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, Five Dollars in advance.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months. Subscribers out of the County expected to pay in advance, which is the only safe rule.

One square (10 lines) of Advertising, one insertion, $1; subsequent insertions, 75 cents. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

Advertisements not inserted for a specified time, will be marked TF and continued till ordered out and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices in Local column, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1883. VOL. XVIII.—NO. 26.

Lumber Business.

SAM'L BURNS & CO.
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SASH,
DOORS, BLINDS &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF,
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TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.

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SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,
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Our constantly increasing business is an evidence of fair prices

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January 14, 1883-1yr

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Building Materials,
Shingles, Laths,
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PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

My long experience in the Lumber trade should be a guarantee to purchasers of my ability to suit them both in quality and prices.

Prime articles of No. 1 White Pine and White Hemlock Fencing now in stock.

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Where you will find it filled, besides his New Warehouse on Railroad avenue, with a splendid lot of New and Fine Furniture from Philadelphia and Baltimore, that is hard to beat, among which you will find Walnut Parlor Suits, Walnut Chamber Suits, Walnut Book Cases, Ladies' Walnut Secretaries, Walnut Hat Racks, Fancy Chairs and Chairs of all descriptions. Painted and Stained Cottage Suits, Bedsteads, Husk, Straw and Woven Wire Mattresses, Wall Brackets, Pockets, &c., Children's Carriages, Picture Frames, and Moulding to make to order, Window Cornices cheap, Looking Glasses and Plates. Come and see for yourselves, and you will be politely waited on by myself or my son Willie. REPAIRING done promptly by a practical Cabinet-Maker.

UNDERTAKING!

Having just received a new and fine Hearse, of the latest style, made to order, with an extra set of white cloth curtains for young persons, and a new and complete assortment of Caskets and Coffins, of Cloth, Rose Wood and Walnut, Children's Caskets of P. K. and White Gloss Finished, also Burial Robes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, and everything else necessary. I am now prepared to fill any order for burial that may be entrusted to me. Bodies placed on ice when desired. Guarantee satisfaction in every respect, as I expect to attend all business entrusted to me in person.

House and Sign Painting and Paper Hanging

Done in all its branches by day or contract. As I am Sole Agent for John Lucas' Ready-Mixed Pure Oil and Tinted Gloss Paint, I can offer inducements to persons wishing work done. I have painted a large number of houses in Easton with this paint since I have been using it. I give a few names of the persons upon whose houses this paint has been used:

J. P. Bateman, G. G. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral.
W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders.
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I have on hand a good assortment of Mixed Paint, in Pints, Quarts and One-Half Gallons. All work in this branch will be done with despatch and in a good manner by myself or my son Charlie.

R. H. T. COUNCELL.

Miscellaneous.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Inactive Liver, Biliousness, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fevers and Mental Depression and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-Blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied, with a painful sensation of having undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes in attendance, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is so intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE,

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.
J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve." I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.
P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorates the morbid matter that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a soothing coating which relieves the irritations that cause the cough. It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them, and enables a healthy circulation to permeate the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly. A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that universally has ever been found that it is prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose relaxes the phlegm, subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable and should be promptly given. In 25c. and $1. Bottles.

TUTT'S PILLS

ACT DIRECTLY UPON THE LIVER.

Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Malaria, Diseases of the Blood, Dizziness, Nausea, Costiveness, Dyspepsia and Female Irregularities. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

Dr. Tutt—Dear Sir: For 20 years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last spring your pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. E. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
DR. TUTT'S VEGETABLE ALMANAC (for 1883) Mailed Free on application.

Sinos Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoar Hound for Coughs & Colds

Sinos Dyspepsia Cure

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Sinos Rheumatic Cure

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25 cents for all Sinos Items

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The Baltimore Democratic Paper.

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Is a national eight-page paper, filled with Twenty-two Choice Reading Matter and containing nearly a whole page of vigorous editorial comments on current events. One of the largest and best weekly papers in the United States. Only one dollar a year.

