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 $1 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 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, JANUARY 3, 1882. VOL. XVII—NO 17

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. 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 4,81tf

Already for Winter.

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

James T. Robinson has also a large lot 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.

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Now stands confessedly at the head of Philadelphia journalism in all that makes a thoroughly complete, general and family newspaper: It is more complete in its news, in its special correspondence, in its varied contributions on all subjects of popular interest, and in all the qualities of a newspaper for the family circle and for the business man than any of its contemporaries, because its facilities and resources are equal to every want of a first-class national journal.

THE "WEEKLY TIMES"

has nearly doubled its former large circulation during the year. Its contributors from week to week are among the foremost men of the nation, and no department of news or literature is slighted in any number on any pretext. It is adapted as well to women as to men; hence, although its political intelligence is full and accurate and its political editorials free and fearless, liberal provision is made for literary, dramatic and musical matters, travels and adventure, fiction, poetry, fashions and the chronicle of current social events. In all these departments the pens of the best writers are engaged, while selections from other journals are made with care, taste and fullness that are unsurpassed.

The "Annals of the War"

embracing chapters of unwritten history contributed by prominent actors in the war of the rebellion, are a valuable feature of the paper and have become a recognized depository of such matters, whether from Northern or Southern sources. This department, as well as all others, will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

TERMS:

The Daily Times—Delivered in the City of Philadelphia and surrounding Towns for Twelve Cents a week. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS, postage free, Six Dollars a year, or Fifty Cents a month.

The Weekly Times—Fifty-six columns of the choicest reading, especially prepared to meet the wants of weekly newspaper readers. One copy, $2.00; Five copies, $8.00; Ten copies, $15.00, Twenty copies, $25.00. An extra copy sent free to any person getting up Clubs of ten or twenty.

The Sunday Edition—Double sheet, eight pages. The best known and most accomplished writers contribute to its columns every week. Two Dollars a year, postage free. Single copies, Four Cents.

The Times Almanac—A Manual of Political and other Information, published on the First of January, every year. Fifteen cents a copy.

The Annals of the War—A royal octavo volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated. Written by Principal Participants in the War, North and South. Price, $3.00.

Address all letters and other communications to

THE TIMES,
TIMES BUILDING,
Chestnut and Eighth Streets, Philadelphia

☞SEND FOR A SPECIMEN COPY.
dec18-6t

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1882.

THE SUN for 1882 will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining, as always, for all, big and little, mean, 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 'tis genial warmth is for the good, while it pours not discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.

THE SUN of 1868 was a newspaper of a new kind. It discarded many of the forms, and a multitude of the superfluous words and phrases of ancient journalism. It undertook to report in a fresh, succinct, 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 existing 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 course.

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, political, 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 cabinet of interesting literature, with the best poetry of the day, prose every line of it worth reading, news, humor—matter enough in this 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 as follows:

For the daily SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post-paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 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

52d Year of

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

LOW PRICE OF $2 PER YEAR.

The Oldest and Best LADY'S BOOK in the World.

SEE THE MONTHLY CONTENTS FOR 1882.

A Complete Novel in Every Number!

Besides the following old-time specialties:
Beautiful Original Steel Plate Engravings, Designed by F. O. C. Darley.
Diagram Patterns for Ladies and Children.
Mammoth Colored Fashion Plate.
Short Stories, Poems and Sketches.
Our Popular Novelty Pages in Colors.
Illustrated Art and Fashion Home Work.
Architectural Designs for Beautiful Homes.
Godey's Recipes, Godey's Puzzles and Games.
Monthly Chit-Chat on Fashions, etc., etc.
No Continued Stories.

Every Number Complete in Itself.
MAKING NEARLY 1200 PAGES.

Of Original Letter Press and Illustrations in the full year's issues.

Subscriptions will be received at this office in clubs with this paper, THE EASTON STAR and Godey's LADY'S BOOK for one year, post-paid, only $3.50 cash in advance.

Sample copies 20 cts. All newsdealers sell it.

HOW TO REMIT.—Get a P. O. Money Order on Philadelphia, or a Draft on Philadelphia or New York. If neither of these can be had, send Bank Notes in a registered letter.

