The Easton Star.

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

NEW SERIES. | EASTON, MD., TUESDAY, JUNE 1, 1886. | VOL. XXI.—NO. 39.

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

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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, 1882-1yr

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

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Building Materials of all Kinds.

White Pine & Hemlock Fencing.

Celebrated Urquhart Shingles.

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Deliveries made on navigable waters free of freight. Estimate on bill of material furnished at request.

Anthracite and Cumberland Coals,

AND

FERTILIZERS.

ROBERT B. DIXON,

Dover Street, Easton, Md.

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

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.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WILL CURE

HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
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GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
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FEMALE INFIRMITIES
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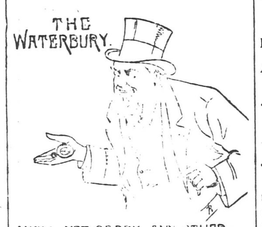
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.

TAKE NO OTHER.



I WILL NOT CARRY ANY OTHER.

To introduce our Clothing to New Customers we shall present for a short time a genuine Stem-winding Waterbury

WATCH,

to every Cash Purchaser of

$12.00

or upwards, the watch is presented free gratis, the watch is warranted by the Manufacturers. The Clothing for Men and Boys, is guaranteed cheaper than similar Goods can be purchased for elsewhere. Nobody pays an extra cent for Clothing on account of the Watch. Prices are the same with the Watch, or without. Everybody who has bought our Clothing, knows its reliability and general excellence and most people are posted as to the merits of the Waterbury Watch. As we shall present this Souvenir only for a short time, an early call is an absolute necessity.

OEHM & SON,
Pratt and Hanover Streets,
BALTIMORE.
Samples sent by Mail on Application.

Important Notice

To Hotels, Boarding Houses and Private Families.

THE undersigned will from this date sell meats, at his stall in the Easton Market House, at the following prices:—

Beef, from 8c to 18c per pound.
Pork, from 8c to 12½c per pound.
Mutton, from 8c to 15c per pound.
Sausage, from 10c to 12½c per pound.
Corn Beef, 10c per pound.
Pork supplied in any quantity desired.

All Meats first-class.

Mince Meat furnished in quantities to suit, and in quality that cannot be surpassed in this market.

The highest cash price paid for beeves mutton and porkers.

The public's obedient servant.
HENRY NICHOLS.

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UPHOLSTERING

THOMAS F. EATON

respectfully informs the citizens of Easton and vicinity that he has commenced the

FURNITURE UPHOLSTERING

Business in Easton, in the rear of Messrs. John Mason & Son's furniture wareroom.

Mattresses, Cushions, Sofa Pillows, &c., specialties.

Old Mattresses made over, and warranted to be as good as new.

He has had seven years' experience in the business in the city, and can do the finest werk in the most fashionable style.

Prices moderate. A call is solicited. Inquire at Messrs. Mason's office.

Easton, March 23d, 1886-3m

HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases, By Dr. HUMPHREYS, M. D. RICHLY BOUND IN CLOTH and GOLD MAILED FREE—SEND STAMP.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
19	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
20	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St., N.Y.

JOHNSTON'S

PATENT STANDARD DRY-SIZED

KALSOMINE

AND

FRESCO PAINTS,

Ready for Use.

For sale at R. J. TRIPPE'S Drug Store.

Select Poetry.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me, and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night

Let them go since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy forgive, receive them,
Only the new days are our own;
Today is ours and today alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

Select Story.

A SUSPICIOUS LETTER.

"She' a powerful good girl—good as gold!" remarked Miss Rebecca Bellflower, with an air of satisfaction. "I never had a girl before that kep' the pantry as clean an' the dresser a-lookin' so neat; all the shelves scoured and kivered with papers, cut in notches an' holes, as nice as you please. An' the pots an' kittles, the milk pans an' strainers, allus clean and bright, and the brass dog-irons an' cannel-sticks kep' rubbed and scrubbed till they look as shiny as gold. Yes, Lura's the best girl I ever had, an' I don't keer a pin if brother Basil has tuck a notion to her. He couldn't find any other girl I'd sooner he'd hev than her."

"And if Miss Rebecca was satisfied pretty Lura Gaines was no less so; and she went singing about the old farm house, washing dishes, sweeping floors, and the like, the very type of a busy country girl described in the old song:

"Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away.
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Making the beds upstairs,
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Dusting the parlor chairs."

Lura was pretty, too; so it was no wonder if handsome, stalwart Basil Bellflower had taken a "notion" to her, with her sloe-black eyes and hair to match; her dark olive-hued cheek, and her mouth, soft and scarlet as a sunripened Indian peach.

