The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1880. VOL. XV.--NO. 50.

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—6 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.

Special Notices in Local column, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

To Travelers

MARYLAND STEAMBOAT CO.

BALTIMORE AND CHOPTANK ROUTE.
Commencing March 30th, 1880.

The steamer **ENOCH PRATT**, will leave Baltimore, Pier 3, Light street, foot of Camden, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9 o'clock P. M., for Easton, Johnstons, Double Mills, Oxford, Clara's Point, Cambridge, Chancellor's Point, Jamaica Point, Secretary Creek, Clark's and Madfords, and the steamer **Highland Light** will leave same pier, at same hour, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for all the above landings; extending her trip to Dover Bridge, Towers, Potters and Deston. Both steamers making connection with the Del. & Ches. Railway, and Dor. & Del. R. R.

Returning the steamer Highland Light will leave Deston every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, at 12 noon, and with the steamer Enoch Pratt on every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, will make a daily boat, except Saturday, from Medford's at 1 P. M., Secretary at 2, Cambridge at 5, Oxford at 6 and Easton at 9, each boat stopping at the intermediate landings named, arriving in Baltimore at 4 A. M.

Freight taken at low rates.

HOWARD B. ENSIGN, President.
Office 98 Light street, Baltimore.
ROBERT B. DIXON, Agent at Easton.

St. Michaels & Wye River.

THE STEAMER OLIVE

Capt. E. N. Dodson, leaves pier 12, Light street, Baltimore, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 o'clock P. M., for St. Michaels, Claiborne and Tunis' Mills. Returning, leaves Claiborne at 6 P. M., Tunis Mills, 7:30, St. Michaels 9, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Leaves Baltimore at 11 P. M. Tuesday and Thursday for Wye River and Public Landing. Returning, leaves Public Landing at 3 P. M. and Wye Landing at 4 every Wednesday and Friday for Baltimore.

☞ Freight received up to the hour of leaving.

H. C. DODSON, General Agent.
St. Michaels, March 25, 1880.

Delaware & Chesapeake

RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, July 26th, 1880, [Sundays excepted,] trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Oxford, Leave,	7 15 AM	9 50 AM
Trappe,	7 27	10 06
Easton,	7 45	10 34
Woodland,	8 02	10 57
Cordova,	8 12	11 10
Hillsboro,	8 28	11 35
Ridgely,	8 40	11 55
Greensboro,	8 57	12 28 PM
Gaddsboro,	9 12	12 57
Henderson,	9 22	1 16
Marydel,	9 32	1 35
Slaughters,	9 45	1 58
Kenton,	10 03	2 34
Clayton, Arrive,	10 18	3 00
Wilmington,	12 00	6 45
Philadelphia,	1 15 PM	8 25
Baltimore,	3 35	9 25
New York,	4 25	3 45 AM

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 3.	No. 4.
New York, Leave,	4 25 AM	8 55 AM
Baltimore,	7 05	9 45
Philadelphia,	8 00	11 45
Wilmington,	9 15	1 10 PM
Clayton,	11 05	4 30
Kenton,	12 21	4 49
Slaughters,	11 39	5 14
Marydel,	11 51	5 30
Henderson,	12 01 PM	5 43
Goldsboro,	12 11	5 56
Greensboro,	12 28	6 18
Ridgely,	12 42	6 36
Hillsboro,	12 54	6 50
Cordova,	1 10	7 11
Woodland,	1 20	7 23
Easton,	1 36	7 45
Trappe,	1 56	8 13
Oxford, Arrive,	2 10	8 30

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.

Freight Trains will have Passenger Car attached, which will be subject to delays incident to the Freight business.

O. S. SANFORD, Supt.

Oxford, July 22d, 1880.

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 times at my livery stable. Travellers 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

BRICK HOTEL

Livery, Sale and Exchange Stables,

EASTON, MD.,

SOLOMON PIPPIN, Proprietor.

Horses and Carriages

for hire. The carriages are all new and of modern style, and the horses quick draft, safe and reliable.

Passengers conveyed to any part of the peninsula.

