The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1880. VOL. XVI.--NO. 5.

THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBINS, 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 inserted tr 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 29th, 1880.

The steamer ENOCH PRATT, leaves Baltimore [illegible] Tuesday at 8 o'clock A. M. for Easton, Oxford, Doubles [illegible] Cambridge, Church [illegible] Point, Secretary, Creek [illegible] Creek, and the [illegible] Highland. [illegible] will leave same [illegible] at Hoopers, Wednesday [illegible] Hudson's [illegible] Cambridge, Power's [illegible] steamers making [illegible] Cam. Railway, on Dor. & Del. R. R. returning the same [illegible] leave Denton every Sunday [illegible] Annapolis, in Hooper, and [illegible] Fort's every Monday [illegible] and Friday, will make a similar [illegible] every Saturday, from Tilghman's at 11 A. M., [illegible] at 2 P. M., Cambridge at 5, Oxford [illegible] Easton at 9, each boat stopping at [illegible] intermediate landings named, arriving in Baltimore at 4 P. M.

Freight taken at low rates.

RICHARD H. MASON, 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 [illegible] every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 o'clock P. M. for St. Michaels, Clairborne, Tilghman's Island, Mills, returning leaves Clairborne at 6 P. M. Tuesday, Thursday, St. Michaels 9, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

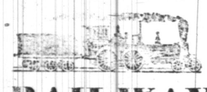
Leaves Baltimore at 11 A. M. Tuesday, Thursday for Wye River and Parties Landing. Returning, leaves Public Landing at 7 A. M. Tuesday, Friday for Baltimore.

The Freight received up to the hour of Departure.

H. C. DODSON, General Agent.

St. Michael's, March 23, 1880

Delaware & Chesapeake



RAILWAY.

Summer Arrangement.

ON and after Monday, Sept. 26th, 1880, (Sundays excepted,) trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.
Oxford, Leave,	7 30 AM	1 00 AM
Trappe,	7 42	10 13
Easton,	8 00	10 37
Woodland,	8 18	10 56
Cordova,	8 29	11 06
Hillsboro,	8 35	11 23
Ridgely,	8 57	11 35
Greensboro,	9 15	11 55
Goldsboro,	9 30	12 16 PM
Henderson,	9 41	12 33
Marydel,	9 51	12 48
Slaughters,	10 01	1 07
Kenton,	10 22	1 35
Clayton, Arrive,	10 37	2 00
Wilmington,	12 20	6 40
Philadelphia,	1 00 PM	8 25
Baltimore,	3 42	9 50
New York,	4 15	3 45 AM

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	No. 3.	No. 4.
New York, Leave,	11 55 AM	8 15 AM
Baltimore,	7 05	10 05
Philadelphia,	8 10	11 15
Wilmington,	9 25	1 05 PM
Clayton,	11 10	2 35
Kenton,	11 26	2 56
Slaughters,	11 44	3 17
Marydel,	11 56	3 33
Henderson,	12 06 PM	3 44
Goldsboro,	12 16	3 55
Greensboro,	12 33	4 15
Ridgely,	12 47	4 32
Hillsboro,	12 59	4 46
Cordova,	1 15	5 06
Woodland,	1 25	5 16
Easton,	1 41	5 38
Trappe,	2 03	6 05
Oxford, Arrive,	2 15	6 20

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 23d, 1880.

Notice to Travelers.

The omnibusses 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 carriages.

An Omnibus regularly on 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.

1, 2 gallon cans, in ½ gallon cans, in quart cans, in pint cans, in ½ pint cans, any shade or color, for sale by R. J. Trippe.

Oranges and Lemons---

Just received a supply of sweet Florida Oranges and fresh Lemons. For sale at

J. C. Henry's.

dec2,79y

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.

Fall and Winter Clothing!

WE ARE NOW RECEIVING AT THE

METROPOLITAN CLOTHING HOUSE,

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

(IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE CARROLLTON HOTEL.)

From the well-known Factory of

ROGERS, PEET & CO., New York,

Our Fall and Winter Stock of

Men's, Youths' and Children's Suits and Overcoats,

Comprising every variety and style in the New York Market, which, for elegance of quality, style, finish and low price, is not to be surpassed. The Public are cordially invited to call and examine our Stock. No trouble to show goods.

