The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1878. VOL. XIV.—NO. 15

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY 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 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.

TRADE OF ADVERTISING.

One square—8 lines—first 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 off, 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.

EVENING LINE BETWEEN BALTIMORE, AND EASTON, OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE AND CHOPTANK RIVER LANDING.

On and after Saturday, March 30, 1878, the steamers HIGHLAND LIGHT and KENT will leave pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, at 9 P. M. daily [except Sunday] for Easton, Double Mills, Goldsborough's Wharf, Oxford, Clara's Point, Wallace's, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Jamaica Point, Secretary Creek, and Medford's wharf, extending Monday, Wednesday and Friday trip to Denton, stopping at Dover Bridge, Kingston, Dover Bridge, Kingston, Slipin' Point, Towers, and Potter's Landing.

For Baltimore, steamer leaves Denton at 12 M. on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, and leaves daily [except Saturday] Kennedy's Wharf at 3, Cambridge at 7 and Easton at 9 A. M. (making all intermediate landings,) arriving in Baltimore at 4 A. M.

FOR MILES RIVER FERRY.

The Steamer CHAMPION will leave same pier every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock for St. Michael's Miles River Ferry (Easton); returning same day, leaving Miles River Ferry at 12 noon and stopping at Annapolis both ways. Fare $1.

Freight and Passengers taken for all points on the Choptank and Tuckahoe, and Delaware & Chesapeake railroads.

HOWARD D. ENSIGN, President,
oct5 Office 36 Light street, Balti more.

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., Claibourne 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.

R. S. DODSON, Proprietor.
St. Michaels, Sep. 7, 1878.

Delaware & Chesapeake

RAILWAY.

Fall and Winter Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, Sept. 2d, 1878, trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.
Easton, Leave,	7 00 AM
Woodland,	7 45
Cordova,	7 55
Hillsboro,	8 10
Ridgely,	8 25
Greensboro,	8 45
Goldsboro,	8 55
Henderson,	9 05
Marydel,	9 25
Slaughters,	9 40
Kenton,	9 55
Clayton, Arrive,	10 10
Wilmington,	12 10 PM
Philadelphia,	1 45
Baltimore,	3 55
New York,	5 10

GOING SOUTH.

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

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.

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 Warehouse, 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 is same room with R. B. Dixon on Dover street, Easton.

may8,77

New Horse Market!

Fred. Dittmar,

S. E. Cor. Broad & Callowhill Sts.,

Has always on hand a large number of Horses, Brood Mares, &c suitable for Light and Heavy work both for Town and Farm use.

My stock is warranted as represented.

Horses from $20 to $125 on hand.

A fine lot of wagons, also a full line of Harness.

My prices are lower than any other mart in the business.

Philadelphia, Jan. 8, 1878.yr

Mules for Sale.

JOHN C GALE, EASTON has a number of fine Mules for Sale. He always has on hand several

HORSES FOR SALE.

March 13,77-yr

SAM'L MULLIKIN,

House, Sign and Ornamental

PAINTER,

Easton, Md.,

Offers his services to all wanting first class or cheap work done in his line.

je 18-3m

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

Fresh invoice just received. Oranges 2 cts per dozen.

G. W. MINICK

Harper's Magazine.

1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

Harper's Magazine is the American Magazine alike in literature and in art.—Boston Traveller.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—N. Y. Observer.

It is an excellent companion for the young, a delight to the mature, a solace for declining age.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No other Monthly in the world can show so brilliant a list of contributors; nor does any furnish its readers with so great a variety and so superior a quality of literature.—Boston Watchman.

The volumes of the Magazine begin with the numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the current number.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine one year,	$4 00
Harper's Weekly, "	4 00
Harper's Bazar, "	4 00
The three publications, one year,	10 00
Any two, one year,	7 00
Six subscriptions, one year,	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

A complete set of Harper's Magazine, now comprising 57 volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for $2 25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid $2.00. Cloth cases, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

Harper's Weekly.

1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

The weekly remains easily at the head of illustrated papers by its fine literary quality, the beauty of its type and woodcuts.—Springfield Republican.

Its pictorial attractions are superb, and embrace every variety of subject and of artistic treatment.—Zion's Herald, Boston.