Ample accommodations for horses at livery; also good shelter for carriage.

An Omnibus regularly to the cars and steamers.

HORSES & MULES

Always on hand and for sale or exchange. A polite and attentive assistant at the Stables in the proprietor's absence.

Fair Dealing and Low Prices the Motto.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. apr15,79

Ready Mixed Paints.

In 1 gallon cans, in ½ gallon cans, in quart cans, in pint cans, in ½ pint cans, any shade or color, for sale by E. J. Trippe.

Oranges and Lemons---

Just received a supply of sweet Florida Oranges and fresh Lemons. For sale at J. C. Henry's.

Lumber Business.

BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

AT LOW PRICES, FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

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.

ROGERS, PEET & CO.'S

New-York Clothing!

WE ARE DAILY RECEIVING AT THE

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE,

178 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.,

(OPPOSITE CARROLLTON HOTEL.)

Goods from the above establishment suitable to the season, for Men, Boys and Children, of the most elegant styles, fabric and manufacture that has ever been offered in this market.

☞ Persons wishing to purchase will be well paid by giving us a call.

MORDECAI & SMITH,
PROPRIETORS.

dec2,79y

Miscellaneous.

A FEARFUL SACRIFICE

In Spring & Summer Clothing

25 to 50 per cent. reduction to close out our entire stock and not carry it over to next season.

230 W. PRATT STREET,

Extending through to 55 Hanover street, Baltimore, Md. Clothing made to order. Samples and self-measurement sent free upon application

mar10,80—till jan10,81 G. LACY EATON, Salesman.

The New Drug Store.

We beg leave to call the attention of the Public to our handsome and commodious Drug Store on Washington street, Easton, Md., next door to J. J. Jump & Co. where we keep a full stock of

DRUGS,
Fine Chemicals,

French, English & American Perfumery,

Imported and American Soaps

Cosmetics, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes and Combs,

SPONGES,

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

Flavoring Extracts,

FRENCH CANDIES

Foreign Fruits!

Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes,

Lamps, Chimeys, Wicks, and Kerosene Oil.

Our stock has been selected with great care and special attention has been paid to the *quality* of Drugs and Chemicals. Physicians are especially invited to examine our stock. We assure the public that any prescriptions entrusted to our care will be compounded skilfully by competent Pharmaceutists. Our prices will be as low as is consistent with the *quality* of medicines furnished.

STEVENS & HAYWARD

Druggists and Apothecaries.

P. S.—Night Bell and Speaking Trumpet attached. Prescriptions carefully compounded at any hour of the day or night.

WHERE TO BUY

The place to get cheap Boots & Shoes,
Is at J. HUGHES & CO.'S,
in Mason's (new block) Building.

The place to get cheap Sugar, Teas & Coffee,
Is at J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

The place to get the Best Flour
Is at J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

The place to get the best Syrup & Molasses,
Is at J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

The place to get nice Buckwheat & Meal.
Is at J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

The place to get first quality Cigars and Tobacco,
Is at J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

Anything you want in the Grocery line,
Is at J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

If you want a good pair of Boots or Shoes, made to order,
Go to J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

If you want Boots or Shoes repaired,
Go to J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

And while you are waiting and feel like eating Candy or Cake, J. Hughes & Co.'s is the place to get it.

Those who have Country Produce to exchange for Goods please come to
J. HUGHES & CO.'S.

Pocket Stoves.

With the aid of the little Pocket Stove, you can boil a cut of water, broil a steak, or cook an egg in a few minutes. It is the very thing for travelers, picnics, or family use. Having once used it, you will find it indisdensable. For sale at TRIPPE'S.

If you want good Bread

Use Twin Brothers Dry Hop Yeast. For sale by G. J. C. Henry.

TIN-WARE.

A complete assortment of

PLAIN AND STAMPED TINWARE

made of the best material always in stock.

Roofing and Spouting

of the **Best Charcoal Tin.** Nothing but the best material used. All work attended to in **Person**, and guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Bell Hanging.

