The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1878. VOL XIV.—NO. 6.

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, 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 discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

Books received will be promptly noticed under editorial head.

TRANSIENT 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 til, and continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices in Local column, 20 cents per line.

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 3 P. M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, for Easton, Double Mills, Oxford, Gibbs's (old), Wallace's, Bachelor's, Cummins'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 8, Cambridge at 5 and Hudson at 9 P. M., and the Steamer Kent will leave Denton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 noon, Cambridge at 5 and Easton at 9 P. M.

The Steamer CHAMPION will leave slide pier every Tuesday and Friday morning at 9 o'clock for St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry (Easton); returning same day, leaving Miles River Ferry at 2 o'clock and stopping at Annapolis both ways. Fare 25.

Freight solicited at low rates and carefully handled.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President.

apr9

Fall and Winter Arrangement of 1878.

THE STEAMER

OLIVE,

CAPT. E. N. DODSON.

After Monday, September 9th, the steamer Olive will run as follows:

For Baltimore—Leave every Monday, Tunis' Wharf at 9 a. m., St. Michaels 10 a. m., Claiborne 10:45 a. m.

Leave every Wednesday and Friday, Wye River at 7 a. m., Tunis' Wharf 9 a. m., St. Michaels 10 a. m., Claiborne 10:45 a. m.

Returning—Leave every Tuesday and Thursday, at 10 a. m., for Claiborne, St. Michaels, Tunis' Wharf, Trimble's Wharf and Wye Landing.

Leave every Saturday at 10 a. m., for Claiborne, St. Michaels and Tunis' Wharf.

T. B. S. DODSON, Proprietor.

St. Michaels, Sep. 7, 1878.

Delaware & Chesapeake

RAILWAY.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, Sept. 23d, 1878, trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1
Easton, Leave,	7 30 AM
Woodland,	7 45
Cordova,	7 55
Hillsboro,	8 10
Ridgely,	8 25
Greensboro,	8 45
Goldsboro,	9 00
Henderson,	9 15
Marydel,	9 25
Slaughters,	9 40
Kenton,	9 55
Clayton, Arrive,	10 10
Wilmington,	12 10 PM
Philadelphia,	1 45
Baltimore,	3 35
New York,	5 10

GOING SOUTH.

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

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, Sept. 17th, 1878.

Easton Livery Stables.

FRANKLIN G. WRIGHT, Proprietor

Office next door to the Easton Star Office.

TRAVELERS with 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.

Horses will be taken to the stables, handling free of charge.

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

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. Orders may be left at the office, or addressed to the subscribers, Easton, Md., will receive prompt attention.

C. E. LEONARD & BRO.

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

may8,77

SAM'L MULLIKIN,

House, Sign and Ornamental

PAINTER,

Easton, Md.,

Offers his services to all wanting first class of sheet work done in his line.

je 1-6m

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

Fresh invoice just received. Oranges 2 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.

Immense Display

OF

ELEGANT CLOTHING!

AT

Irresistably LOW PRICES!!

THE NEW

CLOTHING HOUSE,

CHAS. N. OEHM & SON,

230 W. PRATT ST.

(Iron Front Building), Near Hanover.

Handsome Shirts of Cheviot,

ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC,

In All Colors and Designs.

THE LEADING FABRICS for this Season

Made to Order at $15, $18, $20, 25, and $30.

Sep24,78

SUMMER GOODS.

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

Cheap Goods,

including

Groceries,

Boots 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

HATS! HATS!

Spring Stock Just Arrived!

Straw Goods a Specialty!

Mackinaw Hats

Cheaper than ever before sold in Easton. A great variety of

Children's Hats Very Cheap!

My friends and the public are requested to call and examine my stock as I am sure I can give satisfaction in both quality and price.

JAS. H. LINTHICUM.

Talbot House

RESTAURANT,

(Formerly White House,)

No. 186 West Pratt Street,

(Between Maltby and Green House,)

BALTIMORE,

HENRY BANNING, Proprietor.

jun18-3m

STRAW GOODS.

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

Taylor's Mackinaw Hats

a Specialty.

M. S. BIGGINS.

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.

Red C. Safety Oil

New—Non-Explosive—Ruby Red!!

GIVES a brilliant white light and is the best illuminating oil in use. Price within the reach of all and its use a measure of economy. For sale by

G. LACEY EATON, Easton, Md.

CROQUET,

Base Balls & Bats.

