THE EASTON STAR
T. K. ROBSON, EDITOR.
TERMS.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents if paid within the year, Three 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 subscriptions received for a shorter period than six months. Subscriptions out of the county $1 in advance, which includes prepayment of postage.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square—six lines—one insertion $1; 50 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 for the number of times to be inserted, will be marked TF and continued until 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, AUGUST 5, 1884. VOL. XIX.—NO. 48.

Lumber Business.

SAML BURNS & CO.
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATHS,
PICKETS, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,
BRICKS, LIME &c.
104 LIGHT ST. WHARF
BALTIMORE

TUNIS' STEAM SAW & PLANING MILLS.
Pine, Hemlock, Cypress and Oak
LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, CASINGS, FRAMES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, LIME AND HAIR,
50,000 WHITE PINE PEACH BOXES.
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.,
TUNIS' MILLS, MD.
January 14, 1883-1yr

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.

GO TO THE NEW
FURNITURE STORE
OF
R. H. T. COUNCELL,
In the STEWART BUILDING, adjoining Masonic Temple,
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. F. Steinman, C. O. Byerly, Thos. K. Robson, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. W. D. Roberts & Sons, M. F. Flowers, Mrs. J. A. W. Powell, } Builders.
C. F. Eastman, J. H. Jarrett, Julius A. Johnson, Jr., Philip S. Thomas, Thomas K. Robson, Peter Stevens, Chas. T. Wrightson, R. G. Councell, Antonio DePasquale.
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.

LAP DUSTERS,
Cotton Nets,
Leather Nets,
Hay Nets,
Horse Covers.
A choice assortment of these seasonable goods on hand. All prices and styles. The handsomest assortment I ever have had. Call and examine them.
T. C. NICOLS.

FLY NETS!
FOR
SUMMER.
Linen Lap Dusters
Protect your Horses against Flies.
Protect your Clothes against Dust.
McHALE & RYAN
PREPARED FOR A
Summer Campaign
AGAINST THE
Season's Annoyances.
All goods of this class and kind at lowest prices.
Remember also that we manufacture to order and keep in stock the finest hand-made harness, in both double and single sets, that can be found in Easton.
McHALE & RYAN,
Market Space, Easton, Md.
P. S.—Headquarters for Machine made harness for carriages wagons or carts.
Large line of Trunks at lowest city prices.
McHALE & RYAN.

RICE'S! RICE'S! RICE'S!
129 Lexington Street, Baltimore
Notions, Hosiery and Trimmings.
One of my specialties is to give prompt and careful attention to orders by mail. I receive Postage Stamps in payment; but the best plan, when convenient, is to send Post Office order for payment of bill ordered, and always be sure and send sufficient to pay return charges, when goods are to be sent by mail. My assortment is complete. If you desire you can have a price list by sending your address. Below I mention prices of a few articles. You can order all or part of them.

Macrame Cord in white at	25c lb
Macrame Cord in colors at	35c lb
Macrame Cord, finest quality white,	1lc ball
Macrame Cord, finest quality in colors,	1lc ball
Embroidery Silk, all colors, 12 skeins for 10c, 25 skeins for 30c, 100 skeins for 75c or 150 skeins for $1.00.	
Tinsel Cords, all colors, 3c yard or	19c ball
Arrasene, all colors, 5c skein or	50c doz
Silk Chenille, all colors, 5c skein or	50c doz
Filloselle or Floss, all colors, 3c skein or	30c doz
Babbee's 500 yard Linen Thread at	7½c spool
Ladies Fancy Colored Hose	10c
Germantown Yarn all colors, 2 oz in hand at 13c hank.	
Zephyr Worsted, all colors, at	7c lap
Ribbons of all sizes and colors.	
Embroideries, all widths and prices. If you wish narrow, order 5 yds for 5c, 5 yds for 12c, 4½ yds for 15c, 4½ yds for 25c	
Laces of all kinds	
Order Boys' grey ribbed hose, extra length sizes, 7, 7½, 8 and 8½ in., at 25c per pair.	

