The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1878. VOL XIII.--NO. 50.

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY MORNINGS, AT EASTON, MD.

T. H. ROBSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

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

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

☞No News inserted will be charged, unless noticed under editorial head.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

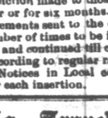
One square—6 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements sent to the office not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be marked tf. 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.

DAILY LINE FOR CHOPTANK ROUTE.

On and after Saturday, March 30, 1878, the steamers HIGHLAND LIGHT and KENT will leave pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, as follows:

The Steamer Highland at 9 P. M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallack's, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Jamaica Point, Cabin Creek, (Yates's on the Choptank,) and Medford's wharf.

The Steamer Kent at same hour every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for all the above landings extending her trips to Denton, stopping at Hog Island, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Gilpin's Point and Towers's wharf.

On the return trips the steamer Highland Light will leave Medford's wharf every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2, Cambridge at 5, and Easton at 9 P. M.; and the Steamer Kent will leave Denton every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday at 12 noon, Cambridge at 5 and Easton at 9 P. M.

The Steamer CHAMPION will leave same pier every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry, (Bodkin) returning same day, leaving Miles River Ferry at 2½ and stopping at Annapolis both ways. Turn-out.

Freights collected as low as other and safe lines.

HOWARD S. ENSIN, President.

apr9

Resumption of Route.

THE STEAMER

OLIVE,

CAPT. E. N. DODSON.

On and after Saturday, Feb. 9th, 1878, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M. for Claiborne, St. Michael's and Tunis' Wharf.

Returning, leave Tunis' Wharf 9 A. M., St. Michaels 10 A. M., Claiborne 10:45 A. M. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

R. S DODSON, Proprietor.

St. Michaels, Mar. 12, 1878.

Delaware & Chesapeake

RAILWAY.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Wednesday, July 17th, 1878, trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Easton, Leave,	7 30 AM	12 00 M
Woodland,	7 45	12 15 PM
Cordova,	7 55	12 25
Hillsboro,	8 10	15 55
Ridgely,	8 20	1 05
Greensboro,	8 35	1 20
Goldsboro,	8 50	1 50
Henderson,	9 00	2 15
Marydel,	9 10	2 25
Slaughters,	9 20	2 45
Kenton,	9 35	3 05
Clayton, Arrive,	9 45	3 20
Wilmington,	12 15 PM	
Philadelphia,	1 45	
Baltimore,	4 25	
New York,	7 10	

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 3.	No. 4.
New York, Leave,	8 25 PM	12 55 PM
Baltimore,	6 50 AM	3 00
Philadelphia,	9 00	5 15
Wilmington,	9 55	6 30
Clayton,	11 15	8 10
Kenton,	11 30	8 25
Slaughters,	11 45	8 40
Marydel,	12 00 M	8 55
Henderson,	12 15 PM	9 05
Goldsboro,	12 30	9 20
Greensboro,	12 50	9 40
Ridgely,	1 05	9 55
Hillsboro,	1 20	10 10
Cordova,	1 35	10 25
Woodland,	1 45	10 35
Easton, Arrive,	2 00	10 50

All Freights must be at the various stations at least Thirty (30) Minutes before starting of trains, otherwise they will lay over twenty-four hours.

J. L. CALDWELL, Supt.

Easton, July 12th, 1878.

To Farmers and Merchants

On Choptank River.

Steamer Ruggles.

Choptank River and Baltimore.

WE beg to announce that we have placed the good Steamer *RUGGLES*, Capt. Townsend, upon the Choptank River as a Freight Boat, and from Baltimore we are in a position to carry Army and Navy Goods, and sustain the enterprise. This is exclusively a Freight Line for transportation of Grain, Fruit, Truck, Merchandise, &c., at reasonable rates. A good wharf has been secured in Baltimore, foot of Commerce street, for delivery and receipt of cargo. The *RUGGLES* will leave Choptank every *MONDAYS, TUESDAYS* and *FRIDAYS*, leaving Coward's Point at 10 A. M., and stopping at Reese's Landing, Gilpin's Point, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Hog Island, Lloyd's Landing, Medford's Wharf, Cliff, Cabin Creek, Jamaica Point.

Will leave Baltimore on *TUESDAY* and *SATURDAY* Evenings.

Every effort will be made to satisfy the patrons of the Steamer and merit success.

