THE EASTON STAR

T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.

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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. Subscriptions out of the county $1 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.

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One square—six lines—one insertion $1; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction will be made to those who advertise by the year or for six months.

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NEW SERIES. EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1884. VOL. XIX.—NO. 26.

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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.

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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 intrusted to me in person.

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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. F. Bateman, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Hobson, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. P. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders.
C. F. Eastman, J. H. Jarrell, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., Philip F. Thomas, Thomas K. Hobson, Peter Stevens, Chas. T. Wrightson, H. G. Councell, Antonio DePaonaie.

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.

Medical.

SENSIBLE MEN and women know we this that of the many diseases and derangements of the body each has a separate cause or origin, and that each needs a different method of treatment in order to effect a cure, and a moment's reflection must convince that any of the quack nostrums foisted upon the public claiming to cure all of a number of diametrically different diseases must prove failures, even if we do not call them humbugs.

POOR PEOPLE and people of moderate means, and even people well-to-do or wealthy find that the *enormous charges* of practising physicians are a serious burden to them, and also find that after paying themselves poor that no benefit has accrued to them, that in fact they have thrown their money away. To overcome these evils we offer *Wheeler's No. 96 Sure Remedies* to the sick and suffering, *one Remedy* for each disease, without for a moment claiming that one remedy will cure any other disease than the one claimed for it, and as these remedies have stood the test of years without a single failure, we agree to *refund the money* paid in every instance where a cure is not positively effected. The remedies are entirely vegetable, can do no harm, and will positively cure every disease for which they are prescribed.

RHEUMATISM, Gout, Lameness of Joints, Sciatica and Neuralgia are relieved at once and positively cured by the use of Wheeler's No. 96 Rheumatic Remedy. We say boldly that in the worst cases of no matter how *long standing*, how *serious* or how *painful*, we can not only give relief but *positively cure* for all time. Failing to do this we will positively refund the money paid for the treatment, and if your sufferings are not positively stopped for all time you have not thrown your money away as you would on any other than these guaranteed remedies. The price of Wheeler's No. 96 Rheumatic Remedy is only 50 cents, obtainable from druggists or sent free by mail on receipt of price. Stamps taken.

SUFFERING WOMEN. Many a lady endowed by nature with a pretty face, beautiful figure, faultless complexion, as well as the sweetest of tempers and faultless mental qualities grows prematurely old, gray and wrinkled, her form loses its perfect contour, the complexion becomes sallow, the brightness leaves the eye, a feeling of languor takes the place of the once buoyant spirits, an irritable nervous fractiousness makes life a burden, things that once were trifles worry her till life becomes unbearable. All this being caused by the physical derangements so common to women, which the innate modesty of feminine nature prevents their making known, and of which the *ignorance* of the medical profession prevents a cure. *Lady Reader, pause* and consider, 'tis a duty you owe yourself, your family and your God, that you should cure yourself of these troubles and once more feel the glow of perfect health and spirits that nature intended for you. *Wheeler's No. 96 Prescriptions* are pleasant and palatable to take, contain nothing of an injurious nature, and may be taken by all ages at all times and in all conditions *without possibility of ill effects*, and will positively cure any of the peculiar diseases to which females are subject. Failing to produce a perfect cure the proprietors will *refund the money* paid for the treatment. *If you have a sallow complexion*, constant or intermittent headaches, backache, restlessness, loss of appetite, suppression of monthly flow, or irregularities thereof accompanied by headaches, nervousness, hysterics and similar symptoms, *Wheeler's No. 96 Prescription "B"* will positively restore you to health. If you have a sensation of heat and throbbing in the back, frequent fainting spells, Leucorrhea or white discharge, painful or scalding sensation in urinating, reddish or white deposit in urine, hot and dry skin, *Wheeler's No. 96 Prescription "C"* will give immediate and lasting relief. The price of Wheeler's No. 96 Prescriptions "B" and "C" are 50 cents each, obtainable from druggists or sent by mail secure from observation postpaid on receipt of price. Postage stamps taken.