The Weekly is a potent agency for the dissemination of correct political principles, and a powerful opponent of schemes, frauds, and false pretenses.—Evening Express, Rochester.

The volumes of the Weekly begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the number next after the receipt of his order.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, one year,	$4 00
Harper's Weekly, "	4 00
Harper's Bazar, "	4 00
The three publications, one year,	10 00
Any two, one year,	7 00
Six subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The annual volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent free of expense provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume, for $7 00 each. A complete set, comprising Twenty-two volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of $5 25 per volume, freight at expense of purchaser.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1 00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

Harper's Bazar.

1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

To dress according to Harper's Bazar will be the aim and ambition of the women of America.—Boston Transcript.

As a faithful chronicle of fashion, and a newspaper of domestic and social character, it ranks without a rival.—Brooklyn Eagle.

This paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords, and has become an established authority with the ladies.—N. Y. Evening Post.

The volumes of the Bazar begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the number next after the receipt of his order.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, one year,	$4 00
Harper's Weekly, "	4 00
Harper's Bazar, "	4 00
The three publications, one year,	10 00
Any two, one year,	7 00
Six subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The annual volumes of Harper's Bazar, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume, for $7 00 each. A complete set, comprising Eleven volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of $5 25 per volume, freight at expense of purchaser.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1 00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address Harper & Brothers, New York

EX-SOLDIERS

ATTENTION.

Pensions procured for soldiers of the late war, disabled in any way by wounds, rupture, disease of any kind, or by accidental injuries.

PENSIONS INCREASED.

A large number of those now receiving pensions are entitled to an Increase under late laws. All soldiers discharged for Wounds, Rupture, or Disease in any way, entitled to Full pension. All business done by correspondence, same as if you were personally present. Where the soldier is dead the widow and heirs are entitled. All soldiers and their widows of the war of 1812 are now entitled to a pension.

I also procure Patents for inventors. Every soldier who now this notice, should send me his address on a Postal card and receive in return a Sample Copy Free, containing information about Pensions and Bounties. Address

"NATIONAL CITIZEN SOLDIER," Washington, D. C.

a paper published at the National Capital, giving all the late information about Pension and bounty and Land, to all soldiers and their heirs. Correspondence solicited from all. Address with stamp,

N. Y. FITZGERALD,
G. P. Claim Attorney,
Box 501, Washington, D. C.

nov19 ly

Wanted—

To buy Oats and Corn.

C. H. T. Hubbard.

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 Suits of Cheviot,

ENGLISH AND DOMESTIC,

In All Colors and Designs.

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

Sep24,78

HEADACHE NEURALGIA PILLS

"Dr. C. W. Benson, a practicing physician, at 106 N. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., who has paid much attention to nervous diseases, has discovered that Extract of Celery and Chamomile combined in a certain proportion invariably cures either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry. Benson's Pills are now offered by druggists everywhere, or they will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, 25 cts. per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—*Epis. Meth.*

BALTIMORE, July 27, 1876.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have cured my wife of dyspepsia of long standing, so that she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I have recommended them to many persons, who have used them with the same result. I have prescribed them in my practice with the best results. Yours truly, W. H. SCHLICHTER, M. D.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. a box. Mailed free to any address.

Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills

Office No. 106 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore. novlyr

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. LITHICUM.

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 $15.00 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.

Notice,

The public are hereby informed that I have secured the stables belonging to the Brick hotel, and will continue to feed and attend to horses as heretofore. Office at the old stand. Thankful for past favors, I hope to continue to receive the public patronage. All may rely on their horses being properly fed and watered as heretofore. F. G. WRIGHT.

oct26tf

Freights Reduced

ON

Wye, Miles and Choptank Rivers,

By the Schooner DEXTER, Capt Greenbury Marshall, and the "Shooter" WILLIAM HAYWARD Capt. Nicholas G. Marshall.

These boats will run as many points on above rivers, for the accommodation of farmers. Rates reduced to 4 cents per bushel.

sep10 G. MARSHALL.

CROQUET,

Base Balls & Bats.

Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Base Ball goods, better and cheaper than ever before offered in this market.