I. M. PARR & SON.

WM. E. TURNER, Agt. on the Choptank.

Baltimore, August 8th, 1877.

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. E. LEONARD & BRO.

Office in same room with E. S. Dixon on Dock street, Easton.

may8,77

Oranges, Lemons, Cocoanuts, Figs, Raisins, &c.

Fresh invoice just received. Oranges 25 cts. per dozen.

G. W. MINNICK, opposite the Bank.

Tinware—

Every description on hand or made to order. Orders for Roofing and Spouting solicited and promptly executed.

T. C. Nicols.

Fragrant Sozodont—

For cleaning and preserving the Teeth and hardening the Gums, for sale by

Henry & Goldsborough.

MACHINERY--1878!!

:o:

Shannahan & Wrightson

—ARE AGENTS FOR—

Champion Reaper & Mower

which is the best and cheapest *R*aper in use.

THE

Chicago Pitts Thresher

Which is "the Boss"

"End Shake Shoe"

Thresher of America.

THE ECLIPSE ENGINE

equal to any in the market.

:o:

WHEEL RAKES

The Taylor Rake, the Hagerstown Rake, the Reindeer Rake, at

LOWEST PRICES.

The Genuine Montgomery's Improved Rockaway Wheat Fans at reduced prices. Also other Wheat Fans for sale.

All sizes of

Gum and Leather Belting.

All kinds of Packing.

Machine Oils at Lowest Prices.

Champion Reaper Repairs,

and repairs for other machinery.

A complete stock of

HARDWARE,

Tinware,

STOVES.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

And *M*achinery,

Garden and Field Seeds,

Fertilizers,

The Celebrated Star Bone Phosphate.

Iron, Steel, Ribs, Hubs and Spokes, Cucumber Pumps, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Call and examine our complete stock of goods before buying, as we are confident we can suit you both in goods and price.

Shannahan & Wrightson.

Mr. Editor:

PLEASE inform the ladies, if they want a first-class Sewing Machine, light running, easy to manage, and will not get out of order, please call at H. S. Cooper's Sewing Machine office, on Dover street, and examine the

NEW HOME.

I am sure it will please them. Reference given at the office. Also Sewing Machines repaired and cleaned at low prices. Needles, oil and attachments furnished. All kinds of Sewing done to order. Tell them to please give us a call. Will do better for them than any one else.

H. S. COOPER.

apr23,78yr

STRAW GOODS.

Have just received my full stock of Straw Goods of all descriptions.

Taylor's Mackinaw Hats

a Specialty.

M. M. HIGGINS.

Herd Book Jersey Bull

CHROME.

I have purchased of Jas. W. Tyson, Esq., of Baltimore, the registered Jersey Bull "Chrome," Herd Register No. 1718, by "Druid," Herd Register No. 299, out of "Mat," Herd Register No. 2798, and offer his services to the public at $5.00 per cow.

"Chrome" was dropped Sept. 16 1874, is a solid dark color, black switch and tongue, with all the other fashionable points of this justly admired breed.

Robert Hough,

apr23yr "Knightly," Miles River Neck.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you $12 per day made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Children's Carriages.

A fine assortment,

And very cheap.

Just received and for sale by John Mason.

Black Harness Soap

SOMETHING new. This soap is not only adapted to the cleansing and oiling of Harness, but is peculiarly suited to the oiling of boots, shoes, carriages and buggy tops, or any article made of leather or rubber. Give it a trial, and you will be pleased with it. For sale by

Henry & Goldsborough.

LG

Pickles, Pickles!

Cucumber Pickles by the hundred or dozen; also, pickled Chow Chow by the pint; something very nice; try it.

John M. Mason.

Splints—

Various lengths and colors, just received and for sale by

G. W. Minnick, opposite the bank.

EASTON CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

Rev. W. Y. Beaven, A. M., S. T. B., Principal.

A Day School for Boys, preparing them for College.

The school year is divided into two sessions, with a vacation of ten days at Christmas, and a recess at Easter.

First session begins Monday, September 16, 1878, and closes Friday, January 31st, 1879. Second Session begins Monday, February 3d, and closes Thursday, June 26th.

Tuition, $40 per annum for the English branches, and $60 including Latin and Greek. French and German $20 each, extra.

Bills payable in advance at the beginning of each session.

