THE EASTON STAR

T. E. ROBSON, Editor.

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 will be required to pay in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

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One square—9 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.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1881. VOL. XVI.--NO 31

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SAML. BURNS & CO.,

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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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January 14, 1879-1yr

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Building Materials,

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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.

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"ADVANCE"

Chilled Plows,

Are the lightest running,
The most easily managed, and
The most satisfactory ever sold.
They run easy, they do good work, they give entire satisfaction to all. Try them and you will use no other.

THOS. C. NICOLS,
Agent for Talbot county.

mar8,81

Lamps, Lamps,
Cheap at HENRY'S Drug Store.

Trusses, Trusses.
A full line, both double and single, at J. G. HENRY'S Drug Store.

Agricultural Implements,

The Oliver Chilled Plow,

With Slip Point or Solid Shear,

PUMPS.

And everything a farmer needs on the farm.

Clover and Timothy Seed.

Give me a call.

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1881.

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Clothing,

FOR

Men, Boys and Children.

MENS' SPRING OVERCOATS

of the most fashionable designs and beautiful fabrics, from $6.50 to $18.00.

MEN'S SUITS SPECIALLY MADE FOR BUSINESS,

from	$ 8.00 to $20.00
For Dress	12.00 to 30.00
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Contain the choicest, this season, novelties for dress, school and play suits at marvelously low prices from 4 years up. A special invitation is extended to Parents to examine our stock and compare our prices.

Large men can be fitted from our special fat men's counter embracing a line of choice suits from $10.00 to $26 00.

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ENGLISH MIXTURE, ACID PHOSPHATE,

AND DEALERS IN

FERTILIZER CHEMICALS.

We have located a factory at Easton Point, and have machinery to prosecute our business. We grind and dissolve all of the bones used and sold by us and warrant them to be pure.

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combines all the elements that plants require, and is one of the most concentrated fertilizers manufactured, uniting the stimulating properties of Peruvian Guano, and the fertilizing qualities of Bones, making as permanent an improver as raw bone can make a manure. It is carefully prepared for the drill, is fine and dry, and passes through the orifices with uniform regularity. After an experience of 9 years it has been approved and endorsed and is extensively used by the best Farmers of Talbot county as a superior wheat and corn manure.

THE ENGLISH MIXTURE

is similarly prepared for the drill, and contains the same plant food in a different combination.

PRICES.

Eastern Shore Domestic Guano	$38 per ton
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Ground Bones	$30 and $35 " "
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A discount for cash.

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mar29.81

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STYLE 3 Magnificent rosewood case elegantly finished, 3 strings, 7 1-3 Octaves full patent cantante agraffes, our new patent overspring scale, beautiful carved legs and lyre heavy serpentine and large fancy moulding round case, full iron Frame, French Grand Action, Grand dampers, in fact every improvement which can in any way tend to the perfection of the instrument has been added.

Our price for this instrument boxed and delivered on board cars at New York, with Sm Piano Cover, Stool and Book, only $245.00

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ORGANS Our "Parlor Grand Jubilee Organ," style 35, is the finest and sweetest tone Reed organ ever offered to the musical public. It contains Five Octaves, Five sets of Reeds, four of 2⅔ Octaves each, and one of 3 Octaves. Thirteen Stops with Grand Organ—Diapason, Melodia, Viola, Flute, Celeste, Dulcet, Echo, Melodia-Forte, Celestina, Violina, Flute-Forte, Tremolo, Grand Organ and Grand-Swell, Knee-Stops. Height, 74 in.; Length, 53 in.; Width, 34 in.; Weight, boxed, 300 lbs. The case is of solid walnut, veneered with choice woods, and is of an entirely new and beautiful design, elaborately carved, with raised panels, music closet, lamp stands, fretwork, &c., all elegantly finished. Possesses all the latest and best improvements, with great power, depth, brilliancy and sympathetic quality of tone. Beautiful solo effects and perfect stop action. Regular retail price $285. Our *wholesale net cash price* to have it *introduced*, with stool and book, only $97—as one organ sold sells others. Positively no deviation in price. No payment required until you have fully tested the organ in your own home. We send all Organs on 15 *days test trial* and pay freight both ways if instrument is not as represented. *Fully warranted* for 5 years. Other styles—8 stop organ only $65; 9 stops, $85; 14 stops, $115. Over 22,000 sold, and every Organ has given the fullest satisfaction. Illustrated circular *mailed free.* Factory and Warerooms, 37th St. and 10th Ave.