I have a Wholesale department and make a fair reduction to dealers. They can sell all my goods at my prices with fair profit.
JOHN T. RICE,
North side. 129 Lexington st.,
7 doors west of Park. BALTIMORE, MD
☞ Persons ordering goods will please say when they write what paper they saw my advertisement in. april, 3yr

White Barber.
Removed to Railroad Avenue.
WM. W. FREEMAN informs his customers and the public that he has moved his Barber shop to Railroad Avenue, opposite Covey's stables. A clean shave and fashionable hair cutting for white people only. His new shop is nicely fitted up, and he will endeavor to merit the custom of the public by giving satisfaction to all customers.
Easton, April 1st, 1884.

ANTI-MOTH.
Don't let your clothing be eaten by the moth when you can go to Henry Bro.'s drug store and get a yard of anti-moth paper for 15c. The best thing yet.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause: *the entire fulfilment of its promises.*
The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction.
The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE
FOR THE
WHISKERS
Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation, it is applied without trouble.
PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ALL THE FORMS
OF
Scrofulous, Mercurial, and Blood Disorders,
the best remedy, because the most searching and thorough blood-purifier, is
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles, $5.

THE BEST
CLOTHING
The largest and finest stock ever shown at prices which cannot be equaled elsewhere.
Our entirely *new stock* is so desirable that every man and boy should have a suit, and to appear handsomely dressed you must wear our clothes.
Should your circumstances be such that only a small amount can be invested in clothing, then our house is the one to patronize for the reason that you get just what you pay for—economical administration of all its affairs makes our establishment the popular one to buy from. Every garment in our house entirely new, handsome and serviceable.
ACME HALL,
The Glass of Fashion,
209 W. Baltimore St.
ABSOLUTELY ONE PRICE.

TUTT'S
PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.
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, Flittering 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
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.
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 cleaned 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.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

DR. JOHN BULL'S
Smith's Tonic Syrup
FOR THE CURE OF
FEVER and ACUE
Or CHILLS and FEVER,
AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.
The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient to a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if the use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, one or two of our doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous Affections.
DR. JOHN BULL'S
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP,
BULL'S SARSAPARILLA,
BULL'S WORM DESTROYER.
The Popular Remedies of the Day.
Principal Office, 931 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.

POETRY.

THE ECONOMICAL DINNER PARTY.

A wily crocodile,
Who dwelt upon the Nile,
Bethought himself one day to give a dinner.
"Economy," said he,
"Is chief of all with me,
And shall considered be—as I'm a sinner."

With paper, pen and ink,
He sat him down to think,
And, first of all, Sir Lion he invited;
The northern Wolf, who dwells
In rocky arctic dells;
The Leopard and the Lynx, by blood united.

Then Mr. Fox, the shrewd—
No lover he of good—
And Madame Duck, with sober step and stately;
And Mr. Frog, serene
In garb of bottle green,
Who warbled bass, and bore himself sedately?

Sir Crocodile, content,
The invitation sent.
The day was come—his guests were all assembled;
They fancied that some guile
Lurked in his ample smile;
Each on the other looked, and somewhat trembled.

A lengthy time they wait;
Their hunger waxes great,
And still the host in conversation dallies;
At last the table's laid,
With covered dishes spread,
And out, in haste, the hungry parties.

But when—the covers raised—
On empty plates they gazed,
Each on the other looked with dire intention.
Ma'am Duck sat last of all,
And Mr. Frog was small,
She softly swallowed him and made no mention.

This Mr. Fox perceives,
And saying, "By your leaves,
Some punishment is due for this transgression."
He gobbled her in haste;
Then, much to his distaste,
By Mr. Lynx was taken in possession.

The Wolf, without a pause—
In spite of teeth and claws—
Left nothing of the Lynx to tell the story.
The Leopard, all irate
At his relation's fate,
Made mince-meat of that wolfish monster hoary.

The Lion raised his head—
"Since I am King," he said,
"It ill befits the King to lack his dinner,"
Then on the Leopard sprang
With might of claw and fang,
And made a meal upon that spotted sinner.

Then saw, with sudden fear,
Sir Crocodile draw near,
And heard him speak with feelings of distraction,
"Since all of you have dined,
Well suited to your mind,
You surely cannot grudge me satisfaction."

And sooth, a deal of guile
Lurked in his ample smile,
And down his throat the roaring Lion hasted.
"Economy, with me,
Is chief of all," said he,
"And I am glad to see there's nothing wasted."

MISCELLANEOUS.

BETSY'S BONNET.