Address,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited)
1006 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MUSICAL.

JOSEPH HAID, No. 49 E. Biddle Street Extended, Baltimore, Md., PROFESSIONAL PIANO TUNER, visits Easton spring and fall, and oftener, if required, and there is work to justify it. Orders left at Mr. M. Goldsborough's news and music store promptly attended to.
oct25,6t

Malaga Grapes,
Very nice and cheap, for sale at Fripps'.

Miscellaneous.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The first number of the *Atlantic Monthly* appeared in November, 1857. Since that time there has been no single year in which the magazine or less successfully reached the wish of Mr. Phillips, its first publisher, "that the magazine should represent what is best in American thought and letters." It has not aimed to secure popularity by sensational articles, or by superficial treatment of subjects in which the people are interested. On the other hand it has not sought merely to reach the persons of highest cultivation, but rather by representing what is best in American thought and letters in the departments of Fiction, of Essays, of Poetry, of Travel, and Discussion of Current Topics, it has endeavored to command the attention and reward the careful reading of all intelligent American citizens.

FICTION.—The Serial and Short Stories of the *Atlantic* have been of a very high order. The catalogue of those who have contributed to this department embraces numerous writers of distinction, and a list of the stories they have written for the magazine includes many of the best Novels and Short Stories in modern literature.

☞In 1882 will appear Serial Stories by Thomas Hardy, the eminent English novelist; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Doing Good Ajar," etc.; W. H. Bishop, author of "Detmi old"; and G. P. Lathrop, author of "A Study of Hawthorne."

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.—In this delightful field of letters the *Atlantic* has been peculiarly fruitful from the first number, which contained the first part of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," to the October number, which contained Miss Jewett's "River Driftwood." Many volumes of rare interest have been made up from this part of the *Atlantic's* contents.

POETRY AND CRITICISM have received from the *Atlantic* a kind and amount of attention which have given it especial pre-eminence as a literary magazine.

TIMELY TOPICS.—The *Atlantic* profoundly believes in the discussion of subjects in which the public is or should be interested. It enlists the aid of writers who, by ability, education, experience, and impartiality, can speak with authority on topics which belong to the immediate hour, but which involve principles and consequences that give them permanent importance.

CONTRIBUTORS.—The contributors to the *Atlantic* include, almost without exception, all American writers who in the twenty-four years of its existence have produced anything of sterling excellence in Fiction, Essays, Sketches, Criticism, Social Science, Poetry, and whatever may be comprised in the best and most varied magazine literature.

TERMS.—$4.00 a year, in advance, *postage free;* 35 cents a number. With superb life-size portrait of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Bryant, or Holmes, $5.00; with two portraits, $6.00; with three portraits, $7.00; with four portraits, $8.00; with five portraits, $9.00; with all six portraits, $10.00.

Remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter, to

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

1846. Thirty-seventh Year. 1882.

THE HOME JOURNAL

INCREASED IN SIZE,
IMPROVED IN QUALITY,
REDUCED IN COST.

"The Best Literary and Society Paper in America."

The leading departments of the HOME JOURNAL comprise Editorials on topics of fresh interest; Brilliant Romances and Portraitures of American Life; Editorial Reviews of new events in the world of Belles-Lettres, Painting, Sculpture, Science, Music, and the Drama; Original Essays; Ample Excerpts from the best European Writers; Spicy Letters from Correspondents in all the great Capitals of the World; The First Look at New Books; and racy accounts of sayings, happenings, and doings in the Beau Monde; embracing the very fresh matters of interest in this country and in Europe—the whole completely mirroring the wit and wisdom, the humor and pathos, the news and sparkling gossip of the times.

TERMS, FREE OF POSTAGE.

