. B. Hopkins, Esq., as a Carriage Repository. The undersigned has been fortunate to secure a Lady in Philadelphia who has a thorough knowledge of the enterprise on hand, and the entire "personelle" of the Laundry are perfect artists in their various capacities.

The objections of many people to Steam Laundrys are well founded where acid chemicals are used to produce a whiteness and gloss, but has injurious effects on the fabric. The Easton Steam Laundry, however, uses

No Such Injurious Effects.

NONE BUT THE

Best and Purest Ingredients

will be used to produce a pure white and a rich gloss.

This beautiful town of Easton, with its refined inhabitants, charming surroundings and within the richest country town on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, has long felt the necessity of having a

LAUNDRY,

and the undersigned relinquished the notion of removing to Baltimore and concluded to remain among his friends in Easton, and kindly asks the liberal patronage of the entire community to his Newly Established Laundry.

Every article entrusted to his care will be promptly and personally received and return ed by him.

A perfect washing guaranteed.

Rates for Laundrying for families by the month or by the piece will be given upon application at the office.

A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited, by yours respectfully,

GEORGE COSLAR.
Miss MAYE MARKEY,
Superintendent.

jun5-tf

Mercer Potatoes,

For Eating or Planting.

A full supply. For sale at

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH'S.

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

Building Materials of all Kinds.

Weatherboarding, Shingles, Lath, Lime & Hair, Sash,

Framing, Flooring, Bricks, Doors, 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 FRUIT 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 in PRICE and QUALITY.

John A. Arringdale.

Easton, Sept. 26th 1876 1y.

No Credit! No Losses!!

NO HIGH PRICES!!!

The Superior Standard

of our

CLOTHING,

Fully maintained at prices lower than ever.

ROGERS, P[illegible] Stock Before Purchasing!

Popular One-P[illegible]

184 West Baltimore Stre[illegible] & Kersey.

BALTIMORE.

Branch of 487 Broadway, New York. may8-2m

Farmers and Merchants

Packet Line.

The Schooners

Clara M. Leonard

and

Annie M. Leonard.

THE above boats are making weekly trips between Easton and Baltimore, and will do all kinds of freighting as cheap as any other line. Every effort will be made to give satisfaction. Our boats are NEW and built out of the very best material. Orders left with Messrs. G. E. Bowdoin & Co., Commission Merchants, corner of Bowley's Wharf and Pratt st., Baltimore, will be promptly attended to. Grain bought or taken at the lowest freight rates. All Grain stored in our Warehouses, in case of fire will be at the owners risk. Agricultural Lime delivered at the lowest cash price. Feeling thankful for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business, a continuance of the same.

C. R. LEONARD & BRO.

Office in same room with R. B. Dixon on Dover street, Easton.

may8,77

NEW GOODS.

AT THE

Old Stand of Jas. C. West.

COME and see for yourselves, and examine my stock; it is as cheap for cash as is offered on the shore. As I buy for cash only, I can sell cheap for cash. Please give me a call before buying elsewhere, and I will guarantee you will buy, for I intend to try to satisfy my customers both in price and quality.

So lend a helping hand my friends!
And help me with my store,
I'd like right well to pay my way,
And just a trifle more.

I have TOBACCO and SNUFF of the very best brands, CIGARS that can't be beat in town, Confectionery, nice and sweet, to supply the wants of my little friends, which they often come to get. And there are as good farmers around as ever trod the soil, who like myself, are well content to earn their bread by industry and toil.

So lend a helping hand my friends!
And help me with my little store,
I'd like right well to pay my way,
And just a trifle more.

The public's obedient servant,

may8-tf SILAS LANE.

Will Brushes.

A FULL line of Well Brushes, and at very low prices to be had at

Henry & Goldsborough.

Ridgway House,

COR MARKET ST. & DEL AVENUE,

PHILADELPHIA, Apr 11, 1877.

Prices Reduced to Special Basis, &c.

THE undersigned begs leave to state to his many friends and patrons that he has reduced the rates of Board at the Ridgway House. Its convenient location to the wharf and street cars, make it a desirable stopping place, for all connected with the Produce, or other business. It is well known for its good rooms, excellent table, obliging and attentive servants, and no pains will be spared to make it as usual, Home-like and Comfortable.

Terms, $2 per day. Dinners 50 cents each.