G. W. MINICK,
Opposite the bank.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

SIMMONS' LIVER DISEASE and Indigestion prevail to a greater extent than probably any other malady, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the Liver is Regulated in its action health is almost invariably secured. Indigestion or want of action in the Liver causes Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits &c &c, and a hundred other symptoms. Simmons Liver Regulator is the best remedy that has ever been discovered for these ailments. It acts mildly, effectually, and being a simple vegetable compound can do no injury in any quantities that it may be taken. It is harmless in every way; it has been used for forty years, and hundreds from all parts of the country will vouch for its virtues, viz: Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Bishop Pierce of Georgia; John Gill Shorter, of Alabama; Gen. John B. Gordon, R. I. Mott, of Columbus, Ga., are among the hundreds to whom we can refer. Extract from a letter from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens dated March 8, 1872: "I occasionally use when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect. It is mild, and suits me better than more active medicine."

REGULATOR. It is not the quantity eaten that gives strength, life, blood, and health. It is the thorough digestion of the food taken let it be much or little. Therefore, do not stimulate up the stomach to crave food, but rather assist digestion after eating by taking

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

OR, GINA AND ONLY GENUINE,

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRICE, $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

have stood for 30 years the Standard remedy for the cure of Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver. Sellers' Liver Pills cured me of Liver Complaint, which compelled me to quit work.—Wm. Ludwig, Baltimore. I owe my present health to Sellers' Liver Pills. They have saved hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills.—Thos. Adams, Big Spring, Kentucky. Price 25c. a box. Sold by all Druggists and country storekeepers. R. F. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Henry & Goldsborough, Agents, Easton.

FLAGG'S

LIVER

And Stomach

PAD.

This greatly improved PAD (and the only one for which a patent has been granted), on account of its Superiority of construction, is rapidly gaining ascendancy over all others for the Prevention and Cure of Chills and all Malarial Fevers, Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Kidney Affections and all complaints resulting from a disordered Stomach and Liver or Malarial Poison in the Blood. It is greatly admired, from the fact that it requires no "Pounding Up" or "Pinching Process" [?] to make it fit as do other "Pads." Its peculiar construction combining science and mechanism, makes it always sort and the wearing a luxury, while its strength may be increased tenfold by adding the fluid "ANTI-MALARIA," thereby making absolute cures where other Pads have failed, or the money will be refunded.

Price of Full-Sized Pad only $2, including a six-ounce bottle "Anti-Malaria."

DR. E. HARWOOD FLAGG,
(Proprietor and Manufacturer).
39 N. Liberty Street, Baltimore.

To whom all orders should be addressed.

☞ Sold by druggists generally. If your druggist has none on hand, ask him to send and get it for you.

Sent free of charge to any part of the country upon receipt of price, viz. $2.

Use none but Flagg's "Patent Pad." All others are greatly inferior. Both Pads, the old and new, can always be seen side by side at Dr. Flagg's office.

"Take your Choice."

BEST business for men engaging in it. $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

Salt Fish for Sale.

All kinds, at the Provision Store of J. H. Shepherd, on Dover street.

Ratt'n Rocking Chairs.

Handsome and Light,

Durable and Cheap

Just received and for sale by John Thomas.

Children's Carriages.

A fine assortment,

And very cheap

Just received and for sale by John Thomas.

Select Poetry.

PADDY DUNBAR.

BY A STUDENT WHO ATTENDED THE MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL IN 1878.

Only! Paddy Dunbar to come out of the West,
Small breakfast, office his brogue was the best;
And, save his shillelah, he weapons had none,
He walked by himself, when he walked all alone,
So daring in love, and so spunky in war,
Oh, a broth of a boy, now, was Paddy Dunbar.

He carried up brick, and he carried up stone,
And he carried up mortar when brick there was none;
But 'twas he had rattled at Mulbrooney's gate,
The bride had contented, poor Paddy came late;
And a fresh weather sailor, as ever smelt tar,
Was to wed the swate Norah of Paddy Dunbar.

So boldly he marched into Mulbrooney's hall,
Amongst mothers, and brothers, and cousins, and all;
Then spake cold Mulbrooney his fist in his hand,
While the spalpeen of a bridegroom quite speechless did stand:
"Oph, come ye in peace or come ye in war,
Or to jig at our wedding, ye stupid Dunbar!"

