# The Easton Star.

T. L. ROBSON, Editor. | Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News. | $1.50 per Annum, if Paid in Advance.

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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, Gold 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 William. 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.

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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.

Dr. J. J. Stevenson, C. O. Bonsall, Thos. E. Stevens, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral. W. P. Roberts & Son, W. F. Turner, Mrs. J. A. W. Bonsall, } Bellevue.
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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.

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SALVATION OIL,

"The Greatest Cure on Earth for Pain,"

Will relieve more quickly than any other known remedy. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Lumbago, Sores, Frost-bites, Backache, Wounds, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, &c. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 Cents a Bottle.

1886.

THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION

WELCOME,

Bay, 16 hands, foaled in 1876.

Standard Bred—No. 693.

Sired by Abdallah, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian,
1st dam, Grecian Bend, by Jupiter Abdallah.
2nd dam by Tornado, son of American Eclipse.
&c., &c., &c., &c.

The superiority of Hambletonian Blood over all the other trotting families combined is so well established as not to admit of argument. Only six stallions have produced three trotters each with records better than 2.30, viz., Alexander, Blue Bull, Dictator, Electioneer, Geo. Wilkes and Volunteer—all except Blue Bell are Hambletonians. What a commentary upon family superiority! Welcome is by far the first of this famous galaxy. In gait he is light-footed, springy, free-limbed, easy, long-striding and true, and goes without apparent effort. No movements of the head and body being apparent, he is eminently a fast and leg trotter. He never was known to pace, amble, single foot or mix, whether at a slow or fast gait. He was never trained regularly, but can trot better than 2.40 every time he is asked.

Breed only to standard-bred horses. First—a standard-bred horse indicates a speed inheritance, and is a pedigree clearly established. Second—The chances of transmitting speed are stronger with standard-bred stallions. Third—The progeny will bring higher prices.

TERMS.

Owing to the low prices of everything a farmer has to sell, I have placed Welcome's services at the following extreme low rates, viz.:

$15 for the Season for one mare, colt or no colt.
$25 for the Season for two mares, colt or no colt.
$25 for the Season for one mare, and should she not prove with foal, she or a substitute can be returned free another year, provided the mare has not been parted with, and I still own the stallion.
Groom's fee—50 cents per mare in all cases.

Think of breeding to a Hambletonian Stallion that you have all seen trot Martin's track in better than 2.45 for the low price of $15.00! It cannot be done anywhere else in America. The only possible objection to Welcome is his light fall, but I have never yet heard, out of the 40 odd colts of his in the country, of one that had any less tall than other colts. As his number will be limited, application should be made at once to

ROBERT HOUGH,
Tunis Mills P. O.,
Talbot county, Md.

mar2-2m

HANNIBAL, No. 2191.

Record 2.28 on a half-mile track, turns not thrown up, with one month's preparation; last half of third heat in 1.12 with a break, which lost him two or three seconds. Can trot a mile track, whenever in condition, in 2.20 or better.

By the great Woodford Mambrino, No. 525, record 2.21¾, sire of the greatest percentage of 2.30 performers of any horse living or dead, (one in every six, or every one that has been trained for two seasons on the turf). Grandsire of Tankee (4) and Gaston 2.18¾ as a three-year old, the best ever produced, and for which his owner, Mr. McFerran, of Kentucky, refused twenty thousand dollars.

Hannibal's dam, Lady McKenny, is also the dam of Nil Desperandum 2.24, the sire of De Barry 2.19¾ (3 five-year old that Robert Steel, Esq., of Philadelphia, sold this spring for ten thousand dollars, (said to trot in 2.17). As each of these colts, sired by half brothers of Hannibal, (one on the sire's and one on the dam's side,) it is reasonable to suppose that he should produce one equally as good.

TERMS, $30.

$30 the season, with the privilege of return free, in case of failure.

Mares boarded at four dollars on grass, or eight dollars on grain or meadow. Will be limited to forty mares, and as he has quite a number already booked, it would be well for those contemplating breeding to please notify me in time. Season to commence March 20th and end June 20th, 1886.

Groom fee, 50 cents.

