The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1881. VOL. XVII.—NO 13

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 $5 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 8 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 terms above.

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

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

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SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,

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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.

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January 14, 1879-1yr

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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. Cheesman & 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 5,81tf

Already for Winter.

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

James T. Robinson 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.

PULMONA

The Greatest Known Remedy for

COUGHS, THROAT

—AND—

LUNG TROUBLE.

It requires only a fair trial to convince one of its efficacy. Free from Morphia or any other anodyne. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists and

A. R. METTEE, Prop'r,
122 WEST FAYETTE STREET,
ABOVE PARK STREET.

Send for Circular.

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Rev. A. E. Gibson, M. D.	Rev. W. M. Osborne,
" W. S. Edwards, D. D.,	" S. A. Wilson,
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" J. A. Price,	" A. S. Hank,
" D. H. Carroll,	" E. W. Crowl,
" J. J. G. Webster,	" W. F. Speake,

ALL OF BALTIMORE.

Sept. 20, 1881.

BOOTS & SHOES,

BOOTS & SHOES.

COLLINS & WILSON

Wish to inform their friends and the public generally that they have just returned from the city with the largest stock of Boots and Shoes that they have ever had the pleasure to show. Our goods are bought strictly for cash, and we will offer you goods for less money than you have been paying for them.

Coarse, Medium and Fine

BOOTS.

We keep Hand-Made Boots and Shoes for Men, and Fine Hand-Made Shoes for the ladies.

Groceries.

Sugar, Coffee, Flour, Fish, Lard, Bacon and everything kept in the Grocery Line. Call and see our prices.

COLLINS & WILSON,
Dover Street, Easton.

To Farmers.

The attention of farmers is called to the

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN DRILL

I have sold between one and two hundred of these celebrated drills in the last two years, without a single complaint. They are admitted to be the best in the market. Last year I could not supply the demand for them, because some farmers were late in giving their orders. All who want them this season will please give me their orders early, so that there may be no disappointment.

The attention of farmers is also called to the celebrated

Oliver Chilled Plow.

I have sold over five hundred of these plows within the last two years without a complaint. There are none equal to them the farmers say. As I have made arrangements to supply them hereafter at a

REDUCED PRICE,

Those who want will find the present a good time to order.

N. TUTHILL.

Easton, Md., Aug. 9th, 1881.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

A. M. COLLIGNON,

Produce Commission Merchant in

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Poultry, Game,

GREEN AND DRIED FRUITS, &C.,

330 Washington St., New York.

REFERENCES—New York National Exchange Bank, or to Wm. Myers, Jno. W. Plummer, A. H. Stewart, P. H. Stevenson, J. H. Willis, Samuel Melson and T. G. Reynolds, Oxford, Md. Entire satisfaction guaranteed.

A trial shipment of a part of your fine Christmas turkeys and geese is what I want from the farmers of Maryland to convince them of our excellent facilities for handling large quantities of produce and of our disposition to do the fair square thing.

N. B.—Be sure your poultry is fat and nicely handled. It pays. Ship in light boxes and by fast freight.
nov29,3i-4t

Just from the Mills.

Large lot of Stationery at unprecedented low prices. Wholesale and retail. A full line for Clergymen, Lawyers, Merchants, Farmers, Artisans and Ladies.

G. W. MINNICK & SON.

ALREADY

FOR

WARM WEATHER.

ICE-COLD

Soda Water,

VICHY & DEEP ROCK

ON DRAUGHT AT

Trippe's Drug Store.

J. O. HENRY, Easton, Md.,
SOLE PROPRIETOR OF
Hemsley's Celebrated Worm Destroying SYRUP.

Warranted an infallible Remedy in all cases of Worms. Price 25 cents per bottle, at

J. O. HENRY'S
may4 Drug Store.

Taylor's Ague Mixture,

For sale at Trippe's.

Iron Bitters

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

New Advertisements.

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1882.

THE SUN for 1882 will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining, as always, for all that is good and true and gracious, contented and unhappy, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. THE SUN's light for mankind and womankind of every sort, but its genial warmth is for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.