When I first courted Norah ye thought me too bould,
Love warms us loike toody, but sooner grows could;
And now I am come without malice or spleen,
To jig at your wedding, and smoke my dhudeen;
There are girls in St. Giles more pretty by far,
Would gladly be married to Paddy Dunbar."

The bride filled a noggin, young Pat took it up,
He tip'd off the whiskey, then threw down the cup,
She looked down to sneeze, then looked up so slyly,
Did a pipe in her mouth, and a patch on her eye;
He took her red hand, ere her mother could bar,
"Here goes for a jig, now," says Paddy Dunbar.

So large was his form and so red was his face,
That niver a ball such a couple could grace;
While the mother did fret and the father did fume
And the bridegroom lay drunk at the end of the room,
And the bride, gossips whispered, 'twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with Paddy Dunbar.

One wink of the eye and one word in the ear,
When they reached the street door and found the coast clear;
Up light to his shoulder, swate Norah he flings
So swift over the gutter before him he springs;
"We are gone, she is mine over post, rail, and bar,
They'll have long legs that catch us," said Paddy Dunbar.

There was rushing and growling in Mulbrooney's clan,
The Murphys and Donovans up and they ran;
There was riding and chasing a regular spree,
But the flittant Norah no more did they see;
So daring in love and so spunky in war,
Oh, a broth of a boy, now, was Paddy Dunbar.

Select Story.

A WELL WON PRIZE.

"I must all go? Can nothing be saved?" querulously questioned Mrs. Arthur, her hands listlessly folded across her lap, her air betokening utter helplessness, as she looked pitifully toward the beautiful girl whom she addressed.

"Nothing, mamma!" answered the latter, drawing nearer as she spoke, and kneeling by the other's side, while she laid her fingers caressingly upon her mother's pale cheek—"only each other, but papa's death has taught us how much that is. Don't worry, dearest. I hope that the sale will enable us to buy furniture more suitable to the rooms which for a time must be our future home, until I can secure some pupils and get the home in the country where you are to live, surrounded by birds and flowers, and forget that the red flag ever waved from your door.

They were brave words, bravely spoken; so bravely as not to betray the effort they cost the speaker.

Six months before and Irene Arthur had reigned a belle in her father's magnificent home, when like a thunderbolt from a clear summer sky, came that father's death and failure in quick succession, with the lessons experience only teaches of friends deserting in the hour of need—little by little learning the necessity of standing alone, and seeing hope drifting further and further in the distance, until the present with its absolute emergencies roused her to action.

The small head, set regally upon the slight, sloping shoulders, held itself more regally still; the red lips were pressed more proudly together, as Irene buckled on her armor for the fray.

The hardest part was over now. Her mother had been told of the worst which could befall them. She must now take her from this spot hallowed by memory, before the desecrating foot of strangers entered it.

A few days search, and she was rewarded by finding, in a quiet house, a suit of rooms which met at once her purse and requirements, in sad contrast to the elegant luxuriance with which she had been surrounded her life long, but where, at least, her mother was saved the sight of the red flag which seemed to her to be dyed in her heart's blood.

"Is there nothing you would wish to save, Miss Arthur?" questioned a voice at her side, the morning of the sale.

She turned haughtily toward the stranger, but something in the clear blue eyes bent upon her witnessed the words held honest meaning.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she answered, unable to disguise wholly the pride these latter days had developed so forcibly. "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"It is for me to beg pardon. I forgot. I might not be known to you personally though I am the auctioneer appointed by the estate. Your father once did me a great kindness, Miss Arthur, and though I would not seem intrusive, I would like very much to preserve any article you may desire."

"With many thanks, sir, I desire to receive no favors," she replied, coldly, and passed on to take one fleeting look at the place she must now learn to call home, to be haunted all day by the sound of the auctioneer's hammer and the voice of strangers—executing the sale.

But when, in the evening a cart stopped before the door, and one by one, articles hallowed by association—her father's chair, her own desk, her mother's favorite pictures—came from it, the feelings so long repressed gave way to a burst of tears.