JNO. K. CAULK,
Trappe, Talbot county, Md.

mar9-2m

GREACEN,

By Hannibal 2191, he by Woodford Mambrino, No. 525, he by Mambrino Chief, No. 11, he by Mambrino Paymaster, he by Mambrino, he by Im. Messenger. Dam by Tankerville, Jr., 2d dam by Frank Pierce 455, 3rd dam by Sam. Patch, 4th dam by Tom Telegraph.

Greacen is a sorrel colt four years old this spring, 15 hands high, well broken to harness, and can show a good gait, and resembles his sire.

TERMS, $10 the season.

ROBERT STANTON,
Trappe, Talbot county, Md.

P. S.—Will be limited to a few mares.

mar9-2m

Glass and Putty.
For sale by HENRY & BROTHER.

Now is the Time—
To buy cheap lamps. At Trippe's.

The Seeker

after the luxurious in Men's and Boys' Clothing can here be as well served as the searcher after the merely serviceable, while in our enormous assortment of Novel Shapes and Styles both are certain to be pleased. The reputation of our house for Elegance of Style and Perfection of fit, together with lowness of prices is a guarantee at all times of perfect satisfaction. The great Surprise of the Season is undoubtedly the unexpectedly low prices for goods universally acknowledged the best in the market. We can fit the Boy 3½ years old, as well as the man of Weight (300 pounds).

ACME HALL,

The Class of Fashion,

209 W. BALTIMORE ST.,

BALTIMORE, MD.


## English Anthology.

### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said a spider to a fly;
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.
The way into my parlor
Is up a winding stair,
And I have many pretty things
To show you when you're there."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly;
"To ask me is in vain;
For who goes up your winding stair
Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary
With soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?"
Said the spider to the fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around,
The sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile,
I'll snugly tuck you in."
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly,
"For I've often heard it said
They never never wake again
Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning spider to the fly,
"Dear friend, what shall I do
To prove the warm affection
I've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry
Good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—
Will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no!" said the little fly;
"Kind sir, that cannot be;
I've heard what's in your pantry,
And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature," said the spider,
"You're witty and your wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
How brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little lookin-glass
Upon my parlor shelf;
If you'll step in one moment, dear,
You shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
"For what you're pleased to say;
And bidding you good morning now,
I'll call another day."

The spider turned him round about,
And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly fly
Would soon be back again;
So he wove a subtle thread
In a little corner sly;
And set his table ready
To dine upon the fly.
He went out to his door again,
And merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,
With pearl and silver wing!
Your robes are green and purple
There's a crest upon your head!
Your eyes are like the diamonds bright,
But mine are dull as lead."

Alas! alas! how very soon
This silly little fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
Came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
Then nearer and nearer drew—
Thought only of her brilliant eyes
And green and purple hue;
Thought only of her crested head—
Poor foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning spider,
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up the winding stair,
Into his dismal den
Within his little parlor—but
She ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children,
Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words
I pray you ne'er give heed.
Unto an evil counsellor
Close heart, and ear, and eye,
And learn a lesson from this tale
Of the spider and the fly.

### WORK.

BY MARY E. PRESCOTT.

Sweet wind, fair wind, where have you been?
"I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky;
I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard by;
I've been laughing at work while others sigh;
Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?
"I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;
I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;
I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;
Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?
"I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;
By and by I shall teach them to fly,
Up and away every one!"

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?
"To fill my basket with precious pelf;
To toil for my neighbor as well as myself,
To find out the sweetest flower that grows,
Be it a thistle or be it a rose,—
A secret worth the knowing!"

Each content with the work to be done,
Ever the same from sun to sun;
Shall you and I be taught to work
By the bee and the bird that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word!
Tell me, was ever a legend heard
Where the wind, commanded to blow deferred,
Or the rain, that was bidden to fall demurred?

### SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

"She hath done what she could;" high eulogium this,
Will He say it of me and of you?
When we knock at the gates of the mansions of bliss
Shall we have this eulogy too?

"She hath done what she could!" thinking not of the cost,
Her strength and attachment to prove;
But the ointment's perfume on the Master was lost
In the richer perfume of her love.

"She hath done what she could and the work she hath wrought!"—
Said the Lord—"her memorial shall be;
For wherever this word of My Gospel is brought
Shall be told what she did unto Me!"

"She hath done what she could!" Are we doing the same?
Perhaps 'tis not much we can do;
But if we do all that we can in His name,
We shall have the same eulogy too.

