The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879. VOL XIV.--NO. 32.

THE EASTON STAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, AT EASTON, MD.

A. K. JOHNSON, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:

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

The 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.

Job Work received will be promptly 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.

The New and Elegant Iron Steamer ENOCH PRATT, For Baltimore, Oxford, Cambridge, East New Market, Denton, &c.

The Maryland Steamboat Company's new and elegant Iron Steamer Enoch Pratt leaves Easton for Baltimore, at 3 P. M. every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, arriving in Baltimore at 4 A. M.

Returning, leaves Baltimore from Pier 3 Light street at 9 P. M. every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, arriving in Easton at 4 A. M., and continuing trip to Oxford, Cambridge, East New Market and intermediate landings to Medford's Wharf—extending Saturday trips to Denton.

Leaves Denton every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 P. M., and Cambridge at 5 P. M.

Fare to or from Baltimore 50 Cents.

Freight taken at low rates.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President, Office 98 Light street, Baltimore.

ROBERT B. DIXON, Agent at Easton.

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

For Baltimore from Miles River Ferry and St. Michaels.

The Maryland Steamboat Company's splendid Steamer PENUJA every TUESDAY and FRIDAY leaves St. Michaels at 11.30 A. M. and Miles River Ferry at 12.15 P. M. for Baltimore, stopping at Annapolis, and arriving in Baltimore at 6 P. M.

For St. Michaels and Miles River Ferry, the Steamer leaves Baltimore from Pier 3 Light St. every Tuesday and Friday at 7 A. M., stopping at Annapolis.

Fare to or from Baltimore, $1 00.

Freight taken at low rates.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President, 98 Light street, Baltimore.

ROBERT B. DIXON, Agent at Easton.

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 57 PM
Philadelphia,	1 45
Baltimore,	3 35
New York,	5 45

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 2.
New York, Leave,	4 25 PM
Baltimore,	6 15 AM
Philadelphia,	8 00
Wilmington,	9 15
Clayton,	11 30
Kenton,	11 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.

Notice to Travelers.

The omnibuses of the subscriber run regularly from the hotels in Easton to the cars and steamboats, to convey passengers to any place they may desire to go. Passengers at private residences called for at any hour by leaving word at my office, on Railroad Avenue. Horses and carriages for hire at all time at my livery stable. Travelers conveyed to any part of the county or peninsula. Handsome turn-outs always on hand.

LUTHER W. COVEY.

Easton, March 25th, 1879.

Farmers' and Merchants

Packet Line

The Schooners

Clara M. Leonard

and

Annie M. Leonard.

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

C. R. LEONARD & BRO.

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

may8,77

Royal Insurance Company;

OF LIVERPOOL.

ESTABLISHED IN 1845.

PROPP & CAMPBELL, District Managers,

Baltimore, Maryland.

Gross Assets	$20,326,765 30
Assets in the United States	2,681,892 99
Surplus as regards policy-holders larger than that of any other Fire Insurance Company in the world	6,849 865 48
Net fire income of the Company for 1877	4,014,300
United States income during the year 1877	1,771,431 49
Losses paid since organization	33,344,345 73

Insures town and country property at equitable rates. Policies issued for two, three, four and five years, upon dwellings, schools, farm property, or churches, at reduced rates. All losses adjusted and paid through the Baltimore office without reference to Liverpool or elsewhere

D. C. AVERY, Agent, Easton, Md.

nov12-1y

The best thing out—Aquathauma, For cleaning silks, laces, gloves, carpets, &c. For sale by Henry & Goldsborough.

Splints—Various lengths and colors, just received and for sale by G. W. Minnick, opposite the bank.

Lumber Business.

A. H. WORDEN,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIALS,

EASTON, MD., at Railroad Depot.

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Doors, Moulding Lime, Hair, Nails, &c.

Buy Your

LUMBER

OF

E. E. JACKSON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

LUMBER DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Office and Yards, 18 West Falls Avenue, Near Pratt Street Bridge

BALTIMORE, MD.

We have all the concentrated Facilities, Conveniences, Capital and Experience for the conversion of our timber into lumber and supplying through first hands from the stump.

See our lumber and learn our prices before buying elsewhere.

Home Office, Salisbury, Md. | Washington Yard, 13th St & Ohio Ave. | Suffold Lumber Co, Suffolk, Va.