"Who had done this thing? For one moment the honest blue eyes which met her own that day rose before her. But no! such delicacy belonged not to their owner's sale of life. Nor was it a stranger's work. Some one must have known her well to have selected the few things it had been possible to place with them.

They were indeed like old friends sent to comfort her, as in the weary days that followed, her tired eyes would rest upon them in her bitter struggles for the daily necessities of life for herself—the luxuries which to her mother had become necessities.

Business had thrown her more than once with Earl Kenneth, the owner of the blue eyes. There had been matters connected with the sale which had compelled her to meet him, until he grew to her almost as a friend; and at times she would forget the social gulf which separated them—she a once wealthy banker's daughter, he a man who had risen from the humblest ranks, but whose soul was that of a nobleman.

The friends she had once known she no longer knew. They rode; she walked, and must stand on the curb to let their carriages drift by.

Earl's cheery voice and pleasant smile, her mother, too, grew to welcome, with the few choice flowers, or the early fruit, he ever laid so quietly in Mrs. Authur's hand growing daily paler and thinner.

But one evening, as he sat by Irene's side alone, very calmly, very truly, yet with a certain humbleness, he told her that he loved her, and asked her to become his wife.

"I cannot bear to see you struggle," he said. "Once as you well know, I could not have asked you to become my wife; and though I have not forgotten, dear, that I am a man who has only honor and ambition, I yet can take you from this life of toil, can shield you with my breast, can toil for you and yours, if you will but give me the precious assurance I seek.

Was the man mad? The pride she had forgotten in these quiet months now surged upward, as she turned toward him with pale face and sparkling eyes.

"Sir, you insult me!"

"No man insults a woman with his honest love, Miss Authur," he answered, the pride in her's bearing its index on his face. "I loved you—nay, I love you! My love you spurn, I can never offer it again, Miss Irene; but remember—Should you ever need it, it is always yours, ready to do for you, to suffer for you, to die for you.

* * * * * * *

"Why does not Earl come?" questioned the invalid. "I want to see him—I miss him. Write to him and tell him he must call this evening.

She wrote, in obedience.

"Mamma asks for you. She knows nothing. If you will occasionally drop in to see her, I shall be glad."

It cost her pride a struggle to send even this, but was it possible it also brought a third of something like pleasure that she had to meet him once more?

The weeks had seemed strangely long without him. Why had she thus answered him? Of course the thing he had asked was impossible; but, ah, how cruelly she had spurned him!

Had he forgotten it? She had expected some trace of sorrow on that handsome brow; but when he entered in obedience to her summons, the old frank smile lit up his face, as devoting himself to the invalid, he spoke only to her when courtesy required.

Somehow, these weeks seemed to have improved him, too. He had acquired a polish; or was it only indifference, where love had reigned?

"Men easily forget," she thought, and with the thought she sighed.

The winter wore to an end, and slowly the invalid grew weaker and more weak.

The shock had been more than her nervous system could bear, and she sank under it day by day until the exertion of moving from her bed to her couch became too great, when, for the first time, the realization burst upon her daughter that she was soon to be left desolate indeed.

Earl, during these months, came and went as of old; but sometimes Irene asked herself if his words to her had not been a dream.

Not once did his eyes rest on her with the old look—not once did he hold for a single moment the little fingers with his own; and a sense of empty disappointment, none the less bitter because unacknowledged, brought many an unshed tear to dim for a moment the proud young eyes. But bitter sorrow was in store, as the invalid's rest approached more and more near, until the Angel of Death stooped and gathered her to his breast. Earl was there to the last, and as she lay so quietly on her pillows, they thought her spirit had already flown. She suddenly roused herself and laid her daughter's hand in his.

"Take her!" she said. "I give her to you."

Then her eyes closed forever.

"Do not mind it. She meant only as a brother, Irene," he said in comfort, days after, to the weeping girl, and poor Irene wondered why she could not accept it as such.

So the weary days merged into weeks, the weeks into months and the proud young spirit learned its own bitterness. She saw Earl rarely now—there were no longer the invalid's impatient demands upon his time. Some of the old friends had come forward in this second hour of suffering; but through all she missed him, and the thought that he had learned forgetfulness brought her no comfort.