W. L. BUTTERWORTH & CO.,
Proprietors.

apr17,77-tf

Crude Carbolic Acid—

An excellent disinfectant, kills Vermin &c. For Sale by

HENRY & GOLDSBOROUGH.

THE CHAMPION REAPER.

It is the best; It took the Highest Honors at the Centennial Exposition in 1876.

5,000 were sold in BALTIMORE Last Year.

1800, the largest Shipment of Reaping Machines ever made at one time in the World, were lately shipped on a single train, from Springfield, Ohio, to Harrisburg and Baltimore.

Buy only the CHAMPION Reaper and Mower.

Order at once, or you may not be able to get one.

Prepare to harvest your Wheat and get it to Market while it is worth over $2 a Bushel.

The Champion will not break and delay your harvesting. It is thoroughly reliable There are already over 150 in Talbot county. They give universal satisfaction. Those who have them, prefer them to all others. They defy competition. They are light running, strong, and do clean work. They are self-rakers or droppers, combined or single, to suit all farmers. Nothing exhibited at the Centennial could compare with them. Mr. John Coleman, of England, Chairman of the Examining Committee, appointed by the Centennial Commission, gave these machines the highest personal compliments, after the trials.

They are offered at reasonable prices, and on easy terms, to responsible farmers. Samples will be exhibited in Easton during Court.

ORDER AT ONCE—*Remember*, THE CHAMPION IS THE BEST.

JAMES C. TARBUTTON,
Agent for Talbot Co.

may15-2m

Grand Spring Opening

OF

Millinery & Fancy Goods

AT

Mrs. M. S. Norris's

FASHIONABLE BAZAAR,

Opposite Court House

WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS, BEAUTIFUL STYLES LATEST FASHIONS

Stock heavy and complete in every particular. Embracing every article pertaining to the business.

FRAMES of all kinds—an immense stock. Hamburg Edgings and insertings in great variety and as low as possible

Remnants of all shades, quality and styles, a stock unsurpassed, if equalled on the shore.

Ladies can be suited in any article in my line, in point of quality, style and price. A call is that is necessary to convince; for I do not boast of selling the best goods for the least money. This is a bold assertion, but I leave the matter with my customers as to its verification. Call and see the most complete stock on exhibition outside the cities.

Thankful for the immense patronage heretofore extended, I earnestly solicit a continuance feeling assured notwithstanding my retiring from business, will not only retain my old, but gain a goodly number of new customers.

With respect

MRS. M. S. NORRIS.

apr24 1877

YOUTHS' CALF BUTTON SHOES,

THE Handsomest Youths' Button Boots can be seen at

E. V. HIGGINS'

CARDBOARD.

A new stock of Card Board in the following colors: Pearl, Brown, Orange Gas Light, Blue, Silver, Gilt and White just received by

E. V. Higgins

THE HEROES OF ELMWOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Warm and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hill-side yonder.

Silence and all the sounds of day:
Nothing I hear but the sleep of children,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's home in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes;
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that under the reeds and rushes

Sing him the mystical song of the hern,
And the regret that baffles our utmost seeking;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words that you are speaking.

Sing of the air and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you;
The joy of freedom the rapture of flight
Through the drift of this floating mists that enfold you;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns, and rivers, and desert places,
And the splendor of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadors,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same
Though not by a sound was the silence broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Woman in Battle.

A Narrative of the Exploits, Adventures and Travels of Madame Loreta Janeta Velazquez, otherwise known as Lieutenant Harry T. Buford, Confederate States Army, in which is given full descriptions of the numerous Battles in which she participated as a Confederate officer; of her Perilous Performances as a Spy, as a Bearer of Dispatches, as a Secret Service Agent, and as a Blockade Runner; of her Adventures behind the Scenes at Washington, including the Bond swindle; of her Career as a Bounty and Substitute Broker in New York; of her Travels in Europe and South America; her Mining Adventures in the Pacific Slope; her Residence among the Mormons; her Love affairs; Courtship, Marriages &c. *Edited by C. D. Worthington*, late of the United States Navy. Profusely Illustrated. Published by T. *Belknap, Hartford, Conn., 1876.*

