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, NOVEMBER 2, 1886. | VOL. XXII.—NO. 8.

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, 1882-1yr

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS.

LUMBER

--AND--

Building Materials of all Kinds.

White Pine & Hemlock Fencing.

Celebrated Urquhart Shingles.

LATHS, LIME, HAIR.

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. K. Robson, } Building Committee for Trinity Cathedral.
C. F. Eastman, J. R. Jarrell, Julius A. Jefferson, Jr. } 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 Dalfalomia. } 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.

A QUESTION ABOUT *Brown's Iron Bitters* ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "Can any one tell me what Brown's Iron Bitters cure, anyway?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe Iron. Formerly, requisite from as the best preparation known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfect preparation of iron could be found. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS not only cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments iron is prescribed daily. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by men the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active, in women the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and a strong, healthy, stimulating sensation is imparted for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and Druggists recommend it.*

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

Know!

That you waste time, patience and money, when you go elsewhere for Clothing for Men or Boys, before coming here? The quicker you find this out the more money you will save. Our 2½ 3-story warehouses, contain the largest, the most varied, the newest and most fashionable Stock of Fall and Winter Garments in Baltimore, all our own make, offered to you at tempting Prices.

OUR GUARANTEE of "Entire satisfaction, and Lowest Price, or Money Refunded," goes with every sale.

Custom Order Department very busy. Choice Piece Goods, fine finished Garments and Moderate Prices, the cause.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

OEHM & SON

Hanover & Pratt Sts., - Baltimore.

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 5c 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.

dec1.85tf

SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY,

For Young Men and Boys, Media, Pa.

12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed price covers every expense, even books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men and all graduates. Special opportunities for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies or choose the regular English, Scientific, Business, Classical or Civil Engineering course. Students fitted at Media Academy are now in Harvard, Yale, Princeton and ten other Colleges and Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent to college in 1876, 15 in 1884, 10 in 1885, 16 in 1886. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1,000 volumes added to Library in 1883. Physical apparatus doubled in 1883. Media has seven churches and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., (Harvard Graduate,) Media, Penn'a.

aug24.86tf.

"MIKADO."

In addition to our premiums, a list of which will be sent on application, we wish to call *especial* notice to our Cabinet Portraits of D'Oyley Carte's English Mikado Company, Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. No light opera has ever been produced in the United States that has equaled in popularity "The Mikado." The original company to produce it in this country was D'Oyley Carte's English Company, selected there by Gilbert and Sullivan and sent to this country.

We have issued for distribution to our patrons who will send us wrappers as below, a series of seven cabinet portraits of these artists, in character and costume, the finest photographic gelatine work ever produced. They comprise:

Geraldine Ulmar, as - - - "Yum-Yum."
Misses Ulmar, Foster and St. Haar as "Three Little Maids from School."
Kate Foster, as - - - "Pitti Sing."
George Thorne, as - - - "Ko-Ko."
Courtice Pounds, as - "Nanki-Poo."
Frederick, as - - - - "Mikado."
Fred Billington, as - "Pooh-Bah,"

Our price for these portraits is twenty five cents each, but to anyone using our soap and sending us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and full post office address, we will send the whole series, postage paid, and *free of charge.*

In sending wrappers, fold them up like a newspaper, and mail them to us (Postage on them thus wrapped is only one cent.) After addressing the package to us, write across the left hand corner of it "Return to," etc., adding your full name and address.

L. L. CRAGIN & CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

GEO. L. MILLIGAN,
Wholesale Agent,
Baltimore, Md.

oct19 6m

Green Glasses.

For sale by J. G. MEREDITH & BROTHER.

Select Poetry.

ANDALUSIA.

BY EDWARD A. WARBINER.

Fair Andalusia, land of wild romance,
A charm undying still around thee twines,
Though now no more blithe Moorish maidens dance
By dreamy moonlight 'neath Alcala's vines.