MORDECAI & SMITH,

PROPRIETORS.

Miscellaneous.

C. N. OEHM & SON

FALL AND WINTER.

Quality, Finish and Style, as well as genuine Low Prices, are the inducements we offer in

MEN'S, BOYS' AND CHILDRENS'

CLOTHING

of every kind, all of our own manufacture. Call and be satisfied.

C. N. OEHM & SON.

Largest One-Price Clothing House.

Custom Department, 55 Hanover St. | Ready-Made, 230 W. Pratt St. extending through to

mar10,80--uljan10,81 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, Cigaretes,

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 indispensable. 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

NEW GOODS

At the New Store at Tunis' Mills.

The public are invited to inspect my large and varied stock of

Dry Goods and Notions,

Ready-Made Clothes,

GROCERIES,

Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps,

Straw Goods,

Ladies Millinery Goods,

Glass, Tin and China

Wooden Ware, &c., &c.

which I am offering at the lowest market prices. Country produce taken in exchange for goods, and highest market price paid.

My stock has been bought at the lowest cash prices, and will be sold at a small advance. All are invited to call, and I think I can offer as good bargains as can be found anywhere in Easton or the county.

WM. T. WRIGHTSON.

may11,80

NOTICE.

T. H. HUBBARD has made arrangements to be with the owners, and will open the WHITE HOUSE, next door to the Maltby House, where he will be pleased to see his old friends. He guarantees to give as good a meal as any other house in the city of Baltimore, for the same money. The Bar will be stocked with the best liquors and cigars. House open at 3 o'clock in the morning, where you can get a cup of warm coffee, beef steak, or anything else.

T. H. HUBBARD,

July5,80tf Proprietor and Manager.

Beef Cattle and Lambs

WANTED.

The highest cash prices paid for

Beef Cattle, Veal Calves & Lambs,

and Sheep of all descriptions.

WM. B. TOWNSEND.

feb4,79-y

Select Poetry.

To the Easton Hancock & English Club.

Why are we here on this good night,
While others stay at home?
What is there grateful to the sight,
Why beams the countenance with light,
Why seems each face so very bright?
Because we battle for the right,
That good of it may come.

A single splint may not be strong
When strained by rugged hand;
But when we many others throng
And fill far and the weakly prong,
And bind the mass with proper thong,
Thus rugged it and may strain full long,
And yet not break the band!

So we are here, that we endow
Our purpose, with most strength;
And here we pledge our solemn vow
To press the foe, until he bow
To what is right, and leave the plow
That covers truth; but anyhow,
To own his fault at length.

All hail! our Chief, the banner cry,
Shall sound throughout the land,
Till every hope of foe shall die,
Tho' rank corruption's power he try
And tax once more to gain supply;
'Tis all in vain, the news will fly,
Maine is a burning brand!

Hand-writing now is on the wall!
The reign of foe is o'er
Weighed in the balance, mark the fall,
Which even stalwart hearts appal.
Tho' lying statesmen tell us all
There yet is hope, they may recall
Their fraud to power once more.

We fight against convicted foes,
Shameless and sullied all!
Their Chief was bribed, the story goes,
And worse than this, we can disclose
He swore to falsehood! well he knows,
Reveled in fraud, the record shows,
Nor would one sin recall.

Arthur, the next upon the roll,
Was driven from his place,
He had a very little soul
We must suppose—for see, the scroll
Describes his lust, and love of toll,
The law may say, he never stole!
But saves not from disgrace.

Our Hancock and our English are
The great, the good indeed!
Then let us each one, far or near,
So shape our work, that each name dear;
Shall occupy his proper chair,
As the elections will declare
To be our country's need.

J. A. R.

Garfield's "Pinafore" Song."

From the N. Y. Sun.

When I was a boy I scarce went to school,
But bossed the career of a towpath mule;
I urged him from spring until late in the fall
To pull a big boat on the raging canawl.
My urging that mule was so ef-fi-ci-ent,
That now I'm a candidate for President.