We each have a box of rich ointment to break;
His name is an ointment poured forth;
This box we can break; we can all of us speak
Of His wonderful, measureless worth.

Oh, let it not be, when life's passing away,
We shall look with regret on the past
Lest we do what we can, that the Master may say,
"They have done what they could," at the last.

### EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was written for Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II, by the Jacobite press. The Prince was a worthless fellow, and was cordially hated by both his mother and father, and detested by the nation.

Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There is no more to be said.

## Select Miscellany.

### Ebenezer Plumer's Money.

"There,—I've caught my foot in a hole in that old carpet again, and broke the china milk jug," said Patience Plumer. "I do wish, grandpa, that you would let me hire Dorcas Wood to weave that new carpet of rags. This one isn't decent, nor safe to walk upon."

Ebenezer Plumer, who was scrutinizing through his spectacles the Financial Article in the paper, looked up with a snarl of dissatisfaction, which showed the entire range of his yellow stumpy teeth.

"Then why don't you mend it?" said he.

"Because, grandpa, it's past mending," declared Patience. "I've darned it and patched it, and patched it and darned it, until there ain't three square feet of the original material left. And we haven't dared to shake it for the last three years, because if we did we knew it would fall to pieces. We are not paupers, grandpa," urged the girl in her vehemence, "why should we not live like Christians?"

"You're very rich, aren't you?" sneered Mr. Plumer. "Quite a millionaire. I wonder you condescend to cook and wash dishes for an insignificant individual like me."

"I know I've nothing of my own, grandpa," admitted Patience, "but—"

"No, and you never will have," growled the old man. "You're a careless, wasteful, extravagant creature, and Charley Mercer is just such another. He was here this morning to ask me to lend him five hundred dollars to buy out the good-will of the store at Deep Hollow. I told him I'd see him further first. I'd just as soon throw my money into a well as to lend it to him."

"Grandpa!"

"Well, what now?"

"You refused him?"

"I just did. And I'll do it again. Oh yes, I know that you are engaged to him and that you expect to get married on my money.—But you've mistook your calculations there."

"Grandpa," cried Patience, in a choked voice, "do you remember those nights Charley Mercer watched with you, when you had typhoid fever? Do you remember that the doctor said his care and vigilance saved your life?"

"Doctors are always talking some such stuff," said Mr. Plumer. "And besides he was well paid for what he did. Didn't I send him half a bushel of seed potatoes the very next spring?"

Patience turned away with a sigh.

"Grandpa," said she, "you are selfish and ungrateful. Oh, I must say it. I can't keep it in any longer! You are narrowing down into a perfect miser!"

"A miser, am I?" screeched the old man, fairly foaming with rage. "And selfish? and ungrateful? Well, in that case, I won't trouble such a very fine young lady as you are to stay here and wait on me. Go and get married to your Charley Mercer, as quick as you please, and live off a crust, in the gutter! I won't have you here another day."

"I spoke too hastily, grandpa," said Patience, coloring. "But I spoke nothing more than the truth. Yes, I am going to marry Charley, and we shall struggle on as best we can. We cannot live a more poverty-stricken life than I lead in this house, where you have bags of gold and packets of treasury bonds hidden away. But I do not want to leave you unprovided for. I will stay here until you can get some one else to come."

"I tell you," reiterated Mr. Plumer, "I won't have you in the house! Clear out! Pack up your things and go! I've given you board and lodging long enough. Go I say!"

So Patience hurriedly packed up her few belongings, tied an her faded bonnet, and took refuge with old Miss Clocker, who kept a thread and needle store, and let out the upper part of her house to lodgers.

No sooner had she left the house than Mr. Plumer hastily trudged up stairs, with an unwholesome perspiration breaking out on his forehead.

"So people know all about the bag of eagles and the leather wallet of government bonds!" muttered he. "People know everything, I believe! How do they find it out, the prying peeping villains? Well I must find a new hiding place. I shall invest it all, in a day or two, in that Gold Mining Company on Stony Mountain Creek,—but until then,—until then. He pondered a moment—and then an idea entered his brain. "I've got it!" he cried. "I'll bury it in the stone wall by the chimney of the old house."