Ah! here, all wrapped in gloom, dark ruins lie
Clasped in the ivy's arms. They tell of strife,
Of tears, of blood, of death, in years gone by,
When hearts now dust, once throbbed with hope and life.

Alhambra, beautiful in ruins! where
The traveler in quest of romance strays;
Spirits seem thronging through thy enchanted air,
And fairies linger where each fountain plays.

Beneath thy crumbling walls, in hidden cells,
Sit turbaned men, whose eyelids know not sleep,
And, bound forever in enchantment's spells,
There untold treasures from the Christian keep.

Proud Guadalquiver rolls its waters on,
Unmindful of the change that time has wrought;
The Carthaginian, Roman, Moor have gone,
Who many a battle on its banks have fought.

The sunset bathes in gold Grenada's spires
And mingles diamonds in fair Xenil's rill;
But now no more fierce Juan lights his fires
At nightfall, on Elvira's rugged hills.

The voice melodious of the nightingale,
The tinkling castanets and soft guitars,
Are heard at evening in lone Darro's vale,
Where in dark waters bathe unnumbered stars.

Alas! the gentle Zorahayda never
Again will play upon her silver flute;
And Lindaraxa's voice is hushed forever—
Those lips that warbled notes of gladness mute.

Select Story.

BEN'S ATONEMENT.

"I will never forgive him, never!" said Deacon Gray, bringing down his large hand with emphasis on the table at which he was sitting.

"Don't be hasty, Ebenezer!" expostulated Mrs. Gray, with an expression of pain. "Do not forget that he is our own son."

"I don't forget it," said the deacon, bitterly. "That is what makes it worse than all. Two hundred years have the Grays lived in New England, and in all that time, till now, there has never been a dishonest one among them. They have been poor, hard-working farmers, living honestly, but always sustaining an honorable reputation. And now, my son has stooped to become a thief!"

He leaned forward, and fixed his stern, sorrowful eyes on the logs that burned and crackled in the fireplace, and his wife with her mild face and faded hair felt her heart sink as she saw the dogged resolution in her husband's face.

"Ebenezer!" she said, making one more trial, "you know I have a hundred dollars in the Savings Bank. I will draw from it enough to pay what Benjamin has taken, if you will only pass it over."

"Martha, you insult me!" said the deacon, angrily. "Do you suppose it is the loss of the money that I grieve for? No, the loss of thirty dollars, though something to a poor man, I can easily get over. It is the thought that my own son has taken it and covered himself with disgrace that hardens my heart against him."

Ebenezer," said his old wife with unwonted spirit, "have you never sinned yourself that you are so hard upon the offenses of another? 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' we read in the Holy Writ. I warn you that you may yourself be judged as severely as you judge and condemn your own son."

Deacon Gray suffered a minute to elapse before he answered. His wife's bold speech was not without effect, and something to think of. But he quickly recovered himself.

"I am not without sin, Martha," he said, "nor is any one among men; but one thing I can say," and here he straightened up with a look of pride, "I have never taken a cent that belonged to another."

"That is not the only form of sin, Ebenezer."

"No, but with me it's unpardonable."

Mrs. Gray sighed, and making an excuse left the room. Up the back stairs she went, till in the little room over the back kitchen she found her son, the black sheep who had aroused his father's wrath. He was a strong, sturdy young fellow of seventeen, with a face that indicated strength, and had something winning in its expression.

"Well, mother?" he said, inquiringly.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

"I can do nothing with your father, Ben," she said. "He is very bitter against you."

"But I will make up the money, no matter how hard I have to work."

"It isn't the loss of the money that troubles him, it is that you took it. I offered to pay it out of my money at the Savings Bank, but he wouldn't hear of it."

"Nor would I, mother. Your little stock of money must not be touched by me."

"But you could pay me back, Ben."

"So I could, but as you say he won't hear of it."

"No," answered Mrs. Gray, with a sigh.