I rolled up my trousers as high as could be
And relied on that mule to educate me;
I soon learned many of his tricks and ways,
Which helped me much at the counting in of Hayes,
At the counting in I was such an in-stru-ment,
That now I'm a candidate for President.

As older I grew, to religion I turned,
The ways of the pious I speedily learned;
I learned to preach, and learned to pray,
And learned to hide what I carried away.
This learning I used with such good intent
That now I'm a candidate for President.

I went to the war, and came home again,
But stayed long enough to write myself "Gen."
When bullets were flying about so free,
I thought that Congress would better suit me.
That Congress suited was ev-i-dent,
For now I'm a candidate for President.

When I held the strings of the public purse,
I might have done better, but not much worse;
I grabbed at the left, and grabbed at the right,
And never missed a job that came in sight.
My grabbing was known as so ex-cel-lent
That now I'm a candidate for President.

My party I saved from sudden perdition
By counting in Hayes to his present position,
And now his successor I'll be, no doubt,
Unless the people shall count me out.
My chances, I fear, are not worth a cent,
Although I'm a candidate for President.

Jim Blaine of the State of Maine.

From the Washington Gazette.

Wha-at Jim?
Jim Blaine?
Got him?
Great Cain!

Jim Blaine
Of the State of Maine,
Smartest cuss in out of the rain—
Got him?
Our Jim,
Cheeky Jim,
Full to the brim
Of brass and sass, and pluck and vim—
Got Jim?

Why he's the festive little pill
That went through Catawampus Hill,
And made the chivalry so ill;
He stole Ulysses' little squirt,
And put on Morton's bloody shirt;
Hammered Conkling's bump of gumption;
Walloped Hayes out of resumption;
Whitened Butler's gory locks,
And put a black eye on Sam Cox.

Got him?
Our Jim—
Jim Blaine
Of the State of Maine!
Will somebody please explain?

"329."

The boy who studied French at school.
Will most politely say
That Garfield owned some stock one time
Of the Credit Mobiliay.

But if in English he would speak,
He says, "I greatly fear
That Garfield cannot clear his skirts
Of Credit Mobilier."

The Western phrase is broader still,
For there the folks declare
That Garfield took and lied about
His Credit Mobilier.

But for my part I chose to think
His standpoint was much higher;
I cannot think but Garfield is
A Credit Mobilier.

Select Story.

'TAKEN BY STORM.'

"MADEMOISELLE, we are obliged to ask your hospitality. Believe me, we will encroach upon it as little as possible."

The speaker, a young Prussian officer in full uniform, bent low before the beautiful young lady addressed.

But Marie Moreau, we neither the haughtiness of manner, nor noted the young handsome face and form. She only knew that the enemy of her country stood before her, that the tricolor of France had been dragged down from its standard where it had floated proudly over the little French town, and the hated banner of Prussia put in its stead; that the very privacy of their hearths and homes had been intruded upon—in many instances ruthlessly—and that the man before her was but a representative of all that the disaster entailed.

"Sir," she answered, her lip curling in undisguised scorn as she spoke, "we are weaker, and defenceless. It is you well that you should make the presence of asking this courtesy that which you have the power to exact thro' force. The only request we can make of our guests" emphasizing the latter word with supreme irony—"is that we may be permitted to see as little of them as possible. Unless your regretful consideration demands *all* the house, leave us any portion, however small, that shall be *ours*, not only in word but in deed."

"Mademoiselle, your wishes are commands," answered the young officer, though a flush had risen to his cheek at her hot words of scorn. "My advice to you would be to take the upper floor, where there would be no excuse of intrusion upon me. I wish most earnestly that I might withdraw my men from the house, but it is impossible. The town is small and the troops are many. They are quartered every where; and even should I withdraw them, you might be subjected to fresh annoyance, from which it will be my earnest endeavor to shield you. Permit me, mademoiselle, to hand you my card, and report to me any incivility you may encounter."

So speaking, he placed on the table beside her a slip of pasteboard, and, making a low bow, withdrew. The girl made no motion toward it, not even bending the haughty head in recognition of the courtesy.

"Really, Marie," said her aunt, stretching out her hand for the card, "the young man was very polite. It would have been better policy, my dear, had your manner not been so repellant."