At the northern boundary of the farm half hidden by overgrown apple trees and swampy lilac bushes, were the remains of the house originally occupied by Ebenezer Plumer's father. Nothing remained of it now save a mossy stone chimney, and an angle of the cellar wall, concealed in rose briers and wild weeds. Tramps slept there sometimes of summer nights,—there was a rumor of the place being haunted,—and just beyond wound the peaceful country road arched over with maple-trees, and bordered on either side by a close-matted growth of perfumed white clover.

Hither crept old Ebenezer Plumer, with the gold and bonds buttoned securely under his coat, and a mason's trowel in his hand. For it occured to him that if he could secrete his treasures behind one of those huge misshapen stones in the chimney, it would be the safest repository.

It was a sultry summer day, and Ebenezer Plumer was no longer a strong man. The big drops of sweat stood on his brow as he toiled, and at last he sat down to rest. He might even have gone to sleep, if he had not been roused by sound of voices, where some one was walking behind the old well close to the road.

"Why," said Ebenezer to himself "it's Mr. Carson, the President of the Gold Mining Company. And that other one is Major Sheldon, the Secretary."

He was about to scramble out of his retreat and challenge their attention, when the sound of his own name decided him to remain perdu a minute or two longer.

"I've almost knocked the side of the house down," said Mr. Carson, sharply, "and no one is there! I wonder what can possibly have become of the old fool?"

"I hope he hasn't taken fright, said Major Sheldon. "Confound this tin cup!—the water leaks out at one end faster than I can swallow it at the other."

"It's essential that we get the money into our own hands at once," said Mr. Carson.—"The steamer sails as soon tomorrow, and we must sail with her. And money we must have."

"Oh, I dare say it will be all right," said the major, carelessly. "He's such an egotistical blunderhead that he'll believe whatever you choose to tell him. How he will stare, to be sure, when he finds out that there is neither gold mine nor Gold Mining Company—that he has just lined our pockets with his funds! Ha! ha! ha!"

"But he'll never find that out!" shouted Mr. Ebenezer Plumer, scrambling to the top of the ruinous old wall, so that his green and yellow countenance glared up on the two unconscious conspirators from a frame of thistles and weedy-like grass. "He may be a fool, but he ain't fool enough to be taken in by you! Get out of here, you miserable swindlers, or I'll have you carted off to the pound! You're trespassing on private property, do you hear? Get out I say!"

In his enthusiasm he flung a huge stone down at the pair—it crushed the rest, and an avalanche of bricks and mortar followed. The Honorable Fernando Carson and Major Sheldon took precipitately to their heels, with a sort of vague idea that the Day of Judgment had come without warning of any description—and poor Mr. Plumer, falling headforemost, was left buried in the debris from which rose up a suffocating cloud of dust and fine lime.

"My money!" he gasped, "my money!"

And then he recollected no more.

When, vaguely and by slow degrees, his senses returned to him, he was lying on the old calico lounge at home, his forehead bandaged, and a smell of camphor pervading all the air, and he could hear low voices in the adjoining room.

"Dear grandpa," said Patience, "I'm so sorry I said what I did to him! Because he has brought me up and educated me, and I owe everything to him. Oh, Charley, do you think that this is a judgment on me for my undutiful words?"

"Not a bit of it!" said Charles Mercer, cheerfully. "Don't fret, Pay—the old gentleman is sure to get better. He's a jolly old file, after all, and we should miss him terribly if anything were to happen him! But you heard yourself what the doctor said,—that it was nothing but a scalp wound. How do you suppose he came to be there of all the places in the world?"

"I can tell you," interposed a strange faltering voice from the calico lounge. "He was making a fool of himself. That's how he came to be there."

"It's grandpa," cried Patience, jumping up.

"It's the old gentleman," said Charley Mercer.

"Come in here, you two," said Ebenezer Plumer. "I've been pretty near the edge of the other world and things don't look to me as they did twenty-four hours ago. Who was it found me?"

"I did, sir," answered Charley Mercer. "I was coming across lots and I saw the lime dust rising up like a column of mist. So I ran to see what the matter was—and took you on my shoulder, and brought you home the best way I could. Though, to be sure, you are no light weight, sir," he added with a laugh.

"That's twice you've saved my life," said Mr. Plumer. "You and Patience ought to hate me, Charley, but I don't believe you do."

"Oh, grandpa," sobbed Patience, whose pretty eyes were red with weeping.

