THE EASTON STAR
T. H. 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 MUST PAY IN ADVANCE, or furnish satisfactory evidence of their intention to pay.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square—4 lines—one insertion, $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction, while 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, NOVEMBER 1, 1881. VOL. XVII.--NO 8

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.

The Maryland Directory.

This book contains the names and Post-office address of Farmers, Merchants and others in all the counties, and circulates in every town and village in the State. The revised third edition, now in course of preparation, the publishers will endeavor to make more correct and complete than former issues have been. They will be pleased to receive orders for subscriptions and advertisement. Call or address

J. FRANK LEWIS & CO.,

15 Post Office Avenue, BALTIMORE.

Sept6-4m.

BOARDERS.

MRS. ISABELLA SATTERFIELD, having bought out Mrs. Hall and taken her boarding house, over Messrs. J. W. Cheezum & Co.'s store, is prepared to take boarders by the meal, day, week or month. She solicits a share of the general custom, and promises to fully maintain the high reputation of Mrs. Hall's house. She can accommodate a few more permanent boarders than she has at present, and any number of transient customers. The attention of travelling salesmen is respectfully called to her commodious house and sumptuously supplied table.

Easton, July 2,81

Already for Winter.

James T. Robinson has just received ten cases of Boots at all prices.

James T. Robinsom has also a large invoice of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes, lower than elsewhere.

James T. Robinson has a first-class Woman's Calf Shoe at $1.75. Other Women's shoes as low as 75 cents.

James T. Robinson has a full and complete stock of Boys' and Youths' boots and shoes very cheap. Also Misses' shoes of all descriptions.

James T. Robinson has just received a large invoice of dry goods and notions, cheaper than you ever looked at.

James T. Robinson has a full and complete stock of all kinds of groceries. Prices below the market.

James T. Robinson has just received a fine lot of fish of different kinds. Mackerel by the barrel or half-barrel. Also herring.

James T. Robinson has several fine brands of flour at very reasonable prices. Nice sweet cider always on hand.

James T. Robinson has an uncovered ham that cannot be beat.

New Advertisements.

Sheriff's Election Notice

State and County Election.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Talbot County, that an Election will be held in said county, on the

First Tuesday next after the First Monday of November, 1881,

it being the 8th day of said month, in the several Precincts and Districts of Talbot county, viz:

First District.

First Precinct—At EASTON.
Second Precinct—At TUNIS' MILLS.

Second District.

At ST. MICHAELS.

Third District.

First Precinct—At TRAPPE.
Second Precinct—At OXFORD.

Fourth District.

At CORDOVA.

Fifth District.

First Precinct—At WITTMAN'S.
Second Precinct—At TILGHMAN'S ISLAND VILLAGE, near the bridge.

FOR THE PURPOSE OF ELECTING

One person to be Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland;

One State Senator to represent Talbot county in the Maryland Senate;

Three members of the House of Delegates of the General Assembly;

One person to be Sheriff of Talbot county;

Three County Commissioners; and

One person to be County Surveyor.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

And at the said election, the voters of said county are required to vote on the following constitutional amendment, proposed by the General Assembly of 1880, chapter 417. Those in favor shall have written or printed on their ballots the words: "For the Constitutional Amendment," and those opposed shall have written or printed on their ballot, the words: "Against the Constitutional Amendment":—

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, Three-fifths of all the members of the two Houses concurring, that the following section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State, and if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall supersede and stand in the place and instead of section five of article four of said Constitution.

SEC. 5. After the election for judges as hereinbefore provided, there shall be held in this State, in every fifteenth year thereafter, on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November of such year, an election for judges as herein provided; and in case of death, resignation, removal or disqualification, by reason of age or otherwise, of any judge, the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to fill said office, who shall hold the same until the next general election for members of the General Assembly, when a successor shall be elected, whose term of office shall be the same as hereinbefore provided; and upon the expiration of the term of fifteen years for which any judge may be elected to fill a vacancy at election for his successor shall take place at the next general election for members of the General Assembly to occur upon or after the expiration of the said term; and the Governor shall appoint a person duly qualified to hold said office from the expiration of such term of fifteen years until the election and qualification of his successor.

☞ The polls will be opened at 9 o'clock A. M. and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

☞ The Returning Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day, (Thursday), following the election, to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Talbot county.

WM. REDDIE,
Sheriff of Talbot County.