"Repellant!" exclaimed the young girl, rising from her seat in her excitement and pacing up and down the room. "I wish I could have crushed him with my scorn! Does he not know that a true Frenchwoman will bear any insult rather than the humiliation of Prussian magnanimity? I hate him! I hate them all! How shall I ever draw a free breath, knowing that they live on the same air that maintains me? Ah, France, be patient. It is but for a little longer."

"HUGH VON TRENCK," read the elder lady, aloud, from the card. "We must not lose this. The young man may really be of future service to us."

"Aunt, how can you? Give me the card, or tear it up yourself. Do you think I would ask a favor at his hands—aye or accept one? Never, never," and the bright eyes flashed.

But madame quietly slipped the little piece of pasteboard within the reticule she wore at her belt, determined if necessary, to take the young officer at his word.

"Madame will pardon a stranger's interference, but *I* must beg that neither she nor mademoiselle venture into the streets to-day. The soldiers are in a state of revelry and riot, which might subject you to insult. Any commands I should be happy to fulfill. Respectfully,

HUGH VON TRENCK."

Madame Moreau, some three days later, read aloud the above from a card just slipped beneath the door. Her voice stood before the glass, tying on her hat, and listening with curling lip.

"You see, Marie," she said, glancing up from the writing, "you must not go out. It would be rash to madness."

But Marie only picked up her veil and began adjusting it across her pretty face.

"Marie, do you hear me?"

"Yes, aunt," she answered; "but inasmuch as I am very hungry and there is nothing in the house to eat, I think it rather a matter of necessity than of choice. Besides, I would rather have open insult than Herr Hugh von Trenck's magnanimous interference. Have no fear, auntie. I am quite able to take care of myself."

And in spite of the elder lady's entreaties and with a good bye kiss, and a reassuring smile, she was gone.

But the smile faded as she stood a moment on the threshold of the outside door and glanced up and down the street, filled with soldiers. The color in her cheek paled to whiteness, her heart beat loud and fast.

She almost determined to turn back, when some one, standing at her elbow, said in tones so earnest as to be almost harsh:

"Did your aunt not receive my warning?" It was Hugh von Trenck who spoke.

"Are you in authority in this house, sir, over all its inmates?" she questioned. If we are your prisoners, let us know it. You can then enforce your wishes."

"You do me injustice, mademoiselle," he replied, in low, thrilling tones. "I beg you, for your own sake, not for mine, not to venture out this morning."

"Your prayers and your commands are all one to me, sir," she retorted.

The next minute she had gained the street, fear forgotten in her indignant anger. With quick step she hastened in the necessary direction. Beyond a rude stare of admiration, she was unmolested, and her few purchases were effected.

She started to return, when, coming immediately toward her, extending from curb to wall, was a line of Prussian soldiers, arm-in-arm, their steps unsteady from liquor, their voices raised in laughter and song. What should she do? She feared to turn and flee, lest they should pursue her. Perhaps by hiding her tremor and walking boldly on, they might make room for her to pass. Herr von Trenck's hated advice rang in her ears. She should hate him truly, if it should prove unnecessary. But now all the soldiers' eyes were turned upon her, as they stood in impassable phalanx, barring her way.

"Pay us toll, my pretty little Francoise," said one, fastening his coarse gaze upon her.

"Yes, pay us toll, a kiss apiece," the others echoed.

Concealing the awful sinking at her heart, she strove to pass them by stepping down from the curb; but the outside man and first speaker threw out his arm to prevent her escape.

"No, no!" he said, in freezing tones, "you are my prisoner, and we will let you off easily. Pay us willingly, and we will be as good as our word. Drive us to force and we will help ourselves."

To scream would be but to gather around her fresh tormenters, so she struggled to appear calm.

"Let me pass," she said in low, indignant tones, when, without deigning further parley, the first speaker threw his arms about her waist.

She felt his tainted breath upon her cheek. Oh, God! must her lips be polluted with this touch?

With sudden strength she wrenched herself from his grasp, the first laugh of the soldiers to right left her free.

