The Easton Star.

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

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THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, Editor.

TERMS:

One Dollar and Fifty Cents cash in advance, or *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* if not paid within the year. Clubs of Ten, *Ten Dollars* in advance.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription taken for a shorter period than six months. Subscribers out of the county $2 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square—8 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction 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.

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LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

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STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

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

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

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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.

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January 14, 1879-1yr

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Building Materials,

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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.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.,

New York Clothing,

AT 178 WEST BALTIMORE STREET.

We name in part some of the Leading Styles of Goods, and assure our patrons the former high standing of our Clothing is still maintained.

We are selling good stylish Overcoats for $6, $7, $8, $10 and $12.

An elegant Overcoat, made from imported goods, lined with the best Farmer's Satin, $15, $16 $18 & $20.

GOOD BUSINESS SUITS

Well made and trimmed, cut in the latest style, for $7, $8, $9, $10 and $12.

Extra Fine Business Suits, made by custom tailors, for $15, $16 and $18.

FINE DRESS SUITS,

For $15, $18, $20 and $22, just about one-half what custom tailors charge for the same quality of goods.

There is no house that has as large and complete an assortment of Pants as we now have in stock. We sell good strong Working Pants for $1, $1.25, $1.50 and $2. Good Cassimere and Worsted Pants for $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

We have different styles of fine Dress Pants, comprising all the newest patterns in Domestic and Foreign goods. Prices ranging from $4 to $7.

We have an immense stock of Men's Heavy Winter Overcoats, in Black, Blue, Brown and Plain Beavers, Petersham Chinchilla and Fur Beavers; also, all the new styles in Fancy Beavers, cut in Plain Sack and Ulster shapes.

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We are selling thousands of Suits for Boys' and Children's every day wear (all styles and prices.) Thousands of Boys' and Childrens' Dress Suits at prices within the reach of all.

We are showing the largest stock of Boys' and Children's Overcoats and Ulsters ever displayed in the city at prices ranging from $2.50 to $10.

Our large sales enable us to sell at small profits. We invite all to call and examine our immense stock and low prices. No fault will be found if you do not buy.

REMEMBER, this is the only house in the city where you can buy ROGERS, PEET & CO'S FINE NEW YORK CLOTHING, 178 W. BALTIMORE ST., two doors below the old stand.

Metropolitan Clothing House, 178 W. Baltimore St.,

Next to Coleman & Rogers, Druggists.

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And You Will Buy

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in preference to all others for

STYLE! DURABILITY! FINISH! CHEAPNESS!

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Departments filled up with new fresh goods, carefully made and of latest designs, which we sell at *reduced prices*, having bought and manufactured our entire spring stock before the recent marked advance in the prices of raw material and skilled labor. *GREAT BARGAINS* in all of our Departments.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER.

Samples and Self-Measurements sent free on application.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

Cash Clothing House of Baltimore.

220 W. PRATT STREET, } Adjoining
55 HANOVER STREET, } Citizen's Bank.

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HEADACHE AND CATARRH

SPECIFIC.

Cures Nervous Headache Immediately. It Relieves Colds in the Head and Neuralgia at once.

It cures Weak, Watery, Inflamed or Ulcerated Sore Eyes in a few days

It is a Certain Cure for Catarrh, no matter how bad the case may be.

PRICE, 25 Cents.

DR. DOUGLAS, Proprietor,

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Symptoms of Catarrh.

Dull oppressive Headache, Discharges falling from the Head into the Throat, Packing or Coughing, Constant Spitting, Loss of Memory, Smell and Sense. Offensive Breath, Sore Throat, Dizziness with dimness of Vision. The Eyes are Weak, Watery, Inflamed or Ulcerated Deafness, Ringing of Noises in the Ears, Depression of Spirits, general debility and Nervousness.

Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

And Dealers in Medicine.

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AND

Sheet Iron Work

ROOFIKG & SPOUTING.

STOVE MAKING & REPAIRING.