The Home Journal, one copy, one year.....$2
3 copies, one year.....$5
6 " " " $9

Address MORRIS PHILLIPS & CO.,
No. 3 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

WANTED Agents for the GOLDEN DAWN Or, LIGHT on the GREAT FUTURE

in this life, through the dark valley, and in the life eternal, as seen in the best thoughts of leading authors and scholars, among whom are Bishops Simpson, Foster, Warren, Hurst and Foss, Joseph Cook, Beecher, Talmage, Dr. Currie, Dr. March, Dr. McCosh, Dr. Crosby, Dr. Cuyler, Geo. D. Prentiss, Dean Stanley, Whittier, Longfellow and others. The subjects treated are Death, Immortality, Millenium, and Second Advent, the Resurrection, Judgment, the Punishment of the Wicked, and the Reward of the Righteous. A rich feast awaits the reader of this book. It contains the grandest thoughts of the world's greatest authors, on subjects of the most profound interest to every one. Not gloomy but brilliant. There is not a dull page in the book. It is absolutely without a rival. Everybody will read it. School Teachers, Students, Young Men and Ladies, acting as agents for this book are making over $100 a month. Sells fast. One agent sold 71 first 15 days; another 46 in 8 days, another 11 in one day, another 15 and 5 Bibles in 5 days, a lady sold 9 in 10 hours. Secure territory quick. Also agents wanted for the best Illustrated Revised New Testament, and for the finest Family Bibles ever sold by agents. Send for circulars.
P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 915 Arch St., Philadelphia.
190 E. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

$1,000 REWARD

For any case Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated or Protruding PILES that Bebing's Pile Remedy fails to cure. Prepared by J. P. Miller, M. D., 915 Arch Street, Phila., Pa. *None genuine without his signature.* Send for circular. All druggists or general stores have it or will get it for you. $1. Sold in Easton by Stevens & Hayward, Druggists. dec20-3m

PROSPECTUS FOR 1882.

A FIRST-CLASS

Family Magazine

For only $3.00 per Annum.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE,

An Illustrated Monthly of Popular Literature.

At the beginning of the present year LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE entered on a new series, at a reduced price, with the distinctive purpose of presenting such a variety of reading matter—for the most part light and entertaining, yet of real literary merit—as should commend it to the general mass of cultivated persons and ensure it a welcome in many American homes. Devoting a large proportion of its space to fiction, in which short serials are made a noticeable feature, and to sketches illustrative of social life and manners, it has included in its list of subjects curiosities of science, especially natural history, popularly treated, travel and adventure at home and abroad, field sports and angling, and, occasionally, political, historical, and educational topics susceptible of fresh and lively discussion. The serial stories published during the year have been marked by a piquant originality, and have met with a warm reception; while the general attractiveness of the Magazine has gained for it cordial approval and an increased circulation.

The conductors of the Magazine hope not only to maintain its reputation, but to chance and extend it by constant improvement in the same direction. Their arrangements for the coming year embrace a larger number than ever before of CONTRIBUTIONS OF A POPULAR CHARACAER.

A SERIAL STORY ENTITLED "STEPHEN GUTHRIE," in which some peculiar and striking phases of American life are vividly and dramatically treated, will begin in the January number, and run through six months.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS will maintain their present standard of acknowledged excellence, and THE ILLUSTRATIONS will be of a higher character than any that have hitherto appeared in the Magazine.

For Sale by all Book and Newsdealers.

TERMS:—Yearly Subscription, $3.00; Single Number, 25 cents. Liberal Club Rates.

☞A Specimen Number mailed, postpaid, on receipt of 20 cents. (Postage Stamps afford a convenient form of remittance.)

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
715 and 717 Markat St., Philadelphia.

J. C. 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. C. HENRY'S
may4 Drug Store.

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 safe, sure, 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.

Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart refreshed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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. 35 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, 35 Murray St., New York.

(Dr. TUTT'S SPECIAL or Private Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

Maryland Farmer

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Agriculture, Horticulture and Rural Economy.

The Oldest Agricultural Journal in Maryland and for ten years the only one.

Terms:—$1.00 per Year in advance.

PUBLISHED BY

EZRA WHITMAN,

dec13-3t BALTIMORE, MD.

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 16 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. jan1ly

Diaries for 1882;

A good assortment now on hand and sold at the down price.

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

Poetry.

The Death of The Old Year.

Full knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me friend, and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the night is blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow,
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in,
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door;
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Select Story.

TOM.