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Vegetables, Cauliflower, Cabbage, Lettuce, Onions, A fresh supply of spinach and green ginger just received by
HAYWARD & BRO.

POETRY.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

BY THACKERAY.

In the tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket, perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pairs of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand, through the chimney pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all cracked)
Old ricketty table and chairs broken-backed;
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see,
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the ricketty, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Thor! once twinkled that brazen old lamp:
A Mamedukes fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet;
But, since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms;
I looked and I longed, I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place;
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
As she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness, sweet I declare,
The queen of hearts and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we are yet a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks, as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair;
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

SELECT STORY.

"IT."

A GERMAN PRIZE STORY.

Returning from a business trip, I entered my wife's boudoir and found her kneeling before a low chair, on which sat a boy baby with large, round wondering eyes. She got up and came rustling in her silken robe de chambre to me. She greeted me not more heartily nor yet more formally than we were accustomed to greet each other in those days.

"There it is," said my wife, pointing to the child

"What?" asked I. But she stooped down before the little stranger, held biscuit to its upturned face, and, half turned toward me, replied:

"Well, you know—did we not read of it in the newspapers? Don't you remember—the day before yesterday? And is it not beautiful?"

Now I did recollect that a few nights before she held the *Gazette* under the light of my student lamp, and, pointing with her finger to an advertisement, said to me, "Please read that." It was the well known appeal, the cry of despair from a bleeding heart, addressed to "good people." A child was offered for adoption to persons well off. "What would you think of our taking it?" my wife had said, and I returned the paper with a shrug of my shoulders.

"But, Martha, what have you done?" cried I, in a tone vibrating with anger. "You have really—"

"Certainly, as you see. And then it belongs to me; I myself have settled everything with the poor mother, who is in reality to be pitied. I have sworn to take good care of it; and so I will indeed."

She took the little head with its blonde, silk curls, between her white hands, and fondled and caressed it. "Is it not so, little one?—you will be loved?"

But the somewhat sickly and delicate little face showed no signs of understanding, except that out of the heart shaped little mouth came one of those sighs that sound so strangely from children.

I at once gave up all serious objection. Had we not been unsuccessful for years to act independently of each other? Our marriage was not a very happy one, although we had not married for love. During the opera and, inside of the crowded Exchange our fathers had contracted this union. She had to tear her heart from a beloved one, and in mine had glowed a passion not yet extinguished. But parental wishes conquered. We chose to be obedient children, and so it happened.

At the commencement we were to each other a silent reproach; after which followed a declared war, until, finally, we came to a polite but gloomy peace.

To be sure, she was beautiful—she was good and bright and sparkling. Others called her an angel. And if? Well, I believe I was no monster, either. The analysis showed the brightest colors, still the sun was missing. We were six years married and had no children. Perhaps had Heaven sent us them——

Well, this child belonged entirely to her. I heard later that she had given $1,000, the price of a set of jewelry which she had sold secretly.

"Why did you not tell me of it?" I said half angrily.

"Because it would have been too late if I had waited for your return to the city, and, besides, I wanted to have it entirely for myself; I want to call it 'my own,'" she said pouting.

"My horses, my dogs; her canaries, her gold fishes—I could have endured that; but she wanted to have her child for herself alone, that was too much for me. The thought of it tortured me one, two days long. On the third day my wife had gone out in her carriage; there came a woman, almost a stranger; it was the mother. Like a shadow she glided into the room, and, with a half-suppressed sob, begged to see her child once more. She could not part from him forever without kissing him. Long she had spoken, the cheeks I opened my safe quickly "Here, my good woman," said I, "take that; they have not given you enough." Her tears fell down her wan cheeks, she begged me not to judge her too harshly; she had another child, a cripple and helpless; she herself was sick and would not live much longer, and what was to become of the children? Then she thought—I myself had to finish the sentence, which a violent fit of coughing interrupted. "Yes," she had thought: "I will sell the healthy one in order that the money may help the cripple when I am dead and gone."