W. A. DABNEY, formerly of Baltimore, and late of Tunis's Mill, informs the public that he has purchased the stock and machinery of Tuthill & Avery in their tin and stove business, and will hereafter carry on the *Tin and Sheet Iron business* at the Hardware store of Mr. D. Avery, on Washington St., Easton, He has added to their stock a large amount of improved machinery, and is prepared to execute all orders promptly, in the best manner, and at prices as low as any house on the Eastern Shore. He solicits orders for tinware, and for repairing stoves, roofing, spouting, and sheet iron repairs for steam engines.

Having had large experience in the city and in this county, he is confident that he can give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with their work

OH! HO! FOR THE FLATS.

J. T. ROBINSON is still on hand, and has just arrived from Baltimore with an entire new stock of

DRY GOODS.

Calicos from 5 to 8 cts, muslins from 5 to 10 cts, good Kerseys at 30 cts, Cassimeres and Ladies Dress Goods in variety. A large and complete stock of

NOTIONS.

Also a full stock of Groceries, a nice lot of Pearl Hominy, Best N. Y. Buckwheat, Sausage, Breakfast Bacon, Sides, Shoulders, Hams, Cheese, etc., cheaper than the cheapest. I have just purchased an entire new stock of

Boots and Shoes,

of every style and quality, a larger stock than I have ever had. These goods have all been bought for cash, and I hope the public will give me a call before purchasing elsewhere I have Men's Boots at $1.90 and upwards, good well made boots. Good Men's Shoes at $1.20. Ladies Shoes at the low price of 75 cents and upwards. Misses and Childrens Shoes at 40 cents and upwards. Don't forget to call and examine. No trouble to show goods. Come one, come all, at the new store of *J. T.* Robinson, opposite Bayside road, near A. W. Foxnatain's carriage factory, Easton, Md.

J. COYLE & BROS.,

STEAM

Slate and Marble

MANTEL WORKS,

350 and 361 West Pratt Street,

Near Green Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

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Dr. TUTT'S

Expectorant!

IN 25CTS. AND $1 BOTTLES.

Its properties are Demulcent, Nutritive Balsamic, Soothing and Healing. Combining all these qualities, it is the most effective LUNG BALSAM ever offered to sufferers from pulmonary diseases.

DR. J. F. HAYWOOD,

of New York, voluntarily indorses it.

—READ WHAT HE SAYS:—

Dr. TUTT: New York, Sept., 19, 1877.

Dear Sir—During this year I cured nine hundred cases of lung diseases. In the lower wards of the city the cases were of a very severe type. It was there my attention was called to Tutt's Expectorant, and I confess my surprise at its wonderful power. During a practice of twenty years, I have never known a medicine to act as promptly, and with such happy effects. It instantly subdued the most violent fits of coughing, and invariably cured the disease in a few days. I cheerfully indorse it as the best lung [illegible]

J. FRANCIS HAYWOOD, M. D.

A NEWSPAPER PUB. WRITES.

Office, Evening News, Augusta, Ga.

Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—My little son, was attacked with pneumonia last winter, which left him with a violent cough, that lasted till within a month since, for the cure of which I can indebted topper valuable Expectorant. I had tried most every thing recommended, but none did any good until I used your Expectorant, one bottle of which removed the cough entirely. With many thanks, I am respectfully,

JOHN M. WRIGLE

Had terrible NIGHT SWEATS.

Memphis, Feb., 11, 1871.

Dr. TUTT: Sir—I have been suffering for nearly two years with a severe cough. When I commenced taking your Expectorant I was reduced to one hundred and sixteen pounds in weight. I had tried almost everything; had terrible night sweats. I have taken half dozen bottles. The night sweats have left me, the cough has disappeared, and I have gained fifteen pounds in flesh. I recommend it to all my friends.