Notice to Hotel Keepers and all Others who Deal in or Keep Intoxicating Liquors.

For the information of all persons concerned, the following Act of the Legislature, passed March 24th, 1865, is published:

CHAPTER 191.

AN ACT prohibiting the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors in the several counties of the State on the day of Election.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment, or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any person or persons, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter, give, or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale, beer, or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the days of election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offence is committed, and shall upon conviction before any Judge of any of the Circuit Courts of this State, be fined a sum not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offense—one-half the fine shall be paid to the informer, the other half to the County Commissioners, for the use of public roads.

WM. REDDIE,
Sheriff of Talbot County.

Oct. 4-4t LGC

Tuckahoe Nursery.

Farmers Look to Your Interests.

Stock sold from one-half to two-thirds less than sold by tree dealers and agents. Stock well grown, healthy and true to name.

Apple Trees,
Peach Trees,
Pear Trees,
Plum Trees,
Damson Trees,
Cherry Trees,
Apricot Trees,
Nectarine Trees,
Grape Vines,
Gooseberries,
Currants,
Quinces,

Raspberries,
Strawberries,
Blackberries,
Asparagus,
Rhubarb,
Osage Orange,
Ornamental Trees,
Evergreens, &c., &c.

Send for list of varieties and prices. Orders left with Jarrell, Nichols & Cox will receive prompt attention.

C. E. JARRELL,
Hillsboro, Md.

sep20-2mos

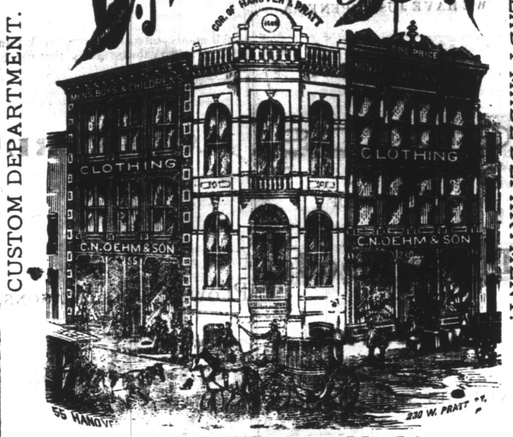
J. H. T. Hubbard

has on hand and offers for sale a full supply of Corn, Corn Meal, Bran, Wheat Refuse, Corn Chops and Oil Cake Meal at his store on Dover street.

New Advertisements.

A Standing Invitation to Visit

C. N. OEHM & SON



Fall and Winter Clothing.

An enormous stock. *Very Lowest Prices.* *Fit guaranteed.*

LARGEST ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS.

C. N. OEHM & SON,

230 W. Pratt St. extending through to 55 Hanover St., BALTIMORE, Md.

BOYS & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING A SPECIALTY

F. H. NICKERSON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FASTERN 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 its 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	$38 " "
Ground Bones	$36 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!

Adapted to all Requirements. Priced to suit all Purses.

"EXCELSIOR" COOK STOVES

LEADING FEATURES:

Double Wood-Doors, Patent Wood-Grate, Adjustable Damper, Swinging Hearth-Plate, Interchangeable Ash-Pan, Automatic Shell Broiling Door, Swinging Fire-Stop, Reversible Gas-Burning Long Cross Piece, Nickel Knobs, Double Short 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.

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 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.

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.

G. W. MINNICK & SON.

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 of 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, and cause 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 to application.)

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.

Select Poetry.

The Round of Life.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree.
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out on the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

—Chambers' Journal.

Select Story.

BRITE OF THE CARNIVAL.

"DOES she really love me?" said Captain Ernest von Steinberg, aid-de-camp to King Louis of Batavia, as he left the presence of the young and beautiful Baroness Anna von Graffenberg, the belle of Munich, "or is she the heartless coquet which common rumor makes her?"

As he passed down the staircase, he encountered the baroness' pretty French chambermaid, Lisette.

"Lisette, you are looking charming today—do you know it?"

"My mirror told me so this morning," said the soubrette, looking up boldly into his face.

"What lips! what eyes! and what a figure!" said the soldier. "But, do you know, I think you would look infinitely prettier in a lavender colored silk robe, with cherry colored ribbons."

"Very possible, *monsieur*," answered the waiting maid; "but that will cost money—and how is a poor girl like me to dress like a lady?"