February 11, 1879-1yr

OAKLAND

STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

PINE, HEMLOCK CYPRESS

AND OAK

LUMBER

SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,

LOCUST AND CEDAR POSTS.

We have always on hand a full supply of MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, GEORGIA and WHITE PINE, and HEMLOCK

Timber,

with facilities unequaled in the State for manufacturing and filling orders promptly and delivering anywhere. We invite a comparison with city or other dealers.

Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices

We have also BUILDING HARDWARE and a full line of General Merchandise for country trade.

W. W. TUNIS & BRO.,

OAKLAND MILLS. EASTON, MD.

January 14, 1879-1yr

LUMBER!

--AND--

Building Materials,

Shingles, Laths,

Lime, Hair, &c.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

and Mill Work generally.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

My long experience in the Lumber trade should be a guarantee to purchasers of my ability to suit them both in quality and prices.

Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.

Principal office in Easton and Yard at Easton Point connected by Telephone.

Deliveries made on navigable water free of freight.

Comparison of Quality and Prices Solicited.

ROBERT B. DIXON,

Dover Street, EASTON.

Tuthill & Avery

Ever true to their motto,

Always Ahead.

SEED TIME

has arrived and we are ready with a full line of

Garden and Field Seeds.

CROPS

are to be gathered and we are ready with the

D. M. Osborn Self-Binder.

Make your orders early, if you would secure one. Also,

No. 6 Wheeler Dropper,

ahead of all others.

THRESHING

comes later.

Watertown Engine,

AND

Westinghouse Thresher,

have never been beaten.

PLOWS.

Syracuse Chilled Plow,

Wiard's True Chilled,

Phœnix, F. F. Patuxent,

and all old list.

HARDWARE,

full stock of new goods.

TUTHILL & AVERY.

FARMERS

Look to Your Interests

AND USE THE

HOME

Fertilizer

ON YOUR CORN.

We can furnish you the Chemicals and formula and you can make it yourself, or we can furnish it prepared. It is no experiment, but was thoroughly tested last season in our own midst and the results exceeded our most sanguine expectations

The chemicals cost you only

$13.75 for 1 Ton

with a liberal discount for cash. For sale by

R. J. TRIPPE,

Agent for Talbot county.

We refer to Hon. C. M. Jump, Messrs. W. J. Shehan, Thomas G. Reynolds, Wm. Mason, Charles Bowdle, N. C. Rittenhouse and others, who used it on Corn last season. R. J. Trippe.

OXFORD NECK, Aug. 9th 1878.

To Boykin, Cormer & Co.—Gentlemen:

About May 1st, I bought, through your agent, Mr R. J. Trippe, of Easton, the chemicals for making 4 tons of the "Home Fertilizer." I confess that the purchase was made more from friendship for Mr Trippe than anything else, but to my great astonishment, I am prepared to give all praise to the "Home Fertilizer." On a 20 acre peach orchard, already exhausted by three consecutive crops, I grew this year by the use of 3 tons, more and better corn than I did the first year after a heavy clover lay; the result of which is, that I have given my order to Mr Trippe for 10 tons to be applied to my wheat this Fall.

Very respectfully,

T. G. REYNOLDS.

R. J. TRIPPE, Agent for Talbot County.

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

Fresh invoice just received. Oranges 25cts per dozen. G. W. MINNICK opposite the Bank.

Just Received,

for the Spring Season, a full supply of

BUIST'S

celebrated (warranted best) garden seed.

Cabbage Seed,
Lettuce Seed,
Radish Seed,
Tomato Seed,
Beet Seed,
Brussels Sprouts,
Onions,
Green Corn,
Parsnips,
Celery.
Pease,
Beans, &c.,

all fresh and genuine. 10 cent papers for 5 cents, and all other seeds in proportion. Farmers and gardeners are invited to call and get a supply.

Henry & Goldsborough.

Beef Cattle and Lambs

WANTED

The highest cash price paid for

Beef Cattle, Veal Calves & Lambs,

and Sheep of all descriptions. Farmers will please call at my Stall in the Easton Market, where will always be found the best of beef, mutton lamb, and veal

WM. B. TOWNSEND.

feb4,79-yr

REMOVED.

I have removed my stock of Furniture, &c., to the large Warehouse formerly occupied by T. C. Nicols, nearly opposite the M. E. Church, where I will keep a full stock of furniture and everything pertaining to my line of business. Undertaking promptly attended to. JOHN MASON

mar11

A CARD.