SHEET MUSIC at one-third price. Catalogue of 3,000 choice pieces sent for 3c. stamp. The Catalogue includes most of the popular music of the day and every variety, musical composition, by the best authors. Address,

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Is selling off his entire stock at a reduced price.

J. T. ROBINSON

Is offering great bargains on his entire stock of Boots and Shoes.

J. T. ROBINSON

Is closing out his stock of Calicoes at less than cost.

J. T. ROBINSON

Is offering Groceries right down at bottom prices. He has just received a new stock.

J. T. ROBINSON

Is offering Hardware lower than ever. Come and examine his Outlery. It is cheap.

J. T. ROBINSON

Has in stock a first-class article of Cider, Cider Vinegar, Hominy, Beans and Peas.

J. T. ROBINSON

Has opened a first-class stock of Garden Seeds from Jerome B. Rice. Call and examine them.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The undersigned has this day associated with himself in the Book, Stationery and News trade, his son S. Percy Minnick. Our business transactions hereafter will be conducted under the title of G. W. Minnick & Son.

G. W. MINNICK.

Headquarters for Books, Stationery, Papers and Magazines. Fine and staple varieties.

jan11,80

Iron Bitters

For sale at J. C. Henry's Drug Store.

NEW ENTERPRISE.

GREEN GROCERY STORE

on *Dover* street.

The citizens of Easton and vicinity are notified that I have opened a green grocery on Dover street, next door to Mr. Myers', where will be kept all kinds of fresh and salt meats, poultry, vegetables, cranberries, prunes, oranges apples, &c., &c. Families supplied to order at all times, day or night. The best of fresh beef sold at moderate prices. A share of the town and country trade solicited. The highest market price paid for butter, eggs, poultry, and other country produce.

B. A. BURNS.

jan11,81

Brooms! Brooms!

THOMAS J. WRIGHTSON informs his customers that he has changed his place of business to his residence, on August street, near Mr. Frank Smith's store, and continues to make corn brooms at 10 cents a piece, the customer furnishing the broom corn. Brooms retailed as low as they can be bought elsewhere, and of the very best make.

janlly

Consolidated Subscription Agency.

Having perfected arrangements with various publishers, we will hereafter supply

Papers and Magazines

At greatly reduced prices, giving each subscriber the advantage of lowest club rates, postage free.

G. W. MINNICK & SON,
opposite the Bank.

Seasonable.

Harness of all kinds, Collars, Bridles, Hames, Traces, Singletrees, Rope, Backbands, everything the farmer needs to put him in trim for the coming season. Call and see me. It will profit you.

T. C. NICOLS.

Select Poetry.

THE SILVER BRIDGE.

Summer fades along the shore,
And faints beyond your rosy reach of sea;
Night falls again, but ah, no more,
No more, no more,
My love returns to me.
The lonely moon builds soft and slow
Her silver bridge across the main,
But him who sleeps the wave below,
Love mourns in vain;
Ah no, ah no,
He never comes again!

But when some night beside the sea,
I watch, when sunset's red has ceased to burn
That silver path, and sigh, "Ah me,
Ah me, ah me,
He never will return,"
If on that bridge of rippling light
His homeward feet should find their way,
I should not wonder at the sight,
But only say,
"Ah love, my love,
I knew you would not stay!"

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will look ahead
And strike the braver blow.
Your luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play,
And clear the way,
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In dredging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! A blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn the truth
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

—[Forney's Progress

Select Story.

The Cranberry Swamp.

—:o:—

"Of course," said young Dr. Dedling, a man of his own fortune to look to.

"Of course," said Judith Grey; and as she spoke the words, a cold chill seemed to creep like slowly congealing ice around her whole heart.

"If you had consulted me as to your affairs," went on the young man, "instead of taking this very extraordinary step, entirely without advice or counsel—"

"Yes, I know," hurriedly interrupted Judith; "but it is over and past now, so perhaps we nad better not talk about it."

The red winter sunset was blazing with sullen fire above the cedar copse in the west, the leafless woods held up their black arms in a sort of wrestling agony toward the sky as the bleak wind tossed them to and fro, and a solitary raven uttered his ominous croak in the woods at the back of the house. Dr Dedling shuddering as he looked around him and glanced out toward the dreary swamp that extended toward the east.