With great respect, OLIVER RIDE.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

Reader, have you caught a cold? Are you unable to raise the phlegm? Have you an irritation in the throat? A sense of oppression on the lungs, with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain now and then in the region of the heart, shoulders and back? If so, our Advice is take at once a dose of Tutt's Expectorant; you will soon be able to raise the phlegm. In an hour repeat the Expectorant, place a hot iron to the feet, take two of Tutt's Pills. You will soon fall into a pleasant sleep and wake up in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely; easy breathing, and the bowels moving in a natural manner. To prevent a return of these symptoms use the Expectorant several days.

Office, 35 Murray Street, N. Y.

TUTT'S PILLS CURE TORPID LIVER.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE DYSPEPSIA.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE COSTIVENESS.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE FEVER AND AGUE.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE SICK HEADACHE.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE BILIOUS COLIC.
TUTT'S PILLS GIVE APPETITE.
TUTT'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE PILES.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

IRON BITTERS, A Great Tonic.

IRON BITTERS, A Sure Appetizer.

IRON BITTERS, A Complete Strengthener.

IRON BITTERS, A Valuable Medicine.

IRON BITTERS, Not a bad name either.

Highly recommended to the public for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient TONIC; especially in *Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.* It enriches the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the nerves. To the aged, ladies, and children requiring invigoration, this valuable remedy can not be too highly recommended. *It acts like a charm* on the digestive organs. A teaspoonful before meals will remove all dyspeptic symptoms.

TRY IT.

Sold by all Druggists.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO.

BALTIMORE, Md.

FOR SALE BY

STEVENS & HAYWARD, Agents,

EASTON, MD.

Lamps and Lamp Fixtures,

Chimneys, &c. &c.

I carry a full line of Lamps and Lamp Fixtures. Also a supply of two grades of Coal oil.

J. C. Henry

Select Poetry.

The Song of the Australian Maiden.

I've heard thee praise the Queenly Isle,
That crowns the northern sea,
But list to me a moment, while
I sing my land to thee.

In England, far beyond the seas,
The other side of earth,
In winter leaves are off the trees
And snow surrounds the mirth.

But here the trees are ever green,
And though 'tis Christmas now,
The sun shines down, the leaves between,
To glad the bushman's brow.

Though Britain's hills and dales be sweet,
And glowing mem'ries wake;
The marring trace of man you meet,
At every step you take.

But nature here, sublime and grand,
As far as eye can roam
All fresh from the Creator's hand,
Surrounds the squatter's home.

The gloomy sky that half the year
O'erspreads your stormy coasts,
May make the hearths and homes more drear,
Of which old England boasts.

But heav'n to us is doubly kind,
A joyous clime is ours,
That soothes and cheers the weary mind,
As lightsome pass the hours.

Renown, no other land has known
As thine has proudly won,
A thousand years and more have flown,
Since first her fame begun.

Yet though Australia can enchain
The heart by no bright past,
No sighing throng here strive in vain,
And die of want at last.

In Albions' crowded cities, where
To breathe there's scarcely room,
How many thousand beings share
A kind of living tomb!

But here there's full reward for toil—
Man's lot since Adam's fall,
Around extends a virgin soil,
And more than room for all.

Altho' I love the mother land,
The day-star of the earth—
And venerate her hallow'd strand,
That gave my fathers birth,

Yet I'd not quit the boundless plain,
And this bush life so free,
For England's shores across the main,
Whate'er their charms may be.

Select Story.

ALL A MISTAKE.

—:o:—

At eight o'clock of a November night a carriage stopped in M Avenue, before a handsome house. The cabman sprang from his box, and, opening the cab door, said to a young lady, who tossed back her veil and looked anxiously upward at the brightly lighted entrance, "Here's your number, miss."

"My sister," he said, extending his hand cordially to Miss Carrol, who arose with slight but not ungraceful embarrassment, "was distressed in being absent to-night. We expected you yesterday."

"We were detained by storm off Cape Hatteras," said Miss Carrol.

She had resumed her chair by the album, and her hand rested upon the open book. "Not a jewel on it!" mentally ejaculated the gentleman, who cast a curious glance at the unconscious hand. "Strange! But probably because the fingers are so finely shaped. The hand is regularly beautiful; it matches the symmetry of the face. She is right; jewels would be a blemish. But why did not my syster tell me of her friend's extraordinary beauty, when she knows I am so susceptible to that charm? Ah! I think I understand.