"Well, Uncle Abel, now you are off for home, I suppose; trading all done, crops all bargained for, eh?" and John Dare lifted his hat and pushed back his thick hair as he stood on the hotel steps talking to a plain country farmer in a suit of home-spun grey.

"Wa'al, not quite yet, John. I want to get Betsy a bonnet—a real nice one—just as good as a Yorker might want, 'Cause Betsy's worked awful hard this spring. Times are good, too. So I guess we'll see if my Betsy shan't look as good as anybody. S'pose you don't want to go along with me, do you?"

"Let me see, four o'clock, yes, I'll go. I'll look at the pretty girls, though; you won't mind that. Come on."

So they walked up the street, the fashionable attire of the young lawyer contrasting strongly with the antiquated cut of the farmer's garments, which at home were wont to lie in solemn state in the spare room all the week, only to be worn on Sunday with becoming carefulness. There was little likeness in the face—a trifle too fair for manly beauty, with its blonde mustache and close brown curls, to the bronzed and beardless one, with the few locks, spare and gray, beneath the well brushed hat; and the blue eyes were the same in both and like those that were closed forever under the sod in the apple orchard on Uncle Abel's farm where his dead sister was laid when John was a tiny child. It troubled John not a whit to be seen with the plain countryman; in spite of his perfumed hair and well-gloved hand, his heart was as true as steel to the good friends of his boyhood, and the inquiring glances of his companions gave him no annoyance whatever.

They reached Madame Rosette's at last, and John lounged in the doorway and straightway engaged in the laudable employment of finding out the prettiest face of the girls in attendance. Josie Molliet, radiant with smiles, and I think a little artificial bloom, came forward with the most bewitching glances to wait upon the farmer who brought so attractive a person with him; and fancying that she would show her superior quality by so doing, made up her mind to quiz Uncle Abel unmercifully.

Poor man! He was never so miserable in all his life. In Hopetown he would have had no trouble whatever. Miss Crabtree, in her plain dress and cap with lavender ribbons, would have told him at once what to get; and her little gray eyes would not have confused him in the least.

But here was a fine lady, with a great circumference of black silk trailing out along the carpet, a waist no bigger than a wasp, a head on which the hair seemed struggling in crimps and curls to get away from the shining bands strapped tightly around it, and a pair of bright black eyes looking straight at him, while the damsel held up one style after the other, or tried them on coquettishly, but derived no help from him.

"Now, young woman, show me some of your bonnets—real nice ones. None of your poor old fashioned things for my wife."

Having said this, Uncle Abel felt that he had stated the case clearly and should have no trouble.

Miss Josie smiled about and returned with a white chip gypsy, trimmed with blue, a shirred green satin with a rose on it, and a gray straw trimmed with scarlet poppies.

"Now that will be just what you want, I'm sure; only twenty-five dollars, too; so cheap and so becoming."

Uncle Abel confessed afterwards that he felt quite confounded at the great price, but he did not mean to let that Frenchified girl know it, so he only said, "Oh, that's the style, eh? It ain't a bit like Betsy's old one, though."

"Oh, no, sir; the fashion has changed entirely. Now this gypsy is the newest thing out, and your wife would set the fashion, no doubt."

She looked up at John Dare merrily, but she could not interpret the look in his eyes, so taking it for granted that it was an expression of admiration, she pursued the same strain.

"Just fresh from Paris; I am sure your wife would like that. Shall I try it on for you?"

"Wa'al, yes, I can tell better how it looks then. Now it looks like a dish."

"There, it goes on this way," and Josie pitched the little thing over her rosy face, tied the strings in a big bow knot and swept down the length of the room. "Don't you like it?"

"Wa'al, its kind o' purty; but it's awful queer; ain't it, John?"

John thus appealed to, could only answer that he "knew nothing in the world about women's bonnets," and took up his reverie, whatever it was, just where it was broken off. But looking idly in the long mirror opposite, he saw Josie making signs to another girl, and he saw that they were amusing themselves vastly at the perplexity of their customer. He saw, too, that a pale, quiet girl, with smooth brown hair, looked up from her work indignantly, and he rather saw than heard her say, "For shame," and grow crimson as she spoke.

His own face flushed a little as he became aware that Uncle Abel was being made the butt of their jokes—good old Uncle Abel who was looking so admiringly at the fabrics incomprehensible to him, his old heart only full of the thought how he should make his present worthy of the patient soul for whom it was intended.