We are prepared to put in new or repair old Bells in Town or Country.

Stoves & Furnnces.

BUY

THE NEW EMERALD

and you will have a first class cook stove, guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Furnaces and Fire-Place Heaters put in to order.

All kinds of Stove, Furnace and Tin Repairing attended to.

Hulse & Nichols.

J. T. S. SMITH,

AT THE CHAPEL,

has just received a fine assortment of

SPRING CALICOS,

Also a handsome stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries,

Farming Implements

Ready-Made Clothing,

Whitewash Brushes and Lime,

&c., &c., which will be sold as cheap as they can be bought in Baltimore, Easton, or any other place. Call and see him.

may7 79

LOOK

Full Sets of Teeth at Bottom Prices.

Dr. J. C. HARDIN,

DENTIST, Easton, Md.,

After twenty years experience—eleven in Easton—is competent to perform all operations in Dentistry skilfully and at prices that cannot fail to please all who may favor him with their patronage. *The very best material and Dental appliances* used in the execution of all the branches of the profession. Fresh gas and all other processes in use daily for the painless extraction of teeth. All work guaranteed. Thankful for past favors a slicit a continuance of the patronage of a generous public.

apr6,80yr

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE

IN

TALBOT & QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

I am authorized to make sale of some of the most valuable and in every way most desirable Real Estate in Talbot and Queen Anne's Counties. These farms are in tracts varying from 400 Acres to as small as 15 Acres, at prices ranging from $15 to $100 per Acre.

☞ The most reasonable terms can be made with purchasers.

J. A. FRANK NEAL,
Agent for Owners,
jun1-2m Skipton, Md.

FOR SALE--

A mule eight years old, fifteen hands high, gentle and kind, fast walker, a good traveller; also a new sett of harness and Dearborn wagon. Will be sold on 9 months time with note and approved security, bearing interest from date.

J. H. T. HUBBARD.

jun8 80

Salad Oil.

A splendid article of Fresh Salad Oil just received and for sale at *R.* J. TRIPPE'S.

Select Poetry.

Written for THE STAR.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

What name is first upon the roll?
Where freemen showed unblanching soul,
And dared the king?
Freemen who counted all the cost,
Freemen who deemed their lives well lost,
If they should bring
Freedom from foreign yoke and law.
What is the name our eyes first saw?
Hancock we sing.

His name, his blood, is with us yet,
This fact we never should forget,
And never can.
Speak but this name, the soul will swell,
Who dares to say blood will not tell
In every man?
From recollection now we swing,
From sire to son, whose praise we sing
The flame to fan.

Who sheathing sword, that bore no stain
And claimed that law and right shall reign
In all our land.
He, soldier in the statesman blends,
His upright aims makes hosts of friends
Who give their hand
And give their heart, that he shall be,
Head of the land, the brave, the free!
On this we stand.

Another name, yes, just one more
Will rouse the land from shore to shore,
We sing both these.
Who e'er our language now can speak,
Must use his name each day and week
All men to praise.
For English has become the man,
Who with our Hancock surely can
Cure State disease.

JAMES A. RIDGAWAY.

THE SUNSET.

Beautiful sunset!
Ripplets of gold
Now flash o'er the earth,
Its beauty unfold;
O'er hill and o'er valley,
Its refulgent ray
Attracts the beholder
And warns day away.

A cloud in the north,
A storm may portray;
I heed not its danger—
Send forth thy ray;
Its dark foreboding
Of purplish hue,
A beautiful background
Thus makes for you.

Resplendent sight
Of artistic delight—
Now golden ray,
Now silvery white,
O'er thy robe of such splendor,
So radiantly bright.
Must be thrown so soon
The mantle of night.

Gloriously beautiful!
Silently still,
We gaze on thy beauty
As we watch on the hill;
Now comes the changes,
Of Sunlight of gold,
For the quiet of evening,
With its beauty untold.

Still, we gaze on in rapture,
In wonder, until
We're recalled by the voice
Of the rippling rill,
Which tells of the Hand
That has fashioned thus
All things for our good—
All things for us.