"Then, mother, there is only one thing for me to do—I must leave home."

"No, Ben, you won't do that?" exclaimed his mother in quick alarm.

"It will be better," said the boy, firmly. "I can't stay here with father looking upon me as a thief. I will leave home, and before I return I will redeem myself."

"But, Ben, suppose you suffer for food? Suppose you can't get employment?"

"I am not afraid of that. In fact I have a chance to work in a shoe shop at Lynn, and can make enough to keep me from suffering."

It was sometime before Ben could persuade his mother that this was a wise step, but he succeeded at length.

"You must go down and bid your father good-bye!" said Mrs. Gray.

Ben hesitated.

"Well, if you say so, mother," he said at length. "But there will be no satisfaction in it."

"It is your duty."

Ben went down stairs and entered the kitchen. Deacon Gray, though he recognized his step, never turned his head.

"Father," said Ben, "I am going away."

His father made no sign.

"I am sorry you feel so bitterly against me. I mean to redeem myself if I can. I have come to bid you good-bye."

What passed in the heart of the stern deacon who shall say? He was not demonstrative, and his face did not change.

"Good-bye!" he said sternly.

Ben gazed at him sadly, but made no further attempt to melt his sternness. So echoing the "Good-bye!" he turned and left the room. It was many a long day before Benjamin Gray stood again beneath the roof of the old farm-house; many a long day before he saw again the father and mother whom he had seen daily from his birth.

And many things happened meanwhile.

Ten years later Deacon Gray and his wife both grown old and worn, sat once more before the fire. Their faces were sad, for it was their last day in the old farm house. Soon after Ben left home his father lost a valuable cow, and this was but the first piece of bad luck. He worked as hard as ever, but he seemed to have lost heart in his work. He never mentioned his absent son, but there were few days in which Ben was wholly absent from his thoughts.

At first Mrs. Gray heard from Ben occasionally, but at the time now mentioned two years had elapsed without any communication. The poor mother suffered in silence, for the deacon never encouraged her to speak of the absentee.

The crowning stroke of bad luck, and the threatened loss of the farm, resulted from the deacon's indorsing a note for a large amount for a cousin who was engaged in business in a neighboring town. This man was far from possessing the simple honesty and integrity of his kinsman. When the note came due—it was for two thousand dollars—he coolly notified the deacon that he should be unable to meet it, but promised some day to reimburse him for the heavy payment he would be called upon to make. His farm was not worth over three thousand dollars, and if sold at auction, at a forced sale, would probably not realize more than the face of the note.

Absolute ruin and desolation stared him in the face. A man of middle age might have borne up even against this blow, but Deacon Gray was now sixty-five, and his gentle wife was sixty-one.

"It's hard, Martha," said the deacon briefly, breaking a long silence. "It's very hard to be turned out in our old age, and see the old farm pass into the hands of strangers."

"Yes, Ebenezer, it is hard," said Mrs. Gray, with a sigh.

"And the worst of it is, that I have brought it on myself. I ought to have refused endorsing for John Wales; I didn't want to, but he assured me so earnestly that it was a mere matter of form, and that he would take up the note. He is an unprincipled knave!" added the deacon bitterly.

"Yes, Ebenezer, I think you are right. It was a cruel blow. But, if he pays us back the money after a time, though it won't bring back the farm it will help us to live."

"He will never pay back the money! Such men never do. They are ready with their promises, but they are worth nothing. Yet after all it is my fault, Martha. I need not have endorsed. And you must suffer for it."

"Don't think of me, Ebenezer. I could bear it cheerfully if Ben were only back again."

She had not dared hitherto to mention Ben's name, but now took courage from his softened mood.

"I am afraid I was over-hasty with Benjamin," said the deacon slowly. "I see it now for him. My pride has had a fall."

"I thank God that you are willing to say so much, Ebenezer. May I say so to Ben if I ever have a chance to write to him?"