"No, she must not be judged too harshly; we rich ones know but little of the trials and temptations of the poor

When my wife returned I gave her an account of the call I had had, adding that I had given the unfortunate one exactly the same amount; she laughed. "And now," said I, "you must see the child belongs to both of us."

She bit her lips with her little white teeth.

"It is all the same to me," said she, after a moment's reflection; and with that she pressed a tender kiss on the little boy's mouth. It sounded almost like a challenge.

"Our child!" I scarcely ever saw it. And the changes that were made in our household for his sake were made entirely without me. Sometimes, after the most important things were decided, my consent was then asked. "We have liged to have a nurse; I hired one, Anselm." I nodded silently. "We must fit up a nursery; that room is too warm for the child." I nodded silently, but I heard the sound of the workmen who were already at work in the hall. What could I do better? Was it not all for our child?

My wife and I did not talk much about the child, and when we did mention it we used only the name "It." But that "It" could be heard through the house at any time of the day.

"Hush! not so much noise! It sleeps! It must have its dinner! It should be taken out for a drive! It has hurt its leg!" and so the whole house began to turn around our "It." The nameless neuter vexed me.

"It must have its own name," said I one day.

"I entirely forgot to ask the mother—I mean the woman—what its name is," answered my wife. "She intended to come again. But she does not come; she is certainly sick. Now I call it Max. Max is a pretty short name, is it not?"

"Hm," returned I, between two puffs of my cigar, "Fritz would also be quite a pretty name."

"One cannot change the name now on account of domestics," answered she, shortly, and then called out loudly, "Is Max up already?"

Never mind was it not our child?

Once though, I played my justifiable part towards our child. At dinner it was always served at a little table in an adjoining room. At such times we could hear, between the scantly dropping phases of conversation, its merry prattling accompanied by the clattering of its spoon. My wife had no rest; there was a continual coming and going between us and him; the soup might be too hot, and he might eat too much! "Wife," said I very quietly, but very decidedly, "from to-morrow it shall eat with us at our table. It is old enough now, with its two years."

From that time on "It" ate with us. He sat there in his high chair like a prince, close to my wife—both opposite to me like declared enemies, as it were. The yellowish paleness of poverty had yielded to an aristocratic pink in his little cheeks, which now becoming quite fat and very chubby, sat quite comfortably on the stiff folds of the napkin. It worked powerful at its soup, and now that it had finished, set up the spoon like a sceptre in its little round fist on the table. My wife and I had exchanged a few words and now we sat silent. Apparently on account of this silence its large eyes began to open wider. They stared on me, stared at my wife, with a surprised, almost frightened, expression, as if they had a presentiment that all was not right between us. I confess that those eyes embarrassed me, and that I had a feeling of relief when Frederick entered with a dish. And I think that my wife felt the same.

And the following days there were the same large, wondering eyes, like an appealing question, staring into the pauses of our conversation. It sounds ridiculous but it is nevertheless true, we were culprits before the child, we two grown persons! And by degrees our conversation become more animated. The occasional prattling of the little one were noticed and spoken about; indeed, sometimes there was mutual laughter at his attempts to speak.

Ah! how light, how bell like pure, sounded his laughter! Had I never, then, heard that before? And what was the matter with me that I sometimes bent over my writing desk listening as though I heard from a distance those same silvery tones?

With the first sunny spring "It" began to play in the garden, which I could overlook from my seat in my office. She was generally with him. I could hear the sound of his little feet on the pebbles, and then her footsteps. Now she would playfully chase him, and a chorus of twittering sparrows would join in their notes with the merry laughter. Now she would catch him and kiss his cheeks over and over. Once I opened my window; a warm balsamic air streamed around me, and a butterfly fluttered and lit on my inkstand. Just then she came out of a green, vine-grown bower; she was dressed in a dazzling white neglige, trimmed with a costly lace; all over her streamed the golden sunshine, except that her face was overshadowed by the plait of her parasol.