THE SUN of 1882 was a newspaper of a new kind. It dismissed many of its forms, and a multitude of the superfluous words and phrases of ancient journalism. It undertook to report in a fresh, fascinating, unconventional way all the news of the world, omitting no event of human interest, and commenting upon affairs with the fearlessness of absolute independence. The success of this experiment was the success of THE SUN. It effected a permanent change in the style of American newspapers. Every important journal already extolling has been modified and bettered by the force of THE SUN'S example.

THE SUN of 1882 will be the same outspoken, truth-telling, and interesting newspaper.

By a liberal use of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before.

We shall print all the news, putting it into readable shape, and measuring its importance, not by the traditional yardstick, but by its real interest to the people. Distance from Printing House Square is not the first consideration with THE SUN. Whenever anything happens worth reporting we get the particulars, whether it happens in Brooklyn or in Bokhara.

In politics we have decided opinions, and are accustomed to express them in language that can be understood. We say what we think about men and events. That habit is the only secret of THE SUN'S political success.

THE WEEKLY SUN gathers into eight pages the best matter of the seven daily issues. An Agricultural Department of unequaled merit, full market reports, and a liberal proportion of literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence complete THE WEEKLY SUN, and make it the best newspaper for the farmer's household that was ever printed.

Who does not know and read and like THE SUNDAY SUN, each number of which is a Gobconda of interesting literature, with the best poetry of the day, prose every line worth reading, news humor—better enough to fill a good-sized book, and infinitely more varied and entertaining than any book, big or little?

If our idea of what a newspaper should be pleases you, send for THE SUN.

Our terms are as follows:

For the daily SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price, by mail, post-paid, is 65 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 85 cents per month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free.

Address I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of THE SUN, New York City.
nov15-6t

PATENTS.

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

NOTICE!

Steamer POPE CATLIN,

Will leave Baltimore every Wednesday and Saturday at 7 A. M. for Tilghman's Island, Grace's Wharf, Sherwoodsville, Oxford and Trappe Landing.

Freight received on Tuesdays and Fridays from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Returning will leave Trappe (on Mondays and Thursdays) at 7 A. M., Oxford 9 A. M., Grace's 10 A. M., and Sherwoodsville at 10.30 A. M., Tilghman's Island 11 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 5.30 P. M.

FARE, 75 CENTS.

A. L. FOOTE, Agt.,
Pier 11½ Light St. Wharf.
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Garden Seeds,

Flower Seeds.

STEVENS & HAYWARD,

Druggists and Apothecaries.

Northern Early Rose Potatoes,

Silver Skin Onion Sets.

Full Stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals.

Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours of the day or night.

If you want a nice job of painting use

New York Enamel Paint.

Already for the brush. For Beauty, Economy and Durability it is unsurpassed.

R. J. TRIPPE,
Agent for Talbot county.

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, grapes, 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

J. H. T. Hubbard, Dover street,

has added to his store a Tobacco room, for the purpose of making best-class Tobacco, Segars, Cigarettes and Snuff a specialty.

Consolidated Subscription Agency.

Having contracted arrangements with various publishers, we will hereafter supply

Papers and Magazines

At prices lower than publishers' rates, or the advantages of lowest club rates, postage free.

G. W. MINNICK & SON,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Easton, Md.

Medical.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT

GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *sure, safe, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will increase and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its falling off, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a silken softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.

The State Assayer and Chemist of Mass. and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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, and their 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.

Mr. Ewing's and Miss Meller's

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

For Young Ladies and Misses,

DOVER STREET, EASTON, MD.

Will open Monday, September 12th, 1881. Prospectuses can be had upon application. Instrumental Music and Vocalization, A. C. Mayer, Professor of Latin and English Literature. For terms apply to either of the Principals. Pupils admitted and classes formed at any time.

REFERENCES—Dr. I. L. Adkins, H. S. Best, Esq., Rev. Robert Wilson, Dr. E. K. Tripp, Rev. R. J. Sherrod, Rev. A. Tuthill, Rev. E. S. Brady, E. O. Dawson, Esq., G. E. Haddaway, Esq., Capt. G. R. Leonard, R. J. Trippe, Esq.
Sept6-3m

Cough Syrups—

Bayne's, Ayer's, Hall's, Sellers', Wistar's, Mason's (German Syrup—for sale at J. O. HENRY'S Drug Store.

TRY PETTIT'S American Cough Syrup, a most excellent remedy for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by J. O. Henry, Druggist.