This is a book of over 600 pages, gotten up in very handsome style by the publisher. It is the most intensely interesting personal narrative we have ever read. The author is a native of Cuba. She was educated in Louisiana, and eloped from school and married a United States Navy officer. At the breaking out of the war between the North and South, her husband was stationed at Fort Leavenworth. He resigned his commission, went South, joined the Confederates, and was sent to Pensacola for duty. As soon as her husband was off to the war, Madame Loreta doffed her crinoline; donned the uniform of a Confederate officer, assumed the name of Lieutenant Harry T. Buford, recruited a company of soldiers in Arkansas, and went to Pensacola with her recruits, with the avowed determination to take a hand in the fight. Having read the lives and exploits of all the distinguished women who have figured in history as heroines, she was fired with ambition to excel them all. Her purpose was to have her husband command the company, and to fight by his side as his Lieutenant. No arguments of her husband or others availed to dissuade her from taking an active part in the war as a soldier. The death of her husband by the accidental discharge of a musket disarranged her plans, but left her free to pursue the career of an Independent volunteer, paying her own expenses. She fought gallantly in the battles of Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Fort Donelson, and Shiloh, distinguished herself for courage and daring, and none of her comrades in armed ever dreamed that the pluckey little Lieut. Harry Buford was a woman in disguise. After the battle of Shiloh she had various adventures which are narrted with the skill of a master. She was in New Orleans when the city fell into the hands of General Butler, and was the busiest of the busy in promoting Confederate interests, playing the role of a Unionist, making trips through the lines, and even making a voyage to Havana under Butler's pass, to carry dispatches to the Commander of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. Falling under Butler's suspicions, she was sent to prison, but promptly released through the agency of the British Consul, claiming to be a British subject. When released she made haste to get beyond the jurisdiction of the "Beast." Her encounter with Butler when she was playing the double part of an ardent Unionist and a Confederate Spy, is one of the best things in the book. Smart as Butler is, he was not smart enough to circumvent this adventurous, enterprising and talented women. After leaving New Orleans she engaged in various enterprises of daring, but failed to receive the recognition and promotion at the hands of the Confederate authorities which she then coveted above all things. This was because she was an independent volunteer, and not permanently attached to any particular Command. In Richmond she entirely failed to secure the confidence of Gen. Winder, the Chief of the Confederate secret service, because she had been accused of being a woman, wearing male attire. She appears to have appreciated the patriotism, the integrity, the abilities, and the accomplishments of Gen. Winder, but she considered him an avaricious, grasping, and hard hearted old man. Gen. John H. Winder possessed all the good qualities she accords to him, and none of the bad qualities she lays to his account. He was not avaricious. Had he been so, he had abundant opportunities to make millions while in Command at Richmond. He made nothing. He was grasping only so far as he grasped what he believed to be right; that he stood up for to the bitter end. He was not hard hearted, as the writer of this article had the best of opportunities to know. Gen. Winder was one of the best hearted men we ever knew, and we will illustrate what we mean by showing how his heart felt towards his enemies, from which it may be inferred how he felt towards friends. In the fall of 1863, the Confederate Government had several thousand Union prisoners confined on Belle Isle, opposite Richmond, in the James river. They had no houses, but were simply sheltered by tents. The winter was approaching. These prisoners were under General Winder's care. He repeatedly had personal interviews with Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War, respecting the necessity of providing better shelter for the prisoners against the approaching cold winter. For some reason his wishes were not gratified by the Secretary of War. Either the War Department could not secure the place necessary to be built shanties for the prisoners, or the necessary outlay was considered too great. About this difficulty. After having failed in his personal interviews with the Secretary of War in securing what he deemed proper shelter for the prisoners, Winder determined to place the Yankees in a position to remonstrate against the inhumanity of the Secretary of War thus exposed to the inclemency of winter. He wrote the remonstrance and before it was sent to the Secretary of War, it was copied by the writer of this notice. It afforded us an opportunity to judge of the heart of General Winder, and we know it was in the right place. Its every palpitation was on the side of justice and humanity.

On another occasion, when the Commissary General, Mr. Northrup, could not, or would not, furnish meat for several days together for the Union prisoners in Libby Prison, General Winder protested so heartily against Northrup's conduct that it provoked a quarrel which continued until Northrup succeeded in having General Winder removed from Richmond. What made Northrup so indignant, was the declaration of General Winder, that although the Commissary General could not procure any meat for the prisoners, give him the power to purchase in the open market, and he would guarantee that his quartermaster, Capt. Warner, should have them supplied with all the meat they wanted in less than six hours. The determined stand he took in that matter, simply on the ground of humanity, cost him his position in Richmond. As a officer whose whole conduct in those unfortunate controversies was so completely regulated by the instincts of human kindness in behalf of hatred foes, cannot be obnoxious to the charge of hardheartedness. General Winder was an astute manager of men, and a rigid disciplinarian, and those under his command knew the determination of the man too well to trifle with his orders.