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

G. W. MINNICK, opposite the Bank.

BEST Strawers can be suited at all times with hats by their better half, if they will only call at the Hat store of Esther Sim, where they can be suited with hats, bonnets, flowers, &c., cheaper than ever before offered in Easton. Remember the place, Sign of the Big Hat, Dover street, Easton, Md.

Salt Fish for Sale—

All kinds of the Finest kind of Salt Fish, at J. M. Hubbard's, on Dover Street.

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

jul27tf

LUMBER! LUMBER!

Pine, Oak and Hickory of the Finest Quality!

I have 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

NEW CARRIAGES FOR SALE

Cheaper than the Cheapest!

Second-Hand Carriages for Sale!

Offered at cost, at the carriage factory of

A. H. LARRIMORE,

Washington Street, Easton.

Being a practical blacksmith, having served a long apprenticeship at the business, she worked at the trade for many years before engaged in public business. I know what good work is and how to do it. All my carriage work warranted done in the best manner.

A. H. Larrimore.

A. H. LARRIMORE, manufacturer of, and dealer in, Carriages, is doing all kinds of repairs at lowest rates, invites all his old friends and the public to give him a call when they want a new carriage or repairing done.

Factory on Washington street, Easton.

sep10-4m

Road Horses.

THE subscriber will give his attention to breaking young horses to the saddle or harness, but more especially to training young trotting horses. I have had much experience, and will warrant to give satisfaction or no charge. Charges moderate. Persons bringing horses broken or trained will address me through the Eastern post office. Best of references given. Horses cared of at his stable.

CHAS. F. BUKER.

Easton, July 9th, 1878-3m

Turnip and Ruta Baga Seed.

Fresh and reliable, for sale by Henry S. Goldsborough.

Shannahan & Wrightson

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE

Tinware,

STOVES.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

MACHINERY,

Fertilizers, &c.

Encouraged by our success since starting in business, we have for the coming fall trade made greater preparation for the wants of our customers than ever before. We first call attention to our list of Fertilizers for this fall, and ask special attention to the different kinds given below. We are agents for the

"ALTA"

L. & R. Ammoniated Soluble Phosphate,

Pure Dissolved Raw Bone,

Pure Dissolved Bone Ash,

The Celebrated Star Bone,

PIEDMONT,

COE'S PHOSPHATE,

Whalton Whann & Co.'s Phosphate,

Ross & Cos. Raw Bone,

ALSO

CHEMICALS FOR FERTILIZERS.

We also invite special attention to the Popular Hagerstown

Grain, Seed & Fertilizer Drill,

known as the Keller or Best. Its fertilizer attachment cannot be excelled by any in the market. We have also the McSherry and Triumph. Call and examine our Drills before buying.

Your attention is also called to the celebrated

Adamant Plow,

which is made of hard metal and has the Patent Reversible Slip Point, and Adjustable Beam. We have sold them during the past twelve months with great success. Also a full line of other Plows, Plow Castings, Harrows, etc. The Improved Montgomery Wheat Fan, Corn Shellers of all kinds, Cider Mills, Farm Wagons and Carts Carriage, Cart and Wagon Harness, Cucumber Pumps, &c. A complete assortment of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, Rims, Spokes, Hubs, Shafts, Iron, Steel, &c.

Sportsmen's outfit, Breech Loading and Muzzle Loading Guns, Shot Powder, Wads, Caps, &c, and many other things too numerous to mention. We respectfully solicit you to call and examine our complete stock before buying, as we are confident we can suit you both in goods and price. Thanking you for past patronage, we intend to merit a continuance of the same.

Shannahan & Wrightson.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We call the attention of the farming community who have used with such success for the last three years our Fertilizer called the

"ALTA"

Superphosphate and Chemical Compound, there is very similar in name another article offered by Mr. Upshur Lloyd who is soliciting orders for another manufacturer in Baltimore, which is

Not at All the Same Article;

And our friends who want the

'Alta'

manufactured by

LORENTZ & RITTLER,

should be careful not to be misled in regard to the same.

Our authorized agents in Easton are

Messrs. Shannahan & Wrightson.

LORENTZ & RITTLER,

sep3-1m Baltimore, Md.

The World's Standard.

FAIRBANKS

SCALES.

FOR SALE ALSO,

PATENT ALARM MONEY DRAWERS,

Coffee Mills, Spice Mills, and Store Fixtures Generally.