"Yes, wife, tell him to come home. I am old and feeble, and I would like to have a son to lean upon.

Another hour passed. Then there was an unwonted sound—a knock at the door.

"It is one of the neighbors," thought Mrs. Gray, as she hurried to open the door.

She saw before her a stout, bronzed young man of twenty-seven.

"Don't you know me, mother?" said the new-comer.

"It's Ben!" exclaimed his mother joyfully, and in a second he was in her embrace.

"Come in, Ben," she said, half crying. "It's a joyful day after all."

"But father—"

"He will be glad to see you."

And the deacon was glad to see the returning prodigal. Yet more, it was not without pride that he surveyed the frank, handsome face, the stalwart form, and active, pliant limbs of his boy.

"You are welcome, Benjamin," he said. "It is well you came tonight, for tomorrow I should have had no place in which to receive you."

"What do you mean, father?"

"I mean that I was fool enough to endorse for a scoundrel in the sum of two thousand dollars, and I must pay the note. The farm is to be sold and your mother and I will be turned out in our old age."

"And the sum is two thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"If you pay that, you can keep the farm?"

"Yes, but it is impossible."

"No, it isn't father," said Ben with a glad smile. "I have five times the amount in a bank in New York, and I will gladly pay the note and give you back the farm."

"God be thanked for all his goodness!" ejaculated the deacon with pious thankfulness. "He has raised up help for us in our sore need. But where did you get so much money, Benjamin?"

"By honest means, father. Two years since, I went to California—struck it rich, as they say—and today I am able to pay a debt I have long owed. Let this be my atonement for the past."

So the day which dawned so sorrowfully, closed in quiet happiness. Ben went into business in a large town not far away, speedily married, and new, ten years later, his children have no greater pleasure than in visiting the old farm, where they are made much of by the aged deacon and his venerable wife, whose last years are their happiest.

Mr. George W. Walts, General Agent, Freight Department, Union Pacific Railway, San Francisco, Cal., says: "I have derived much benefit from the use of Red Star Cough Cure in cases of coughs and colds." No opiates.

The man who drinks nothing but cistern water is the one who leaves well enough alone.

New York boasts of her lung-power, but Virginia has its Rich-mond.

An old landmark.—"For Sale."

Book Notices.

The November Century.

The November Century marks a new era in the history of that magazine, in beginning the publication of "The Life of Lincoln," by his private secretaries, John G. Nicolay and Colonel John Hay. Two prefaces, one editorial and the other by the writers, give ample account of the work, and call attention to the exceptional opportunities which these gentlemen have had to prepare what is certain to be the fullest and most authoritative work on the subject. Its authors were, in a sense, the chosen biographers of Lincoln, by whose aid they were reenforced in the collection of material during the war. From an historical point of view the value of the work—largely resting on documentary evidence not attainable by other writers—must be ranked high. In fact, the inner history of the war waits upon this work. The first part is concerned with the Lincoln family as pioneers, including their relations with Boone in Kentucky, and their subsequent life in Indiana and Illinois down to the Black Hawk War, and a picture of the society and surroundings of young Lincoln, involving a concise history of the Western States of that day. On the pictorial side there is a frontispiece portrait of Lincoln in 1860, from a remarkably fine and unhackneyed photograph, a portrait of Boone from Sully's painting from life, and the traditions of the Lincoln Homes and localities are carefully gathered up pictorially to supplement the text. A fac-simile of a passage of Mr. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," referring to Lincoln, is printed at the beginning of the magazine, and certain other fac-similes throw new light upon the early history of the Lincolns.

A timely paper for election day is contributed by Theodore Roosevelt, on "Machine Politics in New York City"—a subject of which he may be said to have made a comprehensive and suggestive study—including among his topics "Reasons for the Neglect of Public Duties," "Organization and Work of the Machines," "Heelers," "The Social Side of Machine Politics," "The Liquor Selling Politics," and "Beating the Machine."