Trippe's Syrup of Blackberry Root—

Unequaled for the cure of Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint. Especially good in cases of children, and so pleasant to the taste they all like it. Price, 25 cents. For sale by

R. J. TRIPPE.

Select Poetry.

Familiar Quotations.

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.—Montrose.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of metal
And it soft as silk remains.—Hill.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.—Prior.

How happy I could be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.—Gay.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.—Goldsmith.

Variety is the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.—Cowper.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.—Trumbull.

No man e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.—Trumbull.

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.—Wordsworth.

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.—Coleridge.

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.—Montgomery.

But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.—Moore.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers.—Bryant.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.—Tennyson.

One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.—Young.

Though the mills of God grand slowly,
They grand exceedingly small.—Longfellow.

Sweet day! so cold, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky.—Herbert.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out.—Suckling.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.—Shirley.

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.—Milton.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great,
Of being cheated as to cheat.—Butler.

Glittering and sounding generalities.—Choate.

I own the soft impeachment.—Sheridan.

High mountains are a feeling.—Byron.

Unwept, unhonored and unsung.—Scott.

He makes a solitude and calls it—peace.—Byron.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keat.

Keep step to the music of the Union.—Choate.

He builded better than he knew.—Emerson.

How blessings brighten as they make their flight.—Young.

All men think all men mortals but themselves.—Young.

He was not of an age, but for all time.—Ben Johnson.

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print.—Byron.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.—Campbell.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free.—Cowper.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.—Pope.

None but himself can be his parallel.—Theobald.

Indemnity for the past and security for the future.—Pitt.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.—Sterne.

But water lingering chill the lap of May.—Goldsmith.

Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.—Butler.

The King of France with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down again.—Tarlton.

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.—Rabelais.

For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, "It might have been."—Whittier.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.—Pope.

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.—Pickney.

The quarrel is very pretty quarrel as it stands.—Sheridan.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.—Goldsmith.

A limit which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.—Burke.

Select Story.

Maggie and the Burglars.

"YOU are not afraid, Maggie?"

"Me afraid!" said Maggie. "I'll no fear born with me. As for the house, it's the strongest fastened ever I was in. You say yourself there's no lock a burglar could force, and I am not one to let tramps or the like in of my free will. God knows the place will be safe though when you come back—as safe as though there was a regiment of soldiers in it; and I'll have all bright for your new wife, Mr. Archibald."

She called her master Mr. Archibald still, this old woman; but she was the only one who still used his Christian name. He was an elderly man himself, and had few attributes of youth, beautifully not being one of his virtues.

Nevertheless, there was much that was valuable in the house; more ready money, too, than many men keep about them; but then it was as secure as a bank vault—patent locks and burglar alarms that first sent a bullet into any one who sought to enter by stealth, and then rang a bell to wake the household, many attached to every door, and a furious watch dog that lived on raw meat, was in the back garden. The Van-Nott mansion could have withstood a siege at a moment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money dealer. He had ways and means of accumulating property which were inaccessible to his neighbors, and they were suspicious that the little back parlor, secured to business, had even seen such lesser dealings as the loan of money on the gold watches, cashmere shawls, and diamonds of genteel distress.

Two or three mortgages that he had bought up had been rather cruelly foreclosed, and he was a hard landlord and a bad person to owe money to altogether. On the whole he was disliked in the place, and, rich as he was, would have found it hard to get a wife to his liking among his neighbors at Oakham.

However, having resolved to marry again—there had been a Mrs. Van Nott, who had died years before—he had sought out a wealthy widow of a neighboring district, who lived on a small farm some miles out of town, and having already disinherited her daughter, for espousing an estimable man of small means, and turned her only son out of doors for equally prudent reasons, was not likely to bring any troublesome generosity into his household, and had offered himself to her and had been accepted.

And now, though both their economical souls revolted against it, custom decreed a wedding of some sort, and a honeymoon trip somewhere, and they had decided to do it as cheaply as possible. For this brief time Mr. Van Nott must leave his business and his houses, and it was upon the eve of departure that he held the above conversation with his portmanteau in his hand, and regarding her gravely.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I presume it is all safe enough. And I'll speak to the night-watchman, and give him a dollar to take a particular look at this house. Well, good-bye, Maggie, make things as neat as possible; if they look dirty my wife may think the furniture old, and want something new for the parlor." And Mr. Van Nott departed.