"We were expecting you," he said, "by cars. My sister has been indefatigible in meeting trains."

"Did she not receive my brother's telegram?"

"*I* think not," he answered, doubtfully.

"Her brother!" he questioned, mentally; "who is her brother? Not that odious Tom Carrol I meet at the club, *I* trust? *I* detest the fellow" A brief silence was followed, in a rather insinuating voice, by, "*I* imagine, Miss Carrol, that although it has never been my pleasure to see you till to-night, we are hardly strangers to each other?"

"No, indeed; my brother writes so often of you."

"My sister, you mean."

"Well, perhaps the *adjectives* are hers."

"*I* suspect so, if they are in any way remarkable. Marie has a gift of adjectives. You discover that anew if you have been examining her album of Europe."

Miss Carrol turned beamingly to the book. "Yes, the epithets—adjectives, as you call them—are very original; brilliant I think."

"Marie is a genius," said her brother. "My good genius too. I have complete faith in her intuitions—her instinctive judgment." He said these last words with such a thrilling directness and dash of ardor that Miss Carrol involuntarily lifted her eyes to his: those eyes—very expressive ones—were shining full upon her with even more ardor than the voice betrayed. Miss Carrol, although she blushed and looked down quickly again upon the page, had the good sense to know that he could not mean *her* by his sister's "intuition" and his sister's "judgment."

"He is probably," she thought, "one of those men of the world, of whom I have heard, but never met, whose very words convey a compliment, whose very presence flatters a girl. He is fascinating, but I must not yield to such a fascination. At the first instant too, how ridiculous it would be to allow myself to be ensnared!"

But ensnared she was, in spite of herself; for their talk, taking its turn from Marie's album, fell upon foreign travel, and as Miss Carrol had never ventured beyond the limits of her native State, she listened and with many piquant leading questions to the spirited relations which became more animated and more vivid as the sympathetic listening made itself increasingly felt. The minutes flew as if on wings. The little Dresden clock on the mantel struck half past ten when the visit closed.

Sunk in the soft pillows of the crimson-tinted bed-chamber, where the dying firelight cast a dreamy glow, Miss Carrol felt, as she fell asleep that night, like one of the heroines in the Arabian Nights, and her hero was an agreeable young gentleman leaning over an album. "If his sister is like *him*," was her last waking thought, "I do not wonder that my brother is attached to her with all his heart."

When coffee was brought to her room the next morning, a little note lay on the tray beneath two fresh-plucked roses—a note written with a hand so trembling it was difficult to decipher.

"Distracted with one of my nervous headaches. Thank Heaven, they last but a day. To-night will see my dear girl. Pray be happy. "MARIE."

The fresh roses sent by madame's order were prelude of a series of attentions to beguile the morning; and for the afternoon there was an invitation to drive with Marie's brother in the Park. But before that Miss Carrol had sent a telegram to a law office down town, addressed to Ralph Fleming:

"By some mistake missed you. Come to-night without fail."

For the drive in the Park Miss Carrol appeared attired in the same dark travelling habit she had worn on her arrival. And the only comment made by her cavalier, who might naturally have expected for the beautiful clear November day, and for his stylish dog cart, a rich carriage costume, was the silent comment given beneath a quick sigh of perfect contentment: "And this simplicity in a beauty and an heiress—how charming!"

The drive in the Park, which extended by the long drive, and beyond along the river, was a supplement to the evening's impression of unbounded attraction with which these young people were both irresistibly inspired. Conversation was of the most general kind, and not at all of a brilliant order; but it was laden with those subtle magnetisms that make commonplaces momentous. And at their return in the twilight, when, all radient with pleasure, Miss Carrol alighted, there was that already which in the touch of the hand and the glance of the eye expresses, for the moment at least, an enchanting bond of unity.