—o—

EH, but it was cold! freezing, bitter bitter cold! and dark, too, for the feeble gas-lights, leaping and flaming as the gale whistled by, hardly brightened the gloom a dozen paces around them. The wind tore through the streets as if it had gone mad; whirling before it dust and snow, and every movable thing it could lay its clutching hands upon. A poor old battered kite that, sometime last autumn had lodged far up in the tallest tree in the neighborhood, and had there rested peacefully ever since, believing its labors at an end, was snatched, dragged from its nest, and driven unpityingly before the blast. Some feeble efforts it had made to dodge into the corners, lurking behind steps and diving into areas; but not a bit of it. Down would swoop the wind, and off it wou'd go again.

At last, driven around one of the long rows of barrels that stood like wretched sentinels along the sidewalk's edge, it flew into the very arms of a small boy, who, seated on the curbstone, crouched down in the barrel's somewhat questionable shelter. Such a very small boy! He looked like nothing in the world but a heap of rags, and the rags were very thin, and the small boy was very cold. His nose, his ears, his hands, and his poor bare feet were blue. He was almost too cold to shiver, certainly too cold to notice the unfortunate kite, which, as its enemy, the wind, approached with a roar, seemed to cower close to him, as if begging him protection. Round both sides of the barrel at once came the wind, shook hands through little Tom, and howling with delight, rushed off with its miserable victim.

'Tom'—that was all the name he had. Who he was or where he came from no one knew, except perhaps the wretched old woman with whom he lived; which meant that she let him sleep on a pile of rags on the floor of her miserable room, and sometimes gave him a crust and oftener a blow. When she was drunk—and that was the greater part of the time—Tom took to the streets, and by night she was very drunk. The boy was perhaps some six years old, but as he cowered down on the cold flagstones, with his worn, pinched face and drooping head he might have been a hundred.

A carriage came rattling through the icy streets and stopped close by him. The door was pushed open, and two children half tumbled out leaving the door swinging, rushed up the steps. Tom watched them stupidly, heard the quick, sharp ring of the bell, caught a glimpe of some thing that looked very bright and warm, and then it was dark again. He turned his eyes toward the carriage, expecting it to drive off again; but it stood there. The coachman sat upon the box like a furry monument. One of the horses struck the stones sharply with his iron hoof, and cast an inquiring glance around, but the monument sat unmoved.

Tom's heavy eyes looked through the open door into the carriage. Dark as it was, he could see that it was lined with something thick and warm. He raised his head and glanced about him. If he were inside there the wind could not not touch him. Oh, if he only could get away from it one minute! He would slip out again the minute the house door opened. Unbending his stiff little body, he crept nearer, hesitated a moment, and as the wind came around the corner with a roar, slipped swiftly and noiselessly into the carriage. In the further corner of the seat he curled himself into a little round heap, and lay with beating heart, listening to the wind as it swept by.

It was very quiet in his nest, and the soft velvet was much warmer than the cold flagstones, and he was very cold and in half a minute he was sound asleep. He did not know when, at last, the house door opened, and a lady, gathering her cloak closely around her, came down the steps. Did not know even when the sudden animated monument descended from his pedestal and stood solemnly by the open door until the lady had stepped inside. But, when it shut with a slam, and the coachman, returning to the box, drove rapidly away, the boy's eyes opened and fixed themselves upon the lady's face. Preoccupied, with her own thoughts, she had not noticed the queer bundle in the dark corner; but now her attention attracted by a slight movement on his part, she turned her eyes slowly toward him, and then, with a suppressed cry of surprise and alarm, laid her hand on the door. The rattle of the wheels and the roar of the wind prevented its reaching the ears of the coachman, and Tom, rapidly unwinding himself and cowering down in the bottom of the carriage, said with a frightened sob:

"I didn't mean no harm. I was awful cold. Say, just open the door mister, and I'll jump out. You needn't stop the carriage."

The lady, with her hand still on the door, demanded, "How did you get in here?"

"The door was open and I climb in," he answered. "It was awful cold."

The lady took her hand from the door. "Come nearer," she said. "Let me see your face."

Tom drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and looked up at her over his shoulder. They had turned into a brilliantly lighted street, and she could see that the tangled yellow hair was soft and fine, and that the big frightened eyes that raised themselves to hers, were not pickpocket's eyes. With a sudden impulse she laid her gloved hand lightly on the yellow head. "Where do you live?" she asked.

