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 columns, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1881. VOL. XVII.--NO 1

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 MILL.

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.

"Don't Forget"
THE
"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. C. HENRY'S Drug Store.

NEW CROP
Turnip & Ruta Baga Seed
For Sale at
STEVENS & HAYWARD'S
Drug Store.

Garden Seeds---
A fine lot of Garden Seeds of all kinds just received and for sale very cheap by Jas. T. Robinson.

Vaseline Camphor Ice---
An exquisite toilet article for chapped and rough skin, hands, lips, &c. For sale at J. C. Henry's Drug Store.

Choice Flower Seeds
For sale by J. C. Henry.

Miscellaneous.

ALREADY
FOR
WARM WEATHER.

ICE-COLD
Soda Water.
VICHY & DEEP ROCK
ON DRAUGHT AT
Trippe's Drug Store.

EASTON
Mechanical
Establishment
OF
W. H. Withgott & Bro.

Located near W. H. Wilson's Flour Mill, at the north end of Washington street. Having a complete set of tools and machinery, we are prepared to do all kinds of

MECHANICAL WORK.

Such as manufacturing and repairing machinery

Also, the manufacture of Carts, Wagons, and

Agricultural Implements,

Generally, of the very best material and workmanship.

We have secured the services of Mr. Samuel E. Tucker, a practical wheelwright.

BLACKSMITHING

In all its branches will also be done.

Having bought the interest of Mr. A. A. Hughes, the business will hereafter be conducted under the name of W. H. Withgott & Bro.

Being practical mechanics, and acquainted with our business in every particular, we feel assured of giving entire satisfaction.
jun14,81

HOME AGAIN!

James T. Robinson

Is again back to the old stand, near Fountain's Carriage Factory, opposite Bayside road. Come and see him.

New Store!
New Goods!

AT THE OLD STAND!

I have succeeded in running off all the old stock I had accumulated for some years. I now have the pleasure of re-opening in my new store a nice, new, clean stock of all kinds of goods kept in a first-class store. Come and see me. My motto is

CHEAP FOR CASH.

I have the finest lot of

SHOES

I have ever kept, of all kinds. I still propose to sell my

DRY GOODS

at a very small advance, cheaper than you can buy anywhere else. I have a very fine lot of

GROCERIES

of all sorts and very cheap. Come one, come all, and see my new store, and my great bargains.

JAMES T. ROBINSON.

ORGANS.

New lot direct from the manufacturers. First-class in every respect. *Warranted Six Years.* I am now giving special attention to this highly interesting line of trade, and will pledge myself to give as entire satisfaction, in both quality or price, as any city dealer or agent. G. W. MINNICK.

Paint, Paint, Paint,

Mixed ready for use. The New York Enamel is unsurpassed for beauty, durability and elasticity. Will not crack or peel. For sale by R. J. TRIPPE,
Agent for albot county.

MUSIC.

Large collection Songs, Transcriptions, and pieces of every kind, sold at large discounts from publishers prices. Catalogues mailed free on application.
G. W. MINNICK & SON,
opposite the bank.

If you wish a good CIGAR at a moderate price try our "LIVE OAK," at Trippe's Drug Store.

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

Seed Potatoes.

Northern Peach Blow and Peerless Potatoes for sale at Trippe's Drug Store.

Soap, Soap.
Large lot Toilet and Shaving Soap just received and very cheap, reduced from 10 to 5 cents by
J. C. HENRY, Druggist.

Persons having Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaints, Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, &c. would do well to call and get a bottle of HENRY'S VEGETABLE DIARRHŒA MIXTURE. Prepared and sold by
J. C. HENRY,
Druggist.

New Advertisements.

ANOTHER TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE!

THE GREATEST

Bargains

EVER OFFERED.

A line of narrow waist Pants, formerly $3 and $5, now going at $1 50 and $2.50.

A line of beautiful mixed Cassimere Suits, formerly $9, $10, $12 and $15, now going at $7, $9, $10, $12.