How rudely was that enchantment broken! "My sister has asked me to dine with her," Marie's brother had said, with an unmistakable accent of satisfaction; and Miss Carrol had responded with a smile that certainly was flattering, when the door opened, and the pompous butler, with a manner of unusual hautiness, said in a loud, distinct, and one would say anathematizing voice, "Miss *Fleming*. madame awaits you *immediately* in the drawing-room."

"Miss Fleming!" repeated Marie's brother almost audibly, and with several invisible exclamation points of dismay and foreboding, as he followed his "love at first sight" into his sister's presence.

Marie Delatour was a lovely woman—a widow devoted to the memory of her husband—a rich, liberal-hearted widow, expending her fortune and her friendliness upon the one object of making those around her happy. She knew what tears were, but her tears were shed only in secret, and to the outward gaze she was all smiles. Her manner was so invariably kind, and her expression of countenance so caressing, that her brother was struck with astonishment, and his presaging anxiety was redoubled when he beheld her, with an erect and proud carriage, and a frown lowering upon her sunny face, advance to her visitor with a frigid: "Miss Fleming, to what chance am I indebted for your presence?"

She softened a little as her glance took in the aspect of the intruder.

Miss Carroll seized quickly the scarcely proffered hand and said: "Then you have not heard. Is it possible you have not heard from my brother?"

"Certainly," said madame. "Your brother is in the library. But *I* desired to receive you myself—to have your explanation. *I* can understand that it was possible, indeed, that you might innocently have entered the wrong house; but how could you accept my notes, written to my darling friend Eugenia Carrol? Were they applicable to a stranger? *I* feel that there has been something unpardonable, and I wish from your lips the explanation."

Miss Carrol had turned deadly pale. Charles Redmond, Marie Delatour's brother, stood where he could watch her closely, and he thought she was attacked with faintness. He made an impulsive movement toward her, but she gently raised her hand to deter him, and rallied from her consternation.

"Are you not Marie Maurice, the wife of my benefactor, Victor Maurice, my brother's kind friends, at whose house *I* was to be received as a sister, as a child? And have you not, have not your people at your order, addressed me by my name, my least unhappy name "Carrol," "Miss Carrol," as my dear little ones in the South call me, on purpose to make me feel that I was coming home—home? Oh! I fear now—I know there has been some great mistake. Oh! you repel me; you do not know me. Where is Ralph? Where is my brother? He will explain all."

The softness of Marie's nature responded to the girl's agitation, and she dropped her assumed haughtiness at once, with a kind: "Be seated, my poor child. You are as pale as death. Charles, bring her a glass of wine. There is some mystery here that will be explained. Compose yourself, Miss Fleming, and you shall meet your brother presently. There, take the wine, my dear; it will revive you. Oh yes, it revives you; your color returns. Do not be alarmed. There is ample time for explanation."

At this moment there was a rustle of stiff silk in the hall, and a shadow in the arched passage of the library, and two people simultaneously entered. Marie sprang forward with a rapturous "Eugenia, my darling!" and Miss Carrol rose quickly with a "Ralph, my dearest brother!" But the persons addressed, midway in their response to these endearments of greeting, paused suddenly and confronted each other.

Miss Eugenia Carrol—a plain but not inelegant woman of thirty, a cold, stately person. By all the laws of contrast, Marie's dearest friend—leaves of contrast, Ma, gazing at Ralph Fleming.

Ralph Fleming—a florid, handsome, jovial-looking young man—making his way impulsively to his distracted sister, stopped suddenly, and with a dazed stare gazed at Miss Eugenia Carrol. So electrical was their arrest in one absorbing recognition that the other occupants of the meeting-ground shrank back instinctively.

"Ralph Fleming!" said the stately lady, "do I find you at last?" She had taken his hand and raised it reverently to her lips. "Marie," she said, turning to her friend, "this is the man who saved my life at the burning of the R——, who at the moment when I could express my gratitude became lost to me. How does it happen that *I* meet him here? Are you my good angel, Marie? Did you prepare this surprise for me?" The cold plain woman's face glowed with a sudden flush of enthusiasm.