"Is—is Basil going to marry her, then?" asked Miss Zerelda Mugwort, who had been making an afternoon call upon Miss Rebecca.

"I dunno as he is, an' I dunnoas he ain't," was the sententious answer; "but as I said before, if he wants her, and she'll hev him, I shan't hev nothin' to say agin it."

"But I shall!" thought Miss Zerelda, malignantly, though she kept her thoughts to herself. "A poor bired girl like her to git the best to do young man in the neighborhood! It's outrageous! But—we'll see!"

In truth, Miss Zerelda evidently considered herself a better match for Mr. Basil Bellflower, though possibly he may not have viewed the subject in exactly the same light himself.

* * * * * * *

"A-ahem! I thought 'twan't nothin' mor'n right, Miss Rebecca, to let you know something I've found out about that girl of yourn."

A triumphant look sparkled in Zerelda Mugwort's sharp gray eyes as she carefully drew a letter from the pocket of her dress.

"Something about Lury! What on airth is it? What do you mean?" asked Miss Rebecca with an expression of mild wonder depicted on her countenance.

"It's this here letter. Read that; it'll tell you what I mean," returned Zerelda, holding out the missive, which Miss Rebecca reluctantly received.

"But what is it? and where did you get it?" she asked, turning the letter over and over, without offering to read it.

"It's a letter she wrote—Lury. I found it where she dropped it, in the path by the pasture bars," explained Zerelda, impatiently. "Read it—do Miss Rebecca, and see what a—a imposture you've been a harborin' under your ruff."

And thus adjured, Miss Rebecca opened the note and read, in the hand-writing she knew to be Lura's, the mysterious words:

"DEAR JERRY—You said you would come to me whenever I wrote to you. Come now as soon as possible, for every thing is arranged and I will be ready for you. Be sure and bring the Indian ladder. Come on the nine o'clock train without fail, and I will go back with you. Your——"

There it stopped without any signature, but on the other side of the paper was Lura's name, plainly written.

"Dear—deary me!"

Miss Rebecca sank, pale and limp, into the friendly arms of a cretoune covered rocking chair which stood ready to receive her.

"What—what will Basil say? And what kin she want of the Indian ladder; do you s'pose?"

"There's no tellin'! Maybe she's a-goin' to lope out o' the winder; or else she's a-goin' to let some one in to rob the house, an' like as not, kill you and Basil," declared Zerelda, impressively.

"And I trusted her an' liked her so very much!" groaned Miss Rebecca, helplessly.

"Appearances is mighty deceitful," said Zerelda, sighing hypocritically. "For my part, I allus thought there was somethin' suspicious lookin' about her, an'——"

"And what, Miss Zerelda—what have you got to say against Lura Gaines?" demanded Basil Bellflower, striding angrily into the room.

Zerelda gave a little scream, but she as quickly recovered, and put the letter into his hands.

"Read that, and see what you will think then!" she retorted, exultingly.

And with an incredulous smile on his handsome face, Basil read the damaging words.

"Oh, Basil! do you think she means to rob us?" asked Miss Rebecca, faintly.

"Rob us! Pshaw—what nonsense!" cried her brother, his handsome face covered with scornful incredulity.

"But what does she want of the Indian ladder?" asked Zerelda. "An' what——"

"That's her own business," said Basil, loftily.

Then, turning to his sister, he added:

"You stay here, Rebecca, I will find out what this means. But remember, I have perfect faith and confidence in Lura."

And he strode away.

The waning yellow rays of the pale November sun were peering into the wide, roomy kitchen where Lura Gaines stood contemplating the fruits of her afternoon "baking."

Four loaves of light, brown bread, half a dozen pies, their flaky tops powdered with white sugar, a frosted pound cake, looking like a drift of newly-fallen snow, a jar of cookies and a platter of "crulls."

Lura contemplated her work with eminent satisfaction.

"Lura."

The sloe-black eyes flashed, and a rich crimson dyed her olive cheek, as Basil quickly made his way to her side.

"Have you lately lost anything, Lura—a letter?" he asked with assumed carelessness.

"A letter! No, I think not. Why?" asked Lura, innocently.

He handed her the letter.

"Is this yours, Lura?"

His voice was calm, though his heart was beating like a sledge hammer.

Lura glanced hastily at the missive, and looked up with a smile into Basil's eager face.

"Oh, yes, I dropped it, I suppose; but it is not important. Amos Skinner stopped in yesterday on his way to the mill and got me to write it for him to his brother in the city. You know Amos lives in that little cabin up on Hemlock Hill, and he says his brother always declares he will bring an Indian ladder, to climb up to it. This is the draft I wrote, and then copied it in ink."