Men's White Vests, 75c, $1, $1 50.

Men's Dusters, 75c, $1 $1.25, $1.50.

Boy's and Children's Suits in elegant variety at 25 per cent. reduction. Children's Pants 65c and upwards

☞ *We want to move our stock more rapidly. We want your trade, and if Low Prices and Quality is a consideration we mean to have it.*

We must clear out this year's manufacture. We have marked our whole stock to such low figures that it will sell on sight. Don't neglect to call. It will pay you.

C. N. OHM & SON,
Popular One-Price Clothiers,
230 W. Pratt St. extending through to 55 Hanover St., BALTIMORE, Md.

MR. G. LACY EATON, formerly of Easton, is connected with our House, and will be pleased to see his many friends and acquaintances.

F. H. NICKERSON & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
EASTERN SHORE DOMESTIC GUANO,
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.

THE EASTERN SHORE DOMESTIC GUANO

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
English Mixture	$28 " "
Ground Bones	$30 and $35 " "
Dissolved Bones	$32 and $38 " "
South Carolina	$25 " "

☞A discount for cash.

F. H. NICKERSON & CO.,
Office, Brick Hotel Building; Factory, Easton Point;
mar29,81 EASTON, MD.

THE BEST IN THE MARKET!

Fourteen Different Sizes and Kinds

"EXCELSIOR" COOK STOVES

Unequaled in Finish and Material Operation

LEADING FEATURES:

Double Wood-Doors, Patent Wood-Grate, Adjustable Damper, Swinging Hearth-Plate, Interchangeable Ash-Sifter, Broiling Door, Reversible Gas-Burning Lids, Large Oven, Three Piece Nickel Knobs, Double Stove Centers, Nickel Panels, Heavy Ring Covers, Illuminated Fire-Doors, etc.

MANUFACTURED BY
ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.
and for sale by GEO. W. BECK, Easton, Md.

Adapted to all Requirements. Priced to suit all Purses.

PLAIN STAMPED, JAPANNED & PLANNISHED TINWARE,

Roofing and Spouting,

Stove Repairs furnished for any Stove made.

G. W. BECK.

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. R. 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 15 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, Halters, 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.

TUTT'S PILLS

INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling as if having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, Highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They increase the Appetite, indicate the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 39 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 39 Murray St., New York.

Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of valuable information and useful receipts will be mailed FREE on application.

Direct from the Mills.

Large stock of Paper and Envelopes, Wholesale and Retail, at prices very, very VERY low. You will be convinced by calling at the old "Land Mark," opposite the bank.
LG G. W. MINNICK & SON.

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

Select Poetry.

The Land Beyond the Sea.

The land beyond the sea!
When will life's task be o'er?
When shall we reach the soft blue shore
O'er the dark strait, whose billows foam and roar?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea?

The land beyond the sea!
How close it often seems
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait and dreams!
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes distinct and near,
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a thread-like mere:
We seem half-way to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
O how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmissive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
How dark our present home!
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily we roam,
With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
When will our toil be done?
Slow-footed years, more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun!
Home-sick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Why fadest thou in light?
Why art thou better seen toward night?
Dear land, look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

The land beyond the sea!
Sweet is thine endless rest;
But sweeter far that Father's breast,
Upon thy shores eternally possessed;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

—*Faber.*

Every Day.

Time is drawing nearer, nearer,
While our heads are turning grey;
Tears are falling on life's mirror
Every day!

Time is closing beauty's portals,
Flowers are blooming to decay;
Fate is delving graves for mortals
Every day!

While our pleasure boat is rolling
Over life's eventful spray,
Funeral bells are tolling, tolling,
Every day!

While the laurel wreath is shading
O'er the fame-lit brow of clay,
Sad we see the garland fading
Every day!

Love, then take your promised treasures,
Fame is dazzling to betray;
Life is fading with its pleasures,
Every day!