Something in the voice and touch gave courage. "With Mammy Sal," he answered, straightning up—"me and some other fellows. Sometimes we begs, and sometimes we take the barrels. When we get a haul it ain't so bad; but when we don't, we ketch it. She's drunk to-night, and she drove us out."

She pushed the heavy hair back from his forehead. "Is Mammy Sal your mother?" she asked.

"No!" cried the boy almost fiercely; and then added suddenly, "I ain't got no home.'

Slowly the gloved hand passed back and forth over the yellow hair. The lady's eyes were looking far away; the boy's face was like, so strangely like, another face.

"Are you hungry?" she asked suddenly.

The wide open gray eyes would have answered her without the quick sob and low "Yes'm."

The carriage stopped, and the monument again accomplished a descend, opened the door and stood staring in blank amazement.

"I am not going in, John," said his mistress. "Drive home again." And she added, smiling, "This little boy crept in out of the cold while the carriage was waiting. I am going to take him home. Drive back as quick as possible."

As the dewildered coachman shut the door and returned to his perch, the boy made a spring forward.

"Lemme out!" he cried. "I don't want to go home. Lemme out."

"Not your home," said the lady gently; "my home."

Tom stared at her in wonder, and too much overcome by the announcement to resist, let her lift him up on the seat beside her.

"My home," she repeated, "where you can get very warm, and a good dinner, and a long, long sleep, on a soft bed. Will you like that?"

Tom drew a long, slow breath, but did not answer. It was too wonderful! He, one of Mammy Sally's boys, to go to the lady's house where the children lived whom he had seen go in that evening! He looked up suddenly. "Were those children yourn?" he asked. With a sudden movement she drew him very close to her, and then answered softly:

"No, not mine. I had a little boy once like you, and he died."

When the carriage stopped again Tom was fast asleep, and the still bewildered coachman carried him into the house, and laid him on a bed without waking him. The next morning when the boy's eyes opened, he lay looking about him, hardly daring to speak or move. I don't believe he had ever heard anything about the fairies, or he would certainly have thought himself in fairyland. Best of all, the lady of the night before was standing by the bed smiling at him, and smiling back he held out his arms to her.

I wish you could have seen him a little later when arrayed in jacket and trowsers that made him think with disdain of certain articles of the same description which he had but yesterday gazed at lovingly as they dangled before old Jones's clothing store, he sat before a little table by the sunny window, taking a short, a very short preliminary view of a gigantic beefsteak still indignantly sputtering to itself, a mountain of smoking potatoes, an imposing array of snowy rolls and golden butter, and a pitcher of creamy milk. And I wish, too, you could have seen the same table still later; for the table was about all th at was left.

This was about the first time that I ever saw Tom. Since then I have seen him very often. And now I will tell you, only I am afraid you will hardly believe me about the last time, and that was not very long ago.

I was riding along one of the prettiest country roads you ever saw, and when I came to a certain gate my horse, without a sign from me, turned in. As we drew near the house I caught sight of two figures standing among the flowers. One was a handsome old lady with white hair; the other a young man. She was armed with an immense pair of shears, and he held in his hand his hat filled to the brim with flowers. The sunlight, creeping down through the trees, fell full upon his close-cropped hair and yellow beard. As I drew in my horse and sat watching them, it all seemed to me like a fairy story. But it wasn't; for that tall, handsome man looking down with such protecting tenderness upon the white haired old lady was really Tom—poor thin, cold, hungry Tom.

The weight of a barrel of flour is based upon the English unit of weight known as a "stone." There are fourteen pounds in a stone and fourteen stones in a barrel of flour. This is why a barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

As a tonic and nervine for debilitated women nothing surpasses Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By druggists.

Curious Timepieces.

An American traveler once saw a rare Japanese time-teacher, which had been developed in an old record. This clock, in a frame three feet high and five long, represented a tree-landscape of great foliage. In the foreground were plums and cherry trees, and rich plants in full bloom; in the distance a hill, partly in relief, from which issued a gushing rivulet, turning a mill-wheel. Upon the hill, a thousand feet above the plain, was a temple, containing in its interior an altar, and, hovering in its vaulted roof, and they hovered, the pure, unfaltering insect in a fair all minutes of wood land. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating by its position the striking hours, whose rays all smitten with the brilliant colors, where a slowly creeping tortoise carved to a table. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting by its wings, proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased, a mouse hung dumb a golden cage, by, she, running over the wheel, a golden cage.