Suitable board can be obtained in the town for boys living at a distance. For further particulars, address the Principal, Easton, Md

jul2tf

LUMBER! LUMBER!

Pine, Oak and Hickory of the Finest Quality!

Having recently erected a large Steam Saw Mill on the land of Jas. S. Bartlett, Esq., on navigable water, 2 miles from Easton Point I am prepared to furnish, or saw to order, all kinds of lumber—

Pine, Oak and Hickory, Fencing Plank, House Framing, Barn Boards, Posts, &c.,

all of the finest grades and sawed in the best manner, and will be sold and delivered at the very lowest prices.

The timber from which this lumber is furnished, is cut from the celebrated QUAKER NECK WOODS of Jas. S Bartlett, the trees are all of virgin growth, and said to be the finest in the county.

Vessels can be loaded at the mill with promptness and dispatch. Lumber delivered anywhere on navigable water, and in the neighborhood by land.

The public patronage solicited—satisfaction guaranteed. All orders forwarded to Louis A McDaniel, at the Mill, or addressed to Jas. S. Bartlett, through the Easton post office, will be promptly attended to.

For the quality of the lumber furnished by this mill, refer to Mr. Matthew P. Flowers, builder, who has worked it.

John F. L. Wrightson,
Owner and Proprietor.
Lewis A. McDaniel,
Agent and Manager.

Easton, July 2, 1878tf

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BALTIMORE

STOVE HOUSE

Persons wanting anything in our line will do well to give us a call. To meet the emergency, we have determined to

RETAIL STOVES

AT WHOLESALE PRICES

We advise you to come direct to the manufacturer and thus save a profit. We have a complete assortment of Stoves, Furnaces, Ranges, Mantels and Fire-Place Heaters, which we are running off Low for Cash.

B. C. BIBB & SON

SUCCESSORS TO BIBB & CO.,

39 & 41 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

jnl9-6m

STOVES

Plain, Stamped & Japanned

TINWARE

and Sheet-Iron Ware

Excelsior Cook Stove,

The Best in the Market.

Ranges and Cook Stoves

of every description.

Roofing and Spouting

done in Talbot and adjoining counties.

Estimates given upon application.

Special attention paid to the repairing of old stoves.

Having worked at the trade for the past 8 years, I have advantages that enable me to get up work at lower figures than any other establishment in town.

Orders through the mail will receive prompt attention.

apr16 GEO. W. BECK.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, Proprietor

Office next door to the Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS will deposit their whips, robes, blankets, &c., at the office. Stable accommodations for 100 horses. Horses received on livery by the day, week, month or year. Horses and carriages for hire at all times. Travelers promptly sent to any part of the county or adjoining counties.

In hiring horses 12 hours is considered a day, 6 hours a half day. For extra hours an extra charge will be made.

Hacks run regularly to the steamboat landings, to convey passengers with dispatch.

A daily Stage line to the Railroad. Passengers leaving Easton in the morning arrive in Baltimore and Philadelphia in time for dinner.

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

dec25,77

SUMMER GOODS.

JACOB WILLIAMS, on Market space, announces his late return from the city, with a full line of

Cheap Goods,

including

Groceries,

*B*oots and Shoes,

Wood and Willow Ware,

Crockery, Glass & China,

and a variety of other articles for family use, all purchased especially with a view to May court. Jurymen and witnesses, and others, call and pay your expenses by saving money on your summer purchases. may21,78

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. mar12,78yr

CROQUET,

Base Balls & Bats.

LARGE stock, better and cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

G. W. MINNICK, opposite the bank.

KELLER'S VEGETABLE LIFE DROPS

TRADE MARK

In the introduction of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops, a new departure has been instituted. Instead of appealing to the credulity and desperation of the sick, the judgment of all is addressed in "A Brief Manual of Purgative and Depurative Medicine,"—(to be had of druggists *free of charge*, and given with every bottle of the Drops,)—written for those who, having a perception of their diseases, can intelligently apply the principles therein contained, with the assurance of relief and cure of

Diseases of the Blood

LIVER AND STOMACH;—

INDIGESTION,

Dyspepsia, Constipation, &c.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

by their peculiar alterative and purgative influence, act especially upon the BLOOD, purifying it, and removing such diseases as

Liver Complaint,

Biliousness,

Ulcers, Rheumatism,

Pimples, Skin Diseases,

Blotches, Neuralgia,

Boils, Eruptions,

Headache, Nervousness,

Jaundice, Fever & Ague,

Colds, Loss of Appetite,

and KINDRED DISEASES, resulting from impoverished or vitiated BLOOD.