The exigences of the public service, about the time Lieut. Buford visited Richmond were such that martial law had to be proclaimed, and the sale of whiskey except for hospital purposes, forbidden by military authority. Of course those who were deprived of the profits of selling liquor, and those denied the pleasure of drinking it, made a great outcry against General Winder, whose duty it was to enforce the law ordained by higher authority. But he disregarded the outcry and enforced the law rigidly and impartially.

Had General Winder not died before the end of the war, there is no doubt whatever in our mind, that the Federal administration at Washington would have hung him instead of Wirz, so intense and general was the prejudice against him throughout the North. But from what we know personally of General Winder's course towards his prisoners, we can aver that the prejudice against him was unfounded and unjust, and had he survived the war and suffered, he would have suffered most unjustly, for no one could be kinder to prisoners than he was.

After the military career of Lieut. Buford terminated, the lady embarked in the perilous duties of a spy and Confederate secret service agent in Washington and the North. She was as cunning as a fox, and had an extraordinary faculty for making influential acquaintances, and using her friends to advance her ends. She had the boldness in Washington to make the acquaintance of Col. L. C. Baker, Mr. Lincoln's Chief of Detectives, whom almost everybody dreaded, engaged in his service, and used him to promote the Confederate cause as she would have used a more harmless individual. She finally become so troublesome to Baker, and so completely baffled his detectives, that Baker actually employed her to catch herself. She was engaged in bounty jumping, blockade running, stock robbing, counterfeiting, and various other enterprises to benefit the Confederate cause, and actually succeeded at Washington, in securing at the printing bureau a copy of the plates upon which the government printed its bonds and compound interest notes. Here was enterprise that was wonderful. Of course that could not be done without bribing high Federal officers, whose names the author carefully conceals.

Madame Velazquez was married three times, and her love affairs form many interesting paragraphs of her book. Her adventures with the girls while playing the role of a lieutenant were truly amusing. At Shiloh she bravely fought by the side of Capt. De Caulp, to whom she was engaged to be married, and the captain never suspected the deception. It was a great surprise to him when she disclosed the fact to him a few days before their marriage. Here is romance that puts fiction to shame. We should not omit to state that she was severely wounded after the battle of Shiloh.

After the war the author traveled in South America, the West Indies, Europe, across the Plains to California, through Mormondom, Colorado, and back again through Texas, meeting with many interesting adventures. She appears to have formed a very favorable opinion of the Mormons. Without making any attempt at fine writing, her style is flowing and transparent, and every chapter of her book is replete with interest. Taken altogether Madame Velazquez's the most remarkable woman the New World has produced, and the Old World has given birth to very few, if any, who have surpassed her. No history of the war has been written that begins to compare with her "Woman in Battle," and no one can form any idea of the spy system that prevailed on both sides during the war without reading it. It is a timely and very welcome contribution to our historical literature. The fact that she figured in the early part of the war as Lieutenant Buford, was no secret at the South during the latter part of the struggle, but very few people knew who she really was.

FOILED.

"Where are you going, Dick?"

"Back to chat with my through passengers."

And Dick Davis, the conductor, left the mail car and entered the through coach attached to the train.

Closing the door, he walked to an old man seated in the centre of the car. His hair and beard were as white as snow, but there were no crow's feet on his forehead nor wrinkles on his cheeks. His eyes flashed with the light lusty manhood, though his hair would indicate that he had crossed the boundaries of his three-score years.

He smiled when the pleasant-faced conductor dropped into the seat beside him, and leaning forward, made a remark in a low tone of voice. This remark caused Davis to raise his head and gaze at the beautiful face of the girl who slept in the seat behind the white-haired passenger.

"She sleeps like a child," the conductor said, admiring the face, and wishing, perhaps, that he could only enjoy such a slumber.

"She always sleeps that way," responded the passenger, with a smile; "and when she wakes she is fresh as a rose."

"Your daughter has company, I see," observed Davis, glancing at the remainder of the car, who appeared to be sleeping soundly.

"Yes; are they going through?"

"Oh, yes; none but through passengers are admitted to this coach. They are not communicative fellow-travellers, I should say."