CATARRH. It is needless to describe the symptoms of this nauseous disease that is sapping the life and strength of only too many of the fairest and best of both sexes, old and young, suffering alike from the poisonous dripping in the throat, the poisonous nasal discharges, the fetid breath, and general weakness, debility and languor, aside from the acute sufferings of this disease, which if not checked can only end in *loss of palate, hoarseness, weakened sight, loss of memory, deafness and premature death* if not checked before it is too late. Labor, study and research in America, Europe and Eastern lands have resulted in *Wheeler's No. 96 Instant Relief and Sure Cure for Catarrh*, a remedy which contains no harmful ingredients, and that is guaranteed to cure every case of acute or chronic catarrh or money refunded. *Wheeler's No. 96 Instant Relief and Sure Cure for Catarrh* will cure every case of catarrh, hay fever or asthma, price $1.00 per package, from druggists or sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

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Wheeler's Nervine Tonic for mental depression, loss of manhood, languor, weakness or over taxation of the brain is invaluable, price 25 cents.

WE GUARANTEE Cures in every case or will refund money paid. We place our price for these remedies at less than one-twentieth of the price asked by others for remedies upon which you take all the chances, and we *specially invite* the patronage of the many persons who have tried other remedies without effect or depleted their purses by paying doctor bills that benefitted them not.

HOW TO OBTAIN these remedies. Go to your druggist, and ask for them. If they have not got them, write at once to the proprietors, enclosing the price in money or stamps, and they will be sent you at once by mail, postpaid. Correspondence solicited. Address plainly

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Aug21,83yr

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and Feed, for horses, hogs and chickens. His motto is, "Quick Sales and Small Profits," and he invites a call from all wanting goods in his line. sep25tf

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That Doughty Duchess.

Opposite Opinions about a Wonderful Woman—Her Thumb and Fingers.

"Crack nuts with her fingers? Why, you can't mean it!" cried a young lady graduate of the Normal College, in the utmost astonishment.

"But I do mean it;" affirmed her big brother, who had taken several prizes in athletics, "and I reassert it: that Cymburga, wife of Duke Ernest, of Austria, could crack nuts with her fingers and drive nails into the wall with her thumb."

"What a monstrous woman!" said the young lady. "What a *useful* woman," amended her big brother.

The Austrian Duchess was mighty because she had good hours, good habits and perfect digestion.

Mrs. Alice Strong, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes a different story about herself, but deserves a praise for her frankness. She says: "For the past three years I have been subject to severe attacks of Diarrhœa. Weary of experimenting with medicines, I turned, without hope, to PARKER'S TONIC. Three bottles cured me entirely. I have tried it also for other ailments with which women are often afflicted, and it far surpassed my expectations. I am happy to offer this testimony for the benefit of other women."

Ladies who are interested in Mrs. Strong's letter will please remark that PARKER'S TONIC is *not an intoxicant*. It cures colic easily, but by virtue of many rare and powerful ingredients, it also masters all diseases of the Blood—such for example, as Rheumatism, Consumption, Scrofula, and all disorders of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. It is a vitalizer and stimulant, but *not an intoxicant*. Prices, 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Dissoux & Co., Chemists, New York.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

Why the Doctor was Disgusted, and what Might have been Done without Him.

"Well, wife," said Dr. E——, as he entered his house, which was situated in a cozy village in central New York, "I have got back from a long and dreary ride away down among the mountains, and all to no purpose whatever. The messenger said the man wouldn't live till morning, when the fact is he had only an ordinary attack of colic. If the simpletons had only had sense enough to put a BENSON'S CAPSINE POROUS PLASTER on his stomach he would have been all right in an hour or two. But some folks are slow to learn," added the old physician, swallowing the cup of steaming tea which his wife had just poured for him.

Doctor E—— was right, yet people do learn, even though slowly. The rapidly increasing use of Benson's plaster proves this beyond question, and the good doctors are certain to be saved much of their needless toil. In all disease capable of being affected by a plaster Benson's acts efficiently and at once. The genuine have the word CAPSINE cut in the centre. Price 25 cents.

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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flutterings at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

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HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleansed me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

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J. H. T. Hubbard, Dover street, has added to his store a Tobacco room, for the purpose of making first-class Tobacco, Segars, Cigarettes and Snuff a specialty

To the Farmers.

THE TALBOT COUNTY PAPER MILLS COMPANY will now contract for WHEAT STRAW, to be delivered at a convenient time hereafter. A little more care in stacking and racking will insure so much better keeping as to enable farmers to spare at least half of their straw, the value for which would nearly pay for their probabilities. Apply to

R. M. DIXON, Treasurer.

jun26tf

POETRY.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

I.

SHE.