"Yes," said old Maggie, "no doubt she'll have fine, extravagant ways. Poor master! What a pity he he should marry, after all—but old fools are the worst fools. A young man of eight-and-forty, too, when he has a sensible servant, sixty last January, and knows what belongs to good housekeeping.

If he wanted to marry why didn't he ask me? I'd not have gone gallivanting and spending. Ah, well, he'll suffer, not I." And Maggie trotted away to begin her sweeping and dusting.

She had said truly that there was no fear born with her, but as the night drew on she began to be somewhat lonely. As her master's presence was strangely missed out of the great house, and there was something ghostly in the look of his empty chair when she peeped into his little back office.

"If I was superstitious," she said to herself, "I should think something awful was going to happen. I feel chilly up and down my back, and I keep thinking of funerals. I'll make myself a cup of tea, and see if I can get over it."

And accordingly old Maggie shut herself into the lonely kitchen, and lightning two candles, drew a pot of the strongest young hyson, and putting her feet close to the cooking stove began to feel much more comfortable.

"The old clock ticked away on the mantel piece, the hands pointing to half past eight.

"I'm going to bed at nine," said Maggie. I've worked well to-day. Much thanks I'll get for it, I doubt. Hark! What's that?"

It was a sound outside the door—a slow, solemn grating of the wheels. Then feet trod the pavement and the bell rang faintly. "A carriage," cried Maggie. "Has he changed his mind and brought her home at once? But that can't be; he's not married yet." And taking one of the candles she trotted to the door, but not before the bell rung again.

"Who's that?" she cried, holding the door slightly ajar.

"A stranger," said a voice, "one who has something in particular to say to you."

"You'll have to wait for to-morrow," said Maggie. "You can't come in to-night."

"My good woman," said the stranger, "you are Margaret Black?"

"That's my name."

"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper for twenty years?"

"Yes."

"My good woman, if you are attached to your master I have bad news for you."

"Gracious Lord!" cried Maggie, but she did not open the door much wider, only enough to thrust her head out.—"Don't scare me, mister. What is it?"

"The worst you can think of," said the man. "Mr. Van Nott traveled on the —— road. There has been a terrible accident."

Preserve us!" cried Maggie, letting the door fall back, "and him on the way to his wedding. He's hurt badly then?"

"He's dead," said the man. "Dead, and we've brought him home.

Maggie sat down on a chair and began to cry.

"We're done what we could," said the man. "The lady he was to marry and her friends will be down to morrow. Meanwhile my instructions are that you shall watch with him and allow no strangers to enter the house. There are valuable things here, I am told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer must take possession of them and seal them up before strangers have access to the room."

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried old Maggie. "That it should come to this! Yes, I'll watch alone—I am not afraid; but, oh, dear!"

Then she shrank back and let two men carry a horrible coffin into the front parlor.

They come out with their hat's off, and the other man also held his in his hand.

"I regret to leave you all alone in the house," he said.

"I don't mind that," said old Maggie, "if you would like me to stay," said the man.

"No," said Maggie, "I've no fear of living or dead folks. You can go."

Then she locked the door, went into the parlor, and, putting the candle on the mantel, looked at the coffin through her tears.

"He was good enough to me," she said, "poor Mr. Archibald! and the poor man of wanting to marry at his time of life, and galivanting on, ruinous. I wonder whether he is changed much. I'll take a look," and Maggie, shaking the locks and lifted the lid over the face of the exploded body.

"I'll take a look," she said, to herself again. "I'm not afraid of dead folks."

In a minute more Maggie dropped the lid again, and retreated, shaking from head to foot. She had seen, within the coffin, a face with its eyes shut, and with bandages about the head, and the ghastly features of a clown in a circle ribbon the red mouth.

But it was a living face, well chalked, and not her master's, and Maggie knew at once that she had been well hoodwinked—that the story of her master's death was a lie, and that a burglar lay within the coffin, ready to spring upon her and blind her, or, perhaps, murder her at any moment.