DYSPEPSIA.

The possession of pure blood depends upon good digestion; for where derangement of the digestive function exists disease inevitably results, and Dyspepsia, with all of its terrors and tortures, becomes established.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are a specific for DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY, HEARTBURN CRAMPS, NAUSEA and VOMITING, Pains in the Head, Side and Back, Palpitation of the Heart, Hypochondria, and all that class of diseases arising from Indigestion.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

When from any of the numerous inciting causes the Liver begins to act abnormally, the bile remains in the system, vitiating and perverting every vital process, and causing Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Pimples, Coughs Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Dysentery, Kidney and Bladder diseases, and many other disorders, all originating directly or indirectly from the Liver. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops induce the healthy action of the Liver by providing for the removal of the biliary constituents by the Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

CONSTIPATION.

The suppression and retention of the contents of the alimentary canal produce Foul Breath, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Piles, Chronic Headache, Skin affections, and very many other diseases referable to the insidious influence of Constipation. Keller's Vegetable Life Drops promptly cure this disease, and all the bad effects attending upon or resulting from it.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops

are the safest remedy for those peculiar diseases arising from the structural differences between the sexes, and known as Female Complaints.

The use of Keller's Vegetable Life Drops has been thus only partially indicated; their range of application is very great, and their work is always more than satisfactory. Their remarkable efficacy, as already shown, is particularly exhibited in diseases of Blood, Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Keller's Vegetable Life Drops are recommended as being the best and cheapest FAMILY MEDICINE ever offered, and are sold by druggists and dealers at 50 cents a bottle, or five bottles for $2.

W. L. KELLER, Chemist,

BALTIMORE, MD.

SEASIDE HOTEL,

Ocean City,

Maryland's Famous Watering Place,

will be open for the reception of guests, on the

20th Day of June,

and will continue open throughout the season.

The hotel has been remodelled, greatly enlarged, and refurnished, and many improvements have been added to it since last season. The accommodations are FIRST-CLASS in all respects.

The hotel is splendidly situated between the Synepuxent Bay and the Atlatic Ocean, only 100 yards from the breakers, and 200 yards from the Bay.

The Surf Bathing

is unequalled on the Atlantic coast.

Fine Boating, Gunning and Fishing

on the Bay.

The Proprietors have erected TERRAPIN AND HARD AND SOFT CRAB PENS, which assure these delicacies for the table at all times. DELICIOUS FISH in abundance.

Round Trip tickets at reduced rates on all the railroads. Passengers are landed near the hotel door.

A Band of Music

will be in attendance during the season. Healthful Sports provided in abundance. Horses, carriages, boats, fishing tackle, and bathing suits furnished to order.

☞Patronize the Seaside Hotel.☜

Board per Day.....$2 50
Board per Week.....12 50

Special arrangements can be made for a longer period.

S. J. MASSEY & CO., Proprietors.

jun18-2m

Select Poetry.

THE HEBREW'S PRAYER.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light;
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver white,
And his blood was thin and old;
He lifted his look to his latest sun,
For he knew that his pilgrimage was done;
And as he saw God's SHADOW* there,
His spirit poured itself out in prayer.

"I come unto Death's second birth,
Beneath a stranger-air,
A pilgrim on a dull cold earth,
As all my fathers were;
And men have stamped me with a curse—
I feel it is not Thine;
Thy mercy, like your sun, was made
On me as them to shine;
So I therefore dare I lift mine eye
To ask this to Thee, before I die.

In this great temple built by Thee,
Whose altars are divine,
Beneath yon lamp, that ceaselessly
Lights up Thine own true shrine,
Oh take my latest sacrifice!
Look down and make this sod
Holy as that, where, long ago,
The Hebrew met his God.

I have not caused the widow's tears,
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye;
I have not stained the virgin's years,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry;
The songs of Zion in mine ears
Have ever been most sweet,
And always when I felt Thee near,
'My shoes were off my feet.'