You will find, enclosed with this note of mine,
Your letters and gifts in their order set;
I have kept, as you see, not a single line
To recall what I now would fain forget.
Your picture—I never liked the pose—
The ring and chain and the rest, you know,
I have placed with care, for, indeed, who knows
But another will prize— Well, let it go!
So snaps in a moment the chain that bound
Oh, better, no doubt, to end it thus,
Than find, too late, as we must have found,
That chance alone had united us.
You can throw, if you choose, the blame on me,
As it always comforts a man to do.
No matter—enough if I can see
That the fault of our quarrel rests with you,
Let us never meet—it is better so;
For, after all, being only human,
I feel to the heart—not angry, no,
Not angry, but still—an injured woman.
P. S.—On the whole, as our letters might
Stray to some other than you and me,
For just this once I will meet you to-night,
At the usual time, by the sycamore tree.

II.

HE.

I send you here, together with this,
Your letters you asked for back again,
And pardon it if a luckless kiss
Has blotted the pages now and then.
The curl of your hair, the glove you wore,
The mignonette—take back the whole,
And with them the faith that once I bore,
The love and trust of a man's whole soul.
The past, is there aught remains behind?
The future—what hope have you left me there?
If I go to the deuce— But never mind!
I scorn to threaten, to rave and swear,
No, no, be happy, as women will,
Before the kiss on their lips is cold
That pledges them to another, still
In the new lightly forgetting the old.
Yes, all is over between us now—
I shall never look on your face again;
So go your way with your broken vow,
And think no more of—a desperate man.
P. S.—In order that you may see
I have kept back nothing, not even a flower,
On second thought, to the sycamore tree
I will bring them myself, at the usual hour.

III.

They have met to utter their last good-byes;
And there by the sycamore tree they stand,
Gazing each in the other's eyes,
Holding each to the other's hand.
The letters lie on the mossy seat—
Ring and picture, curl and glove;
While the doubly perjured lips repeat
The oft-told tale of changeless love;
And over their heads the star of even
Twinkles down through the sycamore boughs,
Laughing, perchance, as the hosts of heaven
May laugh to listen to lovers' vows.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Promises at Random.

In a small but thriving village in New York lives a man by the name of Albert Brown. Half a wife and three years afterward he opened a shop on his own account. He was a tin-worker by trade, and his work gave the utmost satisfaction. He had bought out the shop and interest of a man who had moved away, so he had a run of business already on his hands.

For a while all went on well; he had as much as he wished to do; his patrons were prompt in their payments, and his prospects were bright. His dwelling adjoined the shop, so that he was always convenient to his place of business. But at length there began to be murmurings among his customers.

"Albert," said his wife one evening as he came in from the post-office, "Mr. Cummings has been here after the funnel you promised to make for him."

"Ah, has he?" returned the young man, looking up from the paper that he had just opened.

"Yes, and seemed quite anxious about it, for the the weather is cold, and his family are unable to use their sitting room just for want of that funnel."

"Well, I must make it to-morrow."

"But you know you have promised to have Mr. Moore's cook-stove ready to-morrow, and you have all the funnel to make for that, besides a boiler and a tea-kettle."

"Yes, I know that; but Moore'll have to wait. I must make that funnel for Cummings."

For some time Alice Brown sat in silence. Her face revealed a troubled mind, and her hand moved tremulously over the silken hair of her infant.

"Albert," she said at length, "you will pardon me, I know, for what I am now going to say." She trembled as she spoke, not being used to reprimanding her husband. She was a mild, modest, little woman, and severity of language was something she could not use, unless, indeed, it may have been once in a while to her little son, who often tried her patience.

"Go ahead, Alice," returned the young man, with a faint smile.

"I must speak, Albert, for I am sure you do not realize how you are injuring yourself. You do not realize, I fear, how often you disappoint your customers. Now, I heard Mr. Cummings say he had better have sent to the city at once and then he should have got his funnel in some kind of season."

"Then why don't he send? I never asked him for his custom."

"Ah, Albert, you do not mean what you say. You have asked for his custom. You have asked for the custom of all the people in town; and not only so, but in your advertisement you promise to do your work with promptness and despatch. Now listen to me calmly, for surely I am anxious only for your good. You have often promised people certain things at a given time, and you know how often you have disappointed them. Now why is it not just as easy to have your promises and performances agree, as to have them so often at fault? When Mr. Cummings came for his funnel, why could you not have made up your mind just when you could do the work, and then do it at all hazards? Of course, sickness is always a reasonable excuse."