THE IMPROVED TYPE WRITER.

OSCILLATING PUMP CO'S PUMPS.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

FAIRBANKS & Co.

311 Broadway, New York,

17 Light Street, Baltimore.

For Sale by Leading Hardware Dealers.

sep3-4m

Pickles, Pickles!

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

John M. Mason.

PENINSULA

Agricultural & Pomological

ASSOCIATION.

ANNUAL FAIR

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

October 2d, 3d & 4th, 1878.

Premiums, $5,000.

The Association in announcing their Fifth Annual Exhibition, to be held as above, feel confident that it will prove to be the largest, best and most agreeable that they have yet given.

The good order and decorum that have characterized our previous exhibitions will be strictly maintained, the Premiums will be impartially awarded, and every effort will be made to give pleasure and satisfaction to all who attend.

EXCURSION TICKETS

Will be issued by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, admitting to the Grounds, which, to be good for the return trip, must be punched by the Gate Keeper.

Excursion Tickets will also be issued by all Railroads connected with the Delaware R. R.

The P. W. & B. R. R. will charge regular rates of freight to Middletown upon all articles and Stock for the Exhibition, and return them Free.

Exhibitors will please apply to Agents of the Delaware Railroad for rates.

Machinery hauled to and from the depot free of charge.

The Grounds will be open Tuesday, October 1st, for the reception of articles and Stock for the Exhibition.

Ladies, Agriculturists, Pomologists, Horticulturists, Poulterers, Graziers, Inventors and Mechanics are cordially invited to become Exhibitors.

Books are now open and information will be cheerfully given.

The Grand Stand has been rebuilt in a substantial manner, enlarged and placed in an improved position.

One of the very best half mile tracks in the country.

Trials of Speed each day, under the rules of the National Trotting Association, as follows:

FIRST DAY.

Colts, 4 years and under	Premium, $100
3:30 Class	" 150
2:45 "	" 200

SECOND DAY.

Owners to drive	Premium, $150
2:50 Class	" 200
2:35 "	" 350

THIRD DAY.

3:00 Class	Premium, $150
2:40 "	" 250
2:28 "	" 500

Box Stalls for Track Horses. Hay and Straw free. Grain can be bought on the Grounds for reasonable prices.

Ample arrangements have been made for the comfort of Stock, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, etc., etc

First-class Dining and Refreshment Saloons

A BAND OF MUSIC

Will be Present During the Fair!

Admission to the Grounds	50 cts.
Season Tickets	$1 00
Children under 12 years	half price
Admission to the Grand Stand	25 cts.
Grand Stand and Quarter Stand	50 "
Saddle Horse	25 "
Carriage	25 "

W. R. COOHRAN, Pres.

J. B. NAUDAIN, Secy.

sep17-2t

TO PREVENT

Yellow Fever,

TAKE

It Saved the People of Savannah, Ga., who used it during the Terrible Epidemic of 1876.

Messrs. J. H. Zeilin & Co.,

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, Engineers on the Georgia Central Railroad in grateful obligation for the benefits we received from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator during the Yellow Fever Epidemic in Savannah, Georgia, in the Summer and Fall of 1876, desire to make the following statement: That during the aforesaid Epidemic, we used the medicine known as Simmons Liver Regulator prepared by J. H. Zeilin & Co., and though exposed to the worst miasmatic influences of the Yellow Fever by going to and coming out of Savannah at different hours of the night, and also in spending entire nights in the city during the prevalence of this most fatal epidemic, with but the single exception of one of us, who was taken sick, but speedily recovered, we continued in our usual good health a circumstance we can account for in no other way but by the effect upon our systems, of the habitual and continued use of Simmons Liver Regulator while we were exposed to this Yellow Fever miasma.

Respectfully Yours,

C. B. Patterson, James L. Mallette,

John R. Collins, Milton F. Cooper.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for the Liver and Stomach, Diseases of the Liver, Head, "Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work." Wm. Andrews, Baltimore. "I can recommend Sellers' Liver Pills. They have proved invaluable in my family." Geo. Adams, Druggist, Baltimore. "Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers." S. F. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Henry L. Goldsborough, Agents, Easton

J. L. WOODCOCK

(*Late of the American Watch Factory.*)

Now established in Easton, Md., Washington street, opposite the Court House,

MODERN WATCH MAKER,

Gold & Silver Watches,

Jewelry of Every Description,

Silver and Plated Ware, Clocks, Spectacles and Eye Glasses to suit all ages. Repairing of Fine & Complicated Watches attended to with accuracy.