Then John was greatly perplexed; for as he said truly, he knew nothing about all this mysterious and bewildering arrangement of dress that he saw every day.

Still he knew that Aunt Betsy's spare locks thinly sprinkled with gray, were not dressed in modern style, and he could not for the life of him see whereabouts on that dear old head any of these gypsys or fanchons would rest. He remembered that long ago Aunt Betsy was wont to twist her hair with the same energy that distinguished all her movements, and that this operation resulted in a hard knot at the back of her head like a door handle, which certainly would not harmonize with these careless head-dressees.

Just as his brow overcast with the thought, the pale girl came near Uncle Abel, blushing as she did so, in defiance of the other girls, holding in her hand a plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with violet ribbons.

She wore a mourning dress, and the plain brooch at her throat held a lock of gray hair. "I think this might suit you, sir," she said. "If your wife don't dress her hair in these fashions, these bonnets would not do at all. This is rich and plain, and covers the back of the head and neck."

"Wa'al now, tell me, for I have got so bothered with these things that I don't know one from the t'other. I want to get a bonnet for Betsy, and I mean to. Now just tell me if you'd like your mother to wear one like this. Oh, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I didn't see," and he touched the sleeve of her black dress, "I—I'm sorry."

The young lady brushed off a tear quickly, as she said, "I have no mother now; but if you'll trust me, sir, I think this will suit."

She stood, hitherto, just out of the range of John Dare's vision, and had not seen him at all. Something in the sound of her voice attracted him, perhaps, and when Uncle Abel called:

"Here, John Dare!" he stepped hastily enough toward them. The girl thrust the bonnet into Uncle Abel's hands, and would have been out of sight if her dress had not caught one of the branching stands and held her fast.

"Amy!" and John Dare, with a hot flush on his face, caught her hand and so detained her.

"Amy Egbert, have I found you at last?"

The girl's face grew white and red by turns and the words she spoke came so slow and broken that only John could catch their meaning.

Uncle Abel pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, still holding the hat in his hand, and looked open-mouthed from one to the other.

"I guess you must have known this young woman afore, didn't you?" he said; but John was too busy with eager questions, and Amy was trembling and flushing as she tried to speak calmly, and so his question was unanswered. Pretty Josie was dividing her attention between a new customer and the strange scene beside her, and between anger and mortification she looked in no need of help from rouge, as she tossed her head and muttered various uncourteous remarks in regard to Amy Egbert and her beau.

Uncle Abel held the hat for a while longer quite patiently, but at last despaired of the interview being ended, so he coughed and then said:

"I'll take the bunnit. Twenty dollars is a good deal, but Betsy's worth it, ain't she, John?"

John need'nt have started so or said "Very," which wasn't a very suitable answer, but Uncle Abel laughed a little and said to himself, "Boys will be boys!" and was obliged to tell Miss Egbert the direction over twice, too, and felt quite uneasy lest it should not arrive at his hotel in time.

Outside the door John turned to leave his uncle and looked as shy as a girl, as he said: "It's all right, Uncle Abel; I've found a new friend, and I've found a—a—an old friend."

Uncle Abel held his hand fast, and looked a moment, without speaking, into John's face in a wistful way; then said, looking into the young man's eyes, "she's a motherless girl, John."

"Uncle Abel!" and John turned angrily away, or would have done so if the detaining hand had not held him with a grasp which sixty years had not weakened. "Look here, my boy, I meant no offense. None of my blood turn villains," he added, proudly, "but you see she's young and purty and forlorn, and maybe, if you see too much of her, she might get to thinkin' more of you than would be good for her, and if you ain't in earnest I guess it would break her heart. Shake hands with your uncle, my boy, I mean no harm; but I promised Liza, when she was on her dying bed, that I would allus try to give you good advice, and the last words almost that she spoke, says she, 'Abel, watch over my boy.'"

"My dear, kind uncle, I thank you, indeed, I do, for all your kindness, but I could not bear to think that you would mislodge me. I knew Amy long ago, when her parents were both living, and she had all that wealth could give. I loved her then in a quiet way, but I was too poor to tell her so. Then came reverses and death, and in her poverty and pride the girl hid herself from me resolutely until now. She tried to earn her bread by her accomplishments, but failed, and gladly took this means to do so. Now if I can win her for my wife I shall bring Mrs. John Dare to see you some fine day this summer; may I, Uncle Abel?"