"Such a place," said he, "for a woman to elect to live in!"

"It isn't very cheerful," said Judith; "but I've lived here all my life, you know."

"The more reason for wanting to get out of it now," said the doctor, impatiently.

Judith was silent. She looked at the blazing logs on the old-fashioned hearth and tried to keep back the fast-rising tears. Dr. Dedling rose and took up his hat.

"Then I am to consider that our engagement is quite at an end?" said the doctor.

"Yes," said Judith.

"I shall always wish you well," said the doctor, affably.

"I thank you," said Judith.

"Good-bye," said Dr. Dedling.

"Good-bye," responded Judith.

The next moment she was alone with the blazing logs and the cricket chirping on the hearth, and the strange weird shadows that came and went on the wainscotted walls.

It was a month to-night since they had buried old Miles Grey out of sight. Little Judith, who had worn herself out in taking care of him, had dropped a few sincere tears on the cheap coffin that encased his remains, but no one else had seemed particularly to grieve.

Mrs. Pytchley, her eldest sister, who was marrried to a New York grocer, had boldly declared that it was high time that the old man took himself off the stage of this world, and made no secret of her disappointment when it was discovered that a thousand dollars in gold pieces represented all his hoarded wealth, with the exception of the cranberry swamp, upon whose dreary verge stood the house, and this dreary property, by the terms of the will, was to be divided between his two nieces, Judith Grey and Marie Pytchley, as they themselves might agree.

"I'll take the ready money," said Mrs. Pytchley, hastily. "What could I do with three or four miles of cranberry swamp?"

"Or what could Judith do with it either?" said Hobart Pytchley, who sat whittling beside the fire.

"I dare say she could manage very nicely," said Marie. "I've heard Uncle Miles say that he sold sixty dollars worth of cranberries one year out of that swamp."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Pytchley.

"And that's legal interest on a thousand dollars, you know," added the wife. "What do you say, Judith?"

"It makes no difference to me," said Judith, quietly.

"It does to me, then!" said Mrs. Pytchley. "Because, as you know very well, Hobart's business is in the city, and we could do nothing at all with a lot of swamp land, down here in the back woods."

So Mrs. Pytchley had taken the lion's share of the old man's bequest and gone back to her home over Hobart's store; and young Dr. Dedling, who had confidently calculated on at least five hundred dollars to buy surgical instruments and fit up an office in the village adjoining—five hundred dollars as the dowry of his bride elect—broke his engagement in a fit of pique that Judith should have so deliberately flung her fortune away.

"A set of harpies!" he cried with disgust.

"Stop, Dr. Dedling!" said Judith, coloring up. "You forget that you are speaking of my sister and her husband."

"But they had no business to impose on you thus," exclaimed the doctor impatiently.

"I agreed to the plan, without further remstrances."

Dr. Dedling gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"In that," said he, sharply, "you showed your lack of common sense! If you had no regard for yourself, you might have had some for me!"

"Was it for money you wanted me?" demanded Judith, stung to the very quick. Dr. Dedling colored high and hesitated.

"A man must take monetary matters into consideration," said he.

And it came about that the engagement was canceled, and Judith Grey was sitting there, alone in the wintry twilight, with clasped hands and head dropped upon her breast.

Dr. Dedling plodded home to the village, and, as he passed the brilliant windows of the little hostlery, he paused, remembering the bitter cold of the winter air, the frosty influences of the breeze:

"I may as well go in and warm myself," he thought. Mine host met him with a very cheery air.

"Walk in, doctor—walk in!" said he. "Not that room," as Dedling laid his hand mechanically on the door-knob of apartment he usually entered. "The Railway Committee is a-settin' there. This way please!"

"The Railway Committee?" echoed Dedling. "What Railway Committee? You don't mean to say they are actually taking any steps about that railway between here and Glassville?"

"Yes, I do" said the landlord. "It's a committee of rich capitalists as are building factories near the Falls, and they mean to run up rews of tenement houses all along and and lay down a line of rails, and—don't say as I mentioned it, doctor, because I only caught a word here and there when I was a-carrying in the plates and setting on the fruits and nuts and wines—but it's to go right through old Miles Grey's cranberry swamp the new railway is! And the chairman of the committee is goin' to offer Miss Judith twenty thousand dollars in good, clean, hard money for her share in it!" Dr. Dedling stared.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" slowly he repeated.