"But you do not understand these things, Alice," said the husband in an explanatory manner. "When I have so much work on my hands, it is impossible always to tell just when such and such things can be done. I do them all as soon as I can."

"And yet, Albert, you disappoint your customers. Now just reflect a moment. You do all the work you have, but the trouble is you do not do it at the time promised. Now, for instance, when Cummings came for his funnel he asked you if he could not have it by the next day at noon. Instead of carefully considering what you had on your hands, and answering accordingly, you simply wished to please him for the time being, and told him he should have it as he wished. But when he came for it, it was not done, and thoughtlessly told him he could have it by night. This evening he called again, and again he is disappointed. His wife is now fretting, and he is angry; and he has good cause for it. And now look at to-morrow; if you make his funnel to-morrow, you must disappoint Moore, for his is an all day's job, most surely; and you know how particular he is."

"O, I know what you mean, Alice, but I should like to have you take hold and try. You'd find talking and doing two different things, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps I should, Albert, but yet I'd make them both agree in the end. When I had promised Mr. Cummings his funnel I would have done it. Last night I would have called to mind all the work I had on hand, and if I had been sure that I could turn it off as promised without working in the evening, I would have spent the evening in the house; but had it appeared otherwise, I would have worked till midnight if need be. Ere I would break a business promise I would work all night while my health and strength lasted. But there would be no need of this. Keep a book, and in it put all your work engaged, with the time at which it is promised, and then go at it. If a man wants such a thing at a given time, just refer to the work on hand, and if you find you can reach it without disappointing others, then promise him; but if you cannot do so, then tell him so plainly, and also when you can do it. Be sure no sensible man will find fault with this. Let people see that you will be prompt and reliable, and you need not fear of losing custom; but if things go on in this way much longer, you must lose money, it cannot be otherwise."

Albert Brown tried to laugh, but it was rather a ghastly performance. His wife had spoken the truth and he knew it, but he made no promises, for he did not feel exactly like owning up to the error.

Mr. Cummings was a good customer, and on the next morning Brown made his funnel. It took him until after ten o'clock to do it, and then he went to work upon the things for Moore. After dinner Cummings came in and got his funnel, but he was not so thankful to find it done as Albert hoped he would be.

Just at dusk Mr Moore came in. He had a heavy wagon with him, for the purpose of taking his stove away; but the boiler and teakettle were not done.

"I declare," said Brown, "I haven't got your job done yet."

"But how's that? You promised me that I should have them to-night without fail."

"I know—but I had a funnel to make for Cummings, and it put me back."

"But you should not have engaged other work until mine was done."

"But I had this engaged before I had yours."

"Then you might have calculated upon that and not promised me as you did. Had you should not have left my work at a busy period, and ridden seven miles away from home for nothing."

"I am sorry, Mr. Moore; but really I could not help it."

"Perhaps you could not," said Moore, with dubious shake of the head, "but you remember you bothered me in the same way last spring about my milk pans. I came twice for those before I got them."

Poor Albert felt ashamed, and he stammered out some apology.

"Now, I'll tell you the truth," resumed Moore, rather severely. "I am just now very busy, and have several bands engaged to work for me, so I cannot leave them again. If you will finish these things and send them up to me to-morrow, I should like it, otherwise I shall not want them."

Brown promised to send them up, and Mr. Moore took his leave. But the young tinman was not cured of his fault. Things went on as before, and Mrs. Brown was obliged to hear much complaint. The winter passed away, and in the spring another tin shop was opened in the village. A young man named Ames came to the place and sought the patronage of the inhabitants. Within a month after this Albert Brown found himself almost without a customer. To be sure he could make up any quantity of tinware for peddlers, but this was not to his taste. The most profitable branch of his business was gone, for all his old customers now flocked to Ames', where their orders were promptly filled.

"I declare, it is too bad," said Albert Brown to his wife as they arose from the supper table.

"It is too bad, Albert, but you should not compain of your old customers."

"I don't—but why should Ames come here?"

"He was asked to come here, Albert. You know the people had become tired of waiting your motions. And there is Mansfield, the tailor; he is also obliged to go without customers."

"I noticed that Mansfield's shop was shut up as I came by," said Albert, thoughtfully.

"Then he's had to quit," resumed his wife. "I heard some time ago that the people would not put up with his negligence much longer. He is a good tailor, but no one could depend upon him."