In the South Kensington Museum, at London, is a small square chest one hundred years old, mounted on eight legs, the quiet case ornamented with panels of pearl. Another old timepiece, which has the form of an acorn, and is provided with a delicate pistol, which perhaps served as an alarm.

In London is an eagle shaped watch, within which, when the body of the bird is opened, a richly ornamented face is seen. They are sometimes found in the form of ducks or lizards.

The Emperor of Ely had a watch in the head of his cane, and a Prince of Saxony had one in his riding whip.

A watch made for Catherine I, of Russia, has a repeater and a musical watch. Within it is the Holy Sepulchre, and the Roman Guard. By touching a spring, the stones move away from the door, the guard kneel down, angels appear, and the holy women step into the tomb and sing the Easter song that is heard in the Russian churches.

King George III, of England, had a watch not larger than a five cent piece, which had one hundred and twenty different parts, the whole not weighing as much as a ten cent piece.

Clocks and watches must usually be wound up every day, though some clocks will run eight days without winding, and a few even longer than that. But there was a century clock at the great Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. The man who made it says it will run a hundred years without winding, though it is hard to believe this.

There was another curious kind of clock at the Centennial. It was fixed in a carriage, and tells just how many times the wheel turns round on a journey, and just how many miles have been traveled, and how long the carriage has been in making the trip.

Felix Meier's famous clock, which is said to eclipse even the one at Strasbourg, is the result of ten years of labor and the expenditure of $7,000. It is eighteen feet high and eight wide, and weighs 4,000 pounds. The frame work is of black walnut, elegantly carved. Above the body of the clock is a marble dome, upon which Washington sits in his chair of state, protected by a canopy, which is surmounted by a gilded statue of Columbia. On the four corners of the body are black walnut niches, containing human figures, emblematic of the March of Life. This block also has an astronomical and mathematical calculation, which, if kept up, would show the correct movements of the planets for 200 years. The inventor has a crank attached to the clock by means of which he can hasten the work of machinery in order to show its movements to the public. At the end of every quarter hour an infant, in his niche, strikes with his tiny hammer, upon a bell which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half hour a youth strikes, and at the end of the three quarters of an hour the man, and at the end of each hour the Greybeard Death and a winged cupid follow, a large music box begins to play, and a surprising scene is enacted upon the platform beneath the canopy.—*Philadelphia Saturday Night.*

POVERTY AND DISTRESS.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed *anemia* in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, threat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from this, poor blood employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

The name of the Deity is spelled with four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Aded; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Amun or Zeuf; East Indian, Eegi or Zeni; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Edin; Wallachian, Zene; Crotian, Dega; Dalmatian, Bogt; Tyrrhenian, Ether; Etnurian, Chur; Morgarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.

[Logan, (Ohio) Hocking Sentinel.]

Hocking Valley News.

In the absence of anything startling or terrific,—politics and the exploits of the exploits of the army worm excepted—news from this delightful valley will not prove nerve tingling. However an item of very great importance to many people is communicated by Mr. F. Harrington, Wholesale and Retail Druggist of Logan, who, thus writes: Mr. Alex. McClurg, Union Furnace, states that his wife had been afflicted with rheumatism for the last twenty-five years, being unable to walk without canes or other help the most of that time; has now used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and walks not only about the house but also in the fields without any helps.

The lead used in sounding from a vessel usually weighs about fourteen pounds, but in deep-sea soundings a weight of not less than 150 pounds is usually employed. Wire has been largely used for a line, as it makes less friction in sinking through the water. With hemp rope a sinker of 800 pounds weight is sometimes 20 minutes in reaching the bottom in 1,000 fathoms of water, so great is the friction of the line.

[Saginaw Daily News.]

Mr. George Schick, informed our reporter, that he had been suffering with rheumatism in his feet so badly, that for weeks at