Could it really be a fact? If so—and there seemed very little reason for doubting it—what a fatal mistake had he made in rejecting a bride who could bring the rich portion of a cranberry swamp as her dower. If he had known this half hour—one little half hour—ago!

"Don't fret about him, Judith dear, he isn't worth it," urged honest Marmaduke Redfield, who had stopped on his way to the postoffice to bring a message from his mother. "He was always a pretentious sort of fellow, all for outward show, with a heart like a stone, and a nature as shallow as Deacon Doler's brook!"

Judith looked up at the clumsy, good-hearted, hard-handed farmer, and wondered that she had never before noticed what a true face, and what clear, frank eyes he had.

"Forget him, Judith," pleaded Redfield; and she began seriously to think that she would at least make the trial. "Come over to our house and stay with mother. It's too bleak and lonesome for you here—for the present, at least. Spring will be here time enough for you to come back to the cranberry swamp."

Judith Grey looked around at the solitary room and thought of Mrs. Redfield's big, cosy sitting-room, with its bright-colored rag carpet, its windows lined with blooming geraniums and its shrill-voiced canary bird hanging over the work table.

"Do you think," she hesitated, "that your mother would be willing to be troubled with such a guest as me?"

Duke Redfield's face instantly became radiant.

"Only try her," said he. "Dear Judith, you'd be as welcome as the flowers in May!"

And the next day Mrs. Redfield came over in the old farm carry all to claim her guest, and the old Swamp House was left to its dreary desolation and the driving snows of January.

Scarcely three weeks had elapsed when Dr. Dedling came to the Redfield farm in his new buggy, with the old Roan horse, that really made quite a good appearance when you did not hurry him and the road was tolerably good, and he was free from a visitation of what is commonly known as the "heaves."

"There ain't nobody sick here,', said Julius Brown, the hired man, who was splitting wood at the side of the house, as eyed the physician rather suspiciously.

"No, I know that, my man," said Dr. Dedling; "but I've called to see Miss Grey.

"Miss Grey ain't noways ailin' as I knows of," persisted Julius, feeling the edge of his axe, and still staring hard at the medical representative from Glassville.

"I have called," said Dr. Dedling, "as a friend.

"Oh!" said Julius.

"Will you be so kind as to let me in?" persisted the doctor.

"'Taint no use," said Julius, rolling a prodigious pine knot from the pile and preparing himself for a stupendous effort, "there ain't nobody at home."

"Nobody at home!" echoed the doctor.

"They've all gone to church," explained Julius.

"To church, man?" said the doctor. "Why this is Tuesday!"

"Who said it wa'nt?" retorted the irrepressible Julius. "They ain't gone to hear service—they're gone to be married."

"Who?"

"Why, our Marmaduke and Miss Judith." And down came the axe on the end of the pine knot with a crash that made the man of medicine start backwards.

The new railroad was duly constructed, directly across the boggy depths of old Miles Grey's Cranberry Swamp, and the $20 000 was placed to Mrs. Marmaduke Redfield's account in the nearest national bank, and Mrs. Tytchley thinks she has made a mistake in taking the gold eagles instead of the Cranberry Swamp, but young Dr. Dedling thinks his mistake was greater still.

The Land of Palestine.

Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes.—Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies. Where Sodom and Gomorrah have reared their domes and towers, that solemn sea now floods the plain, in whose bitter waters no living thing exists—over whose waveless surface the blistering air hangs motionless and dead—about whose waters nothing grows but weeds and scattering tufts of cane, and that treacherous fruit that promises refreshment to parching lips, but turns to ashes at the touch. Nazareth is forlorn. About the ford of Jordan, where the hosts of Israel entered the promised land with songs of rejoicing, one finds only a squalid camp of fantastic Bedouins of the desert; Jericho, the accursed, lies a moldering ruin to-day, even as Joshua's miracle left it more than three thousand years ago; Bethlehem and Bethany, in their poverty and humiliation, have nothing to do about them now to remind one that they once knew the high honor of the Saviour's presence; the hallowed spot where shepherds watched their flocks by night, and where the angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men," is untenanted by any living creature, and unblessed by any feature that is pleasant to the eye.