"I am going away, Miss Irene," he said. "Will you bid me God-speed?"

The old pride struggled for mastery against the choking in the slender throat, but the words she strove to utter refused to come.

"I have been studying law during these years of hard work, and am now able to wait for the practice I hope will come. You will think of me sometimes, Miss Irene, and, if in trouble, remember the words I once said—That I stand always ready to act the part of a friend. Is even this asking too much?" he added, as her silence continued.

Had he then force enough to tell his words—the love he had said was here forever—or did its pale ghost lie buried too? But she must speak—she must not let him know.

"Good-bye!" she faltered; then, in spite of herself, the words she had thought locked in her heart burst from her: "Earl, do not go. I cannot bear it."

"Irene!" Where had his lay influence fled now? His face was pale, his which trembled in his grasp for calmness—"what matter it to you?"

"Everything," she exclaimed, as her pride lay with folded wings at her feet. "Or, if you must go, take me with you."

"Irene, do you know what your words mean—that I can take you only as my wife? My darling, my darling, is this true?"

But in answer she sprang into his open arms, dimly realizing that the color mantling her cheek was the answered red flag with which she announced the auction of herself to the highest bidder; but Earl, holding her close to his heart, will yield his prize nevermore.

Lace Curtains Made from Paper.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, dropping in upon me for a morning's call, "what an extravagant creature that young Mrs. Harman is! why, just as I was coming through the back yard I happened to glance up, and, I do declare, if there to all her kitchen windows didn't hang the most beautiful lace lambrequins I ever set my eyes on."

"Lace lambrequins at her kitchen windows! you must be mistaken."

"No, I am not, and if you don't believe it, just go and look for yourself."

I did so; and there, sure enough, were hung what happened to be elegant lace lambrequins.

"She'll ruin that husband of hers," continued Mrs. Brown. "I must say it makes me angry to see such doings. Mr. Brown is worth twice as much as her husband, and I never thought of having any but green paper curtains at any of my windows."

"Well," I remarked, "I think myself, it is a very extravagant move. Young persons, when starting in life, should be economical, I ever, and look out for a rainy day."

"Have you called," asked Mrs. Brown.

"No, but I should like to."

"Then supposin' you slip on your bonnit, and we'll step over. Those lambrequins have made me kind o' curious."

I assented, and in less than five minutes we stood at the door of a pretty cottage.

"Good morning, ladies," said Mrs. Harman, appearing at the door in a neat calico morning dress, "walk in," and she ushered us into a cool, shady room, whose windows were draped with curtains of white dotted muslin.

She was very social, and we fell at once into a pleasant chat. At last Mrs. Brown introduced the topic of domestic economy.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Harman, "I know something of economy. Harry and I are just starting in life, and I feel we ought to save in every way that we can, without infringing upon our real comfort. He wanted me to keep a girl, but I told him no; that I had much rather do my own work, and I had it very pleasant too. Through the hot weather I arise bright and early, and get all the baking and sweeping out of the way before breakfast; then I have plenty of leisure to sew. Yesterday I finished those curtains (pointing to the window.) I didn't think they would do so well. I made them out of a couple of old white dresses that I had thrown aside."

"You ought to have put your lace lambrequins in here," said Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Harman looked puzzled.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, them beautiful lace things you've got hanging up to your windows, I could'nt think of such extravagance in my house."

Mrs. Harman broke in a hearty laugh.

"Won't you step out and look at them?" she asked.

"Well, I never, if I ain't beat!" uttered the amazed Mrs. Brown as we surveyed them. For lo and behold, they were nothing but newspapers, cut and notched in imitation of lace pattern.

Mrs. H. kindly showed us how to fold the papers and cut them, so we both walked home and hung lace lambrequins at our kitchen windows. Try it.

How a Woman Tries on New Shoes.

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and pulls and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them again to take a last look and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, then takes another look, stops suddenly to smooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveying them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy! how loose they are!" looks at them again square in front, works her foot around to see how they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks at the heel, the toe, the bottom and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, kicks off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and never will do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again and finally says she will take them. It's a very simple matter, indeed.