For some moments Albert sat in silence and gazed into the fire. At length, while a sad expression rested on his countenance, he said:

"Alice, I cannot deny that I have lost all through my own fault. I remember what you have often said to me, and how you have warned me of this; and I know that all this could have been avoided had I but listened to you. But it's too late now."

"No, no, Albert! not too late," uttered Alice moving to her husband's side and putting her arms about his neck, "you can yet work on."

"But not here. We must give up this snug little house and move to some strange place."

"Well, 'twere better so than to live without business here."

"And could you be contented to give up this pretty house, Alice?"

"I shall be contented wherever your own good calls you, my husband."

Albert Brown kissed his wife, and shortly afterward he went out. As he passed down the street he saw a fight in the shop which Mr. Ames occupied, and he went in. A friendly greeting ensued, and after some common-place conversation, Brown asked Ames how he prospered.

"O, very well, replied Ames. "I am doing very well, yet I can do better. My brother has sent me an offer to come to L——, and and go into business with him. I was intending to call on you to-morrow to see if I could not make a trade with you. If I can sell out my heavy stock without loss I shall move, for my brother needs me, and the place will be far better for me than this. What say you now? If you will buy my stove and manufactured ware at wholesale prices, you can have them, and I am off."

"How much will they come to?" asked Albert, anxiously.

"The whole that I must sell will come to about three hundred dollars—not any over that."

"I'll give you an answer to-morrow noon," Albert returned.

This was satisfactory, and after some further conversation the latter left and returned home. He told his wife how the case stood, and she at once advised him to make the purchase.

"We can raise the money," she said, "and I suppose everything he has will sell."

On the next day Albert accepted Ames' offer, and as soon as a list of the goods was made out he paid the money over, and ere long he had the field once more to himself. He issued a new advertisement, and after enumerating the articles he had for sale, he added these significant words, "Try me."

And now Albert Brown commenced anew. He took a book and set down every order as it came in, and noted the time set for its completion. He now made no promises without referring to his book, and the consequence was that he never failed to meet his engagements, and yet how simple it was. Ay, and how much easier than the old method. How smoothly all went now. His work was more than before in quantity, and yet he completed it more easily than before.

The result was soon apparent. Customers flocked in upon him; his old friends returned and within a year he was the most thriving mechanic in town. People from adjoining places heard of his promptness and faithfulness, and they came to employ him. Surely he never regretted the short sojourn of the other tinman in the village, nor did he ever fail to bless his wife, as each returning season found his coffers gradually but surely growing full.

And so it must always be in all the departments of business life. Try it, ye who need, and see.

Local Option in Anne Arundel.

From the Maryland Republican.

A petition, with about 1,600 signatures of Anne Arundel citizens, is about to be presented to the legislature, asking the repeal of the local option law and the substitution therefor of a stringent license law, restricting the issue of license to the recommendation of seven property owners of the immediate neighborhood within which the license to sell is asked.

Accompanying the petition is a concise statement of the evils alleged to belong to local option—so far as developed in its operations. It is asserted that "to a very large extent the law has been a failure, and one of its bad effects has been the transfer of the liquor traffic from legalized licensed sellers, from whom the State derived a revenue, to unlicensed sellers who evade the law by subterfuge and craftiness and defying penalties altogether." In Annapolis city, particularly, many of the merchants complain that it has been hurtful by diverting trade, for the reason that purchasers being compelled to go elsewhere for liquor, whether for domestic, social, or other purposes, such other articles of merchandise as are wanted are purchased at the same time. This, of course, damages the business of some directly, and extends itself indirectly to the whole business interests of the city. Observation clearly shows that there has been no material lessening of liquor drunk, and the fact warrants the suspicion of the means through which it is obtained, as well as proves the failure of the object of the law."

We do not desire to express our opinion in regard to this matter, but we believe that the friends of local option in Anne Arundel will not be satisfied to have it abolished, without at least two more years of trial. Unquestionably there is much to be said on both sides of this vexed question; and it will be well for the aforesaid 1,600 petitioners to be content with making haste slowly—very slowly indeed, just now.

A Spicy Reporter.

"You must throw a little spice into your writing," said the city editor to a new reporter. "Facts are all very well and make an admirable foundation, but there must be some elaboration. A bare bonnet without trimmings would be an unsightly affair."

"Why, I have thrown spice into this article," the reporter replied.

"Where is the spice?"

"I say spice, because I have handled the subject gingerly."

"My collegiate friend," said the city editor, "you are too smart to be a reporter. Go away and lecture for seventy-five dollars per night. Advertise yourself with colored pictures and call yourself a great paragrapher. The public is hungry for you."