"Humph! I don't believe a word of it!" muttered Zerelda, listening from behind the kitchen door. "Anybody could make up such an excuse as that! But if he's fool enough to believe it, let him."

And with quick, angry steps and a scowling brow, she wended her way toward home.

And she utterly failed in her determination to "git the best lookin' man in the neighborhood," for Basil's faith and confidence in his wife, Lura, has never yet diminished.

Discouraging.

There is a certain species of human being known to modern slang as the "masher," whose object in life is to catch the attention of some woman, and hold it by proceeding to make as complete a fool of himself as possible to one already highly endowed by nature in that direction. Such fellows are very much in need of being "sat upon," and they often get it; but it is seldom so effectually done as in this case, related by the Boston Record:

A prepossessing young constable of one of our district courts is a pronounced admirer of the fair sex, and is never known to let an opportunity for a quiet flirtation pass him by "like the sunbeams," but it safe to say that in the future he will exercise care about such matters in railroad cars. One day recently, in pursuance of his official duties, the constable had occasion to visit the insane asylum at Danvers, and, having safely lodged there an aberrated gentleman, he started homeward in company with a brother officer, whom he met there.

Having found a comfortable seat, both men made a tour of the car with their official eyes, and both were highly delighted to discover, two seats behind them, a very fair and roguish-looking representative of the gentler sex. She was accompanied by an older lady and a little girl, and her attention was soon drawn by the glances of the constables. The passengers took in the scene and smiled knowingly at one another, but the two constables kept bobbing about in their seats in order to catch the eye of the young lady. She did not appear to be averse to a little "innocent amusement," but was evidently restrained by the presence of the elder lady, who cast angry and scornful glances at the delighted constables.

Matters were finally brought to a crisis by a remark of the child, who had wonderingly watched the manœuvres of the men ahead. Turning to the elderly lady she said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the vicinity:

"Mamma, why do those men keep turning around here?"

The elderly lady's reply was given in an equally loud tone of voice. Drawing herself up to an imposing height she said:

"I think, my dear, they are two crazy men just going home from Danvers!"

Whereupon the two constables, very red in the face, made their way to the smoking car, amid the laughter of the passengers.

Noses and Ears.

With the astrologers a large nose was always a sign of much character of some kind, but was determined by other characteristic marks. A Roman nose always was a sign of a courageous temper and a disposition to face and overcome difficulties, while a more strongly aquiline nose was an indication of rapacity, the idea being evidently borrowed from the similarity of this description of beak to that of the eagle, the most rapacious of birds. The snub nose showed little character but much temper, while the Greek nose, even straight and regular was a sign of the temperament of the owner. Large nostrils indicated good lungs, health and long life, while swelling nostrils showed a warlike spirit and fire. A very sharp nose was considered an indication of a busy body, while a bluntness at the end of this member was an outward sign of the possessor's mental lack of acuteness. Large ears were always bad, the similarity between their owner and the donkey being supposed to extend further than the ear, while small ears were always good. The lobe of the ear passing inscrutably into the cheek was a sure sign of a thief and a liar, while an exceedingly sharp division between the two indicated honesty and candor.

Dr. Morse, physician at the Marine Hospital, Baltimore, Md., found Red Star Cough Cure a harmless and most effective remedy in the cure of coughs. He recommends it especially for children, who are irritable and obstinate, as pleasant to take and prompt in its effect. Price, twenty-five cents.

PUTTING DOWN STAKES.

"The only way," said a good old preacher, commenting on the shortcomings of poor human nature, "the only way for us to get on is to keep putting a stake down ahead of us, and then pulling up to it." Even so. We must have something before us; an end in view, a stake to which we may make fast our guiding lines. And to have the "stakes" firmly fixed, kept well in view, and promptly to "pull up" to them when the chance comes, is one of those "secrets of success" of which we hear so much.

"I wish it may be said of Louis Agassiz," wrote the possessor of that name, "that he was the first naturalist of his time, a good citizen and a good son, beloved by those who knew him. I feel within myself the strength of a whole generation to work towards this end, and I will reach it if the means are not wanting." So, early in his young manhood, when scarcely more than a boy, he put down his stakes, and bravely and strongly he "pulled up to them," through a useful and noble life, a life of hard work as well as of honor and frame.