Tennyson was paid, pretty liberally for his last poem, "Revenge," the proprietors of the *Nineteenth Century* givig him 300 guineas, which is at the rate of two and a half guineas a line; but that handsome payment has been surpassed in the United States, where Longfellow received from Robert Bonner, for "The Hanging of the Crane," $2000, which was at the rate of $4 a line. One wonders what Shakespeare and Milton would have said if they could have foreseen such princely pay to poets. They would have thought it more surprising than the wonders of the microscope.

They have some very smart business men in New Jersey. Some time since a young man was struck by lightning, in a field near Trenton, and when the people began to flock to the spot to look at the victim, they found a man standing by the corpse trying to sell lightning rods to the crowd.

A grating, but impressionable, editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend ——, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly an inch in circumference."

Hartford, Conn., is horrified at a proposition to start a Sunday paper.

What a tremendous boyhood old Methuselah had! He died at the rather advanced age of 969 years—about 900 years more than a fair average share of life. At this rate, when he was 100 years old he was about equal to an ordinary lad of 10. He was 30 or 40 before his parents bought him a rattle to play with, and he didn't have the measles and other infantile diseases until he was over 300. He was in no sort of a hurry about these things, as he had so far to go. We imagine that he was rather a delicate child to begin with, as most people seem who live to a great age. We can imagine his mother's anxiety with regard to his delicate constitution, telling Mrs. Brown across the way on his nineteenth birthday, that she was afraid she never would be able to raise that child." Generations of men lived and passed away while he was going around in petticoats; and he was almost a centenarian before he got his first boots. His father used to tick him when he was 150 for robbing a neighbor's watermelon patch.

Young Methuselah was probably in the vicinity of 100 years old when he was first sent to school. We can imagine him sitting on the low bench, learning the a-b-ab, among the great-great-grand-children of people who began life when he did.—He was mischievous, of course—all boys are, no matter what their age, (we experience a mild friskiness ourself occasionally,) and had to be punished for it.

"William Henry Methuselah, stand up!" says the teacher, catching him in the act of placing a bent pin in a seat where a schoolmate was about to sit down. "What do you mean by such conduct as this?"

Young Methuselah begins to sniffle and wipe his eyes with the corner of his jacket.

"One would think," continues the teacher, sternly, "that you wasn't over 75 or 80 years old by the way you behave. Instead of that, you have already celebrated your first centennial—almost a young man, in fact. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Then Methuselah is condemned, as an expiation, to "sit among the girls," until recess, and if you think that isn't an agreeable form of punishment, you will have to ask some one older than Methuselah.

Whenever a circus came to town, with "children half price" on its bills, young Methuselah must have experienced difficulty in making the ticket-seller understand that he was entitled to go on half-price ticket, particularly after he had got along toward his 200th year. But he probably did it. Boys are enterprising and persistent where a circus is concerned, and we will bet that Methuselah, in his youthful days, could accumulate as much old iron as the next boy, and lay it up for the coming show.

When this youngster got into his teens—say from 200 to 300 years old—he probably did as other young gentlemen of tender age do, went around with the girls. It must have been a little embarrassing to him, after beaning a young lady about a spell—taking her to concerts, parties, balls, etc.—to discover that she was great-great-grand-child of some old friend of his father, but these things were inevitable under the peculiar and exceptionable character of the circumstances. They could hardly be otherwise. There is no record to show that any woman lived in his time to an age that would compare with his. And if there had, the world would never have known it. At least, not from her. She wouldn't have acknowledged to anything over forty had she lived twice the age of Methuselah.—That is the kind of a hair-pin a woman is.

Employing the proportion of 21 to 70 to Methuselah's years, we find that he was a minor until he was 270 years old. If the law regarding minors were enforced in his day, young Methuselah must have been run out of billiard-rooms and shut out from bars for over two centuries. And what a sensation must have been created when he stepped up to deposit his first vote. Of course he voted for all the Presidents, from Washington (whom he remembers shaking hands with) down. All the old men did that. And when he got to be along in years, say 900 or such a matter, he could sit and tell the boys about the hard winter of '32, and the panic of '37, and the flood of '30, and the hard cider campaign of '40, and all that sort of thing. This is all we have to write at present of Methuselah, the original "old est inhabitant."

PLEASE DON'T!—The "one State of the Peninsula