So they parted, and the passers-by little dreamed of all that had been said.

"Wa'al, wa'al, if things don't turn out queer!" soliloquized Uncle Abel, homeward bound, with a band-box placed on the seat beside him. "To think how near I came to gettin' one of them gypsies for Betsy. Why she would have laughed a week over it. And then to think that painted picture of a girl was making game of me all the while. And then the other one with her gentle way, taking the trouble to tell a stupid fellow like me what was the right thing to buy. I guess she will make our John a good wife; and after Betsy and me has passed away, there'll be a nice bit of property coming to John, and that will help him on."

How pleased Aunt Betsy was when the old man gave her the new bonnet! How fair and young she looked in the fresh ribbons and soft blonde around her face! And how she laughed at the idea of "wearing one of them dish covers on her head!"

Just when the country was in its summer glory, John Dare brought his bride to the farm-house where he had spent so many childish hours, and he led her to all the old familiar spots, from the weir in the brook to the grave by the orchard. But as long as a straw and a ribbon may endure to keep them both in mind how John Dare found his wife, they tell the story of the time when Uncle Abel bought Betsy's bonnet.

The Discomfited Beau.

From Harper's Magazine.

The following bit of wit upon the part of a North Carolina girl comes from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the fashionable Virginia watering place:

Among the regular habitues is Col. B——, a well-preserved, handsome old beau of uncertain age. His society record is brilliant, and, though he has raised many hopes, yet season after season has ended and the colonel has yielded his liberty to none. His special strength is pride of family, boasting, as he does, in season and out of season, not only the bluest South Carolina blood, but the most direct Huguenot descent.

During the past summer there appeared flitting about the broad piazza and through the long drawing-room a bright, dashing girl from the "Land of the Sky." The colonel, as usual, began the scheme of monopoly, and the ambitious young belle seemed nothing loth to accord to him the coveted position as chief of staff. It began to be whispered about that the colonel was really in earnest for once in his life. Those who knew him best and watched him closest were sure that he was on the eve of a victory. His gait was more martial, his manner more lofty than ever before and the poor ancestral Huguenots were dragged to the front without mercy.

Unfortunately a bit of eavesdropping in the dim, star-lighted seclusion of what the colonel thought to be a deserted corner of the piazza, told the story of such woful discomfiture that he fled the place within twenty-four hours after. He had evidently proposed in his most pompous and condescending manner, and had heard with amazement a quiet negative from the young lady's lips.

"But, I think—I am sure," said the colonel, hardly able to control his indignant pride, "you do not understand, you do not appreciate, Miss, the honor that has been conferred upon you, that you so lightly decline. I am a Huguenot of South Carolina."

"Ah, Colonel, it is you who forget," said Miss ——, with her most roguish smile. "You do not appreciate the honor to which you aspire. I am a Lightwood Knot of North Carolina!"

The Retort Courteous.

Bishop Wilmer, Protestant Episcopal, of Alabama, is one of the readiest men with retort to be found in the country.

His first parish was in Virginia. At a certain company, where all the gentlemen of the neighborhood were collected, the young clergyman was present. There was also present a man noted for his infidelity as to Christianity, and his roughness of speech to those by whom it was professed. This skeptic soon began to talk to the youthful parson, who prudently made no reply. The enemy became more aggressive, and addressing him directly, said:

"Mr. Wilmer, you don't seem to like to talk about religion and the Bible."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I do like to talk about it with people who are earnest and respectful in their treatment of it."

"Well, rejoined the assailant, "if you will answer me one question I will let you off."

Mr. Wilmer replied: "Sir, I do not know that I care to be let off from anything; but ask me the question, and if it is a proper question and I know the answer I will give it to you."

"Well, Sir, I have asked all the preachers I have ever seen, and none of them could tell me, and now I ask you: "What became of the body of Moses when the devil and the archangel had a contest over it?"

It was a trying question for the young theologian, and a trying occasion, for the assembled company all silently awaited his reply. He quickly arose from his chair, walked across the room, stood directly in front of his antagonist and said, firmly and respectfully, "Sir, that question does not concern you in the least."

"Why not, Sir?"

"Because it is perfectly certain that no archangel will ever have any contest with the devil over your body."

The infidel confessed himself whipped, and joining in the loud laugh at his own expense, said he would bet $500 on his parson every sermon against any other preacher in the country.

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