She could, of course, open the door and try to escape; but the accomplices of the man were doubtless outside. It was a long distance to the nearest house, and, even if they did not kill her, they would search their purpose and rob the place before she returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggie aloud, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next room, she knew, loaded, six shots in each. Maggie could use pistols. She had aimed at troublesome cats with great success in times past. If she could secure these pistols she felt safe.

"Poor dear master," she sobbed, and edged toward the back room. "Poor dear master." She lifted the desk lid. She had them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and sat down on a chair. She turned up her sleeves and grasped a pistol in each hand and she watched the coffin quietly. In half an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand crept up the side. A wiry eye peeped out.

It fell upon the armed figure, and closed again.

"You had better," said Maggie to herself.

Again the head lifted. This time Maggie sprang to her feet.

"You're fixed quite handy," she said coolly. "No need of laying you out if I fire, and I can aim first rate, especially when I'm afraid of ghosts, as I be now."

The head ducked down again. Maggie resented herself. She knew that this could not last very long. It was as she supposed. A moment more and the coffin was empty, and a ferocious young fellow sat on its edge and thus addressed her:

"We meant to do it all quiet," he said, "and I don't want to frighten an old woman. Just put them down."

"I'm not frightened," said Maggie.

"I'm coming to take them things away from you," said the man.

"Come," said Maggie.

He advanced one step. She took aim and he dodged, but a bullet went through his left arm, and it dropped by his side.

Furious with pain, he dashed toward her. She fired again, and this time wounded him in the right shoulder. Faint, and quite helpless, he staggered against the wall.

"There! you've done it, old woman," he said. Open the door and let me out. My game is up."

"Mine isn't," said old Maggie. "Get into your coffin again, or this time I'll shoot you through the heart."

The burglar looked piteously at her, but he saw no mercy in her face. He went back to the coffin and lay down in it. Blood dripped from his wounds and he was growing pale. Maggie did not want to see him die before her eyes, but she dared not call aid. To leave the house before daylight would be to meet this man's friends, and risk her own life. There was nothing for it but to play the surgeon herself, and in a little while she had stopped the blood and saved the burglar's life. More than this, she brought him a cup of tea and fed him with it as if he had been a baby. Nothing, however, could induce her to let him out of the coffin.

About one or two o'clock she heard steps outside, and knew that the other burglars were near, but her stout heart never quailed. She trusted in the bars and bolts, and they did not betray her.

The daylight found her quietly sitting beside the wounded burglar, and the milkman, bright and early, was the embassador who summoned the officers of justice.

When the bridal party returned next day the house was neat and tidy, and Maggie, in her best alpaca, told the news in laconic fashion.

"Frightened!" she said, in answer to the sympathetic questions of her new mistress. "Frightened! Oh, but fear wasn't born in me."

[Rochester Sentinel.]

"Buckwheat Cakes And The Measles."

When a young husband had gone from home, and with fond solicitude telegraphed his little wife, "what have you for breakfast, and how's the baby?"—he received the brief, suggestive reply,—"Buckwheat Cakes and the Measles." We have the report of a case in our midst, not when Measles was in the bill of fare, but when Sciatic Rheumatism confined Mr. J. Dawson, the well-known druggist, to his room for a long period. It was stated to our reporter in the following words: The senior of the firm was attacked with Sciatic Rheumatism December last, and for four weeks could scarcely leave his room. He used St. Jacobs Oil, and is now able to be at his place of business, feeling no worse for his recent affliction. The inference is convincing.

A young lady with a slight defect in the off eye, entered a drug store the other afternoon and called for a glass of soda water. The clerk mistook the movement of the optic for the usual hint, and ten minutes after the woman left the store she felt an irresistible desire to sing "We—hic—won't go home—hic—till mornin," and her necktie persisted in crawling around under her left ear. Drug clerks ought to exercise a little more caution.

"Father," asked little Johnny, "when you was a boy did you use to think what a great man you would be when you grew up?" "I supposed so," said his father, "why do you ask that?" "Cos I don't know, only I heard you say last night that life was full of disappointments."

[Monroe, (Mich.) Commercial.]

Mr. Chatman, of Rockford, the druggist, informed us that Mr. Louis Hope, a sufferer with rheumatism for a number of years, obtained the greatest relief by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

At Angelica Springs, the meteorological observations for August, 1881, showed I counted twenty-seven sturgeon sitting on my porch.