I have known Thee in the whirlwind,
I have known Thee on the hill,
I have loved Thee in voice of bird,
Or the music of the rill;
I dreamed Thee in the shadow,
I saw Thee in the light,
I heard Thee in the thunder-peal,
And worshipped in the night;
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself,
To hear Thy 'still small voice.'
I have not felt myself a thing
Far from Thy presence driven,
By flaming sword, or waving wing,
Shut out from Thee and Heaven;
Must I the wirlwind reap, because
My fathers sowed the storm?
Or sink, because another sinned,
Beneath Thy red right arm?
Oh! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown,
But I will not take my curse from MAN,
I turn to Thee alone!
Oh bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh! forgive,
And what is broken heal!
And cleanse my nature from above
In the deep Jordan of Thy love.

I know not of the Christian's heaven
Shall be the same as mine—
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to Thine;
I weary on a far dim strand
Whose mansions are as tombs,
And long to find the father-land,
Where there are many homes.
Oh! grant of all yon starry thrones,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May love Thee from afar.
Where all earth's myriad harps shall meet
In choral praise and prayer,
Shall Zion's harps, of old so sweet,
Alone be wanting there?
Yet place me in thy lowest seat,
Though I, as now, be there
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest,
But let me see and hear
From some dim mansion in the sky,
Thy bright ones and their melody.

The sun goes down with sudden gleam,
And beautiful as a lovely dream,
And silently as air,
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,
With long and raven hair,
Glides in as guardian spirits glide,
And lo! is kneeling by his side,
As if her sudden presence there
Were sent in answer to his prayer.
(Oh! say they not that angles tread
Around the good man's dying bed?)
His child—his sweet, and sinless child!
And as he gazed on her,
He knew his God was reconciled,
And this the messenger;
As sure as God had hung on high
The promise now before his eye,
Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flung,
To point his heavenward faith,
And life's most holy feeling strung
To sing him into death;
And on his daughter's stainless breast
The dying Hebrew sought his rest.

* Plato calls Truth the body of God, and Light his shadow.

Select Story.

How She Got a Life Position.

:o:

CHARLIE CARLETON was one of the happiest mortals in Washington the day he received notice of his appointment to a position in one of the government departments. Not that it was a matter of sure dire necessity with him as with many other less fortunate ones, who hung week after week and month after month about the secretary's offices, sick with hope deferred, for Charlie's father was a well to-do Western farmer, who would gladly have had his boy remain at home, and relinquish his desire to feed at the public crib. But Charlie had an idea that it was a "big card," among the boys to be able to boast that he filled a government office at Washington, though that office might be only a third or fourth-class, and he had friends whose influence in public quarters was strong enough to secure him, without delay, one of the higher grades of clerkships. The letter notifying him of his appointment informed him that his term of service would begin on the first day of the following week, but that in the intervening three days he could call on the present incumbent of the position at desk No.—, who would instruct him in the duties that would be required of him.

Charlie hastened without delay to the department building, and was directed by an officer in charge where to find desk No.—. Coming upon it suddenly he was startled at seeing a sweet-faced little maiden seated before it. Her blue eyes looked up inquiringly from the official-looking documents spread out before her, and she asked in a business-like tone:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, his usual sangfroid somehow greatly disturbed by those blue eyes. "I believe I am the new incumbent of your position."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, bewildered, rising to her feet. "You must be mistaken. I have received no notice of my removal."

What more could he do than hand her the notice of his appointment. He saw how, as she glanced at it, her hand clutched convulsively at the door, and how her face became pale as death. He thought she was going to fall, the way she trembled and tottered for a moment, and he sprang to support her, but by a very great effort she controlled herself, and handing back the letter, she said, in a tone choking with unuttered sobs:

"It is true; you are to be my successor; I had not been informed of it."

"Is it possible? Do they often treat employes to dismissal like this?" he blurted out indignantly.

"Frequently, and it is a little painful for the moment," she replied, with a bitter smile, and with unshed tears in her eyes, adding hastily, as if to draw his attention from herself: "Will I now explain to you the duties of the position?"

He would have liked to question her more, but this little lady had suddenly grown frigid as an iceberg. Almost unwillingly seating himself beside her at the desk, he tried to master the intricacies of the maze of official documents lying before him, while she explained, illustrated and advised, with a terse, business-like graphicness that surprised him. He discerned at once the very great business capacity this little blue-eyed damsel possessed, and in his wonder at it—for he had always believed woman's capabilities were limited to cooking, housekeeping and dressing—and in his very grave doubts, too, whether the government was doing a wise thing in appointing him her successor, he silently forgave the ill-concealed hauteur and impatience with which she treated him and his efforts. And yet all this from a blue-eyed chit of a girl who seemed not over sixteen or seventeen at most.