"I have thought of that difficulty," said Ernest, "and so I have provided a remedy. Will you allow me to present you with a slight token of my gratitude and admiration?"

As he spoke he drew forth a little silk purse, through the interstices of which some gold pieces showed their pleasant, brilliant countenances. Lisette's eyes reflected their brightness.

"Monsieur is altogether too generous," she said.

But the little white fingers clasped the glittering offering, and conveyed it to one of the pockets of the coquettish silk apron that she wore.

"Now, tell me, Lisette, is your mistress going to the masked ball at the palace tomorrow night?"

"Ah, but that is a great secret, monsieur, which I promised madame not to reveal," replied he Parisienne, archly, laying her fingers on her lips.

"She is going, then?" said Ernest.

"Monsieur says so," answered the soubrette, smiling

"And what else did your mistress charge you to keep secret?" asked the officer, smiling in his turn.

"That she was going to wear a rose-colored domino, with a bunch of sky-blue ribbons on the right shoulder," replied the waiting-maid, hurriedly, and she ran up stairs, as if to avoid further catechising, fully satisfied that her indiscretion had been an ample offset to the aid-de-camp's present.

"Very good, Madame Anna," said the young officer to himself. "I have now reconnoitered the ground, and I shall know where to open my trenches. All's fair in love and war. And now to my friend, the sculptor's—if his ingenuity aid me, my success will be certain."

* * * * * * *

On the night of the masked ball the royal palace of Munich was a blaze of light. Every window glowed as if the interior were a mass of fire, and the brilliant rays, streaming forth upon the night, fell on the glittering helmets, breast-plates and sabres of the mounted cuirassiers, or were reflected from the bayonets of a detachment of the infantry of the line drawn up as a guard of honor in the square without.

Chamberlains stood at the entrance of the palace, and files of lackeys, with wax tapers flaring in the evening air, shed almost the light of day on the grand staircase. Carriage after carriage rolled up in succession, with their living freights of beauty and youth, and as light feet fell like snow-flakes on the carpeted marble, as graceful forms vanished within the portals, the ears of the by-standers were lulled by the pleasant rustling of silks, while the breeze was perfumed by a thousand delicate odors.

But if such were the external manifestations of the fete, how far more brilliant and bewildering was the interior of the palace of pleasure. How those lofty halls glowed with the dazzling effulgence of thousands of wax tapers! How softly and beautiful were the marble statues that graced the niches, lined the corridors, and looked down from their pedestals on the grand ball-room! How Oriental in their magnificence were the gorgeous draperies of velvet and satin, with fringes of gold bullion! but, above all, what music streamed on the enchanted air from an orchestra composed of a hundred of the best instrumentalists in the city! And the life, the animation of the throngs that filled the brilliant saloon—who shall describe it?

Ernest von Steinberg, who looked for but one person in that brilliant multitude, was so masked and muffled that his disguise was impenetrable. Therefore, when he found the rose colored domino at last, he hesitated not to address her.

"Good evening fair mask."

"Good evening gallant cavalier. But how know you that I am fair?"

"Were I to pronounce you the fairest in Munich, none would dispute your title."

"Do you know me?"

"The belle of Munich hides her face in vain," answered Ernest. "That inimitable foot and hand are her betrayers."

"You may be mistaken after all."

"I cannot be, and I claim the hand," said Ernest, "and will find employment for that dainty foot. The music sounds; let's away to the dance."

"I believe my hand is promised already," answered the fair one, "so take it quickly, before some one disputes the prize with you."

The next instant they were whirling round the vast saloon to music that might keep dancers on their feet for life. Anna leaned upon the shoulder of her partner, and he breathed in her ear words that she could not listen to without a thrill of pleasure.

At the conclusion of the dance Ernest led her into a side room, in which they found themselves quite alone.

"You persist, then," said the lady, "in calling me the Baroness von Graffenberg?"

"If I had doubted before, your dancing would have convinced me. The leader of the sylphides is known by her step."

"Well, you have guessed right. And now, in return for my confidence, may I request you to raise your mask?"

"I can refuse you nothing," said Ernest von Steinberg.

He raised his mask as he spoke, and disclosed to the astonished gaze of the baroness the well-known features of King Louis of Bavaria.

"But I thought you assured us that the cavalier was Captain Ernest von Steinberg!" exclaims the reader.