An illustrated paper on another far-reaching question to which The Century has lately given much attention, is "The Need of Trade Schools," by Colonel R. T. Auchmuty, founder of the New York Trade Schools, who discusses his subject with reference to what is being done in this line of progress in different parts of the world.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November.

A very timely article is that on "The Great Fishing Ground, and its International Questions," in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November. What all the perennial quarrel with our neighbors is about will be clear to any one who reads it. A young lady tourist on "A Visit to Fort Qu Appelle" carries us to an inland fort and mission in the Northwest. The never flagging interest in Charles Edward will stimulate many to read the very clever article on that prince. "Hartfield House, the Home of the Cecils" describes and pictures one of the finest and grandest old and stately homes of England rich in historic associations. "An Ocean Swordsman," by Holder, is a stirring account of the swordfish and its capture. As good as a jaunt to Jena is "Dueling at a German University"; and the "Trip to the Pyreness" takes the reader to the mountains which cut off the Peninsula from ordinary travelers. It is a somewhat of a satire, in the heated term just on us, to read about "Getting Warm"; but, as Winter is fast coming, it may be seasonable. The stories and illustrations are all good, and the number one to find readers for every article.

The Homes of Our Farmer Presidents.

The American Agriculturist issues another in the series of engravings illustrating the "Homes of our Farmer Presidents," sixteen by eighteen inches in size, and presented to all subscribers for 1887. All new names for the year 1887 which are immediately received are entitled to all of the engravings for next year and those issued this year, also American Agriculturist for balance of this year. The Nov. No., with 17o illustrations and articles by fifty well-known writers, together with a proof of one of these engravings, showing what they are, sent to any address on receipt of six cents for mailing. Address American Agriculturist, 751 Broadway, New York. Price $1 50 per year; single numbers, fifteen cents.

We will club the American Agriculturist with the STAR for $3.00 per year, persons who immediately subscribe to receive the engravings free for next year and this year also.

The New Handy Family Atlas

of the United States and Canada, containing new colored maps of each State and Territory in the United States, with special maps of Provinces in the Dominion of Canada. Together with full discription matter, relative to the topographly, climate, history, population by sex, race and color &c. Graphically illustrated by colored diagrams representing the area in square miles and acres of States and Territories; assessed value of property; railroad milage; cereal products; gold, silver and currency in the hands of the people; classes of United States bonds held by banks; registered United States bonds held by the people &c. Published by J. A. Wilmore & Co., Richmond, Virginia 1885.

This is a very complete, useful and handy atlas to have in one's library. Everything in it is most admirably arranged for refrence and it contains an astonishing amount of information in a small compass. We can unqualifiedly recommend "The New Handy Atlas" to any one wanting such a book.

Sweet Music.

Among the late musical publications, we notice the following which have just been issued from the presses of the great music publishing house of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston: "Absence," beautiful song by Palmer, (30cts.); "Tabby Polka," by Buccalossi a nice piano piece for young players, (40cts.); "Hungarian March," by Moldaur, played at the Boston Music Hall Concerts—(30cts.); a sweet song by Berri, "So Near to Me," (30cts.); "Ring, Blue Bells Ring," a choice song by Van Lanney, (40cts.); a spirited piano piece also opera "Maid of Pontevile," (35 cts.); and Randegger's charming song, "Sleep, Darlint, Sleep, (30 cts.)

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Smoking is not only injurious to the soul, but it encourages lying."

Miscellaneous.

From the Home Weekly.

Letters From A Dressmaker.

I don't know that I'm in very good case for writing this evening, owing to a headache, beside stepping on my skirt coming up the front steps and pulling the braid off, which anybody knows is aggravating. And then I've just come from Mrs. Slack's and that always wears on my temper.

When I come home from Mrs. Slack's the first thing I do is to go around my room and look at all my table, bureau, and wash-stand drawers, and see if they're pushed in right tight. For I don't believe there's one in that house but what sticks out a little way, with, maybe, whatever's inside showing through the crack.