Once there was a long silence, during which he was engaged in copying an official report, but it was broken by the unmistakable sound of a deep sigh. Startled and looking up hastily, he beheld a tear coursing madly down the fair cheek of his instructor. She flushed red and, dashing aside the tear, turned away angrily; it may have been from shame at being detected in such weakness, or it may have been with indignation at the tender sympathy which his eyes spoke. Nevertheless, from that moment she was less repellant toward him, and while he seemed to grow more stupid in mastering the duties of his new office, she grew more patient and gentle with him in his blunders. And then, with the way folds of her hair frequently touching his brow and strangely thrilling him, they bent over the desk together, and if their eyes happened to meet they both grew flushed and confused, and if their hands touched they both grew tremulous.

All that night Charlie Carleton tossed in sleeplessness, and thought less of his new honor, less of the duties of his position than of the sweet-faced, blue-eyed girl at desk No.—. He could not drive her from his mind; the terror of her face on realizing that she was discharged, the smothered sigh, the pearly tear stealing down her cheek, and, finally, her sad, patient resignation, all haunted him, until his brain was almost crazed with conflicting emotions. And, to out-do all else, he actually caught himself kissing the places on his own hands which her tiny hands had touched.

Charlie was up by daylight, and it seemed an age from that time until the government departments opened. He was at desk No.—a full half hour before business began, but already Nettie Marsh, the blue-eyed damsel, was there. But the blue eyes were dim and swolen, and, though she made a great effort to greet him with a pleasant smile, her face was, nevertheless, very sad and careworn. If he had before wavered in the course he had, during the morning, marked out for himself, he did not now, after reading from that face the secret of a night of weeping. She began silently to prepare for their day of joint labor, but his gentle touch restrained her.

"You have lost your stupid pupil," he said, smilingly. "I have declined the position tendered me, on the condition that you shall be retained in it."

She uttered a smothered cry of joy, and with tears of gratitude in her eyes, looked up to thank him, when apparently divining, from something in his face so tender with sympathy for her, how much his self-denial cost him, she replied, painfully:

"I am deeply grateful, Mr. Carleton, but I cannot accept your sacrifice."

"And yet," he said, "you seemed for a moment rejoiced at the thought of retaining the position."

"I was thinking of another then, not of myself," she explained, very sadly.

"What other?" fiercely questioned Charlie, the flame of suddenly awakened jealously firing his face.

"My invalid mother. I do try so hard not to complain or feel despondent," she said, pleadingly; "but the future seems very dark. We were very poor when I secured this position, with its liberal salary. Father had died a year previous, leaving unpaid a good many debts of honor. All that I have saved since, by the most careful economy, has scarcely sufficed to pay these and the expenses of his burial. Now, without employment, without means or credit, and with my helpless mother to be cared for, you will not wonder that for a moment I was tempted to accept the sacrifice you, in your sympathy over my apparent distress, felt called on to make. Your action is noble and unselfish, and I shall ever remember and esteem you for it; but I cannot accept your sacrifice."

"You must, Miss Marsh!" he replied, firmly. "I confess that it is a sacrifice to give up this long coveted position. On getting the appointment, and before knowing that I was to supercede you I wrote my friends, magnifying the position, in my ignorance, into one of great honor! and in resigning it so soon, they will misconstrue my motives, and their sneers and jeers at my expense will be unbearable. I am too sensitive, under these circumstances, to return to my home, and I must seek some less ambitious employment elsewhere. I will not be the instrument of taking the means of support from any struggling girl, and certainly not from you, Miss Marsh, whom I place among the noblest of your sex."

Blushing deeply at the warmth of his words, and the look of admiration accompanying them, she pleaded further with him to withdraw his resignation of the position, and he as firmly persisted in the sacrifice he had made. At length, finding that he was fixed in his determination, she exclaimed, between a pout and a sad little laugh:

"Since you will persist in making a martyr of yourself, just to benefit me, it is too bad that there is not some way in which we could both hold the position in partnership. The salary is large enough to support both of us."

He stared violently, and his face brightened, apparently at some happy thought.