Hence while all things are declaring
Death a seeker for its prey;
Let us be ourselves preparing
Every day!

Select Story.

A SUMMER ROMANCE.

AN idle boat, with idle oars, floating idly down with the current of a calm, smooth lake, on whose placid breast the moonlight played at will. Such the picture, had one been a mere spectator to the mimic scene; but to the two actors, surroundings were lost sight of—they thought only of themselves.

Mocking the moon-rays, when they glanced upward, they could see on the bank above them the twinkling lights of the villa and hear the merry voices and gay laughter of the group from which they had escaped.

Arch smiles had passed between its members as they had seen Sydney Allison and Bayard Hunter stroll off arm in arm to where the little boat was moored.

The women had almost ceased to be jealous of Sidney, or to ask where lay her charm. When she exercised her fascination man bowed before her—first from necessity, then from choice.

But, though her victims were countless, she was twenty-three, and Sydney Allison still. However, this time she had encountered (the little girl at Mrs. Graham's villa said) a foeman worthy of her steel.

What she was among men, Bayard Hunter was among women. Therefore, seeing these two brought beneath the same roof, and thrown into daily intercourse, rumor was rife, and speculation awaited results with bated breath. Meantime, the little boat floated calmly on the quiet surface of the lake.

"Miss Allison!"

It was the first word either had spoken in full five minutes.

She glanced up at the speaker. The white lace thrown carelessly upon her dark hair, out from which peered the beautiful pale face, lent her some of the moon's mystic charm; but meeting the magnetic gaze of the dark, earnest eyes bent upon her, hers fell for an instant; then, as though ashamed of her momentary weakness, again shot a questioning look into Mr. Hunter's face.

"Miss Allison, he repeated, slowly, "did you know that we were in danger?"

"In danger?"

Her cheek grew a shade paler. She glanced up at the blue vault, where sailed so majestically the Goddess of Night—down into the dark depths of the waters, only to see Luna's brilliancy reflected there—around, about her. Not a leaflet stirred.

"No," he said, in answer to her look, "not from any of these. The moon, the wind, the water, all are our friends tonight. We are in danger from each other."

Oh, how she prayed the moon might fail to make apparent the instant flushing of blood to her cheek! She felt it glow, like a warm, crimson rose, even while she raised her little head almost defiantly, as though to hurl a challenge at his audacity.

Men had made love to her in many forms, but always as suppliants. This man dared suppose her in equal danger with himself!

"You deal in enigmas, Mr. Hunter," she returned haughtily. "I am accustomed to plain speech."

"Rather say that plain speech is to you an unknown tongue, and that I am the first man who has dared to speak frankly. Would you have me more open still? You shall have your wish. A week longer under the same roof with you, a week more of exposure to your maddening fascinations and my ship would go to wreck and ruin on the bar; unless—" he leaned nearer, his voice grew softer, more full of tender feeling, and his hand fell on hers lightly but with caressing grace, "unless, Sydney, you would let it float, your pennon and guide it into the safe harbor of your love."

She had been wooed many times, in many climes, by many men, but naught had ever moved her as this wooing, on this moonlight night in June. Yet this man dared tell her that in another week this all might come to pass.

Others had sworn to go from her presence to put an end to the existence she had rendered miserable; or had vowed that henceforth woman's smile would be gall and wormwood; or pleaded that she had shorn their manhood of its strength, and rendered their life a burden.

This one did none of these things. While his strength was yet his he saw and met the danger.

"A week hence," she said to herself, bitterly, "and the flame might singe him. Now his wings are all unscorched. He does not say "I love you!" "In time I might love you."

Was he then to win so easy a victory? Not so.

"Let us go home," she interrupted, with a little shiver. "It is growing chilly."

"Sydney, is this my answer?"

"Your answer?" with an assumption of surprise. "I was not aware of any question."

"You shall not even have this excuse. Will you be my wife?"