I was brought up different. I remember one day when mother sent me to the little corner cupboard in her room for something, and the next time she went up there herself I heard her call me. I was very busy making a play-house at the root of the old buttonwood tree in the side yard, and I didn't want to go, but when I heard mother's "Mary Ann," I knew I must. (Generally I was Nancy.") So I ran upstairs and found her standing in the corner by the closet. "Come here, daughter," she said, "and shut and fasten this door. People that can't take time to shut a drawer or a closet, are in too much of a hurry to get along well in this world. Remember, if you do a thing well, it has only to be done once; and don't spend time in coming back to close the cracks."

I shut the door, and remembered the speech, for mother didn't often say such things.

Mostly, in families, I notice there's some one who seems put there to close up the cracks that the rest make, but it don't seem to be so at Slack's. Mr. Slack's as easy as his wife, and Effie's just like them, and so are Sam and Kitty. It's really a wonder how they get anything done. Effie's to be married this fall, "if she can get ready without being worn out," her mother says, and I want to see what kind of a housekeeper she'll make, for Arthur Pratt's lived in a very different way.

Effie's a pretty girl, and affectionate and sweet tempered, and Arthur's really in love with her now, but I remember his mother and the way she managed, and I know her only son hasn't outgrown all the neat, orderly ways she taught him.

He came in to dinner the other day while I was there, and while we were at the table Mr. Slack asked if any one had seen a pair of gloves he was looking for. "I put them in my lower bureau drawer, when I was done with them last spring," he said, "and now I can't find anything in there but a lot of strings of trimming, and such stuff."

"Oh, those things are mine," said Kitty." "Some of my best lace is there. I hope you didn't tumble it up, father."

"Can't say about that; I expect I did. What did you put it there for? Ah, Arthur, just wait 'till you're a married man, and you'll know several things! The amount of space room it takes to hold a woman's clothes is something remarkable. Sam and I talk about building an annex for our clean collars."

The laugh went 'round, and Kitty said with a pout that "there was no use in keeping a drawer for one pair of gloves," but I noticed Arthur look a little sober and give a quick glance at Effie. She didn't look as pretty as common that day. There are some girls who can have their hair a little tumbled and their dress somewhat worn, without it's seeming to spoil their beauty. But that's not Effie Slack's style. If she's not right fresh, she looks it. She tries to be careful for Arthur's sake, but she did not know he was coming until after she had gone down stairs.

And after they are married, when he must see her mornings as well as evenings, and when she is tired or busy, and will not feel like "dressing up." I wonder how it will be?

It's queer how we use that phrase, "dressing up." I suppose it means coming to something above our everyday way of dressing, taking particular pains to get above the common run of things. That's just the way the Slack girls have done. When they were not really plain and shabby, they were "dressed up."

Now it seems to me that Arthur Pratt's wife ought to be one who made the best of herself every day, and so had nothing to "dress up" to. But I suppose I think that because his mother was such a nice woman. I expect Effie's good enough for him. She is for most men.

I'm going there to make the wedding dress next week (a lovely china crape, and didn't I see a fold of it caught in the wardrobe door today, where they'd pulled it out to show some one, and hadn't wrapped it up well)—and Arthur is to come in and see it, and tell us how it is to be made. He's one of the men who have "ideas" about women's clothes, and Effie says the dress is to just as he wishes

We'll see about that!

Yours truly,
MARY ANN JONES.

Should your domestic animals have pneumonia give them Day's Horse Powder, the famous specific for this disease, and great condition powder.

For headache, flatulency, dyspepsia, liver and blood diseases, nervousness, &c, Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills stand unexcelled. Price 25 cents.

Mothers who are wise and love their babies keep Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup always on hand for their little ones. Only twenty-five cents a bottle.