"You seem to be greatly interested in my welfare."

"I am, for I believe the public would kill you the first night."

A Practical Proposal.

"Had a proposal from any of the fair sex since leap year began, Jones?"

"I have—I had a proposal from the daughter of my boarding missus."

"Jiminy! you're in luck. How did she muster courage to make it, and what did you say?"

"Well, you see, she keeps the books for her mother, so she came to me the other day and proposed."

"Yes, yes, lucky dog! go on."

"She proposed that I pay up my arrears or git."

"Whew!"

"So I got."

A writer in the Chicago Tribune, after carefully going over a mass of statistics, comes to the conclusion that the medical profession in this country is overcrowded, and endeavors to discourage young men from entering it. "There are now," he says, "90,000 physicians and surgeons in this country, or one to every 500 inhabitants. Indeed, every cross roads where a grocery or a blacksmith shop is located has also the shingle of at least one medical practitioner, and in most cases more than one."

Miss McCrea, 2 N. Carrollton ave., Baltimore, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for loss of appetite and nervousness and it did me good."

A minister in the course of a sermon upon angels alluded to them as "an extinct race."

An umbrella that keeps dry the year round is altogether too religious for us.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"I want to see the poetry editor," said a young lady who stepped very briskly into the room—"the gentleman that puts all those lovely pieces in the paper every Saturday. Don't you think they're sweet?"

The horse reporter nodded acquiescence in the saccharine character of the efforts alluded to.

"I would like to see him personally," continued the young lady, "because it would be so nice to talk with him about Tennyson, and Longfellow, and all those dear old things, wouldn't it?"

The personal friend of Maud S. again inclined his head.

"You don't think he'll be in again this afternoon, do you? I'd like awfully to see him. But perhaps you can help me. I'm in an awful fix."

"What's the matter?" asked the horse reporter.

"Why, continued the young lady, "I live over on the West Side, and we've got a literary society, and at the next meeting I am down to read a paper on 'Poetry as an Art,' and—"

"Is poetry an art?" asked the horse reporter. "I thought it was an affliction."

"Well, I don't know about that," said the young lady, "but, anyhow, I've got to get up this paper, and it occurred to me that perhaps one of you editors could assist me. I want to get some extracts from the works of our best-known poets to illustrate what I shall say. Now, there's Mr. Tennyson, for instance; he's written some fine poetry, hasn't he?"

"Yes. Alf has occasionally shot some pretty fair verse athwart the literary horizon."

"Could you give me a specimen of his style?" eagerly asked the young lady. "I never read a line of those big poets in my life—nothing but what the Tribune poets write."

"We have got some daisies from Daisyville on our staff," said the horse reporter, "but if you want a few gems from the old masters I suppose you can have them. Tennyson's 'May Queen' is one of his most popular poems. Want some of that?"

"Why, yes. I should think two or three verses would be just the thing."

"Well," said the horse reporter, it goes like this:

"You must wake and call me early, call me
early, mother dear:
To-morrow'll be the boss old day for pop and
ginger beer;
And when they strike the pig, mother, I'll say
my little say—
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen of the May.

"There's many a nifty girl, they say, but none
lays over me;
There's Margaret and Mary, and cross-eyed
Lucy Lee;
But you bet your life I take the cake, and of
biscuit sweep the tray:
So I'm to be Queen of the May, mother, I'm
to be Queen of the May."

"Do you think that is enough?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, yes; those verses will give 'em an idea of Alf's gait. Variety is what they want, you know. You ought to have something from Bryant. His 'Indian Girl's Lament' is pretty well thought of."

"Is it? I'm sure I don't know. I shall leave it all to you."

"Well, I can give you a chunk of it."

"Do, if you please."

"This is the way it starts:

"An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, Walking-Free-Patch lay;
Beside her stood a spavined horse
That sadly chewed some musty hay.
Upon a stump herself she flung,
And then this simple lay she sung:

"'I've placed the bottle at your head,
O Walking-Free-Patch, so that when
You strike the town and paint it red
You will not miss your Laughing-Hen,
Who sitting in the wigwam will

"Now, you see," said the horse reporter, "those selections cover the childish glee and loving trustfulness rackets. What you want to finish with is something pathetic—something that will make the young women sniffle. Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' ought to do that nicely. Suppose we sing 'em a few lines of that."

"Very well," said