"They are not," replied the old man. "Mr. Davis, I do not like my traveling companions," and the speaker's voice was lowered.

The conductor looked surprised.

"Will you explain, Mr. Radcliffe?"

A short time previous to the present conversation the conductor and his passenger had exchanged names, and were thus entitled to call each other properly.

"I can scarcely explain," was the passenger's reply. "There is a man in the fourth seat from the stove whom, unaccountably, I do not like. He boarded the train at Rodney, and I have caught him looking askance at myself and Mabel. Then the fellow, who appears to be asleep three seats behind him, on the opposite side of the aisle, has been guilty of the same thing, and I believe there is a connection between the parties. I do not want you to think that I fear them. Never in my life—and I have passed through the wild tribes of the Amazonian valley—have I feared more. Over there is the young man in a whisper, as he glanced at the three remaining passengers, who were asleep in their respective seats.

"No! they'll not waken!" was the reply. "Now give Mabel a bit—not too much!"

The chloroformed handkerchief withdrawn from Mr. Radcliffe was applied to his daughter, who unconsciously inhaled the powerful anesthetic.

A moment later the agent of villainy was restored to his bosom, and with a look up and down the car the eldest man lifted Mabel from the seat.

"We must be near the road. Ring the engineer down to slower time. Quick!"

These words were spoken to the young man who caught the bell-rope and tugged at it manfully.

"Curse it!" he exclaimed. "It seems to have caught somewhere. The train is increasing in speed."

The face of the man who held Mabel in his arms suddenly grew pale.

"Jerk it with all your might!" he cried to his confederate.

The man obeyed, and the rope snapped in twain.

"The jig is up, I'm afraid. There! we've passed the road. It seems to me that we're going at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"Yes, fifty of them!" said his comrade between his teeth.

At that moment the door before them swung open, and Conductor Davis stepped into the coach.

The blue eyed man hastened to place Mabel in the seat from which he had lifted her without being seen by the conductor. But in this he failed.

"Gentlemen," said Davis calmly, and at the same time displaying a revolver, "you will oblige me by returning to the seat you have lately occupied. Your little scheme of abduction has failed, and I would inform you that you will be under guard the remainder of the run. Any attempt to escape might be attended with serious results. I witnessed your villainy from the platform."

The rascals did not reply, but with dogged sullenness dropped into the seat, and two brakemen, armed with revolvers, were placed over them.

A Physician, who was a passenger on the train, attended to Mr. Radcliffe and his daughter, and in due time they recovered from the effects of the chloroform.

When Mabel looked upon the blue-eyed man, she recognized Jared Abbott, a rejected lover. His confederate, Burdock, she did not know.

The man who was waiting near the station for the abducting party never fell into the clutches of the law; but it is certain that the principal and his eager assistant saw the inside of a penitentiary.

It was Dick Davis' hand that held the bell-rope while Burdock tugged at it, and his signal that increased the speed of the train, thus effectively preventing the villain's escape.

Cyrus Radcliffe proffered Conductor Dick a handsome check for his services, but it was refused, and the reward that he finally accepted was the hand of his lovely through passenger.

"It is a settled principle, your honor," said an eminent lawyer, "that causes always produce effects." "They always do for the lawyers," blandly responded the judge; "but I've sometimes known a single cause to deprive a client of all his effects."

But the passenger gently declined the conductor's offer, and said he would finish his journey in the coach he had been placed in for that purpose.

After a few more words Davis left the coach and passed into the car ahead, where he soon appeared to forget his passengers in a conversation with the messenger.

The door had hardley closed on the conductor's form when the man seated by the stove showed signs of animation. He turned his head and looked up the dim-lighted aisle, not forgetting to let his eyes rest on the old traveler and his daughter. He was a handsome man, about 35 years of age, and above his luxurient crop of silky, auburn whiskers shone a pair of mild blue eyes.

Not one man in a hundred would have chosen him for a rascal.

He was well, almost nashly, dressed; there was a handsome diamond pin on his bosom, and a crested ring on his hand.

Allowing his gaze to return down the aisle, he fixed it upon another man, who appeared to be sleeping, a short distance from him. This man was quite young; his eyes were heavy, and the hirsute appendage on his face was a long-haired mustache that dropped over his mouth.

The two men exchanged looks which told they were not travelers accidentally thrown together, but men who were well acquainted with each other.