"Indeed, sir, we don't," said Charley.

"Where's my coat?" said Ebenezer Plumer.

"On the chair, grandpa, close by you," answered Patience.

"Hand it to me."

He took out the bag of gold from his inside pocket.

(Hallo," said Charley Mercer, soto voce, "no wonder he was heavy to carry.")

"Here," said he, "take this, children.—Divide it between you, and set up your housekeeping as soon as you please."

"Grandpa," cried Patience, "do you really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it," said the old man. "Why shouldn't I? I've got enough left in government bonds to support me twice as long as I shall probably live. And after all, I might have lost in that swindling Mining Company. Don't I tell you that things have altered in my eyes? Take it, and be happy. And I believe I shall be all the happier myself."

"Oh, grandpa, you're such a darling," cried Patience, tenderly kissing him.

"We never can thank you enough, sir," said Charley, fervently.

And in speaking of it afterwards, Ebenezer Plumer declared that he never began thoroughly to enjoy himself until he had gotten rid of those gold eagles.

"It was the best investment I ever made when I handed'em over to Patience and Charley," he said, with a chuckle.

"Aunty, do your cows give much milk?" "Dat they do, marster. Dat gemmen dat sent do Day's Horse Powder here, is the best fren you got."

The safest, surest and cheapest remedy yet discovered for that disordered condition of the liver, known as 'biliousness' is Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills.

To suffer and be pleasant is almost impossible for an adult, and quite so for a baby. When it is afflicted with colic, use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup.

### Sitting a Kentuckian's Vanity.

A man from Kentucky consulted one of our physicians the other day for a bad case of indigestion and the doctor advised him to try the hot water cure, handing him at the same time a glass of that popular remedy. Taking it in his hand the patient began to pull on a wry face and brace himself for the ordeal. "Is it very nasty?" he asked.

"O no," said the medico, "not very, but some people have tender throats—can't stand anything strong. I'll dilute it a little if you like."

The Kentuckian's vanity was hit hard. He turned in the steaming liquid without flinching, recovered his breath, and said, with affected indifference:

"Bah! I could take it cold."—San Francisco Wasp.

AT THIRTY-FIVE THE AVERAGE AMERICAN DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS AN "INVERTED STOMACH," and so goes into the hands of the doctors for the remnant of his life. Prevention is better than cure, but Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters will both cure and prevent dyspepsia, diseases of the skin, liver, kidneys, and all disorders arising from bad blood.

What's the crowd about?" queried a stranger, as he noticed a stream of visitors going into a fashionable residence. "It's a silver wedding" drolingly replied his informant. "What's a silver wedding?" "Why, a chap's been married twenty-five times, and he's celebrate' it."

## BEHIND THE VEIL.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast. That was not an unusual occurrence, and he was quite aware, he knew, which was likewise nothing new, so he retired behind the newspaper and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing reply to the remarks of the fresh looking little lady opposite, to wit, Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering together her force for her final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the newspaper, it came.

"Dear, didn't you say you were going to have a hundred dollars for my new furs today?"

"What furs?" (rather sharply was this spoken.) "Oh, pshaw! What is the use of being extravagant? I have no money to lay out in useless follies. The old furs are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."

Mrs. Edge—good, meek little soul that she was—relapsed into obedient silence. She only uttered a soft, inward sigh, and presently began a new attack.

"Henry, will you go with me to my aunt's tonight?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"Alone! how would it look?" Mrs. Edge's temper—for she had one, though it did not often parade itself—was aroused. "You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once; you never walk with me, nor even pick up my handkerchief, nor notice my dress as you once did."

"Well, a fellow can't be ever waiting on a woman, can he?" growled Mr. Edge.

"You could be polite enough to Mrs. Walters last night, when you never even thought of asking if I wanted anything, though you knew perfectly well that I had a headache. I don't believe you care as much for me as you used to," and Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty with the tears in her blue eyes and the quiver on the round rosy lips.

"Pshaw," said the husband peevishly, "how don't be silly, Maria."

"And in the stage yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl around me, while Mr. Brown was so attentive to his wife. It was mortifying enough Henry; indeed it was."

"I didn't know women were such fools," said Mr. Edge, as he drew on his overcoat, to escape the tempest he knew was coming. "Am I the sort of a man to make a ninny of myself doing the polite to any sort of a female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had on a shawl or a swallow-tailed coat?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket handkerchief, and Henry, the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a nervous start.