How slim she appeared! how graceful in her movements! Had I been blind? Truly the aunts and cousins were right; she was in reality beautiful! A sweet smile transformed her features, she was happy—and her happiness came from her child. Then a voice made itself heard in my breast, which said very plainly: "You are a monster!" I got up and walked to the window. "It is a beautiful day," called I. I know how cold and prosaic it must have sounded to her. It came like a heavy cloud-shadow over a sunny landscape. She answered something that I did not understand, but the brightness was gone from her little face. Then she took up the child, who was stretching out his arms to her, and kissed and caressed him before my eyes.

There it was then the first feeling of jealousy was aroused in me—a jealousy, truly; what a strange jealousy which could not make clear to itself who was its object. If "It" said "mamma," there came pain to my heart; and the caresses with which she overwhelmed him almost drove me wild. I was jealous of both. It pained me that I had no part in this part, in this weaving of love, and I was not the third in the union. I exerted myself to join a part of their love. I did it very clumsily. The child persevered in certain shyness, and she—had I not kept myself forcibly away from her during these long, long years?

One day at the dinner-table, after a skirmish of words, came a great stillness between us, a stillness more painful than had ever been. I glanced down at the flowers on my plate of Saxon porcelain, my displeasure showing in my face; but I felt plainly that "It" had its eyes on me, and also her eyes. It was as if those four eyes burned on my forehead. Then suddenly in the stillness: "Papa!" and again louder and more courageous: "Papa!" I shuddered. "It" sat there and stared, now very much frightened, over at me, wondering, perhaps, whether a storm would be raised by its "papa." But her face was suffused with glowing redness, and her half-open lips trembled slightly. There came a flood of gladness over my heart. Certainly no one but her had taught him this "papa." Why did I not spring up, bound towards her, and with one word, one embrace, strike out the lonelier of these last six years? One light word in this moment and all would have been well. It remained unspoken; I seemed to have lost all power to act; but on a certain page of my ledger are still traces of the tears I shed in anger at my own stupidity.

There was no doubt about it; another spirit had stepped in with its little curly head—the spirit of love; and that made me a stranger in my own house. A precious sunshine brightened the rooms, even when the one in the heavens was hidden by clouds. The faces of the servants and inanimate objects seemed back this reflected. But the only, the sun did not touch.

I felt myself always more unhappy in my loneliness. Jealousy grew in me; it gave me all sorts of foolish thoughts. I wanted to rail against the little autocrat—that would be ridiculous. I wanted to give her the choice between him and me. I, audacious one, I knew very well which side her heart would choose. At another time I was ready to take steps in order to find the mother, and with the power of gold force her to take back the child—behind my wife's back? That would be cowardly.

I could no longer fix my hand on business. I mistrusted even myself. People asked me what was the matter with me. I feigned illness.

The sunshine would not let itself be banished and the spirit of love was stronger than I. With his flaming sword he drove me out. "I must take a good journey Martha." My voice trembled as I said this. My wife must have noticed it, for something like pity trembled in her beautiful eyes. At my taking leave she held the little one toward me, and asked in soft, caressing tones, "Will you not say adieu to our child?" I took up the little one, perhaps too roughly; at all events he began to cry and resist my caresses. Then I put him down and hastened away.

I traveled in uncertainty through the world, and behold! after the first few days, in addition to my ordinary traveling companion, bad humor, there came another fellow that told me plainly that I was a fool. First it sounded like a whisper, then louder and louder: "You are a downright fool." Finally, I read it in the newspaper before me. Yes, I believe it; why did I not then and there turn my face homeward? Well, the fool must first travel it all off before everything would be right again.