Select Story.

Written for the STAR.

The Wedding; or, Grace Bernhard.

BY S. J. E.

"I WILL write a journal," said Gracie to herself, half aloud, apparently arriving at this conclusion, as the result of a long reverie, in which she had unconsciously fallen. She had been wandering through the garden, and choosing from its rich profusion of June roses, her basket full of floral pets; and she tripped eagerly up the garden walk, across the piazza, and in at the wide hall door.

The basket with its fragrant burden was set upon the table, and she ran away up stairs to the library. Going to her own book-case, she took down an old blank-book, and cutting out a few leaves which had been written over, ensconsced herself comfortably in the window seat. Her heart was full of fancies, and the pencil did not linger upon the paper, but as she went on, her face saddened and brightened alternately, with every shade of feeling, whose confession she traced upon the page. Just as she paused her father entered the library.

"What are you doing, Gracie?" he inquired.

"Writing in my journal."

"And of what use is that to be?"

"O," she answered, playfully, "to keep all the secrets I don't wish to tell papa!"

Grace was suddenly grave. She had spoken lightly; her truthful conscience told her there was no slight tinge of reality in what she said. Her father did not notice it, but replied—

"Then will you please inform your imaginary *confidante*, that a certain thoughtless young friend has left her flower basket below, while her sweet buds have been withering from neglect, for a long hour past.

The book was shut in an instant and penitent Grace hastened to atone for the mischief. Her loving fingers grouped the flowers with intuitive taste, and, nestled in green leaves, they were speedily distributed to their stations. A few of the rarest moss rose-buds, heliotrope and sweet violets were at last arranged, and Grace carried them to her father, whispering:

"*I* am contrite now, papa. Do let these flowers plead for me. See! actual tears in their dewy eyes!"

He took the gift and kissed the giver; and she was freely pardoned.

Why did the warble of Grace's song, so often, as on this morning, end in a half hour's sober musing? And why had Grace resolved upon journalizing? Grace herself could not have told the true reason; and we must search a little into the record of her past life before we shall be able to account for either present or future developments.

Grace Bernard was an only child, and the sole remaining tie to earthly love, that bound her father's heart. Her mother had died when she was young—so young that Grace remembered little except the devoted affection which had left her with a deathless impression upon her heart, and the daily prayer, which her mother's teaching had made familiar to her lips, and by means of which a divine influence had sanctified her spirit.

The faithful old housekeeper was now Gracie's foster-mother; and Mr. Bernard, whose business had called him so much abroad, arranged to transact it by correspondence, and retired to the village home, which he had purchased as a retreat for his wife in her failing health.

Gracie's intellectual advantages were limited to occasional instruction by her father, and, to what was far more influential in her progress, a varied and extensive course of reading. Books were her companions, her recreation—and her youthful memory treasured from them large stores of knowledge.

Mr. Bernard became at last sensible that Grace needed systematic training; and, anxious at the same time to improve the means of public instruction, he secured as teacher in the village school a young collegian of high literary standing, but whose health, impaired by too close application, together with his limited means, compelled him to suspend study and seek some such situation.

Gracie's sympathy in his misfortunes, of which the world knew nothing, strengthened her interest in one who gained an uncommon hold upon the affection of all his pupils. Mr. Grant, attracted at first by her docility, then by her rapid mental developments, and feeling a great debt of obligation to her father, bestowed no ordinary attention upon her culture. The result was, that teacher and scholar were soon united by a friendship, which on Gracie's part amounted to actual veneration. Mr. Bernard wondered at the intellectual maturity she was acquiring in so brief a period, and his gratitude was only less strong than Gracie's.

Thus when the school term closed, and Mr. Grant's contract for one years's services expired, Grace was in her sixteenth year, and unconsciously growing into rare beauty, both of mind and feature.