The "means" were not "wanting" to him, even when he was forced to copy books in the college libraries, which he might have bought for little more than a dollar a volume, and when he was forced to consider every small outlay long and seriously before he made it. His father was a poor Swiss pastor, and there was a large family to be supported on his salary. Louis was given every advantage which they could afford him, with the prospect of his becoming a village doctor, like his mother's father, the good old Dr. Mayor of Cudrefin. The love of animals, and power over them which he so early showed, amused and interested his relatives.

The little boy who swam in the lake of Morat and lured the fishes out of their hiding-places to play with him and allow him to catch them in his hands and examine their fins, had an interest in them beyond what any one guessed. But when his studies at college and university turned more and more away from medicine toward zoology and natural history, and as his collections grew larger, he wrote home of his longing to enlarge them by travel, his parents became alarmed, his father bade him cease "these desperate plunges into the future" and attend to his medical studies, and his mother implored him to remember that he could not make his living by natural history.

But it was too late—the "stake" was firmly planted! He promised his mother for her sake to go and take his doctor's degree, and well did he keep his word. His letter to her on the morning when he was to receive his diploma from the Rector of the University at Munich, "who says he shall be proud to give it to a young man so deserving of it,"—and her reply to him, show how close was the bond between them, and how he lived up to his determination to be "a good son."

Before this time, however, his first book, a work on the native fishes, dedicated to Cuvier, and written when he was not quite twenty-three, had convinced even the most doubting of his relatives that to be a naturalist did mean something more than to be a mere adventurer, with no profession. With all his honors from professors and scientists and all his severe studies, he was still boyish enough to keep all knowledge of his work from the family at home, until it was nearly completed, when he could write to a favorite sister. "Will it not seem strange when the largest and finest book in Papa's library is written by his Louis? Will it not be as good as to see his prescription at the apothecary's?"

It is pleasant to see with what enthusiasm the family did welcome it. "The old father who waits for you with open heart and arms, sends you most tender greeting," was the message sent as the time of his vacation drew near.

The sweet, wholesome family life that went on in the modest Swiss parsonage, is not the least charm of the charming book, which, as she modestly says, is "edited" by the wife of Agassiz. But while the family portraits are pleasant to look upon, they are only the background. The strong, life-like figure continually before us is this great naturalist, good son and citizen, who pushed his way through other obstacles as he had through his early poverty and made his means to serve his ends.

No Light in the Window.

A train sped along in the night, with drowsy passengers outstretched upon the seats. The conductor was observed peering frequently out of the windows into the frosty darkness. The night was black, and nothing could be seen but a sheet of snow over the shadowy landscape, and yet the conductor shaded his eyes with his two hands, and held his face—a weary-looking face it was—close to the window-pane.

"Looking to see if your girl is up yet?" jokingly inquired a passenger, with a coarse laugh.

The conductor looked around, and with a husky voice he replied, simply,—

"Yes"

And then the bantering passenger became garrulous and familiar.

"Ah, I see. Going to get married and quit the road. Going to marry a farmer's daughter. Is she worth much?"

"She's worth a million to me," and the conductor deigned no more replies. The whistle of the locomotive was heard, and he pressed his eyes still closer to the window, seeming to fasten his gaze upon some object in the darkness. Then he rose up to leave the car, but staggered, and was obliged to take hold of the backs of the seats to support himself.

The passengers gathered round to inquire the nature of the trouble, when the brakeman came in and led him into the baggage-car. The conductor's face was as white as the snow-banks which fringed the iron roadway.

"Poor Sam!" said the brakeman, upon his return. "It's a bad night for him. Four weeks his little girl has been ill. Night after night he was at her bed, but then she got better, and he came back to his train.

"He arranged with his wife that if all was well with the little one, she'd display a lighted lamp right in the window of the sick-room. The boys all knew of it, and every night we looked for the light almost as eagerly as Sam himself. He lives by the side of the track, back here a few miles—and to-night there was no light in the window for Sam."—Chicago Herald.

VERBA. Everybody, from children up to college professors, are fascinated with this game. Sent postpaid, with four handsome picture cards in twelve colors, on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Send for our Magic Circle Puzzle—Prize offered to all who can make their way through it. Two cents in Stamps. B. H. McDonald Drug Co., 552 Washington Street, New York.

Good Reasons for not Fighting a Duel.