"We can arrange that, Miss Marsh," he replied, "or I have a better plan, if you will accept it. I know of a position, suited only to a lady, and which you can fill more satisfactorily than any one else ever will. I can assure you that you will find the duties light and pleasant, and the emoluments of the position will at least provide you and your mother with a cheerful home and every necessary comfort of life. Once installed in this position, you need not fear being ever superceded by any other; it is a life position. Now, I will withdraw my objections to being your successor here only on condition that you will take this position. Do you accept?"

"Oh, so gladly, Mr. Carleton," she exclaimed, excitedly, in the exuberance of her sudden joy. "It all seems too good to be true, and I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness to me. When can I feel sure that this new position is to be mine, and how soon can I enter upon its duties?"

"In reply to both your questions I can say—at once. The position is that of—my wife."

The utterly bewildered, amazed expression that passed over Nettie Marsh's face at this moment was too comical for mere words to express. Dropping her face in blushing confusion before his anxious, tender scrutiny of the depths of her blue eyes, she stammered out:

"I—I did not understand you; indeed I did not, or I would not have given you that bold answer."

"But I have your promise, and you will not withdraw it?" he questioned, very anxiously.

"I—I don't know. I can't think what is right. O, please spare me!" she pleaded, pitifully, in her helplessness.

"Listen, Miss Marsh," he replied; "I ask you to become my wife not from a desire to gain the paltry salary of this situation, nor merely from motives of sympathy over your helpless position, but because in the single day in which I have known you I have learned to sincerely admire and truly love you. I shall not withdraw my resignation until this evening. The answer you will then give me shall determine whether I am to preside over desk No.—or leave this place miserable and unhappy forever."

A grateful look for this respite was Nettie's only reply.

The evening of that long day came at last—that day during which these two young people, working at the same desk blushed every time their eyes met started guiltily every time they touched each other, and trembled every time they addressed each other—that day which, in the amount of work free from erasures and blots done by these two, was a dead loss to Uncle Sam; and when Nettie Marsh was guiltily stealing away without saying a word to Charlie, he suddenly blocked her path, holding the resignation of his appointment to desk No.—open in his hands.

"What disposal shall I make of it?" he asked, meaningly. "You know my terms."

"I—I think you had better destroy it," she stammered, turning her face, beaming with happy blushes, and her eyes, eloquent and dewy with tender emotion, full upon him for a single moment, and then hiding them in her hands.

And thus it happened that in losing her position in the government service, Nettie Marsh gained another position for life.

Irish Humor.

A Catholic Priest, Father H——, in his mission work in Southern Colorado and New Mexico met with many extraordinary people and incidents. On one occasion he happened to hold services in a small out-of-the-way chapel, where the varied duties of janitor were discharged by a gentleman of Irish descent. During the service a child was brought forward for baptism. It may not generally be known that in the Roman Catholic ritual, the priest, before touching the child with water, puts a little salt into the water in the presence of the congregation. The janitor, however, had prepared the water beforehand, according to his own idea as to the proportion of salt, when the priest, having omitted to place the salt in readiness, whispered softly to his attendant:

"Pat, will you please get the salt?"

Pat responded in an audible whisper from behind his hand: "Sure an' I put it in already."

Father H——, not fully understanding, repeated his whispered request.

Again Pat replied, more audibly than before and with slight dudgeon in his tone: "Sure an' I put it in I tell ye."

"But the ritual demands that the *priest* should perform the ceremony before the congregation," explained Father H——, considerably annoyed at the janitor's obstinacy.

The Irishman procured the salt, and handing it to the priest, electrified him, as well as the congregation, with the remark, delivered in a surly growl: "Here, ye are; bedad ye can make a *pickle* of it if ye want to!"

Treatment of Peach Trees.

The peach tree requires peculiar management to make it bear good fruit and live to a good old age. At a recent meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, Mr. Halgrove made a good recommendation when he advised that the peach tree be subjected to a severe cutting back about once in four years. He said that if the tree be cut back moderately each year when it is young, it fills the centre with a great quantity of small, weak branches, which are good for nothing and which soon die out, and this course persisted in causes the tree to die very young, having been of but little value while living. On the contrary, allowed to grow and bear fruit about four years and then subjected to a severe cutting back, the new head comes out in a compact form and will bear well, and the tree thus treated becomes as long lived as most other fruit trees. The year of the cutting back no fruit, or but very little, will be produced, but the other years good crops will be produced and of good quality.