PHIL FLOYD the Barber, under the Brick Hotel, would call the attention of his friends and customers to the fact that he has all the modern facilities for Shampooing, and as he has secured the services of J. H. Boston and an able assistant, he is now prepared to have his customers waited on in a most fashionable and satisfactory manner, and at rates to suit the times. Gentlemen, one and all, please give me a call, and get a good shave or neat hair cut. PHIL. FLOYD.

mar11-4t

Annals of The War.

Written by the principal participants of the late Civil War, North and South. A royal octavo volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated, bound in cloth and gold, with illuminated cover linings. Price $4.00.

The WEEKLY TIMES

The grand and distinctive feature of the Philadelphia Weekly Times, that has proved so popular in the past, will be continued throughout the present year, viz: A series of chapters of the Unwritten History of the Late Civil War from leading actors in the Cabinet, in the Field, in the Forum, North and South. Price of the Times per year, $2.00. The Annals of the War and the Times, $5.00.

G. W. Minnick, Agent, opposite the bank.

FOR SALE.

At a bargain, one-half interest in a Steam Saw Mill and Engine. All in first class order. A good investment for any one. Satisfactory reasons given for wishing to sell. For particulars address the undersigned.

H. L. SPEAKMAN

mar4-3t Easton, Md.

Oak Hill Dairy.

MILK of best quality, delivered daily of families in Easton. Tickets for sale at the wagon. Leave orders with the driver.

ANDREW T. SULLIVAN, SAMUEL J. GRIFFIN.

dec31,78yr

For Sale.

A Nicely Located Farm on the Salt Water, in Talbot county. Enquire of the Editor of THE STAR. jul23tf

Valencia Oranges----

New crop, fresh and sweet, just received and for sale at 25 cents per dozen

G. W. Minnick, opposite the bank.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

have stood for 30 years the Standard Remedy for diseases of Liver, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver. 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 cured me after a dozen of doctors bills."—Thos. Adams, Big Sandy, Kentucky. Price 25c. a Box. Sold by all Druggists and country Store Keepers. R. K. SELLERS & CO., Proprs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Henry & Goldsborough, Agents, Easton.

Keller's Roman Liniment and Holman's Ague and Liver Pad

For sale by Henry & Goldsborough.

Boarders Wanted.

Boarders can be accommodated with pleasant rooms and good board at

MRS. LIZZIE RATHELL'S.

Easton, March 18th, 1879-3t

Sweet Oranges, at 30 cents per dozen, just received and for sale by

Henry & Goldsborough.

House Painting.

JOHN D. CHANCE, House Painter and Paper Hanger, Easton, offers his services to the people of Easton and vicinity. Shop on Dover street, near the Railroad. Work cheap. jun14,79yr

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.

Trusses, Trusses----

Persons wanting anything in this line would do well to give us a call.

Henry & Goldsborough.

Wanted—To buy Corn and Oats.

J. H. T. Hubbard.

Select Poetry.

From the N. O. Picayune of Jan. 26th, 1879.

'65—'78.

BY H. L. PLASH.

The cannon's idiotic mouth
Had ceased its senseless roar;
Throughout the hamlets of the South
The sabres clashed no more.

Our heroes who had fought and died,
Slept in their gory graves,
Nor saw their country crucified
By cowards and by knaves.

From North, and East, and West they came,
A hungry, ravenous horde,
More blasting than the midnight flame,
More ruthless than the sword.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
Resounded through the land,
And curses on our enemies
Were heard on every hand.

Their bayonets held us in the dust—
Enforced the victor's will;
In vain their arts—our stubborn hearts
Remained unconquered still.

The years rolled by—the Pestilence
Came like the curse of Fate,
And deadlier yet than bayonet,
And blinder far than hate.

It smote the silvered hair of age—
The baby at the breast—
And blasted with unreasoning rage
The bravest and the best.

And clouds of darkness and dismay
Blighted the summer's bloom—
Shut out the splendor of the day,
And wreathed the South in gloom.

When, from the regions whence there came
The hungry, ravenous horde,
More blasting than the midnight flame,
More ruthless than the sword—

There flowed a stream of gifts untold,
Like manna from above;
And words—far dearer than the gold—
Of sympathy and love.

And dying men with glad surprise,
Flushed red on brow and cheek,
And looked—with fever-smitten eyes—
The thanks they could not speak.