Good Work at Low Charges.

Call and see him. Don't fail if you wish satisfaction.

sep10

Select Poetry.

EVERY MAN'S DUTY.

The false that say select the plow
That cuts the deepest furrow;
That man is only all a man
Whose work is clean and thorough;
And the false that weep for the harvest-sweep
Are choose the keenest sickle;
That man is only half a man
Whose course is weak and fickle.

They err who deem life's busy stream
But meant for craft of power;
No honest work's so cheap and mean
But hath it's solemn hour;
For the lowly poor in walks obscure
Have still their human duty,
As well as those whose statlier ways
Move on in light and beauty.

Do well your work, as porter, clerk,
Longshoreman, groom or carter—
The crowns of toil are won as oft
In sweat of brow as barter;
Blunt duty takes all sorts of tracks—
Broad, narrow, dry or muddy;
As much of conscience may be thrown
In workshop as in study.

Work without fawns the custom draws
From hands that err and blunder;
The chiefest cause for making laws
'Gainst false pretense and blunder,
Springs out of Sloth and Folly, both
With naught but scorn before them.
All honest wages scorn unless
You give good labor for them.

The toil you use in pegging shoes,
Or wielding pick and shovel,
As much as that of pen and brain,
May glorify a hovel.
And mean and base to all his race,
To allen and to neighbor,
Is he who in his heart denies
The dignity of labor.

Then, though you toil above the soil,
Or underneath it burrow
In mines and tunnels, always let
Your work be clean and thorough.
Humanity's a Family Tree,
Requiring honest duty
Of little twigs as well as boughs
That wive in strength and beauty.

Select Story.

A Wife's Confession.

I DID not marry for love. Very few do so. In this respect I am neither better nor worse. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married our Rector, Mr. Cartwright, simply because he asked me.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not a devoted wife, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

One morning about that time he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but, though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance and asked carelessly, when he would start.

He replied, the next day, if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him. As the train moved off I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty, and there was no one to meet me. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master; at last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings, and liked me to sit and work, and now I remembered how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing room and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

It was full of little remembrances of me, and everything I looked at reminded me of his goodness to me, and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself into a restless sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day. My plate for the first time since my marriage was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning; frequently I forgot all about it and left it to be put into water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully, if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself, and go and visit some of the poor people of the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story, and held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened, with burning cheeks, I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude and I was the very person whom he had most loved and cherished.

When Maud arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mother-in-laws in general, and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"In fact, Nelly," said Maud, "I believe you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother, and you are making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day, so cheer up and let us go for a drive," said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out, now that I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous, and that I was in love as she called it.

The next morning I got up early and walked out to meet the postman so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I had ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for, or so pleased with her first love-letter, as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which sent me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches. I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool, and with no allusion to my misery.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one morning, and went into Maud's room early in the morning to tell her of my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong for she seemed glad to hear it, and helped me to pack a few things and get off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we reached Melton, a large town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a carriage to Mr. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learnt afterwards that Andrew was in the little drawing room with his mother when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped to another room so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side was some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I had handed to my servants to mend, and which I longed to snatch from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me, which he had been writing, lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name, so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

"My dear Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look! What is it?" she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking down on a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few moments with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once, if I took it. I complied, and she went to fetch him. In another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling, what is it?" he cried, as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly.

For some moments I could not speak; at last I recovered myself enough to sob out:

"Oh, Andrew, my love! my dear love! can you ever forgive me? I came to ask you, and to tell you I cannot live without you."

I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth; and when at length he let me go, there were other tears upon my cheeks besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of all my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing until dinner time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears, and I had learnt from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love. He had judged right. He was too generous to tell how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I know it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth.

A Captain's Sad Story.

THE PECULIAR MANNER IN WHICH HE LOST HIS WIFE AND FOUR CHILDREN.