But her feelings, her affections, and her manners still seemed those of childhood. Only a month had passed, since the end of school, and Grace grew day by day increasing lonely. It was this which had weighed upon her thoughts this morning, and of which she had complained in her journal. Going to her room at night, she took up the book and glanced over the record. She had written:

"I cannot understand it. With all the new enjoyments *I* have discovered in books, I ought to need less, instead of more, society than a year ago. My father and *I* are surely one in heart, so deep and pure in our affection. Perhaps my absorbing studies for three months past, have separated our channels of thought. No, that cannot be; for has he not encouraged me with the closest sympathy?"

Here a leaf fell from between the pages of the book, and she read as she took it from the floor—

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.

He carved it then, on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision.
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught the angel-vision!

Sculptors in life, are we, as we stand
With our souls, uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour when at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own—
Our lives that angel-vision.

It was in Mr. Grant's writing, quoted for her upon a slip of paper, in answer to a question she had asked the day before he went away:

"What shall I do when school is closed?"

Grace took up her pencil and wrote rapidly under her first entry:

"I have found a clue to the mystery. I am idle, when *I* should be earnestly laboring to shape my life for some high aim. I will begin study with my father, to-morrow."

And having *promised something* to the yearning which was so restless in her heart, Gracie slept peacefully.

With Grace, as far as outward action was concerned, the will was signal for the deed; and she immediately commenced the course which her decision had suggested.

Her firm resolve, and strong love of learning kept her steadily to her purpose; yet her faithful journal had frequent reasons to suspect that some charm, which had drawn Grace to her student life, was wanting.

But this was to be a year of events to Grace, a year of eras; each as it came, "casting its shadow before," and eclipsing its predecessor.

One night Grace's journal page was blotted thick with tears. "My father is very ill. I fear—" Gracie's fear—the fear she had no power to name, was too truly prophetic. Her tender watching, that knew no weariness, her devoted love which accepted no respite—a hope that wrestled with, and almost conquered that fatal fear,—were all in vain. Kind friends came and buried the dead, and her father's brother, named in his will as her guardian, took her to his city home.

Grace said farewell to the sweet spot, which was now so sad, so dear. To the library, which her father's footsteps still seemed to echo; the garden, which had garlanded so many years of happy childhood; the climbing roses that latticed the piazza, and were never content with climbing until they had peeped in at her chamber-window. She looked out from that window thrice at parting, saying to herself each time, "Once more, only once more." And when the last elm tree on the right, and the last maple on the left, had dismissed her from the avenue, Grace felt that all those golden clasps which linked the sacred past to her present and actual life, were undone. No! not every one. That instant the old school-house came in sight; there was still a pulse of human love, beating fast and full at her heart. Grace understood this now, and for the first time consciously acknowledged it. Her sorrow had quickened and deepened the current of her being. She was no longer a child. Her memory went swiftly back to another scene, when Mr. Grant had stood here, warmly shaking her father's hand, and quietly holding her own while he said: "You have been much to me, Grace. I cannot believe that we are never to meet again." And her father had answered with frank feeling: "No, sir, no. I trust Heaven will kindly ordain otherwise."

Gracie looked out of the carriage window again, at the familiar picture fast receding, and reproved her wandering thoughts with a sigh.

* * * * * * * * *

For six months Gracie had been tenderly cherished in her new home. Her uncle was a man of quick and generous sensibilities. She had always been his favorite; she was even more so, now; and her aunt's delicate appreciation of her feelings, read her wants and supplied them, almost before she was conscious of them. Her cousins, Carrie and Annie, were merry-hearted girls, and their cheerful spirit sometimes won Gracie to a moment's gaity. But those were transient gleams of sunshine.

"Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and swim away."

She spoke freely and calmly of her father, and her own orphanage. His mind, she said, framed to grasp the largest and loftiest themes, was yet with all its dignity, patient of tedious investigation, and so readily condescending to simplest investigations for her sake. And his noble heart! Her memory of him was a proud, a blessed memory, and her sorrow unrepining.

So the months wore on. But when Summer came again, the hazel of Gracie's eyes was still deepened by a shadow, and there was a plaintive touch in her voice which the watchful aunt noticed with frequent anxiety.