And women raised their wasted arms,
And called on Heaven above,
To shield from sin, and ills, and harms,
The enemies they love.

And hearts that armies could not win,
Love captured unaware;
His strategy was sympathy;
His weapon was a prayer.

And still from North, and East, and West,
The bounteous stream was poured,
As free as heaven to man forgiven,
As liberal as the Lord.

And orphans' sobs and widows' cries
Were heard on every hand,
And blessings on our enemies
Resounded through the land.

On every flower scented gale,
On every stormy blast,
The anthem rose, God bless our foes!
They've conquered us at last!

Select Story.

Come Together at Last.

MISS CARNEY walked up the long green lane on her way home from a tea party. She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown parasol in her hand. The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other, like the tints upon a dove. All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded. She was a very pretty old lady, indeed, and must have been a very pretty girl, though she was a spinster, and the people who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the bough of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them, must have owned that it could not be so in her case.

Down the lane, coming towards her, walked a gentleman. He was tall and broad, his hair was grey, and his hat was grey; and his summer suit was grey; his beard was grey also. He, oddly enough shaded off into another sort of dove. The green trees were all about them both, the green grass beneath their feet. The roses nodded over the fence.

If these had been two young people instead of two old people, one might have fancied it a lover's rendezvous, but they were old. Of course there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great chestnut trees, stood an old house. Honeysuckle draped the porch. There was an old fashioned sweep in the well. It was altogether a thing of the past—no modern cottage of architectural mysteries. It was so old fashioned that it must have been the same when those two people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood, by no means a new house, just as it stood now.

The pretty old lady in brown reached the gate of this house first. She lifted the latch and stood looking down the road, thinking that it must be the handsome old man in grey had lost his way and would inquire of her, for the lane was no thoroughfare because a fence and a gate and a sign, with "All persons are forbid to trespass upon these grounds," nailed upon it.

The lady's father had put up the sign the day after the pedlar had stolen all his pears. No neighbor minded it, but strangers did. So the old lady waited courteously to tell the stranger that he might take the short cut through the orchard if he chose.

"He walks like somebody I know. Who can it be?" she asked herself. Then she suddenly blushed and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be because no one desired to pluck her that she remained a faded rose upon the branch—Miss Carney, not Mrs. Anybody.

On came the old gentleman in his grey coat and as he looked at the little old lady he doffed his grey hat.

"Madame," he said, "this is where Mr. Edward Carney used to live, I know.—Does he live here now?"

But the old lady looked at him with a sudden start. "Oh!" she cried; and added, "No, he does not."

"He is——" began the old gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees. "He was eighty when he died."

"Time flies fast," said the old gentleman.

"Fearfully fast," said the old lady.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the borders at her feet.

"Mr. Carney was a widower when I knew him, and had but one child—a daughter," said the old gentleman in grey. "She is living, is she not?"

"Yes," said the old lady.

"But she cannot be Miss Carney still," said the old gentleman.

"But she is," said the old lady, and looked him in the face again.

Their eyes met. Hers were brown and his were grey.

"People alter out of knowledge in forty years," said she; "and how on earth I came to know you I don't know, for you look like your own grandfather, Mark Turner."

"Ask the old gentleman to walk in then, Miss Carney," said he, "for he ought to be more weary than he used to grow on the same road a life-time ago, coming from the mill, you remember, Priscy, every Sunday evening."

"Did you?" said she, pretending to forget.

"Oh, yes! of course I will ask you to walk in, Mr. Turner."

She turned. He followed her. They sat down in the parlor—one on either side of the polished table.

Over it, between the windows, hung the looking-glass with its narrow gilt frame. The book-case filled the recess. On the mantle-piece were some shell flowers under glass. There was the stiff sofa with the black cushion like the slice of a fluted column; there were the six chairs to match, and the claw footed sideboard. There had been no children to break or scratch things. All was the same as when he left it last, and Miss Carney standing in the middle of the floor with her long black hair in curls about her shoulders, and a blue ribbon around her taper girl's waist. Now he looked at her, and she was really old and stout, but somehow she seemed to be nobody else, but Priscy Carney. She saw him looking from the furniture to her face, and interrupted his thought.