The schooner Robert Newell belongs to one of the Egg Harbor ports, on the Jersey coast, and has been trading in the inland waters of North Carolina, bringing naval stores to Wilmington and Newbern from the landings in Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. She is owned by her master, whose name she bears. She cast anchor at the foot of South Street a few days ago and presently her yawl boat came ashore, manned by the captain and one man, and bringing, in addition to the living, five dead bodies. They were those of the wife, two sons and two baby daughters of the captain, all of whom had died under circumstances so peculiar that added interest is given thereby to a tragic event. Perhaps the captain's story, told in his own way, most nearly expresses the rough eloquence of his grief, which no written version could do more than approximate. When he landed, the bodies, contained in four coffins, were placed in a wagon to be carried to the depot for shipment to the desolate home near Egg Harbor. This sad duty having been attended to, Capt Newell told his story: "I sailed for the North Carolina coast last fall and tarried in oysters for a spell, running into Norfolk and York River, and going to Baltimore once. I took my two sons with me, Joseph, him that lays thar in that box, he was 16, as a hand, and Frank, who was 11, as cook. In February my wife came down with the twins and met me in Norfolk, and I had a stateroom built in the cabin, and then I went down to Wilmington, where I had a charter to carry eighteen thousand feet of lumber to Newbern and ten thousand barrels of pitch to Wilmington. On the 3d of June I got a freight to Baltimore, and passed into the Chesapeake on the 10th. It blew pretty stiff and I came to anchor on Frying Pan Shoals. The twins, Fannie and Julie, 4 years old, within a week were a playin' on top of the afterhouse. I was forward, a payin' out cable, and helpin' to stow the big, when I heerd a scream from mother. I went rushin' aft. There was the two little ones a goin' down and floatin' out with the tide. The boat was on the davits, swung inboard, and there was no chance to get her out, so Joe and I went overboard at the same minute. But we were too late. The little ones were gone. We had hard work getting back to the schooner, but we did, and then we got out the boat, and the next morning we found the bodies of them both, one in the wreck of a bark on the Virginia shore and the other on the beach.

"I had them buried at Hampton, near Fortress Monroe, and then went to Baltimore. One day during the next week Frank was helping Joe to send a new throat halyard block aloft. The block got loose from the boy's hand and it struck Frank fair on the head, fracturing the skull. He died on the 18th. Then mother and Joe both got the typhoid and died, one on the 20th, and the other 21st. You see there was five inside of two weeks. I went to Hampton and got the two babies. I took the other three with me and I've just got here to-day. Yes, sir, it is pretty rough. There was six of us, but I'm all that's left. I'm going to bury them all down home. I live not far from Leeds' Landing and have a little house and a few acres there." The afternoon train bore the bereaved coasting captain's sad burthen to its last resting place, where the interment will probably take place to-day. "I wanted to bring 'em back, don't you see?" he said. "My oldest child has a little grave down there. I'll put them altogether."

A hungry man sees far.

Minnesota has 7,000 lakes.

Blessed are the peas-makers.

Out of season—An empty pepper-box.

Busy-bodies never have anything to do.

A slothful man is a beggar's brother.

Better go round than to fall into the ditch.

She looks not before finds himself behind.

Riches are but the baggage of misfortune.

The Colossus of Rhodes—The Union Pacific.

A standard work—History of the American flag.

Fretting is a sort of religious swearing at troubles.

The most popular ring of the country—The circus.

To make a monkey wrench, feed him on the first green apples.

Women have the smallest heads, but can do the most mischief.

Jim Fisk's father is preaching and sells bibles and lightning-rods.

The mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

A Cairo, Ill., girl can find no one who is able to beat her at a game of checkers.

When you direct a letter to your girl never use a clean blotter to dry the ink.

The ceremony was over and we were whirled away to the depot, where we procured a coupe to ourselves, and when the train moved off my darling's arm was lovingly around my waist, and I was as happy as any silly little bride of a few hours could be.

"Swindon! Swindon! Stop here five minutes."

I was far too comfortable to care to get out. Besides, Fred said he would bring me something from the refreshment rooms. He would insist on my taking some sherry to keep me cold out. The five minutes caused by the continual ringing of the vendor of vile commodities had nearly expired. I had put my lips to the sherry, which Fred fetched, to get the aromatic, as the silly fellow said, which my lips had left in the glass. He had restored the article to its proper place and owner, and was just stepping into the carriage, when he suddenly turned, exclaiming:

"By Jove, I've left my—"

The words died in the distance. I saw the brass-colored door swing on him as he passed through into the refreshment rooms. I cursed nearly aloud then, for I hated his being out of my sight a moment. Would he never come?