"Eugenia, my dear girl," said Marie, as soon as she could catch her breath from a gasp of astonishment, "I am in a puzzle. I should think I was dreaming if I did not see your good face, so unchanged, my dear Eugenia, across these five years. Dreaming? I should think so." She glanced at Ralph Fleming, who was embracing his sister, and at Charles Redmond, who was gazing at the embrace with a jealous fury.

Marie gave one of her silvery little laughs. "Come," she said, gayly, "let us all sit down in a circle, a witch's circle, and tell each other who we are. For I declare, with the exception of you, Eugenia, *I* don't know who any of us is, least of all who I am. Come, let us present ourselves to each other. Charles Redmond, begin"

"I am Marie's brother. And"—a little sarcastically—"a profound believer in her intuitions.

"And *you?*" asked Marie of the bright faced Ralph Fleming, who the moment she looked at him dissipated her faintest remnant of animadverson by his frank and genial countenance. "Tell us your history, your romantic history, for I am sure it is romantic."

"*I* am Carrol's brother," said Ralph Flemming, following Charles Redmond's lead, "and a profound believer in her —good intentions. By half an hour yesterday I missed my sister, and the blundering hackman brought her to fifty-seven M Avenue instead of fifty-seven L Avenue, where her unknown but devoted friends awaited her. I did not know where to find her until *I* received her telegram at three o'clock to-day."

"And you, Eugenia?" This in a voice exceedingly sweet and loving.

"I am Marie's friend. And in journeying to see her I have done her the wrong to allow my anticipations of meeting to be obscured by one thought:—"Shall I in that great city find my lost Ralph Flemming?" "You never received my letter," she said, turning to that gentleman abruptly; "it was brought back to me from the dead-letter office."

"Hush!" said Marie, intercepting an impetuous answer. "It is not your turn, Mr. Fleming. We are only gathering up the first chapters now; the second chapters will come presently. And you?" she said, turning to Carol Fleming.

"I am Ralph's sister," Carol answered, timidly, but with a trusting look at Marie, whom, indeed, her heart adopted, as whose heart adopted not? "I am an orphan, for five years a governess in the South, returning to my—to my home." Her voice faltered; she added no more, and was obliged to add no more, for Marie, radiant, arose to the occasion.

"Dear friends," she said, "you will all dine with me. Dinner is, I think, at this moment ready. And after dinner we will have the second chapters."

She glided from her chair of audience and kissed Eugenia. Then she kissed Carol.

And so the peace was made of this strange interview; and at dinner the spirits were all elastic enough to rise completely above personalities into the most approved and sparkling table-talk. Afterwards, in the boudoir-library, came the second chapters.

And after the second chapters came in brief silence a tableau vivant; and with the tableau a series of unspoken reflections that formed the verdict upon the whole proceedings of the eventful day, as follows:

Marie's reflection: "Miss Fleming is the most graceful, classical, bewitching, superb, and innocent creature that I have ever seen; and my brother is deep in love with her already—Heaven keep him! Eugenia Carol is the same true, stern, austere, dignified, devout, intense, and noble woman that I knew her first, and always shall know her. Heaven bless her! Ralph Fleming is one of nature's noblemen—generous, impulsive, incautious; frank, merry, memorable, and fortunate; he holds his fate in his hands; yes, and he perceives it. He will certainly propose to Eugenia, and she will accept him.—Happy mortal! Marie! Marie! what becomes of your plans for Charles, and your cherished match-making? Where is your dream of an ideal sister-in-law?—Poor Marie! ah! Francis, your Marie, who can no more plan happiness for others than she could keep her own! But I shall add to happiness; that is my mission."

Ralph Fleming's reflection: "The gratitude of Eugenia Carrol has evidently taken possession of her whole soul. That terrible midnight scene of wreck and flame, that perilous journey of ours upon the floating bale down the dark tragical river, alone there in the scene of destruction, has served to idealize her protector of the hour into a superior being. I verily believe she has given me her heart.—Luckily I have a whole one to offer in return; it is a mere chance that I have. I came "mighty near" losing it last winter with little Sue Davis. I suffered pretty keenly when John Willoughby "cut me out." Man proposes, Heaven disposes. Perhaps, now, it was all for the best.—Who knows?"