Jerusalem itself, the stateliest name in history, has lost all its grandeur, and is become a pauper village; the riches of Solomon are no longer there to compel the admiration of Oriental queens; the wonderful temple which was the pride and glory of Israel, is gone, and the Oriental crescent is lifted above the spot where, on that most memorable day in the annals of the world, they reared the holy cross. The noted sea of Galilee, where Roman fleets once rode at anchor, and the disciples of the Saviour sailed in their ships, was long ago deserted by the devotees of war and commerce, and its borders are a silent wilderness; Capernaum is a shapeless ruin; Magdala is the home of the beggard Arabs; Bethsaida and Chorasin have vanished from the earth, and the "desert places" round about them, where thousands of men once listened to the Saviour's voice and ate miraculous bread, sleep in the hush of a solitude that is inhabited only by birds of prey and skulking foxes.

Palestine is desolate and unlovely. And why should it be otherwise? Can the curse of Deity beautify a land.

Palestine is no more of this work-dry world. It is sacred to poetry and tradition—it is a dreamland.—Mark Twain.

Praise From High Authority.

Frank Ch. DeRialp, Singing Master of Her Majesty's Opera Company, says:

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO, New York:

Gentlemen—Having occasion to try your Pianos, I consider it my duty to acknowledge their rich quality of sound and, at the same time, the softness by which every nuance of expression can be performed. I consider them a perfect instrument, and specially invaluable to a singer. Wishing you a good success, I am, gentlemen,

Very truly yours,
FRANK CH. DERIALP,
Singing Master of Her Majesty's Opera Company.

Engineer Williams was attacked by heart disease; while alone on his locomotive, on a Virginia railroad; but in spite of the suddenness of his death he was able to whistle down brakes and close the throttle, thus averting a disaster.

A Wisconsin farmer twenty-three years ago planted a piece of waste land, unfit for cultivation, with black walnut trees. The trees are now from sixteen to twenty inches in diameter, and have been sold for $20,000.

Troubles of a millionaire: A few days ago Jay Gould was seen to look long and earnestly at the moon through a telescope and then turn away with a disconsolate sigh. A railroad track cannot be laid on air.

A Boston restaurant keeper received an order from the deceased Mr. Harrington, through a medium, for an old-fashioned pumpkin-pie. The medium ate the pie while under the control of the delighted spirit.

The finger rings of this country are worth $58,000,000, and are of no earthly account to the wearers. Just think how many cigar stores could be opened on that much wealth.

Opposite the Southampton Docks, England, in the Canute road, is the Canute Hotel, which bears the inscription: "Near this spot, A. D. 1028, Canute reproved his courtiers.'

The Christian Intelligencer says that Swinburne eats opium and drinks to excess, and that the scenes he has made in drawing rooms are scandalous and notorious.

There is a great rivalry between Western cities as to which is the wickedest. As a consequence there is an unusually high average of deviltry in them all.

Gold medals are only two fifths gold and are very cheap. They were invented to give heroes, who had much rather have a $10 note.

Never address your conversation to a person engaged in footing up a column of figures. There is nothing so deaf as an adder.

Barber: "Thin out your hair a bit, sir?" Customer: "No, never mind, my wife attends to that. But just oil it well."

How to make two children happy—Whip one and he is happy it is over; the other is happy that he escaped.

Constant cutting off just below the surface of the ground will in time eradicate poison ivy.

One silly remark will neutralize a good speech.

Odds and Ends.

Neither keep nor covet what is not your own.

A man met an old woman in an English town driving several asses. "Adieu, mother of asses!" cried he. "Adieu, my son," was the old crone's reply. The fellow went his way, feeling for his ears.

Statistics show that fewer marriages occur upon Friday than upon any other day of the week. Friday is considered unlucky, you know. A crusty old bachelor whispers in our ear that marriage is unlucky, no matter what the day.

When the society idiot asked, "Do you dawnce the lawncers?" the proper reply is said to be: "No, I don't dawnce the lawncers, but my sister Francis dawnces the lawncers and several fawncy dawnces." The management of this sentence assures entrance into the highest circles.

A Galveston darkey rushed in a doctor's office and breathlessly exclaimed: "Come on, doctor, right off. Dat is somebody in my house who is in an awful fix—laid up in bed a groanin' and a-groanin'." "Who is it?" "It's me. Yer see, boss, I didn't hab nobody to send, so I come myself."

"Do you pretend to have a good judgment as I have?" exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied, slowly; "our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."

A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." As he came out of the church a plain farmer said to him, "That was a very good text; but you placed the hay so high in the rack that the lambs couldn't reach it, nor the old sheep either."