A station bell rang violently. Several guards and porters shouted violently, "Any more going on?" The engine shrieked and moved. I started up, breathless almost, by reason of the rugs securely fully folded round me. I pushed past the passengers in the other coupe in the most unceremonious manner. I put my head out of the window. We are moving swiftly away now. The last advertisement board had vanished behind us, and all I saw was my darling Fred, now far away in the distance, frantically gesticulating in the midst of a knot of porters, and, I am afraid, swearing terribly. My fellow passengers tried to console me, but I turned a deaf and ungracious ear to their consolations, and got back to my corner, pulled to the coupe door, and burying my head in the plush window-curtain, let society regard less of my new bonnet, cried copiously in my misery.

What was I to do? Should I go to Paddington and wait Fred's arrival at the hotel we had fixed upon? I could not. How could I meet the waiters and chamber-maids, a bride without a bridegroom? Should I wait at the Paddington terminus? Should I get out at the next station and take the first down train back to Swindon? Should I? Oh, what should I do, with all the luggage looking so terribly new and fresh, and myself, in my smart, new things, an unmistakable case of bride? And by this time my gloves were quite spoilt by the tears that were flowing recklessly and liberally down my wobegone cheeks.

What would Fred do? If he went to telegraph to the hotel to meet me on my supposed arrival, what would the people at the hotel think? But perhaps he would send a messenger to Didcot to catch me there. The possibility cheered me considerably. So I dried my tears, smoothed my disordered hair, plumped my bonnet into its pristine shape, blew my nose, and sat bolt upright in readiness for Didcot; for by this time we were visibly slackening speed. I let down the windows, for two reasons—in hopes that the fresh air would blow away the traces of my tears; and in order to be perfectly prepared to jump out on the welcome platform, which I felt sure would restore my husband to me. Before the train had come to a standstill I had beckoned a porter to me, and as he ran along the still moving train, I managed to gasp out, in a voice indistinct with excitement:

"Has a dispatch come for me?"

The man looked aghast.

"Has a dispatch come for me?" I repeated, impatiently.

"What name, miss?"

To be called "miss" too! Before, however, I could answer him, I heard a loud voice, a few carriages from mine, asking:

"Is there any lady named Douglas?"

I could hardly restrain myself from jumping out of the carriage. He came nearer, asking as he came. I leaned out, and, as the man stood opposite me, almost snatched what I rightly guessed to be a dispatch out of his hands.

"Yes," I answered, explaining, "my name is Douglas. Open the door, please, and take out my things."

Little fool that I was! Why did I not carefully read the dispatch first? I only glanced at the commencement of the message: "Am coming by the next train" Whose name she bears. She cast anchor at the foot of South Street a few days ago and presently her yawl boat came ashore, manned by the captain and one man, and bringing, in addition to the living, five dead bodies. They were those of the wife, two sons and two baby daughters of the captain, all of whom had died under circumstances so peculiar that added interest is given thereby to a tragic event. Perhaps the captain's story, told in his own way, most nearly expresses the rough eloquence of his grief, which no written version could do more than approximate. When he landed, the bodies, contained in four coffins, were placed in a wagon to be carried to the depot for shipment to the desolate home near Egg Harbor. This sad duty having been attended to, Capt Newell told his story: "I sailed for the North Carolina coast last fall and tarried in oysters for a spell, running into Norfolk and York River, and going to Baltimore once. I took my two sons with me, Joseph, him that lays thar in that box, he was 16, as a hand, and Frank, who was 11, as cook. In February my wife came down with the twins and met me in Norfolk, and I had a stateroom built in the cabin, and then I went down to Wilmington, where I had a charter to carry eighteen thousand feet of lumber to Newbern and ten thousand barrels of pitch to Wilmington. On the 3d of June I got a freight to Baltimore, and passed into the Chesapeake on the 10th. It blew pretty stiff and I came to anchor on Frying Pan Shoals. The twins, Fannie and Julie, 4 years old, within a week were a playin' on top of the afterhouse. I was forward, a payin' out cable, and helpin' to stow the big, when I heerd a scream from mother. I went rushin' aft. There was the two little ones a goin' down and floatin' out with the tide. The boat was on the davits, swung inboard, and there was no chance to get her out, so Joe and I went overboard at the same minute. But we were too late. The little ones were gone. We had hard work getting back to the schooner, but we did, and then we got out the boat, and the next morning we found the bodies of them both, one in the wreck of a bark on the Virginia shore and the other on the beach.

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