A fishing party on the banks of Shoal creek, Jasper county, Mo., heard a noise in the underbrush, and going in the direction of the sounds, saw a large coon and two large black snakes in deadly combat, the former getting the worst of the fight. One of the reptiles was coiled around the coon's body, and whenever it attempted to use its teeth the other snake struck at its eyes. It attempted to retreat, but the snake which encircled it dropped a coil, and as quick as thought took a "half hitch around a small sapling. It tried hard to pull loose, and while its energies were bent in that direction the other snake took a coil around the coon's neck, and in a few minutes choked the life out of it. The spectators who had been dumb witnesses of the struggle, advanced and killed the victors. One measured nine feet and the other seven feet six inches.

John Randolph met a personal enemy on the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," said Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat; "pass on."

The Enchanted Flute.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT DAYS.

One night, as Count Oliffe was riding through the woods, he was astonished to see a great light among the trees, where there was no house. Stopping his horse, he saw the ground open in a vacant space between two great oak trees. Steps of stone led down to two great iron doors, through which streamed the light that had first attracted him. As he looked, a woman and a man, dressed in white, came up the steps, holding baskets, which they kept carefully covered. The woman and man looked neither to the right nor left. Neither did they seem to lift their feet, but came towards Count Oliffe with a slow gliding motion.

Count Oliffe was terribly frightened. A cold perspiration started out of him; his knees bent under him, and hardly knowing what he did, he called out in a loud voice, "Who are you and what are you doing here?"

Instantly the figures vanished, so did the steps the opening and the light. Count Oliffe rode around and around the two great oaks, but the ground showed no trace of an opening. On the next day he came again but saw nothing. He walked about the oaks, but could see no place where could be hidden steps or iron doors. The birds, seeing him so busy, began to chipper and twitter about him.

"What do you want, Count Oliffe?" said a saucy blackbird.

"Between these trees," answered Oliffe, "is a flight of steps leading down to iron doors."

"No, that is impossible," said the blackbird. "I have lived here ever since I was out of the egg, and I have never seen any steps or doors."

"Yes, it is quite impossible," echoed all the birds. "The oldest bee or bird in the forest has never heard of such a thing."

Oliffe went home sad and disappointed. He could think of nothing but what he had seen, and he used to walk every day and ride every night through the forest, hoping to see the wonderful sight again.

One night, riding home unsuccessful as usual, he met an owl out as late as himself.

"Hallo, comrade!" cried the owl. "I meet you every night. What are you hunting—mice or frogs?"

"Stone steps and an iron door," answered Oliffe, laughing, "are my mice and frogs." And he told the owl what he had seen.

The owl listened, looked very wise.

"Yes, I know," said he. "What you have seen is the palace of Time. In it are all the treasures of the earth. The man and woman who came out are Day and Night, bringing gifts to men."

"And how shall I see it again?" asked Count Oliffe. "I am determined to find and enter it."

The owl shook his head.

"To find it, Count Oliffe, you need only wait by the great oak trees till the ground opens. Then you must wait till Day and Night come forth, and be careful to say nothing. After that, go down the steps boldly; but at the iron doors there sits a giant with the keys. Beware that you listen to nothing before seizing the keys."

"If that is all, that is easy enough," answered Oliffe.

"Not so easy as you think," said the owl, flying away.

Count Oliffe rode to the two oaks, and dismounted. There he waited many hours till the ground opened, and the man and woman came forth as before. He watched them in silence, and went boldly down the steps. At the foot of the steps sat a fat jolly giant, smoking a pipe, while the keys of the palace hung loosely in his girdle.

"Give me the keys of the palace," said Oliffe.

"Yes, my son," said the giant, "If you will first smoke a pipe with me. It has been a great many hundred years since any one has smoked with me."

"There is no harm in that," thought Oliffe, who thought, besides, that he should like to smoke out of such a pipe as the giant handed—a pipe with a bowl of amber and the stem of gold.

At first when he saw the doors of the palace open, he did not walk in, yet he seemed to enter. He saw splendid halls, wonderful treasures, and said to himself that he would not take them just yet, but when he had finished smoking his pipe.

He smoked, and smoked down to the very last bit of tobacco in the pipe. With the last whiff the pipe fell from his mouth and broke. The iron doors swung to with a