"Raining again! I do believe we are to have a second edition of the deluge," Mr. Edge said to himself, that evening, as he escorted his six feet of iniquity into the south west corner of a car at City Hall. "Go ahead conductor, can't you see we are full, and it's dark already?"

"In one minute, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman, with a basket, on board. "Now, sir, move up a little, if you please."

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable, and did not want to move, but the light of the lamp falling on the pearly forehead and shining golden hair of the comer, he changed his mind and moved up.

"What lovely eyes," quoth he, mentally, as she bestowed a single acknowledging smile. "Real violet, the very color I most admire! Bless me what business have married men like me to be thinking about eyes? There, she has a confounded veil over her face, and the light as dim as a tallow dip; but those are pretty eyes!"

The fair possessor of those blue eyes shivered slightly, and drew her mantilla close around her shoulders.

"Are you cold, Miss? Pray honor me by wearing my shawl. I do not need it myself."

She did not refuse—she murmured some faint apology for troubling him, but it was not a refusal.

"No trouble—not a bit," said he arranging it on her tempting shoulders; and then as the young lady handed her fare to the conductor he said to himself, "What a slender hand! If there is anything I admire in a woman it is a pretty hand. Wonder what kind of a mouth she has got? It must be delightful if it corresponds with her hair and eyes—plague take the veil."

But "plague," whoever the mystical power may be, did not take possession of the veil, so Mr. Edge's curiosity about the blue eyed damsel remained unsatisfied.

"Have you room enough, Miss? I fear you are crowded. Pray sit a little closer to me."

"Thank you, sir," was the soft reply coming from behind the veil—as Mr. Edge reflected—like an angel from a dark cloud. And his heart gave a large thump as the pretty shoulder touched his own shaggy overcoat in a hesitating sort of a way.

"Decidedly this is getting quite romantic," thought he, and then in an audible whisper, "what would Maria say?"

The rest of that long, dreary ride was delicious with the shoulder against his own. How gallantly he jumped up to pull the strap for her—by some stroke of luck it happened to be in the very street where he intended to stop. And under the circumstances we hardly blame him, when the coach stopped so suddenly that she caught at his arm, for the squeeze he gave the plump, rosy hand—any man of sense would have done the same thing—it was such an inviting little fly.

"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss, as our path lies in the same direction," said Mr. Edge, courteously, relieving her of her burden as he spoke. "And—and—may be you'll find less difficulty if you take my arm."

Well, wasn't it delightful! Mr. Edge forgot the wet street and pitchy darkness—he thought he was walking on roses. Only as he approached his own door he began to grow a little nervous, and when the little incognito would not hold on so tight. Suppose Maria would be at the window, on the lookout, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He couldn't make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to the fair traveler. Besides, his sweeping declarations in the morning—she would be sure to recall them. As he stopped at the right number and helped her down, he was astonished to see her likewise run up the steps to enter. Gracious Apollo! He burst into a cold perspiration at the idea of the young lady's error.

"I think you must have made a mistake, Miss, this can't be your home."

But he was too late—she was already in the hallway lighted, hat, and turning round threw off her dripping habiliments and made a low courtesy.

"Why it's my wife!"

"And happy to see that you have not forgotten all your gallantry towards so fair a lady," purred the mischievous little puss, her blue eyes (they were very pretty) all in a dance with suppressed roguery.

Edge looked from ceiling to floor in vain search for a loop-hole to escape, but the search was unavailing.

"Well," he said in the most theoptish of tones, "it is the first time I was ever polite to a lady in the cars, and hang me if it shan't be the last."

"You see, my dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I did not expect to be delayed so long, and had not any idea I should meet with such attention in the cars, and that from my husband, too! Goodness gracious, how Aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke."

"If you tell that old harpy, I will never hear the last of it," said Edge, in desperation.

"Very likely," was the provoking reply of his wife.

"Now look here, darling," said Mr. Edge, coaxingly, "you won't say anything, will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by all the world. I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest furs in New York if you will only keep quiet—you shall, upon my honor."

The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated—who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those splendid furs that filled the hearts of all female friends with envy. And perhaps it was what made Mr. Edge such a courteous husband ever since.

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