One evening in July, the family circle was formed in the library—all talking except Uncle George, who was absorbed in the evening paper, and Grace, who sat more than usually silent, with her hand gently resting on her Auntie's. A letter was brought in for Annie.

"From Charles?" inquired her mother.

Annie read a line or two and announced—

"Charley is coming home to-morrow, and promises to bring his college chum, Ned, with him." "He is a splendid fellow Grace," interrupted Carrie, "a perfect genius and a perfect gentleman.—Handsome, too; dark hair, dark, flashing eyes, a rich voice, perfectly fascinating in conversation, and then so politely reserved, that it keeps one in delightful agitation, as to whether—"

"What is it?" asks her father, disturbed by Carrie's eulogium.

Annie read again: "Commencement is over. Edward Grant is coming home with me for the vacation, in order to escape endless congratulations here. He has graduated with the highest honors, kindly vacating the station, which your humble servant hopes to distinguish another year. We shall be with you the day after to-morrow."

Why did Grace withdraw her trembling hand lest it should betray her? The most secret shrine of Grace's love had long held a hidden portrait, and now it was suddenly drawn forth to light.

"Audacious youth!" said Carrie, commenting on Charley's letter as she handed it to her mother.

Mrs. Bernard inspecting the date, cried, "Why, Annie, they will be here to-night!"

A ring at the door bell echoed the words she had spoken. Annie ran out, and with an exclamation of delight returned with the two travellers. A single look at one of the guests satisfied Grace. She felt her self-possession forsaking her, and availing herself of the excitement of the family greeting, slipped from the room. But Carrie brought her back, saying, "Cousin Grace—my brother Charley—Mr. Grant." The latter gentleman bowed cordially. He did not know her! Grace was calm again; and in a few moments trusted herself to look up again, but met a scrutenizing glance from "those handsome eyes." Mr. Grant relieved her embarrassing position by enquiring:

"Am I to be allowed the favor of saying 'Cousin Grace?'"

"No;" said Carrie, "you will be condemned to the formality of 'Miss Bernard.'"

Edward Grant was silent. Could that be *his* "Grace Bernard?" Yes. There was the same exquisitely chiseled face, the rich brown ringlets shading it, the soft brown eyes lighting it, the same fragile gracefulness of form, only more symmetry. Strange that her morning habit should have so disguised her.

The spectators were puzzled. Mr. Grant solved the mystery.

"I think I may claim the privileged title, after all," he said. "Miss Bernard and I are old friends—is it not so?"

Grace assented.

In that long questioning gaze of recognition the company had read only surprise. Grace saw—I'll not tell what!

When Grace laid her happy head upon her pillow that night, some sweet-singing bird, or, perhaps, Grace herself, whispered to her heart something which deepened the tint of her cheek, even in the dark. But "we are none of us responsible for what we say in sleep," thought Grace, and she ingeniously contrived to persuade herself that she had been dreaming.

Reader, a public denouement always shocks us. Can you not imagine a wooing—a successful one? And then a "wedding," at which our Grace wears the bridal veil and orange wreath, and is lovelier than before? And we shall be content to hear her speak the marriage vow, when the bridegroom is no other than her heart's chosen one, Edward Grant!

A school miss of six, having been told by her teach to remain in, on arriving home somewhat late in consequence thereof, replied, upon being questioned as to the cause of lateness, 'I was remained in.'

As pills that are outwardly fair, gilt and rolled in sugar, but within are full of bitterness, even so lustful pleasure is no sooner hatched, but repentance is at hand, ready to support her.

The negroes of Grant parish, Louisiana, are killing each other with fearful energy. Two murders and three serious woundings in one week is a very fair average.

The limp collar days are upon us, the dampest of the year, when the maidens stuff themselves with ice-cream and young men gulp down the lager beer.

The ladies do their hair up so high now-a-days that they have to stand on something to put on their hats.

We have self-made men, but who ever heard of a self-made woman? The milliner does the making there.

A man who wants to keep cool and pass an agreeable summer, should fling away his thermometer.

Mark Twain refuses to lecture any more. There are good things about Mark, after all.

More Cuban reverses have been reported.