"Yes," she said almost angrily, "is it not strange? There are the bits of wood and glass and china, just as they used to be. There are the oak trees, only finer and greener. The very grass and flowers might be the same; and here am I, old, faded, and lonely, and my handsome, bright-eyed father dead and in his grave, and all I care for gone. I wish I were gone also. I think people who have not seen each other for forty years need not seek each other again. I wish they would not come to me after being all the same as dead for forty years. It is precisely like seeing ghosts."

She looked as though she wanted to cry.

"Poor old ghost," said he, "whom no one wants to see—not even those who promised to remember him forever."

"Forty years is much worse than forever," said she, "and fifty-six is a terrible unromantic age."

"Yes, it is," said he; "but it's a good age enough for ghosts. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one.

"Once there was a ghost—now I think of it, he wasn't always a ghost; he was a boy once—the son of a miller down by the water dies. He worked in the mill, and was floury and white as a ghost should be [illegible] gay, and many things happened as he liked. One of them was when a certain rich farmer in the neighborhood came to the mill. The grain his servants brought in the great wagons, but he, the farmer, used to drive to the mill with his little daughter in the gig beside him. She was a pretty child, with long curls, and her eyes were big and brown.

She made a pretty picture in her white dresses and brown ribbons, and she came when she was so young that she used to hold her hands out to this boy and cry, 'Come here little boy. Show me where the flour siffs from.'

"For that was what she liked to see the best; the flour sifting through fine muslin. Every week she used to come, until the miller sent his boy away to school. When he came home again she was a girl of sixteen; prettier than ever, and she remembered asking him to let her see the flour sift, and she talked to him while her father was attending to his business; and the days she did not come the boy cared nothing for, and the days that brought her were marked and picked out as blessed days.

"After a while he got over the shyness that kept him from going to see her and went, and she was not displeased. She was the mistress of the house, for her mother died young. She used to make tea for him on Sunday afternoon, and after her father would put his handkerchief over his head and fall into a nap. Then they used to whisper together. Long after the poor boy came to be a ghost he remembered those evenings, when he was a bright-cheeked young fellow, the son of a rich miller, and he had the hope of marrying the girl he loved before his eyes.

"He thought the girl loved him as well as he loved her, and he had no fears of the future, no thought that trouble could come to him in any way until misfortune overtook his father. The good old man failed. The mill was sold. There was nothing but anxiety at home. At last worse came—his father died soon after his mother. He was very sad; he was poor, also; but he had hope, for he was beloved by the one he loved.

"One day he went to her for comfort. He remembered the day ever after. The low built, old fashioned house, the great oaks, flower garden, the girl in her white dress and blue ribbons who came to greet him. He was full of life still, but that night, when he turned away from the house he was a ghost—the miserable ghost of his old self, for he no longer had any faith in love.

"Standing before him, pale and sad, and with tears in her eyes, it is true, he had heard her who had made the world bright for him say, 'It is my father's will that we should part. I cannot disobey my old parent.'

"Then she had told him that she loved him as well as ever; but he did not believe her.

"He thought his poverty had turned her heart from him, that she had never felt tenderly towards him, and he left her in anger, believing all that had been said and written about the falsehood of women. Yes, he was turned into a ghost."

"He might have known she was as unhappy as he was," said Miss Carney from behind her handkerchief, "but what can a girl do when her father threatens to curse her, and she the only child he has? Nothing could make her marry any one else—nothing. That she could do at least."

"But the poor ghost did not know that," said the old man. "It wandered away broken-hearted. It found its way to sea first, and then into the tropics. For years it was a wretched ghost, greatly to be pitied, and only wishing to die; but at last it grew content, though never happy, and worked in a great city at a trade until it had made a fortune.

"All the same, it was a miserable old bachelor ghost, and never found a mate; and used to say, often and often, over and over again, to itself, that women were all false, and that the woman he loved had been utterly false to him. He supposed her married to some one else, and all the time he grew older and older, and the long years law between him and the happy time when he was a boy."

"Long, long years," sighed Miss Carney. "Long, long years."

"But one day," proceeded the old gentleman, "one day there came to him out of the past an old familiar face, and amidst the whirl of the great city, the ghost talked to it of the green lanes and rippling streams of the past. There he was born, and asked of the house under the elms, and the girl who dwelt there once—the girl who had been quite thought false to him. And this old friend told him something that made him feel suddenly that he might come to life again.

"'She never married,' she said—it was a woman. 'She lives in the old house now. Other men loved her, but she never loved any other man but you. We all know that.'