When some cherished hope has been blighted, some dear plan thwarted, some cherished treasure snatched from our eager grasp, the murmuring spirit would be hushed, did we remember that "He did it," whose ways are always right.

An editor met a young man who had recently been married and asked him how he was pleased with his change in life. He took a long breath and turning his eyes up said: "Oh, sir, I wouldn't take a mill on dollars for myself."

"Aunt Jane," said an exasperated wife "I wish it was a custom for woman to trade husbands, as it is for men to trade horses."—"Why, my dear?" "Because, if it was, I'd cheat some woman dreadfully before sun down."

Snoring is now politely described as indulging in sheet music.

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE

Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons. SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache, Headache, Sprains, Bruises, etc. etc. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Sheriff's Election Notice.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.
EASTON, Oct. 1st, 1886.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Talbot County, that an Election will be held in said county, on the

First Tuesday next after the First Monday of November, 1886,

it being the 2nd day of said month, in the several Precincts and Districts of Talbot county, viz:

First District.

First Precinct—At *EASTON.*
Second Precinct—At *TUNIS' MILLS.*

Second District.

First Precinct—At *ST. MICHAELS.*
Second Precinct—At *BROAD CREEK NECK.*
Third Precinct—At *ROYAL OAK.*

Third District.

First Precinct—At *TRAPPE.*
Second Precinct—At *OXFORD.*

Fourth District.

At *CORDOVA.*

Fifth District.

First Precinct—At *WITTMAN'S.*
Second Precinct—At *TILGHMAN'S ISLAND.*

FOR THE PURPOSE OF ELECTING

One Person to represent the First District of Maryland in the Fiftieth Congress of the United States.

☞ The polls will be opened at 8 o'clock A. M. and closed at 6 o'clock P. M.

☞ The Returning Judges are required and directed to make their return on the second day, (Thursday), following the election, to the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Talbot county.

WM. S. HORNEY,
Sheriff of Talbot County.

Notice to Hotel Keepers and all Others who Deal in or Keep Intoxicating Liquors.

For the information of all persons concerned, the following Act of the Legislature, passed March 24th, 1865, is published:

CHAPTER 191.

AN ACT prohibiting the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors in the several counties of the State on the day of Election.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment, or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any person or persons, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter, give, or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale, beer, or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the days of election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offense is committed, and shall upon conviction before any Judge of any of the Circuit Courts of this State, be fined a sum not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offense—one-half the fine shall be paid to the informer, the other half to the County Commissioners, for the use of public roads.

WM. S. HORNEY,
Sheriff of Talbot county.

oct5te

Carbolate of Myrrh.

An elegant and most refreshing mouth wash for cleansing, beautifying and disinfecting the teeth and gums, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Unsurpassed for arresting and preventing decay. Prepared only by HAYWARD & BRO., druggists. Price, 25c a bottle. A sample bottle of Carbolate of Myrrh given to every purchaser of a tooth brush at Hayward & Brother's.

FOR SALE.

1 pair of Mules; 1 yoke of Oxen; a Park Pheaton; 2 young Horse by Harmitol, three years old, well broken, and promise of speed.

A. H. BARNETT.

Trappe, June 8, 1886 tf

PAINT, PAINT.

We are agents for Longman & Martinez Pure Prepared Paints. If you have a house or a boat that wants painting, it will pay you to use this paint, as it is the best, and is put out with a guarantee. Call at our drug store and see tints of color, and learn what this paint.

HENRY & BRO., Agents.
Opposite the Market House.

BIRD SEED.

For to keep your canaries in healthy condition, feed them on Bitters (this name is a mixture of imported Sicily Canary, Russian Hemp, German Mixed and German Rape). In packages, only 25 cents, at the drug store of

HENRY & BROTHER.

Trippe's Syrup Blackberry Root.

For Diarrhea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint. One of the very best and most efficient remedies in use. Prepared and for sale by

R. W. TRIPPE.