His voice was stern now—stern to harshness—and his grasp tightened on her hand.

"You hurt me, Mr. Hunter," she complained, petulantly, making an effort to withdraw her fingers.

Instantly he released her.

"I see that I have hurt you," he returned courteously, and took up the idle oars. "Pardon me," he continued; "I will not do it ever again."

A few bold strokes, and the boat's keel grated on the shore. Ten minutes later, and the two reappeared in their hostess' tastefully appointed salon.

A group of men instantly gathered about Miss Allison. Never had her laugh rung out more clearly, her gay sallies of wit and repartee been more sparkling; but ever from time to time, her eyes roved restlessly to the open window, where, on the parterre beyond, shown the red light from a man's cigar.

It was still there, still gleaming, when she had gone up to her own room. She crossed to the window to pull down the shade, but stood a minute, fascinated, motionless.

"After to-night he will forget me," she murmured, sadly. "And I—I shall remember him forever!"

Then, as though a sudden truth had burst upon her, she drew down the shade—to throw herself, with quick impetuous motion, prone upon the couch, to weep the first heart-tears she had ever shed.

"The drama has ended—Miss Allison has refused him!" This was the general verdict when, twenty-four hours later, Bayard Hunter bade his hostess adieu, and withdrew to town on plea of sudden business.

Of course the news reached Sydney's ear.

"I have not refused him," she said, aloud. "Not even that satisfaction is mine," she said to herself—"nor ever will be! It was only the 'might have been!'"

He was not the man, she knew full well, to plunge desperately into flirtation, or associate his name at once with another woman's, or to retire later or rise earlier, or in any manner disturb the even tenor of his way. The difference between them was only this—his heart was healing, perhaps already healed, but he would bear its scar to the grave; hers was a festering sore, which hurt the more that she had let the physician who might work its cure, pass her by.

The summer waned to a close. Nature had lent autumn its wondrous paint box and magic brush, and mountain and hillside were converted thereby into glorious beauty. Then came King Frost, first to heighten by his touch, then to kill, followed by Winter's lagging footsteps, mercifully bearing the exquisite white shroud of snow to cover up all signs of devastation and decay.

The season in the gay world was at its height. Occasionally, murmurs among the debutantes for its honors arose at the fact that, though Miss Allison's fourth winter, her former success paled in its most effulgent light.

She and Bayard Hunter constantly met. She almost wished he might avoid her, but at their first chance encounter he had approached with outstretched hands.

"How charmingly you are looking, Miss Allison," he had said.

And all in vain she had watched for a tremor in his tone, or a shadow of embarrassment in his manner.

"Only a week between him and shipwreck!" she thought, bitterly. "Ah, he has sailed so far from the fatal rock that doubtless he would now laugh at its supposed danger; and I was weak, and vain enough to think he stood upon the precipice's brink."

The new year had come, and one evening Sydney stood alone in her father's drawing room, looking out at the fast gathering darkness, when, through its sombre shade she saw a figure pass and mount the steps.

"A visitor!" she uttered, wearily; then waited the inevitable announcement. She knew instinctively

But, to her of course, that, she started when the servant throwing open the door, uttered Mr. Hunter's name. Oh, how glad she was that the rooms were not yet lighted as she went forward to receive him!

"May I welcome you in darkness?" she questioned.

"As you will," he answered. "I have but a few moments to stay. I am come to bid you good bye, and to ask you to wish me bon voyage."

"Bon voyage! You are going abroad?"

"Yes; I sail on Saturday. I hesitated about calling, but my desire to see you led me to believe you would pardon my audacity in supposing my going a question of enough moment to make it worthy a special call.

"My friends are always welcome, Mr. Hunter. I did not suppose it necessary you should hear that repeated now."

"Nor is it. It was only morbid fancy on my part which induced me to question it. I shall come back, I trust, with my mind clearer. At least I shall be some years older. When I return I presume I shall look for Miss Allison in vain, until I find her in some matron, equally charming. I cannot imagine her quite staid and portly.