Again the first-mentioned one looked at the old passenger, whose head had dropped on his breast, and who appeared to be dropping into a good slumber.

Seeing this, the man motioned to the other, who straightened up, and the next moment the twain occupied the same seat.

"Is he really asleep?" asked the other.

"You can't tell anything about the old codger," was the reply. "He looks as though he was sleeping like Morpheus himself, when he may be watching us from the corner of his eye. We can't afford to wait much longer, else the game will be up. The girl is sound asleep."

"Yes, yes, you could jerk her from the seat and not disturb her slumbers. Isn't she a beauty."

"A perfect houri!"

"Of course she doesn't know that you're on the train."

"Certainly not. Don't you recollect that she was asleep when we boarded the car at Rodney?"

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten."

"If she knew I was here she'd keep her eyes wide open and post the old gentleman, who yet remains, I believe, in blissful ignorance of the fact that I have made love to his child. If he knew me as you do, Burdock, he'd play the role of Virginius before I should wed his Mabel."

"He would, indeed!" answered the young man called Burdock. "But I say let's to work. I have the bottle—shall I use it now? What do you say?"

"We are not there yet?" said the other, looking out of the window upon the starlit earth.

"We must be very near. The road where Morley is waiting is one mile this side of the town. There! look! there is the clump of trees he told us about. The road is three miles from this point. We must work now."

"What if the old fellow is shamming."

"I'll use the handkerchief effectively."

"All right."

The youngest of the party now rose and walked up the aisle to the further end of the coach.

He cast a quick but searching look at the white-haired man, who, despite his suspicions, had fallen asleep. For three successive days he and his daughter had been on the train, and during this time the father had slept very little. His child's objections to the sleeping coaches had been listened to, and the twain had not quitted the through passenger car.

They were travelling to one of the largest cities in the East, where they hoped to dwell until death should tear them apart and call each from the world.

Cyrus Radcliffe—for such was the father's name—was a banker of eminence in a city far west of the Alleghanies. His wealth was the "open sesame" into the highest society of the land. Having no relatives, save his daughter, he fixed the love of his heart upon her, and it was a love vaster than his wealth, deeper than the sea.

But let us return to the scene in the through car, moving at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour.

The man at the end of the car glided toward his victim, the old gentleman. His movements were watched by the associate whom he had left in the seat.

When he paused beside his victim, he drew a handkerchief from his bosom.

Then the faint odor of chloroform became prevalent, and the handkerchief was held under Cyrus Radcliffe's nostrils.

While this was being done the blue eyed man left his seat, and came up the aisle till he passed his confederate, and stood beside the sleeping girl.

"Shall I dose the others?" asked the young man in a whisper, as he glanced at the three remaining passengers, who were asleep in their respective seats.

"No! they'll not waken!" was the reply.

"Now give Mabel a bit—not too much!"

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The Saint World.

The following is an extract from one of Bishop Simpson's beautiful sermons:

Most close to the triumphs of art just in proportion as he appreciates towards the invisible. The eyes of most look in the same direction. We commence with the simplest elements, science as—the visible. We take up, in succession, and chemistry, on what might be called the visible side, the elements, the simpler forms of matter. As we rise in the scale, we come to electricity and magnetism, which are still more invisible, yet they are palpable forms, pass before us in review, and to-day, a large part of chemical and electric science is employed in rendering these invisible forces visible to the human eye as in days long of the invisible.

If we can know that extent to the eyes of God and heir of a glorious inheritance—with this assurance we can look out into the invisible with calmness. There is no one of us that does not have a feeling that the invisible is near us. It gathers about us—it is very near. We seem to feel that we are surrounded by a mass of invisible forms, and we feel that there is an invisible, the very invisible, God, nature what that invisible is. We feel that there is an invisible, the very invisible, God, at least—but yet. We have not seen God, at least, of the invisible. We can not grasp it, sections to lift up, we will that invisible form we cannot. We have not the power of form our vision, to see the glory of the invisible. We are surrounded over the immortal dust. We feel we are trembled by the side of the dust, and we have love. And why? Because God is invisible. We are a union to the invisible.

The very invisible itself is a guide into the invisible. We have the glorious. We have had our friends in the glorious, but they are around us, the little children that are upon our knees, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands clasped our hands, on whose cheek we imprinted the kiss, we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us—but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers that educated us—where are they but just beyond the line