A second, and yet a second time, from her lips, followed by another and another, as her persecutors, in turn received blows, as if by magic, some dealt by unseen hands, and felled the ruffian to the earth.

The others, half with drink, murmured angrily, but a gleaming pistol soon silenced them, even as they recognized their young colonel, and respectfully moved away.

Calling a guard, he put the man he held under his heel to arrest, then turned and offered his arm to the trembling girl.

She saw then, for the first time, that it was Hugh von Trenck who had saved her. Haughtily refusing his arm, hating herself, hating him more, she walked in silence by his side. At her door, she forced herself to speak:

"Sir, I owe you my thanks," she said.

"Mademoiselle, the day will come when you will pay me your debt in full," he replied and then left her.

What did he mean? His words, the man himself, haunted her. How brave and full of courage he had been! How nobly he had come to her relief! How generously he had offered! no word of reproach, or of the truth that she had brought it all on herself. If he had not been a Prussian, she might almost have liked him! As it was—but she got no further than this. She broke down in a storm of tears.

A week later the troops, all but a small reserve, were ordered out for a sortie. Paris had long since been in siege and must soon capitulate.

With all her heart Marie prayed night and day for the success of the flag already doomed. That her cause could be lost seemed to her impossible.

Now and then then the winds bore to her the boom of cannon. They were fighting not far off, and among them was the man she had treated with such disdainful contempt. Could it be that she thought of him at such a time?

The third day the fighting ceased—the Prussians were again victorious; but all night long they were bringing back the dead and wounded to the little town.

It was just daybreak when a squad of soldiers halted at her door. She had not dreamed of undressing all the night long. A nameless dread had tortured her. She knew in a moment what it was. She went down and threw open the door to receive the pale, senseless form they bore.

"This way!" she said, with quiet dignity, and led the way to her own room and her own bed.

He had told her she should repay her debt. Could he have foreseen this day? Would he ever know what she had done for him?

For weeks his life hung in the balance; but one night he opened his gray eyes to consciousness, and they rested on the solitary figure at his side. Her weary aunt had gone to rest. A smile broke over the white, thin face.

"You here, mademoiselle?"

"Yes," she answered, "I am here."

He held out his waisted hand and she silently placed hers within it. Then, with that smile still about his lips, he fell asleep; but from that moment the tide had turned and life had gained the victory.

He was almost well again, when one day came the tidings of the fall of Paris, and, on the same day, by the fatality of fate, came to him the news of his promotion to a general's rank.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, "I cannot rejoice while you weep! I once said you should pay your debt. I little imagined how you'd pay it. I meant then that the day should come when you should love and marry me. I had loved you from the first moment my eyes rested on you, in spite of your scorn and contempt. But now you have paid your debt in your own way. You have given me back my life! I will no longer torture you by my presence. I will go away and leave you." And he turned his head, that she might not see the moisture in his eyes. But she softly stole to his side, and kneeling down, nestled her head on his arm.

"If I stay, Hugh, then will you go?"

"My love—my darling! do you mock me? Oh, this is cruel!"

"Nay, Hugh, I am like my own poor Paris," she replied. "The siege has been a long one, but she and it, I fear, have alike been "TAKEN BY STORM."

A sail boat upset on Lake Huron a few days ago, and the first person saved was a dress-maker. Survival of the fittest, as usual.

If Joe Emmet could be induced to go without liquor for forty days he would be almost as great a curiosity as Dr. Tanner.

"Adam never had to beat a carpet," says an exchange. No, but he had to beat a retreat in the height of the fruit season.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng has invented a word—"sanctifigumption." Is this a fling at Talmage, who hasn't any?

Black court-plaster seems to have no other destiny in the world than to cover the pimple on a freckled-faced girl.

It does not by any means follow that a woman who hugs her preacher embraces Christianity.

The man who doesn't know his own mind should be introduced as soon as it is big enough.

Never bother a tailor long at any time. He may have pressing business to attend to.

Why is the nine-year old boy like the sick glutton? Because he's over-eight himself.

It will take a very heavy frost to kill the speech crop that is coming on now.

The photographers are having a convention in Chicago. It is a cam'ra era.

Surely the past season ice men have been of summer count.