"And then the ghost said to himself—'Forty years of life lost,' and went down to the green country place to haunt his old love, and to hear her say she was sorry to see him."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed the little lady in brown. "How could she help it? All her beauty gone, all her youth, what could she feel but sorrow, and just a ghost herself."

She arose and turned away. He arose and followed her, putting his arm around her waist.

"Priscy," he said, "you are the only woman I ever loved. Is not that something for a man to say when it is as true as gospel?"

"Yes," she said; "and I almost believe you, for—for I never cared for any one else either."

"Then why not do our best to be happy now, Priscy? why not marry each other, and be living again, not two poor old ghosts?"

"Well, because folks would call us two old fools," said she.

"Well, let them," said he.

"Very well," said she, "I don't care."

Then the old gentleman in grey kissed the old lady in brown, and said, "What day shall we set, my dear?"

What her answer was may be guessed when the village bells, one month later, rang the wedding peal of the old lovers.

Francis C. Barlow and John B. Gordon.

You may not be aware that it was Gen. Gordon's command which struck the flank of the Eleventh Corps on the afternoon of the first day at Gettysburg, and after a short but desperate conflict broke its line and swept it from the field.

In that fight Gen. Barlow of New York, fell dangerously and, it was thought, mortally wounded. He was shot directly through the body. Two of his men attempted to bear him through that shower of lead from the field; but one was instantly killed, and Gen. Barlow magnanimously said to the other: "You can do me no good; save yourself if you can."—Gordon's brigade of Georgians in its wild charge swept over him, and he was found by Gen. Gordon himself, lying with upturned face in the hot July sun, nearly paralyzed and apparently dying. Gen. Gordon dismounted from his horse, gave him a drink of water from his canteen, and inquired of Gen. Barlow his name and wishes.

Gen. Barlow said: "I shall probably live [illegible] Please take from my breast pocket the packet of my wife's letters and read one of them to me;" which was done. He then asked that the others be torn up, as he did not wish them to fall into other hands. This Gen. Gordon did, and then asked:

"Can I do anything else for you, General?" "Yes," replied Gen. Barlow, earnestly. "My wife is behind our army. Can you send a message through the lines?" "Certainly I will," said Gordon, and he did. Then directing Gen. Barlow to be borne to the shade of a tree at the rear, he rode on with his command. The wife received the message and came harmlessly through both lines of battle and found her husband, who eventually recovered.

Since Gen. Gordon's election to the United States Senate, both he and Gen. Barlow were invited to a dinner party in Washington, and occupied opposite seats at the table. After introductions, Gen. Gordon said: "Gen. Barlow, are you related to the officer of your name who was killed at Gettysburg?" "I am the man," said Barlow. "Are you related to the Gordon who is supposed to have killed me?" "I am the man," said Gen. Gordon. The hearty greeting which followed the touching story, as related to the interested guests by Gen. Barlow, and the thrilling effect upon the company, can better be imagined than described.

Flavoring Whiskey.

An Irishman visiting Dublin for the first time, went into a tavern and called for a glass of whiskey. It was brought to him with a slice of lemon in it. Pat surveyed it for some time in wondering silence, and then, calling the waiter, said in a half whisper:

"What's that?"

"Lemon, yer honor," was the reply.

"Sure! I knew that," said Pat, who had never seen a lemon before in his life; "but what's it there for?"

"To give it a flavor," answered the other.

This was a wrinkle for Pat, who returned to his bog, and on the first occasion of entertaining his friends, slipped a slice of potato into each man's whiskey. "What's the meaning of that, all?" inquired one of the company.

"Don't you know it's to give it a flavor?" replied the host, affecting supreme contempt of the other's ignorance.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flour of the family.

A man who, having lost heavily in business, had become morose and ill-natured, one day said to his wife, "We must sell off some of our carriages, which shall it be?" "My dear," responded the wife, "you may do as you please, so long as you only get rid of the 'sulky' and retain the 'sociable.'"

Mistress—"You needn't be so frightened, Maria, it's only the phonograph."—Maria—"Lor', mum, I thought it was a sewing machine, and I only just touched the handle, and it said, 'What the devil are you about?' just like the very moral master."

The tallest man in the United States is probably Henry Thurston, a native of Missouri, now residing in Titus county, Texas, and formerly a Confederate soldier, who stands seven feet and six inches in his bare feet.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.