A Utica clergyman, in a lecture on "How to get Married," said, "Every man wants a wife, and every woman wants a husband." But the great difficulty, Mr. Clergyman, is that the woman the man wants won't have him, and the man the woman wants wants some other woman.

[Battle Creek, (Mich.) Daily Journal.]

Upon being spoken to concerning St. Jacobs Oil, our fellow townsman Mr. Theodore Wakelee, said: I had been suffering with rheumatism, and obtained the greatest relief from the use of St. Jacobs Oil. It has also been used in my family for some time, and has never been found to fail in giving prompt relief.

"Good morning, Jones," said Deacon Gilpin the other morning "do you think you could fill a vacant position in my store, with credit?"

"Well, I rather guess so," was the reply, "what is it?

"Oh there's a vacant position on one side of your account in my ledger; the debtor side is full, and if you could fill the other side with credit I shall be pleased to have you try."

"Plague take it!" exclaimed Fenderson, scowling at the dictionary; "taint here."

"What isn't there?"

"Why, Philosophy."

"And no wonder," said Fogg, looking over Fenderson's shoulder: "It doesn't begin with an F; look under P, and you'll find it. You must learn to spell if you would find a word in the dictionary."

"Learn to spell!" yelled Fenderson; "do you suppose I'd hunt the dictionary for a word if I knew how to spell it? What are dictionaries for, I should like to know?"

Mrs. Magoffin had been reading in the newspapers of a man who died, leaving a young and attractive widow to whom he devised his entire wealth. "Now that's what I call true philanthropy," she remarked, removing her spectacles and looking at her husband as if she expected to be contradicted. "Why so?" he amiably asked. "Because," said she, "he left his property in such a way that some other man will be sure to enjoy it."

Two of the foreign soldiers who came to Galveston to take part in the Mardi Gras procession were conversing last night about Galveston, its climate and natural advantages. Finally one of them said: "Did you find it very warm yesterday?" "No; I didn't think it was warm." "I didn't either until I came to examine my pockets, when I found about $20 in silver I had there had all melted away." "I reckon that must be the atmospheric influences we heard so much about."

Three months ago, when 200 of the leading citizens of Gunnison City met in convention on a street corner, there were seven or eight Michigan men among the crowd. When Colonel Parker presented the following resolution, it was a Michigan man who supported it:

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to wait upon Calabash Sam, late of Deadwood, and inform him that after sunrise to-morrow morning this crowd will open fire on him with the intention of furnishing a corpse for our new graveyard.

The committee of five went out to meet Samuel and deliver their message. He sat on a bench at the door of his shanty, a shotgun across his knees and a pipe in his mouth, and he preserved silence while the chairman of the committee read the resolution; then he asked:

"That means me, does it?"

"She does."

"They don't like my style of carving and shooting, eh?"

"That's what they kick on."

"Well. I won't go. You haven't got 'nuff men in the whole valley to drive Calabash Sam a rod. Return to the convention and report that I'm here for the season."

"I forgot to menshun," continued the chairman, in a careless voice, as he leaned on his gun—"I forgot to menshun that the convention has adjourned. This finds itself in an embarrassing situation, and it sees only one way out of it. Unless you'd agree to pick up and travel, this committee will feel called upon to—to—"

"To begin shooting, you mean?"

"Exactly, Samuel, exactly. You may have already observed that two of the committee have got the drop on you."

"I see."

"Corpses which are riddled with buckshot have a very unpleasant look," continued the chairman, as he rested his chin on the muzzle of his gun.

"Yes, that's so."

"And it's kinder lonesome, this being the first plant in a new burying ground."

"Y-e-s, it may be."

"And so, take it all around, the committee kinder indulges in the hope that you'll see fit to carry your valuable society back to the Black Hills. You may have observed that three shotguns, each under full cock, are now looking straight at ye. We don't want to bluff, but it's getting nigh supper time."

"Well, after looking the matter all over, I'm convinced that these diggins won't pan out low grade ore, and I guess I'll take a walk."

"Right off?"

"Yes."

"Right up this trail?"

"Yes."

"Very well. While the committee feels sorry to see you go, and wishes you all sorts of luck, it hasn't time to shake hands. Step off, now, and for fear you ain't used to walking, we'll keep these guns pinted up the hill until you turn the half-mile boulder. Trais—march!"