Let us explain. To give additional zest and pleasure, and complicate the mysteries of masquerade, the courtiers of Louis XIV., of France, had invented the following expedient: They procured fine wax likenesses of their friends, of eminent persons, and wore them under their masks. When requested to declare their identity, they would raise the outer mask, and the inner wax one, seen for a moment, in most cases completely deceived the spectator. It is easy to imagine what an indefinite field for mystification this contrivance afforded.

Captain Ernest had a friend, a sculptor, who had modeled a bust of the king, and from him he had procured a wax mask, beautifully colored and so well executed as to deceive the eyes of the baroness for the moment they rested on it. Ernest, satisfied with his success, replaced his black velvet visor, and continued the interview.

"Yes, baroness," whispered the disguised aide-de-camp, "It is Louis who stands before you—not as your king, but as your subject, your slave—the thrall of your beauty.

"Ah, sire," replied the belle of Munich, "you are sporting with the sensibilities of a weak woman."

"No, by heaven!" replied the false king. "I am incapable of that. Behold me at your feet, and hear me swear eternal allegiance to your charms.'

"Rise, sire, rise!" said the baroness, very much irritated. "We may be seen or overheard."

"Long have I thought," continued the false king, "that beauty such as yours should grace a throne."

"A throne!" echoed the baroness

"But you are right," he continued hurriedly; "this is no time or place for confidences like ours. Hark, the clock is striking twelve. Will you trust to my honor, and meet me at this hour to morrow night?"

"Where, sire?"

"In the Chinese pavilion in the garden of the palace. The wicket of the postern gate that leads to the door of the pavilion shall be left open for you."

The baroness gave him her hand.

"To-morrow night at twelve!" said she, and glided from the room.

"Oh, woman! woman! woman! Is it for this we rank you with the angels? But tremble, faithless one—your punishment shall be as be as bitter as the agony I suffer."

And he followed the baoness into the dancing saloon. He had no sooner left the room than a masked figure stole forth from beneath a mass of crimson drapery.

"The Chinese pavilion to-morrow night at twelve!" said the stranger. "Bravo! bravo! Captain von Steinberg!"

And he, too, vanished.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock on the following night, Captain von Steinberg, wearing his wax mask, unlocked and entered the Chinese pavilion in the royal garden. The inside shutters of the windows were closed, so that he ventured to produce a match and light a wax taper, taking care to place a shade over it, so that the room should be very dimly lighted. After completing the arrangements, he glanced around, and started on seeing the figure of a man near the table. The stranger was dressed in the uniform of an aide-de-camp, and wore a mask upon his face.

"Who are you?" demanded Ernest, advancing to the intruder.

"You have anticipated a similar question," replied the mask.

"But I have a right to know," said Ernest.

"So have I," was the quiet answer.

"Sir," said Ernest, placing his hand on the hilt of his sabre, "I wear a sword."

"So do I," replied the mask, "but I reserve it for the enemies of my country."

"Who are you? I implore you to tell me," said Ernest.

"Ah, now you speak in a different manner. I, sir, am Captain von Steinberg, at your service, aide-de camp to his majesty King Louis of Bavaria.

"The deuce you are!" thought Ernest.

"But confidence for confidence," said the impostor. "Now, you must tell me who you are, and by what right I find you in the royal pavilion at this hour."

"By the very best right in the world," replied Ernest boldly. "I, sir, am King Louis of Bavaria," and he lifted his outward mask, displaying the features of the king.

"Pardon me, sire," said the stranger, falling on his knees; "but, making my rounds in the garden, I found the postern gate unlocked, and fearing treachery to your royal person, deemed it my duty to keep watch in the pavilion, of which, as your majesty is aware, I have a duplicate key."

"Zounds, man! you haven't locked the postern, have you?" asked the pretended king.

"Then, my good fellow, there is no harm done," said Ernest. "And I'll tell you a secret; I expect a lady here every instant, who has accorded me a private interview. The best service you can render me—is to leave me to myself."

"A hint from your royal lips is a command," said the pretended Ernest. "That your majesty's suit may prosper is the warmest wish of your most devoted subject."

The stranger vanished.

Before Ernest had an opportunity to frame any hypothesis with regard to this mysterious being the door opened cautiously and admitted the baroness. She threw herself at once at the feet of Ernest.

"Rise, lady!" said the pretended monarch. "I would rather be at your feet—rise."