Charles Redmond's reflections: "How could my sister ever imagine that I could fall in love with her friend, or regard her with any sentiment beyond that ordinarily inspired by a worthy personage and a noted heiress? Money and estimable qualities are not everything in the world, at least not a man of my temperament. There is a charm, a grace, a magnetism of loveliness and beauty that keeps a fellow from being bored by every day existence. I should be miserable, as a married man, if my wife had no poetic and mysteriously supreme attraction for me. Such a girl, now, as this superb Carrol—ye gods! how dazzling, how classical, how noble she is!—such a girl would be my ideal as a sweet and queenly wife. Would that I were rich enough to rush in boldly and perhaps win her; but an income like mine has 'nae room for two.' Marie is right; I should marry an heiress. And yet, as I feel to-night, that simplest life with such a woman as that, heiress of all feminine grace, would be preferable to a career of splendor with the ideal part left out."

Carol Fleming's reflection: "How like a dream this all is! Shall I ever be quite happy when I awake?"

She did not awake. For Marie, whose mission was to add to happiness, prolonged the dream by inviting Carrol Fleming to stay. The Christmas holidays and were frequent interviews between Ralph Fleming and Miss Eugenia, and between the beautiful Carrol and Charles Redmond. Every meeting made it more impossible to part, and at the New Year Fortune came to the rescue of Love.

Fortune came in the person of Miss Eugenia Carrol. She was not only an "immense heiress," but she was rich at heart. Her generosity was mingled with eccentricity; few appeals reached her confiding sympathy, but those few were liberally responded to. She made it possible for a struggling young lawyer to become an influential citizen and an affluent and rejoicing householder. And Carol Fleming, whose sad history as a homeless orphan she soon learned, touched even more disinterestedly her noble heart. She gave her as a wedding gift a delightful little house next her own. She diminished the splendor of her own home, appropriate to her wealth, one-half, in order to include this second home, and to benefit the worthy sister of her beloved Ralph.

There side by side in this great city that hides more happy homes than it displays, for the simple reason that true happiness cares not to display, these two married couples live.

Charles Redmond is the envied husband of the most beautiful woman and the most affectionate wife that any one in the city rounds can meet. And Ralph Fleming is the husband of a great heiress, who values his possession not for what the world envies, but for what the world knows not of.

And so good has come to four good people—five good people, for Marie, who is happy in the happiness of others, must be included—true happiness, solving the enigma of life, has come from what in the beginning was ALL A MISTAKE.

The Leadville of To-day.

Two years ago a little tumble-down shanty or two stood on the site now occupied by Leadville, a city containing to-day nearly 40,000 inhabitants, and which will have 100,000 people before the end of another year.

With its fine banking concerns occupying elegant buildings and doing a very large business; four daily newspapers, not excelled in enterprise and general features by any other papers outside of Philadelphia and New York; several weekly journals; three first-class theatres; numerous fine churches; whole streets full of business structures that are the architectural equals of these in many of the Eastern cities, and a fine postoffice building now being erected—it is already a city of no little importance.

Except in the outskirts, it is not scattered like many other towns, but is compactly built up Nearly all the temporary wooden structures have already given place to substantial buildings of stone and brick. Any quantity of good bricks can be made there, suitable clay being found in the immediate vicinity.

Our little four year old being forbidden by his mother to eat any more pickled beets because they might injure him, asked: "Mamma, if they make me sick and I die, will I turn into a dead beat?"

Show me a man who will deny to others the rights he claims for himself, and I'll point you to a villain.

The most religious bird is the chicka-D. D., and the most wicked is the robin. The dearest is the little duck.

It is extraordinary how long a man may look among the crowd without discovering the face of a friend.

Adam and Eve only began to live apley when they got into trouble.