A recent difficulty between Gen. Johnstone Jones and Mr. Richmond Pearson, both of Asheville, N. C., resulted in a challenge from the latter to the former to meet him on the "field of honor." Both are members of the North Carolina Legislature. Gen. Jones, who served with distinction in the Confederate army, and has since served as adjutant-general of the State, declined to accept Mr. Pearson's challenge, and in doing so wrote:

"Perhaps you hope to humiliate me. In this you shall be disappointed. I am prouder to decline your challenge than you can ever be that you challenged me under the circumstances. I have a family to support; were you to kill me they would be utterly destitute. Your family are rich, and were I to kill you they have ample means on which to live. This inequality between us you were fully aware of when you penned your challenge. But I take no shelter here. I put declination on the broad grounds that I am opposed to dueling. I do not recognize the 'so-called code' as a legitimate way in which to settle difficulties between gentlemen. My obligations to the laws of my State and society, besides the obligations I have personally assumed as a member of a church and as an officer of the State of North Carolina, sworn to support its laws, precludes me from entering upon a course such as is suggested in your letter, and in transferring to the arena of personal violence questions which can by no possibility find settlement here.

"Dueling is wrong in itself, a violation of the commandment 'Thou shalt do no murder.' It is a violation of the constitution and laws of North Carolina. In my case, to indulge in such a practice would be a violation of the oath I have taken to bear allegiance to the constitution and laws of our State. Being still a member of the General Assembly, I recognize the obligation resting upon me as such.

"Aside from these views I cannot recognize the method as a solution or a cure of the grievance of which you complain. Were you to kill me or I to kill you, there would be no vindication of courage, nor would it satisfy your friends or mine, or the public generally, that the cause of complaint was just or unjust.

"I regard the killing in a duel as deliberate murder, so pronounced by the highest authority, human and divine; and to fight a duel, though death might not result, both the sin and the violation of the law have been committed. Whatever may be the estimation in which the practice of dueling is held by 'the code duello,' it is made an infamous crime by the code of North Carolina.

"The custom has become obsolete, and I think now generally regarded as both ridiculous and farcical as well as unlawful, and did I now grant your request I should feel myself to be a moral coward worthy the severe condemnation of the law, and the contempt and derison of the good and law-abiding citizens.

"Occupying the position I do as a representative of the people, I cannot afford to commit a crime so plainly forbidden by both the organic and statute laws, nor set such an example of lawlessness."

In concluding his letter, however, Gen. Jones informs Mr. Pearson that he "will defend himself at all times and under all circumstances."

A Christian Housekeeper.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage says: One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table, and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say: "Well the fact is, I'm too tired to eat." Long after she might have delegated this duty to others, she would not be satisfied unless she attended to the matter herself. In fact, we all preferred to have her to do so, for somehow things tasted better when she prepared them. Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window, and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, slapped me on the shoulder, and said: DeWitt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "O, yes," I replied. "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died. That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noon-day table. There were the children en either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-six years smile—not the smile of inanimation, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working mother. She was very tired. I am glad she had so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

The school teacher is very poorly paid for his wearisome work of imparting wisdom to his pupils, if many of his pupils are like the one described in the following dialogue:

The boy found it difficlt to understand simple arithmetic.

Teacher—"Suppose, Fritz, you have a stocking on one foot, and you put another stocking on the other foot."

Fritz—"I never wear stockings."

Teacher—"Suppose your father has one pig in a pen, and he buys another pig, and puts it in the pen, how many pigs will there be in the pen?"

Fritz—"Dad don't keep no pigs."

The teacher blew a heavy sigh from his tired lips, wiped the perspiration from his scholastic brow, and went at it again with renewed courage.

"Suppose, Fritz, you have one jacket, and at Christmas your father makes you a present of another jacket, how many jackets will you have then?"

Fritz—"He ain't that kind of a father. He never give me nothin' for Christmas."

"Suppose your mother gives you one apple, and you have one already, what will you have then?"

Fritz—"Stomachache. Our apples are cookin' apples."

The teacher was not a man to be discouraged by trifles. He began to suspect that Fritz was not well up in arithmetic, but he resolved to make one more effort, so he said:

"Fritz, if a poor little beggar boy has a cake, and you give him one more cake how many will he have?"

Fritz—"I dunno, 'cause I eat my own cakes."

Then the teacher told the children to go out and play.

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Notice is hereby given, that the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Talbot county, in the State of Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of JOSEPH GRAHAM,
late of Talbot county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same properly authenticated to the subscriber on or before the
15TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, A. D. 1886,
otherwise they may be by law excluded from all benefits of the said deceased's estate.

JOS. R. H. GRAHAM,
Executor.
may11-3t

Notice to Debtors.

All persons indebted to the estate of Joseph Graham, deceased, on note, open account, or otherwise, are requested to settle their indebtedness at once. Those who fail to pay by the 10th of June, will be proceeded with according to law.

I may be found in Easton every Wednesday.

JOSEPH R. H. GRAHAM,
Executor of Joseph Graham, deceased.
may15-3t.

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