"Not," said the baroness, "till your majesty pledges me in advance for whatever I may confess."

"I freely pledge you that," said Ernest, aiding the lady to rise.

"Know then," said the baroness, "that I am an ungrateful woman. Your majesty distinguished me last night, and held out hopes so brilliant that a subject might well be dazzled by your promise. I was dazzled, and I heard your pleasure. But it was only a momentary weakness. In the delirium of the dance you told me that you loved me—my consent to meet you here seemed a confession of reciprocal affection; but, in truth, my heart is given to another. I love—I love with all the fervor of my being—not a monarch, but a subject."

"A rival!" said the pretended king sternly; "His name?"

"Will you keep it secret?" she asked.

"I make no promise in such a case as this."

"Then I shall keep my secret," said the baroness, firmly.

"And you will love this man—even if I command you to tear his image from your heart?"

"I love him and him only," replied the baroness. "In good report and evil report—in sorrow and in sickness—in shame and honor. Truly I pledged him my hand—my heart went with it. I am his forever."

"And he is thine, dear Anna!" said Ernest, tearing off his disguise, "Will you forgive me the trial I have subjected you to?"

"Will you forgive the weakness of a moment that made me listen to temptation?"

"Freely and fully," said Ernest, folding the baroness in his arms. "And now, when shall we be married?"

"To-night!" said a voice beside them. And there stood the King of Bavaria, but still in the form of an aide-de camp in which he had entered the pavillion that evening and first encountered Ernest. He it was who had overheard the appointment at the masquerade. "To-night," he replied, smiling on his astonished auditors. "The chapel is lighted up—the priests are in waiting—the wedding guests are there, and the wedding feast prepared. Louis of Bavaria awaits to conduct you to the altar, and to give away the bride. And may the pleasures of this carnival be but the precursors of a life of joy!"

The delight of the lovers—the joy of Lisette—the surprise and pleasure of all their family must be left to the imagination.

Temperature and Population.

The Census Bulletin, on "The Distribution of the population of the United States in 1870 and 1880 in accordance with Temperature," shows that no less than ninety-eight per centum of the total population of the United States lives between 40° and 70° Fahrenheit of mean annual temperatures, north and south. A rough computation shows that the mean annual temperature of the country is about 58° Fahrenheit, to which the location of the population almost precisely corresponds, differing from it by only a fraction of a degree. The highest maximum temperature is in southwestern Arizona and southeastern California, where the thermometer is said to have registered 135° in the shade. The maximum on the Pacific coast ranges from 90° to 100°, but back from the coast, in the Great Valley of California, great extremes have been observed.

(St Louis Chronicle.)

TRIAL BY JURY.

Some believe that even this form of trial is not perfectly free from prejudice. But in our section, St. Jacobs Oil has been tried by that great jury—the public—and been judged the infallible cure for Rheumatism and all painful diseases.

A country girl at a fashionable hotel in New York noticed that all the guests used their forks only in eating their pie. Upon her return home she reported the fact to the old lady, who comforted her by observing, "You shouldn't mind 'em, Jemima; it's all because they're too lazy to use their knives."

[Sparta, (Wis.) Herald.]

As an exhibition of the intrinsic worth of St. Jacobs Oil, we think the case referred to that of Mrs. O. W. Hubbard, of this town, cured of Sciatic Rheumatism of long standing by the Oil, is certainly striking, and, beyond all doubt, conclusive as to its efficacy. The remedy has our indorsement.

The New Orleans Picayune says that a saddle-horse knows enough of arithmetic to carry one. It is also a fact that, when put into a livery stable, he can run up a big bill in a very short time. He has also been known to figure some in a Fourth of July procession.

An eye-opener: "When the girl who has encouraged a young man for about two years suddenly tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.

A lady about to marry was warned that her intended husband, although a good man, was very eccentric. "Well," she said, "if he is very unlike other men, he is more likely to be a good husband.

A young clergyman in Iowa recently married a couple in the following brief manner: "Do you want one another?" Both replied "yes," "Well, then, have one another."

A blush is nature's alarm at the approach of sin and her testimony to the dignity of virtues; it is a sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor would dwell.

"I'm saddest when I sing," said a Sunday evening warbler, "And so's the whole neighborhood!" roared an unmusical voice in the street.

Why is Bridget like the letter E? Because she makes a pet of Pat.

Army literature—Magazines and reviews.