So he could speak thus lightly of her becoming the wife of another man? And he was going away; she might never again hear his voice nor see her face. It was too cruel!

He and fate were too strong for her. The tears gathered in the gray eyes but the darkness hid them.

He rattled on—she had no need to speak. Then he rose to go.

"Good bye, Miss Allison!"—he took her hands in both of his—"good-bye. God bless you!"

Was it her fancy that just at the last, his voice trembled?

He crossed the room; he had gained the door. Another instant, he would be gone—another instant, it might be too late.

"Bayard!" she said, softly.

Two strides it seemed brought him back to her.

"You call me? For what? To make my going harder?"

"Oh, is it hard? In mercy tell me, for my own heart is breaking!"

"Your heart breaking! Sydney, Sydney! what does this mean?"

But the sound of her sobs was his only answer.

"Child," he continued, "can it be that I have judged you wrongly? Look up my darling! Is it your wish that I should stay?"

Then she found her voice.

"I thought you did not love me enough," she murmured. "But stay, and I will try to make you love me more; or, if you must go, take me with you."

June has given place to January, and warmth to cold, but where was coldness now was warmth, and the Winter moon was happier than the early June crescent—for in Sydney Allison's heart was the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers, mingling with the words which stole softly into her ear while nestling in her lover's arm—the words, "My love—my wife."

Anecdote of Crockett.

The occurrence is said to have taken place away back in the good old days of our forefathers. When David Crockett was in Washington he was one day sitting in a hotel toasting his shins when a Senator from Massachusetts, entered. Approaching the old frontiersman, the latter said:

"Crockett, a large procession of your constituents are marching up the street. You ought to go out and greet them."

Crockett hurriedly arose, and went out upon the hotel steps, when a large drove of mules passing by caught his eye. He quietly watched them until the last one had passed, and then returned to his seat, by the stove. The Massachusetts Senator was still there, and as the redoubtable Davy dropped into his chair, asked:

"Well, did you see your friends?"

"Oh yes," was the response. "They look remarkably well, too."

"Did you ascertain their destination?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And where are they going in such a solid body?"

Crocket turned to the Senator with a quiet, calm expression and replied:

"The blasted fools are all going down to Massachusetts to teach school!"

And then they gazed a moment into each other's faces and sadly walked up to exercise the barkeeper awhile.

[Chicago Journal.]

A Chicago Broker's Happy Investment.

Lewis H. O'Conor, Esq., whose office is located at 93 Washington street, this city, lately related the following in the hearing of one of our reporters as an evidence of special good fortune. I have been suffering said Mr. O'Conor, for a number of weeks with a very severe pain in my back, believed to be from the effects of a cold contracted while on the lakes. I had been prescribed for by several of our physicians and used various remedies. Three days ago, I abandoned them all, and bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, applied it at night before retiring and to-day feel like a new man. I experienced almost instant relief and now feel no pain whatever.

Clara Folz, the San Francisco woman lawyer, being told by the opposing counsel in court that a woman's proper place was at home raising children, retorted: "A woman had better be engaged in almost any business than raising such men as you are."

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on the top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes the front lob your house all marble, and de back gate chiefly slop-tub, sah."

A doctor of divinity in one of our eastern colleges is fond of going into the country, where, unmolested, he may play upon the violin. He must be a fiddle D. D.

"How far is it to Glub Creek?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman. "Only shoost a little vays." "Is it four, six, eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yas, I tink hits," serenely replied the unmoved gate keeper.

What is the dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," said a bystander, "he sees another puppy in your boots."

Money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the poor man's dollar, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

A young married man, whose house rent is paid by his mother-in-law, alludes to her as his darling pay-rent.

Beware of bosom sins.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Business is the soul of life.

As you sow, so shall you reap.

Be always at leisure to do good.

At a great bargain people swindle.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now.