At last, one day, I again entered my dwelling. What a solemn stillness reigned there! I could now hear the sound of whispering voices; my wife came toward me. "It is sick, very sick," moaned she; "it will surely die!" I tried to comfort her. Only a short time, however, proved that her fears were but too well grounded. During the last night we both sat by the little bed; she there and I here, each one of us holding one of the little hands. Ah! these feverish pulse beats! every stroke sounding like an appeal: "Love each other, love each other; be good!" We felt eventually these throbbings, and we understood the appeal. Our eyes met, full and earnest through the glittering tears, as in a first, holy vow. Words would have seemed a sacrilege then.

Not long after we laid our darling in the warm spring earth.

When we sat down to our table there was a stillness between us, but it was not the same stillness as that which the little stranger had broken in upon to with his parting "papa." Even by the wall stood his high arm-chair, and on the little board before it lay his spoon accurate. My wife reached her fair hand over the table and asked: "Did you also love it—at least a little?" Her voice trembled. "My wife! my sweet, my own wife!" cried I. Then I fell at her feet and held her hands fast in mine. "I love thee, my wife; oh! my sweet wife."

After the first emotion had subsided I pointed to an arm chair. "The little one came to us to teach us love," whispered I. "And when it had finished its teaching it went up to the angels," added she, through her tears.

* * * * * * *

One day the physician stepped out of my wife's room with a smiling face. He touched the little arm-chair he as passed, saying: "Let it stand there; you will need it again."

Really? Was it possible? Had I deserved such happiness?

As I held my wife close to my heart in my irresistible joy I could not forbear to bend down to her blushing little face and say, "We will love it dearly, very dearly. Is it not so?"

HIS PA WAS MORTIFIED.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collected garbage in the alley.

"Oh they were hunting for sewer gas and such things, and they have got plumers and other society experts till you can't rest, and I come away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in nine cases out of ten they would hit it right; but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"Sh h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living soul, or I am a dead boy. You see, I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry out boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave each of us a piece of limberger cheese wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. O, it was the awfullest smell I ever heard of. It was just like an old back number funeral. Pa and Ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and they went to church. I went to church, too, and sat on the back seat with my chum, looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the fifth hymn, pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book and ma held the other, and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when he braced himself and sang 'Just as I am,' ma thought pa's voice was tinctured with billiousness and she looked at him, and hunched him and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose. Pa stopped singing and turned around, kind of cross to ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head in another direction and said 'whew!' and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled the cheese she looked at him as though she thought he had the small pox, and she held her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, he was a stranger, and he looked at ma sort of queer, and after the minister prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me, he said so nothing in a whisper, about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over every one in church had their handkerchiefs to their noses, and they looked at ma scandalous, and the two ushers they came around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after services, as there was business to transact. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up. He said he was a meek and humble fellow of the Lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever his Master decided, but he would be blessed if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. Everybody looked at everybody else, and pa looked at me as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked at pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her best underclothes, and a piece in the spare room, and a piece in the bath room, in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book, and I went to the dining room and put some under the table and dropped a piece under the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was tainted for bear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she said she hoped he had gone to walk around the block to air himself. Pa came home to dinner and when he got a whiff of the house he opened all the doors, and ma put a comforter around her shoulders and told pa he was a disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carbolic acid. Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and then they decided it was the house that smelled so, so we left in the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went to the health office and got the inspector of nuisances to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and when the plumbers began to dig in the floor in the basement I came over here. If they find any of that limberger cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both left, and ma says she is going to break up housekeeping and board. That is just into my hand. Well, I guess I will go over to the house and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out the alley with my coat tail full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."

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SPECIAL
To the Readers of "THE STAR."

The undersigned, who has been identified with the Hardware and Implement business since its first institution on this Peninsula, begs to announce to the community the fact that he has leased and removed into the large store room lately occupied by Avery & Co. in the same business, and second door south of the room he has just vacated.

In announcing change of location I take occasion to state that my stock is in the very best condition and is very full and complete. The Farmer, Housekeeper, Blacksmith, Wheelwright, Carpenter, Builder, Carriage Maker, in fact all trades and occupations can be promptly supplied and on the most liberal conditions.

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